

There was no chance for anyone to react or even consider fighting back as the beasts descended upon their suburb, burning everything to ash.

Well, almost everything. Human lives were spared from the wrath of the beasts, though it was not to be the case for long, it seemed. Though children were avoided, any adults the beasts could find were grasped, taken into the air, and held tightly against resistance as the massive multi-colored beasts took them toward territories unknown.

Not expecting a hole in the sky to open up and rain down literal destruction on his life, Markus had been simply worried more about getting home and resting after a day of chores. It was a crisp fall day, the wind getting into his longish brown hair. He was slightly annoyed that his headphones kept falling out, bringing his focus away from the music he was trying to lose himself in. All he wanted to do was get home, rest, and maybe do a replay of 'Cyber Slueth' as he'd been looking forward to for a while.

Yet, all that came crashing down as a literal gate opened in the sky, turning it dark as though blotting out the sun. Markus looked up to see what appeared to be giant dragons, though such should have been impossible in the real world. Such looked more like a cutscene from his video game, though real-life versions of what he had only ever imagined were digital monsters. They were all massive, at least twenty feet tall, with impenetrable hide against which even armor-piercing rounds and artillery would have no effect. Feet and hands were adorned with massive claws, and they possessed reptilian snouts and bat-like wings that designated them as what should have been fictional creatures. Yet, there they were, twenty or so that poured from the opening and descended upon the city, their massive bulk toppling buildings and scattering people in all directions. Those seemed to be the targets, as several people were scoped up, and they returned to the sky.

Markus was one of those who had been taken in that first wave, helpless to escape the beast's grasp as a thick-taloned hand encircled his form and held him fast, carrying him into the air and towards an unknown fate. Though Markus was certain he would be eaten in short order, that was not to be the case. As the beast flew through the air, it simply held him in place, preventing him from moving or escaping but in no way actually harming him. At least, not yet. Markus could see the world around them but was terrified to realize that he was quickly taken far higher in the sky than he preferred without the comforts of a plane.

It did not take long for Markus to witness their eventual destination, obviously returning to the tear in the sky. What lay within chilled him to the very core, obviously a world he did not understand and one he would never enter under his own power. He feared for what was on the other side and his helplessness at evading whatever fate would befall him there.

Once through the portal, a powerful heat raced through his form as though he was burning up. Yet, before the pain could take him under, it was relinquished, and he opened his eyes to a world that looked out of time. There were no human structures, no presence of his own kind here. It was all rocks and desolate wastes with little visible vegetation or animal life. The earth he could see was covered with scorch marks, likely ones caused to the beings that carried him and several dozen others to their unknown fates.

Eventually, he was taken toward a massive arena, surrounded by hoards of the same scaled beasts that had captured him. They were of all colors and descriptions, some wisened, some smaller and evidently younger. All seemed eager at the presence of the newcomers, eying, in particular, the human captives as they were eventually dropped unceremoniously into the center of the ring, feeling almost like sacrificial gladiators expected to fight some sort of animal for the entertainment of the masses. Markus looked around nervously as several dozen people around him did the same. He did not recognize any of them, though the dragon's reach had been wide, a powerful, coordinated strike for the sole purpose of gathering them for...what?

A deep, booming bellow echoed in their ears just then, one that was, surprisingly, in English. Though, as it began to speak, it became obvious to the gathered humans that it was not speaking to them, but rather to the dragons looming over them. The beast was white, with darker scales along his wings to almost gray. Though that was hardly the strangest thing about the dragon, rather the circle of glass over one eye that looked all the world like a monocle. Why a dragon would need such a thing, Markus had no way to say. But then, nothing about the experience made any sense.

“We’ll start the bidding at 1000 pounds per specimen! Remember, purchases must be transformed before leaving the bidding grounds! We don’t want any errant pests populating in our lands!” Roared the voice, so guttural that it was hard to make out at first. But, after a few moments, it became obvious to Markus that they were in some sort of...auction? As though they were being treated as mere animals? What was going on?

“Hey, you fuckers! You can’t do this!” Called one of the captives, a towering man of over 6 feet and obviously built through physical labor. Clearly, he had been captured as easily as the rest of them, however, and his threats were just as empty. It was evident that he was not used to being in a compromising position, and would not stand down even with the threat of imminent death before him.

“Be quiet, humans! Know your place! You are not more than cattle to be bid off! You shall not interrupt the bidding, lest you wish your head to be bitten from your body!” The auctioneer scolded, and the man backed down, not wanting to bring down the ire of beasts that

might follow through on such threats. After all, they could easily devour him in an instant, and there was no way to fight back against their intentions, whatever those were to be.

“Very well then, we can commence the kobold transition process and then followed by the bidding!” Proclaimed the voice, and Markus felt himself shudder. What did they mean by *transition*?

“Fuck this!” The larger guy from earlier yelled as he tore off in the direction of the rim of the arena. Looking in that direction, Markus noted a series of holes in the twenty-foot wall leading up to the ring of dragons. He had no way to know where they led, but they seemed significantly smaller than what the beasts could easily enter. An escape, perhaps?

Yet, he was not able to get more than several feet before falling over, grabbing his ass as though in pain or distress. It was more akin to his spine lengthening against the back of them than anything else, something poking just at the fringes of the waistband and tenting them beyond what they were meant to hold. Markus found himself fearful, thinking it was obvious that the man was growing a...tail? Such would not have occurred to him save the sight of the beastly tails possessed by their benefactors.

The force of the tail growth should have by all accounts torn the man’s pants off. Yet, for some reason, it seemed his pants were looser like he had donned something too large for his frame. The more Markus watched, however, the more it was obvious that the man was shrinking, losing height and muscle mass the more he seemed to be diminishing. Over the course of a few moments, he had lost what must have been a foot in height and was still shrinking visibly in front of them.

Worse was the peeling of his skin, something that was visible as he reflexively scratched it, drawing everyone’s attention. It was as though the human skin was dry and loose around his neck and shoulders to start, but its off-shade was spreading under the skin as best as Markus could tell. Though the revealed scales were still skin-colored, it seemed likely he would soon be covered with them as much as those draconic beasts were, evidence that he was being turned into one. Though, why was it he was shrinking rather than growing...?

He was not the only one, it seemed, as many of the onlookers started to scratch their skin, irritated by it peeling back and shocked to reveal the same skin-colored scales. Their diminished statures were evidenced by the loosening clothing around their bodies, and more than one was sporting lumps in the backs of their pants that denoted the starts of tails. Not one was spared, between those that decided to run and those standing there afraid of what might happen.

For a moment, Markus stood there with bated breath, not feeling the changes in himself and hoping against all hope that they wouldn't affect him. Though it seemed like everyone else was in some early state of transformation, nothing was afflicting him, at least not yet. Markus was hyper-aware of his body, waiting for signs of the change. Maybe, if he managed to stay human, he could find a way to escape, to get back to the portal and return to his own dimension. And then...

Markus's hopes were dashed when a dizzying sensation played over him, as though his stature compared to the rest of the world was different than what he had previously perceived. As his clothes started to slide around his shoulders, Markus was soon certain he was shrinking and had been the entire time. It was then he became assured he would not escape the fate of everyone else and was turning into a scaly lizard man, one at the whims of the gathered beast, no more than cattle for auction!

Markus couldn't help but reach up to scratch at the skin starting to pull taut around what he could only ascertain was the formation of scales underneath. It was as though his skin wasn't shrinking to keep up with his diminishing body until it popped and stretched dead and useless. Thankfully, the process was not painful, though it was powerfully disconcerting to know that he was changing inhumanly.

An ache in his backside prompted Markus's hands to reach down to rub his tailbone, something now protruding out of his skin. To his shock, the thing *twitched* at the contact, as though trying to avoid it. It felt like having some phantom limb, though one hanging off his back as it continued to add muscles. Not wanting to handle it confined in his pants, Markus relented and pulled it up over his underwear, seeing it twitch once more as its scaled contours thickened and pushed his loosening pants down further.

All the while, his clothing seemed to be sliding off his frame as he continued to shrink, a four-foot stature not able to bear the garments of an adult man. It was hard for Markus to keep them on, distracted by the itching of peeling skin and his thickening tail. And he wasn't the only one to lose his clothing. Some of the gathered people simply took them off, and some simply fell out of them while changing.

It was at that point the reality of the situation hit him full force, and Markus broke from his trance, looking at the edges of the crater for an escape in the series of tunnels that the dragons could surely not catch them through. "Fuck this!" He yelled out and took off toward the edges of the area. Some other people were doing the same, trying to get to the obvious safety. Though there was nothing stopping the dragons from incinerating them, Markus had no intention of sitting there and giving in. Even if it didn't slow the change, he had to do something, *anything* to try to preserve his life and humanity.

Unable to keep his shirt, his pants, and his underwear, Markus allowed them to fall off, scratching at the peeing skin in desperation. He didn't particularly care at the moment. Most of the other people were either losing their clothes or tripping over them in the process. All his focus was on the caves and what lay beyond them, unknown yet no doubt better than what the dragons had in store for him. Auctioned off? No thanks!

Though he was afraid to look upward, it didn't appear that the dragons were chasing them, even now that most of the captives were moving toward the caves in some sort of herd mentality. It should have been easy for the beasts to swoop down and collect them, though they were too many, too spread out for them to capture all the changing people in one fell swoop. Therefore, Markus allowed himself a modicum of hope, thinking he could escape his immediate peril.

All the while, he, along with everyone else, was still changing, unable to escape whatever magic or power afflicting them. His tail hung heavily on his backside, and his muscles pumped and thickened even as he continued to shrink. He could not have been more than four feet tall now, and a quick glance in his periphery showed that no one else was any taller. Even though his body was lean and muscled, it felt like he was weaker, becoming something less. Even the larger men were little more than twinkles in body structure, fat and bulk eroded for lean, muscled bodies.

Markus did his best to ignore the aches and pains of change, pumping his legs as fast as he could. At least his body didn't seem to be ailed by the changes, and his previously out-of-shape form was hardly winded by the endeavor. Aches in his fingers and toes indicated the growth of what had to be claws, though he was scared to look at them. By this point, the scales forming over his frame obscured what remaining human flesh was still supported. As the scales encroached upon his face, human hair fell away to reveal a bald scalp and an entirely hairless visage. He lamented the loss of his longer hair, but there was nothing to be done for it in the moment of change.

Lost in the revelations of his new body, Markus was surprised to pitch over slightly, his heels stretching and making his stance awkward. Heels soon doubled their formed size, Markus felt himself raise up another half an inch as his toes started to splay, and the nails at the tips thickened into claws. Two of the digits cracked and spasmed, shrinking away into his anatomy as Markus struggled in vain to try and move them before they were completely gone. In the end, he was left with three clawed toes, settling his stance and allowing him to balance in tandem with his tail.

Still, with goal in sight, Markus picked up his pace, trying desperately to make it to safety. He was almost fully changed at this point, the form of a dragon man or a kobold his own

as much as it belonged to the rest of the gathered people. Mere meters from the closest of the caves, and with potential freedom, Markus was remiss to care about the state of his body. Yet, the sight of yellow eyes blinking in the darkness made him stop in his tracks. The presence of other beings the size and shape of his new body were within, moving far more rapidly than even his new form could match. One dark purple, one brown with a blue belly, they burst from the shadows, moving to either side of him before Markus could think to run in the opposite direction.

With experienced swiftness, the two kobolds grabbed Markus on either side, forcing him down on the dirty ground and onto his face. Though there was some pain from the impact, it was soon obvious to Markus that part of the sensation was from his jaw stretching and cracking into a blunt muzzle. His teeth ached as well, falling bloodlessly from his muzzle as pointed fangs took their place. To his shock, Markus found he could see his muzzle if he crossed his eyes, even in the dirt. The buds of horns poked through the back of his skull with some discomfort, as bloodless as the nails on his hands. His cranium was sloping, compressing slightly on his brain as the changes encroached over his form. He had his humanity taken from him, his form no different than the beasts that had shoved him to the ground.

No sooner than he tried to struggle, the kobolds picked him up, holding him in place as he cried out profanities. Yet, nothing he could manage could effectively get him out of the beast's clutches. His own body was brand new, and these creatures were in their current form for what could well have been their entire lives. They were powerful for their size, more than even the human him could fight against. He was effectively at their mercy, though perhaps a better fate than what the dragons might have done to them.

Looking around, he was not the only one to be assailed by the lizard creatures, the beasts literally coming out of the woodwork to catch all the new converts. Some were trying to escape, cursing and struggling in vain against the stronger beings. Some had managed to run, though had nowhere to go when corralled back towards the center. It seemed any hope of escape was removed, the number of fully formed kobolds far more than the number of formerly changed humans.

With that, Markus moved his attention back towards his own captors, trying once more to escape but unable to move even an inch. He went to look at the pair but was terrified to see that each one seemed to be sporting a lizard-like erection. Like they were getting off on the prospect of keeping their captor in position, something that Markus felt discouraging. He was gay himself, though not one to be aroused by a pair of lizard people, regardless of what they seemed to feel about him! As much as he wanted to look away, Markus could hardly avert his changing eyes from their erections, far more massive for their statures than any male phallus should have the right to be.

Before he had a moment to breathe, Markus was bent over once more, head near one of the erect cocks sported by the kobolds. The sight of them, while still repulsive, seemed to sway his mind just slightly. A sudden burst of lust filled his mind just then, savoring the musky scents the members seemed to give off. It was potent from this proximity, and the more Markus inhaled, the more aroused he became. As though he wanted to suck one of those delicious-smelling cocks...

Without fanfare, the back of his head was grabbed, and his muzzle reflexively opened to cry out before he was pushed forward in front of one of the cocks. The kobolds held him there for a moment, as though waiting for him to decide. Without thinking, Markus's new muzzle opened up, the slimy phallus pushing through into his mouth, making Markus want to gag from the sheer unexpected size. Not that it was the first time, given his homosexuality. But he certainly didn't want it now! He couldn't want it! And, yet...

"Yesss, that's it, you little ssslut, take it!" The kobold hissed, and Markus felt his gag reflex activate, trying to get the phallus out of his mouth. But his efforts were for naught, and his muzzle carefully wrapped around it, sucking without being able to resist. And the more Markus sucked, the more he wanted to, despite any notions of wrongness from the situation. Sticky fluid ran down his gullet, Markus unable and unwilling to do anything in resistance to being face fucked as the kobold moaned and started to thrust. The other kobold held him still, holding his arms and keeping him down on his knees as he was taken.

"This one is adorable. Hope he will end up being a breeder," the other kobold hissed, though in a more human-like cadence than the other. Perhaps one of them had been a kobold longer, though it was impossible to tell. Still, it was the last thing on Markus's mind as the disgusting phallus was fucked down his throat, contours playing over his pallet and making the still-human part of Markus wish to beg for a reprieve. The kobold part of him, as he was starting to understand it, however...

"Well, we can get him ussed to it for now..." The other hissed, still thrusting into Markus's mouth and moaning slightly all the while.

With that, the other male took his tail gently, lifting it up to expose a pucked anus that sat just below it. Markus had hardly noticed its alteration and movement, though could feel his balls being squished by the force of the thrusting, seeking his anus even as Markus reflectively tried to clench his sphincter closed. It was no use as the leaking pointed phallus poked into his rear, making him moan into the cock still fucking his muzzle. It was almost painful, though the sensations eased up somewhat the more that he was fucked. And, there was an increasing part of him, that altering aspect of his mind, that seemed to want it, despite any notions of wrongness he could muster...

Worse was when he felt his own cock sliding from his groin, oddly human-shaped though that was soon to change. He was well aware of what it was to look like from the sight and sensation of the one in his muzzle. The cleft started to merge with the shaft, creating a single pointed tip as several inches were added. A slight tearing sensation erupted from the base, forming the same slit that made up kobold anatomy. Though the sensation of his shaft sliding in and out was sensual and pleasurable, Markus was desperate to ignore it, trying his best to get out of the situation. But there was no denying how much the changes were turning him on, being taken forcefully powerfully arousing to his new body. Despite that, Markus lamented every moment, the arousal almost too much from the sheer intensity. He was gay and liked being submissive, but he should not have liked this!

In a last human bid of desperation, he tried to get away, pulling with all his strength. But there was nothing to be done for it, newly changed muscles not nearly enough to escape his captors. For such small beings, there were surprisingly powerful, and their diminutive stature did not reduce their strength, being more powerful than several humans of their equivalent size.

With the increased rate of thrusting against his muzzle, Markus was certain his captors would be cumming soon, and he struggled in an attempt to try and get away. He knew he should not allow himself to be subjugated in such a way, but that increasingly altered part of his mind could not deny the urge to service these beings. With that truth in mind, he had little ability to fight back as the penis in his muzzle started to spasm and blew his kobold load into Markus's gullet. The flavor was more pleasant than anything he could imagine, and Markus drank it down eagerly, as though a tasty treat. A diminishing part of Markus was disgusted at what he was being forced to swallow. The quantity and texture should have been too much for him to bear, though the more the kobold ejaculated into him, the more pleasant it became.

Despite the forceful nature, Markus soon found it was the best sexual experience he could fathom, and it was only to get more intense as the penis in his bowels continued to expand. He was going to take this kobold's load in his backside, and there was no escaping, no amount of clenching that could expel the phallus force fucking him. And he didn't want to, pleasure at submitting to the kobold in his mouth making him wish to take the other in his anus. The fluid being pumped into his rear was growing to the point that a slick sucking could be heard resonating through his body. The kobold hissed, reaching down and nipping the back of Markus's neck as Markus felt his rear being filled up with cum. The bite was enough to draw blood, but he had no inkling to resist. It sent shivers of pleasure through his being, stimulating his prostate nearly to the point of orgasm.

Best of all, perhaps, was the ache in his own balls. His body seemed to like the stimulation, which was enough to make him cum unexpectedly. Markus tried with all his mental

fortitude to quell the sexual urges playing over his body, not wanting to give in. Yet, it seemed his body had a mind of its own, the prostate stimulation building to the point where it was as though Markus would cum without a single hand on his penis. The pressure was powerfully pleasant, creating a potent expulsion from his cock, semen coating his balls and groin. He panted, the ache in his rear more satisfying now that he had cum, still being fucked through the slick seminal fluids coating his insides.

Though Markus was largely held in place, he could see similar scenes happening all over. Former men and women were fucked into their kobold bodies, taking from any orifice their captors could find. Cries of panic and prostrations were soon changed into cries of desperation, almost begging to be fucked and taken with the pleasure their new kobold bodies granted them. Two to three lizard people on each captive, breeding them into their new forms. Brilliant colors erupted over each of them, varying shades of reptilian skin as well as an array of colors that Markus could comprehend. His own skin was a muddied green, hardly enough to stand out from the rest, for better or for worse. As vain as it was, Markus felt his humiliation growing, even from being changed and taken against his will. And worse, not only did he like it, but he wanted...more.

For better or for worse, it seemed as though the pair of kobolds fucking seemed not to soften, their cocks as hard as they had been upon their initial penetration. In fact, they seemed larger inside of him, if that was possible. Perhaps he was shrinking even further, becoming submissive to his captors, further weaker and scrawny for whatever purpose they seemed to have for him. It was impossible to say for sure, save the tingling steadily encroaching over his form.

Yet, it was only to be the first of many humiliations to suffer that day, as the kobolds seemed to finish with their captors. The white dragon looked down on those gathered with some interest. It was akin to being on display, Markus realized too late, that they were being used and shown off to their turn overlords, as though cattle at auction. And that metaphor was apt, given the next words to come out of the beast's mouth.

“Alright, then, let's start the bidding on the green kobold there. Do I hear 5000 pounds? 6000? 10000! You must really want that...going once, going twice sold! For what purpose do you-yes, a breeder, certainly! Just give them a few moments to break her in,” said the dragon, though his voice was somewhat distant, bellowing over the arena they found themselves. Markus couldn't hear the other dragon, though the chuckling coming from his captors seemed to indicate that it was something he wouldn't like.

Markus had no idea how the process of change worked, how much it was controlled from a distance, or some sort of infection that he was unaware of. Still, the tingling that he'd come to associate with the change started over him without any outside marker to indicate that it was

coming. Markus could do nothing against the process. Whatever was happening to him taking him without any ability to resist.

It seemed that the two of his captors were well aware of the implication of the words, however, grinning down at Markus with a semblance of a sinister sneer if he could discern such on lizard features. “Did you get that? You’re going to be a breeder! You’re going to be serving your new dragon master by getting fucked and bred and laying eggs with whatever male he wants you to breed with. It’s the most common use of little humans like you. And, best of all, you get to be broken in by us! If you don’t like it at first, you’re going to learn to like it by the time we’re done with you!” The one in his anus sheered, that human-like speech making Markus more nervous than the other kobold with the reptilian cadence in his tone.

Yet, Markus hardly had time to reflect on those words with an ache in his sex. It was as though his balls were being squeezed tightly, their contents forcefully expelled through a cock that was no longer erect. As though aware of what was happening, the kobold within his ass started to thrust, straining against his prostate and making him wish to cry out from shock. With the other male grabbing onto his horns and being face fucked, there was no way to get out of the compromising position.

More sperm than possible was forcibly ejaculated from his cock, straining his insides and making Markus’s eyes water from the pressure. Worse, it seemed to last for an eternity, the agony of cumming beyond what he was meant to experience. His balls were being squeezed dry, leaving nothing left as their contents shriveled and pulled into his body. His ballsack followed suit, drawing into the slit around his cock and making him groan through the phallus in his maw.

Though the reality of his situation had yet to sink in, it was soon obvious as his penis, still leaking pints of precum, was starting to shrink, not simply deflating as he was used to upon ejaculation. Tip still coated in the rank remnants of his new kobold seed, the base was pulled into the slit as it was evidently designed to do. It was soon far worse than that, however, the tip peeled back into a large opening that spread all the way down to the base of the shaft, forming effectively another layer within his folds as the remnants of his penis were removed from his anatomy.

The realization hit Markus like a ton of bricks. They had called him a breeder before, and Markus had just assumed they were gay and wanted to his him like a personal fuck toy. But the reality was far worse. He had not only lost his humanity, but his gender as well, and it was likely he would be bred and fucked and forced full of offspring. And, worse, there was nothing to be done about it. His ability to resist the changes was robbed of him with the sheer level of pleasure and the altering mentality that made him like it!

“Not a man anymore, are you? But that’s OK, you’re going to love being a breeder, and if you don’t now, you certainly will!” One of the kobolds said, standing over him, leaking fluids down on Markus’s groin and making him squirm. There was no way he should have wanted this, yet his sex was aching from the change, desperate to be penetrated and finding his kobold captors powerfully attractive. He was obviously smaller, and, to his surprise, as part of his change, the greenish shade of his skin started to lighten to red, and then pink, bright and colorful, and standing out in a way that made him powerfully embarrassed.

Lost in the ache of his sex demanding attention, Markus was hardly aware that the kobold that had taken his mouth came up behind him, hissing eagerly to take and fuck his ass if the erection on his groin was any indication. Being pulled up once more, Markus could feel the taut cock head slipping within him, his ass open as though it was designed to take him. It was impossible to fathom the pleasure of being fucked from two positions at once, pounded into what felt like oblivion as the rest of his humanity and masculinity were literally ripped from him forever.

Though hardly aware of it, Markus could still see from his periphery that three more male kobolds had come up to him, each with cocks bigger than the last. Had they already finished with some of the other changed humans to join in on his breeding? He had no way to know. For a moment, Markus thought their penises might try and join the ones inside of him, opening him impossibly wide and tearing his new cunt lips. But they simply stood over him, jerking off and leaking fluids onto his scales. He was in the middle of a kobold orgy, and even his waning protestations could hardly fight against the notion of being used in the presence of such virile males!

The kobold fucking his cunt started to increase his tempo, making Markus moan and leak into the sensations. The sight of the dominant being made him impossibly wet, rubbing his insides and getting stimulated in a crevasse that Markus had no idea she had. It was harder to think of herself as a he anymore, and the more she let herself be bred, the more the notion sat well with her. She would be a good kobold servant, mate with many males, lay their eggs...No! She couldn’t want this...yet why did it feel so good?

“Yeessss! More!” She called out, the words leaving her mouth before she even knew she had said them. She couldn’t be giving in, yet there was nothing she wanted more than to service her master’s whims, be they sexual or otherwise. Even though she was being plugged impossibly full by two males at once, in her ass and cunt, there was nothing she could imagine that would bring her more pleasure. If this was what it was like to be a kobold, then...

Trying to look at her surroundings to take her mind off the conflicting thoughts, Markus realized the same scene was largely playing out around them, former people being held down

and fucked and taken, their forms solidified, and their bodies changed into feminine forms. Though some maintained their sex, all of them were being bred in some form or another. The term 'being broken in' was at the forefront of her thoughts, be they laborers, breeders, or whatever else she could conceive of kobold servants being. The idea of mental conditioning and servitude seemed universal, to prepare them for a servant role and whatever their new lives would entail.

It was as though the kobold fucking her could read her mind, though more likely was that he was used to wrangling in new recruits. How many of them had been human themselves, getting into the role? How many were born kobolds, and raised to treat changed humans like this? Markus was starting to realize that such was of little concern to her, given that she was unlikely to ever be told about it. "Thissss is your only purpose now, you little ssservent! You're going to be bred as many times as it takes to get you knocked up! Then, you're going to sssqueeze eggsss out of that cunt until you beg for it, pleassing your maless and your dragon massster!" He hissed, growling a little as his slapping testicles seemed to spasm, and he prepared to spill his load.

Opening up impossibly wide to the hilt, the male shoved himself inside, creaming Markus's cunt and making her cry out from the pleasure. Yet, the moment that her muzzle opened was the moment that several of the kobolds erupted with their loads, the rank flavor of cum burning into her muzzle and making her want more. A set of hands were on her muzzle in an instant and forced her to swallow, though Markus would have done so willingly.

The rest of the kobolds were quick to cum as ropes of sticky semen were ejaculated over her body, covering her in sticky cream. The one in her ass blew his load as well, making Markus squirm from the sticky sensation against the skin of her rectum. At the sensation of the cream in her cunt, Markus was terrified that the effect might be to become pregnant. Would she be forced to lay eggs, fucked by whatever kobold her dragon master was inclined to breed her with? Fuck, but did she want it more than anything she could imagine!

"Thiss will be your life now, seeervent! Fucked and bred and ussed until your massster sssays you're done! Maless can breed all day until they're done, to make sssure their ssservents get pregnant and lay eggsss. I'd learn to like it if I were you, though you're sssuch a horny female now you probably already do!" The kobold male sneered, grinning at the former man as though she was worth nothing more than to be used as their personal cock sleeve. And, if it meant serving her masters, Markus was steadily falling into the void of wanting nothing more...

With that, Markus felt herself go, the knowledge she was pregnant and going to lay eggs making her cunt quiver to the point that an orgasm shot through her body. The pleasure was exquisite, making her shiver all over and almost beg for more. The pulsating of her cunt lips

against the male was almost enough to bring him, and Markus wanted nothing more, previous resistance eliminated. Despite what she had wanted of her past life, there was no denying how much promise this one granted if only for a modicum of sexual pleasure it provided!

The sound of the announcer hit her earholes just slightly, enough that Markus looked up at the cheering dragons. She had no idea which one of them owned her, or if any of that even mattered to her new life. In a similar fashion, some of the other changed kobolds, having turned pink or lighter colors than hers, were being bred, fucked, or led back into the system of caves. She had no idea who they had been in their previous lives, doctors, brokers, or people just out for a walk as she had. Still, it was obvious they were now only kobold servants, to be used by dragons and better kobolds alike, experiencing heightened sexual pleasure perhaps for the rest of their lives...

Looking out at the display of kobolds being used and broken in, the white dragon smiled, happy with the hull that had been brought forth. Though they only needed new servants every few hundred years or so, a fresh infusion of blood was required to make sure the species was propagated. And his hoard made a tidy percentage of the bidding as well, always something he welcomed. Enough that it was justified for him to take a few of the leftovers for himself.

For his own purposes, the dregs of the batch were all that he required. Taking two of the kobolds, even as they struggled against his much larger bulk, the white dragon grinned down, excited to see the fruits of his scientific endeavors. All it took was one of his serums to be forcibly swallowed, and the two of them started to vomit, frothy, viscous fluid that soon covered their entire bodies. It poured from every orifice, eventually solidifying into the start of a shell, turning the beings within into little more than embryos. There was a myriad of experiments he needed the eggs for, most of which was seeing how much of their mentality would be left after being born again kobolds. Though he would be busy with them, for some time, he looked forward to the next time that humans were collected, those being the best subjects for his purposes. Perhaps at the next council meeting, he would suggest they move up the next collection date or take more specimens from the human world...