

Treasure of the Scales

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Patron Story Done for Danuki

A sharp cry rang out as another large, monstrous rat collapsed into a heap. Lady Bellamy sighed and wiped the black blood from her sword on a rotting cloth before sheathing it again. *Another monster down... almost there.*

She smiled and headed towards the door. It was a lot of work, a bit of fatigue starting to grow within her. Yet, she felt good, strong as ever, her pride growing.

This would be it. She would finally make a name for herself after almost a year of work. The first human to conquer this place and retrieve the valuables within it. This would be her first step into true herodomy and knighthood (and maybe allow her to tackle actual important quests and requests).

Showing up her family was also a nice bonus. An entire family of knights and warriors that were just guys. None of the ladies in her family went into knighthood and when she told them she would try, everyone was... less than enthusiastic or supportive.

She chuckled as she came to the iron door. It looked sturdy enough but was very much rusted and the walls around it looked weak from years of neglect. It was much like the rest of the old fortress.

Bellamy started looking for something to smash through the door and wall, her mind drifting off as she thought about the place. There wasn't much information outside of some old records in her family's estate, but the fortress seemed to have belonged to a race of dragon people. One day they were there and the next, they were gone.

And they had left everything behind.

BAM! Using an old mace, Bellamy smashed the hinges off the door, which then fell and collapsed before her. The vault was open and before her, treasure!

Gold, jewels, the whole works laid before her in the wide, impressive room. Certainly enough money for her to set her up for life. However, the true prize she was after, the one thing she latched onto when reading those records, laid at the very end of the room: draconic armor.

It was more impressive than how the text described it. It was golden with a scale-like texture. Looking it over, on its back was an image of wings imprinted into it. Most curious

though was the size... or shifting size. The armor was built for someone larger than her. Yet, when she picked up and held the torso piece, it slowly shrunk down to match with her own frame.

Such a curious item, made to be worn by dragons of any size or shape (and now her). Yet, it was simply left behind. Left behind and not taken before now. In fact, the entire building seemed to not have been touched at all. Was there a reason for this? Some sort of taboo?

Bellamy smiled. It mattered not. The armor was hers and it looked in incredible shape despite the state of the rest of the building. Again, more warning bells right there, but she cared not. This would be her new armor and with it, her true journey would begin.

And... there we go! Bellamy smiled as her feet slid into the golden iron boots. The armor was on at last! Took her a bit to get all the pieces on and have them shrink to fit her, but it was all worth it in the end.

Wish it had a helm or something, she thoughtfully considered, gently rubbing her exposed head. Still, it was a nice feeling regardless. If only there was a mirror around for her to check herself out in and see what kind of knight she looked like.

There was one at home at least. Time for a long, long trek back. It would be difficult and tiring with the new equipment, but the reaction from her family would be worth it. Or would the reaction to her telling them she would be leaving home for good to set off on her own be better?

Only one way to find out~. She turned to leave at long last.

She stopped immediately and brushed her forehead. Did it suddenly get hot in the room?

No, that wasn't it exactly. The room was fine. Her armor felt warm. Very warm; continuing to heat up to uncomfortable degrees.

What the hell? Bellamy reached for and grabbed her chest plate, only to pull back instantly. There was an aggressive sizzle to follow as she shook her hand, wincing and crying out in pain. So hot, so very VERY hot!

Her gauntlet glove fell off as she whisked her hand about, the woman whimpering further. *Why?! Why did that happen?! Is this... is this armor booby-trapped or something!?*

She looked at her hand to see the damage. It was all bright red. Not unexpected for her. However, the skin seemed... rough and dry, maybe even scaly?

She mouthed something under her breath as she brought the hand in for a closer look. Her skin definitely looked scaly and... what about her fingers? Their nails were growing out, longer and longer. They moved from the tips of her digits before inflating into almost cylinder shapes.

Not cylinders, but claws. She had grown claws!

Bellamy shivered, her mouth hanging open. Clank. Her other gauntlet had fallen off. She looked and found her other hand changing as well. The same shade of red scales cloaked her hands while new claws rested on her large digits.

Her heart started to race. Her eyes moved to her wrists, watching as the red tint spread onto her arms. The same rough texture followed it and, even when the changes disappeared under her bicep coverings, she could still feel it. What was happening to her?!

CLANK! Behind her, the backside of her chest plate fell with a loud crash. She felt the cold air on her skin briefly before red scales cloaked the area. However, it was more than just that though. Two large bumps began to bulge out, the skin growing thinner as the areas pulsated.

She spun around, looking down at the fallen piece of armor. *Ooooh, this is not good! This is definitely some kind of trap. I'm transforming into something! This isn't-OOOOOF!*

A sharp pain echoed through her noggin. She tensed up, grabbing at her head. The pain spasmed again, her head throbbing as if it was going to burst. It happened again and again, the sharpness of it dimming at least... and centralizing in two spots.

On the sides of her head, two spots bulged, much like her back. Hair fell out as the skin grew thinner as well, the bulges pointing further out like a cone. Eventually, the spots burst open. Two gleaming yellow horns with ridges came forth, peering through her raven hair.

The young woman swayed gently, put off by the new weights and fading throbs in her noggin. However, she would have no chance to properly check out her new horns as she felt a new, tightening feeling within her.

She looked to her feet, examining her golden iron boots. Something felt off about them, her soles and toes so sore and... suffocating.

That's when it opened up. The metal retracted and pulled up, leaving her with just shin guards instead. With the shoes gone, her feet burst forward. Red scales cloaked them now too, her toes down to only three, large digits. From those toes, very thick, dense claws jutted out.

Bellamy shivered. She could feel the scaly skin spreading up her legs as well. More and more of her humanity faded away. What was she supposed to do?! She didn't know anything about magic or counterspells!

Maybe she should go get help... if it was possible. She was still getting distracted as her body shifted further.

This time, the front of her chest plate was growing, expanding out. Her lizard feet slowly vanished from sight as the metal got in the way. As she started wondering what was going on with the oversized armor piece, she quickly learned the reason.

Within the armor, her chest awakened. Barely B in size, a pittance in comparison to the rest of the women in her family, they grew now. They expanded and expanded, pushing up to nearly D-cups and smooshing against the warm plating covering them. They felt a lot more sensitive as well now, causing her to shiver.

The changes spread on and on, her armor morphing again to match her evolving figure. First, her waist narrowed as her chest naturally pushed out. Her hips expanded after, her shape looking far curvier than before. Her ass swelled too, giving her a rather big bubble butt that sensually stretched her pants.

Scales rocketed at lightspeed, cloaking and leaving no bit of skin unturned on her. She felt warmed by the second, the scale coverage ending with her head. They reached her hair and instead of falling out, her locks too changed. Dark brightened into a lavish, stunning red, growing thicker, puffier, and flowing down to her waist.

Bellamy moaned. Everything felt so different. Her body, her awareness, her movement. Everything felt off. The floor seemed to be getting further away too, though that was more because she was growing several feet tall now.

Then, she trembled. Within her, she felt something new now. She breathed heavily, her chest rising and falling with each breath. Though, after a while, her chest remained raised, having grown heavier now. Even bigger breasts rested beneath her chest plate now.

On her back, the two large bumps continued to grow and grow. They were almost as big as her head until they finally burst. Out grew two large, elegant scaled wings. They were shimmering red like her scales with a golden inside.

With their new freedom, the wings gave a powerful flap and lifted her into the air, causing her to panic. She fell back to the ground with a thud and soon, another thud followed.

Her pants pulled down further in the back as a large nub exploded out above her rear. It was bright red as well, shooting out several feet. It widened and widened before it fell casually to the ground with a big thump. It was a large, dragon-esque tail.

Bellamy shivered, looking over her shoulders and spotting her appendages. “Oh no, oh no, oh no!” She stuttered, “Of course... it makes sense now. I’m turning into a dragon!”

With those words, the last change struck her. Her nostrils flared and raised, the teeth within her maw sharpening. Her cheeks pushed out ever so subtly as her mouth stretched forward. Her nose moved along with her face, raising and broadening.

Eventually, she was complete. A long, powerful, reptilian muzzle now rested on her face. Bellamy was done. A dragon had been born.

Bellamy could moan, a bit sore after all the changes as she collapsed to her knees. Humanity was gone. Only dragon remained.

She stroked her face, feeling her sharp maw and rough skin. *What am I supposed to do now? I’m a freak! Forget knighthood. I’ll be lucky if I’m just attacked by a random adventurer now for looking like some kind of beast! What do I-*

“Oh ho ho! Looks like someone triggered our special trap!”

Bellamy looked up and, for a moment, it was as if the world stopped. Someone else had arrived now, standing in the doorway and gazing down upon her. It was a dragon.

The large beast towered over her and had an awe-inspiring aura. He had shimmering golden scales, a long neck with an even longer tail. There was a feathery mane with spikes running down his back and tail. He only wore what appeared to be a scholarly robe.

The dragon stroked his chin and smirked. “My my, it has been a while. But, it was only a matter of time before some silly human eventually raided our old home. I guess if you wanted our equipment, you wanted to be like us, right?”

Bellamy blushed. This was crazy. So crazy. A large dragon-man was standing before her now. He must have been the cause of all of this! Though, that raised so many questions. How old was he or this place? Was he dangerous? Was he here to finish her off?

However, she did her best to push that all aside. Despite her form, she was still a knight. She was supposed to be a brave, powerful warrior that feared nothing!

Mustering all her courage, she faced the dragon and took a deep breath. “Sir, dragon, I... I demand that I be returned to normal now.”

“Oh?” He didn’t even flinch, just more bemused than anything.

Bellamy remained steadfast despite her nerves getting to her, “I want to be human again. Turn me back.”

“I cannot. The enchantment upon you is permanent. You are a member of the dragon race for good.”

An overwhelming amount of emotions surged and swelled within her. The first one to break through was anger. Smoke slowly drifted out of her nostrils, sparks spewing from her maw as she spat, “What?! What do you mean by that?!”

“What I said: You are a dragon for good now.”

“No! That’s impossible!” She snapped, embers appearing in the back of her throat, “I can’t be a dragon! I’m supposed to be a knight! The first female knight in my family and show all of those... those idiots who-”

“Calm yourself!” The dragon spoke, holding a hand up, “Just because you are a dragon now doesn’t mean knighthood is out of your grasp.”

And with that, the smoke and flames vanished. Bellamy’s mouth slammed shut. Her eyes narrowed, her glare growing harsher. “What do you mean by that?”

The dragon smiled. “You see, things have changed for the dragon race over the years. There has been a decline, our kingdom has faded a bit from the shining radiance it once was. However, we are looking to build back better, stronger than ever.

“You see, to do that, we need more dragons. More intelligent, strong, capable, and impressive dragons. It doesn’t matter if they were even former humans. We need more dragons to step up, such as becoming knights for our kind.”

All emotions, thoughts, and more fell from Bellamy’s mind. Emptiness was left as she pondered those words.

Eventually, a few thoughts came to mind. A chance at being a knight? A chance at something away from her family and shackles from them placed upon her? A chance to truly make herself into something... something grander?

The new dragoness' shoulders drooped, and she exhaled. "Hmm, keep talking."

THE END?