

Tipping the Scales

For Spacebanana

By TheSpiralledEye

John smiled tightly, handing the digital camera back to the customer.

"I'm sorry ma'am, but as we stated on the receipt, we are not accepting returns for items purchased during last month's sale."

"That is completely unreasonable." The middle aged woman scowled, "let me speak to your manager."

"I am the area manager, ma'am." John sighed. "If you want the full store manager you can find his office just past the home and kitchen section."

The woman huffed, walking out of the electronics section with her nose in the air. John had been dealing with cases like that for weeks now. People who splurged at the Y2K sale only to find the world didn't end a few days later and now they had a shiny new toy they barely knew how to use and a tonne of credit card debt. Judging by the awkward way the woman was holding it, John highly doubted she'd even used a digital camera before.

"I don't know how you do it." Frank, his co-worker wrapped an arm around his wide shoulders. "I always want to throttle them."

"Oh, I do too sometimes but that won't make them go away."

It never did. Asshole customers have always existed and they would continue to exist right up until the last syllable of recorded time. John couldn't help being a little disappointed though. He, like many, had hoped this New Year and millennium would bring something exciting with it. Turns out it was just more of the same. Same world, same job, same tired old reflection in the mirror each morning. Years ago, when he was younger and less jaded, he'd fantasized about the day Mrs Right would walk in, he'd impress her with his technological prowess and they'd ride off into the sunset. Well, the sunset had come and gone but he'd spent it sitting behind the assistance desk at Kmart.

It wasn't a bad life, but it was hardly a story for the ages. Once or twice, under cover of darkness, he'd picked up a few of those books all about spicing up your life and found them woeful. If anything, reading them had made him more depressed. So, he stayed, accepting his lot in life as a constant in a sea of change.

"Uh, John?" Frank called uneasily, hand covering the receiver of their office phone. "Bossman wants to see you in his office."

Fucking dammit.

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"Congratulations, John. You've been selected for a new talk show."

There are a lot of things you expect your boss to say when they call you into their office; especially after you've sent them an irate customer. That was not one of them.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard." Michael chortled, "The Lifestyle Channel is hosting this new talk show called Changing Opinions, they want you to be a guest on it."

"But I'm no celebrity!" John argued, baffled. "Why would they want a boring regular guy on their show?"

"That's the whole point apparently." Michael shrugged, "It's all about what changes people want to see in their lives or something like that. One of the producers sent us a letter asking for employees to guest star and frankly, you've been here the longest and the only thing in your life I've seen change is your waistline."

John glanced down self-consciously, a mistake, as his pot belly was suddenly the only thing he could see.

"It pays \$200 for an appearance. There's no harm." Michael added, slipping him a sheet of paper with the information, "personally, I think it sounds boring as hell but money is money."

That was a good point, an extra \$200 was nothing to sneeze at. Even if the show somehow managed to pull big numbers with a premise like that, he couldn't think of a way he could embarrass himself too badly.

"I'll think about it." John promised, folding the paper and popping it in his bag.

He grimaced; it was the same bag he'd used since college. John was beginning to hate the new millennium; it reeked with his own stagnation.

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'Why the hell did I do this?'

John shifted awkwardly in the wings of the studio set while the audience shuffled in to take their seats. It looked like any other talk show from what he could see, a desk and couch for the host and guest to chat at with a fake city skyline plastered along the back wall. When he'd rung to sign up they'd been surprisingly light in details, simply telling him to prepare to talk about the changes or lack thereof, in his life. He looked up from straightening his tie for the fourth time and felt himself freeze as the most gorgeous woman he had even seen began walking in his direction.

"Welcome, I'm Morgan LeFée, the host."

John stuck out his hand to meet hers on instinct, thoroughly in awe of Morgan's enchanting beauty. Her hair was long, the darkest he'd ever seen and she had a figure he thought possible only with the help of photoshop. Her plum coloured lips were stretched into a wide, welcoming smile and he was suddenly very aware of how the timeslot had managed to get such high rating projections.

"Come, stand here." She ordered, indicating to one of the wings, "When I am done introducing the show, I shall summon you. Simply take a seat on that red couch there, on the side closest to the desk."

He nodded, praying his voice returned before the camera rolled. At least he could relax knowing that no matter how many people were watching at home, none of their eyes would be on him. Not with Morgan sat right there. He did as instructed, waiting in the wings until the lights came up and Morgan introduced herself to the studio crowd and was met with rapturous applause. All too soon she was gesturing for him to join her and he stepped out onto the set. His legs felt stiff and robotic as they walked, he was sure his skin was shiny with sweat under all the lights. He gave the crowd a small, nervous wave before turning to Morgan with what he hoped as an amenable smile. Morgan launched right into things.

"So, John. For the past eleven years you've been working the same job, living in the same city and have had no relationships. Is that right?"

Ouch.

"Yes but, when you put it like that it seems sad."

Even as the words left his mouth John knew he'd just confirmed it. What's more depressing than a sad sack? A sad sack who didn't even realise he was one.

"Hmmm, what do you think you need? What change would you want most to spice up your life?" Morgan mused, dark eyes twinkling under the stage lights.

"Um."

Fuck, he should have prepared something, his mind had gone blank. In a panic his thoughts went to those motivational posters they sold in the household section; the ones showing tall mountains with phrases like "test your limits!" And "reach for the stars" plastered across them.

"Adventure?" He tried sheepishly; Morgan nodded enthusiastically.

"Ah, the adventures of old. White knights and witches. A classic."

"Well, that's not exactly what I had in mind."

"So perhaps it's adventure closer to home then?" Morgan grinned, "perhaps of a more intimate kind?"

This was a 6pm time slot right? She couldn't possibly be wanting to talk about his sex life.

"Or a combination of the two! A historical epic, with dragons and princess. Wouldn't that be something?"

"Yeah, sure would." John chuckled uneasily; he had no idea how to gain control of this conversation. It was without a doubt the strangest he'd ever had, certainly not what he had been expecting.

"Everybody loves those old fantasy stories, some even believe there really were dragons around long ago, did you know that?" Morgan asked, clearly not perturbed by his non answers. "Wouldn't it be exciting if we had dragons around today?"

The audience gave a cheer and John smiled awkwardly as Morgan stood, taking what appeared to be a wand out from her desk.

"The truth is, dragons and fairy tales never left, we just stopped seeing them." She continued.

John relaxed, this whole talk of dragons and knights was clearly some sort of pre-planned bit, no wonder the conversation felt so unnatural. They should have just let him in on the joke, he'd have been happy to set her up if that was the whole point. She was making a show of waving the wand around, talking of the great dragons that would soon be walking among them. What a weirdo, it was a good thing Morgan was beautiful because she was clearly a complete kook.

"Are you ready, John?" Morgan turned to face him, hand outstretched, "To make your change?"

Shit, he'd stopped listening.

"Uh, yeah!"

He got up to join her and with a flick of that wand she tapped him on the forehead. There was a slight stock, maybe a loose wire in the LEDs in the toys tip? She looked at him expectantly, was he supposed to play along? Nobody told him this was going to be one of those weird faith healing style shows. He didn't want to make a fool out of Morgan on her very first night on the air, but he didn't want to lie to the people watching. These days people believed in anything they saw on TV, even stuff as ridiculous as magic. Luckily, he was saved from having to respond by a music cue.

"Looks like we have to go to commercial break!" Morgan chimed, "When we return, we'll have a new guest, a Mr. Shane Forthsith! I hope he is as fun to chat to as you, John!"

That was it? He'd barely said anything really; still, he smiled politely and waved at one of the cameras till the operator gave them the sign and he relaxed. Okay, that whole experience had been weird but he was still getting two hundred dollars, so there was that. Morgan left the stage to talk to one of the cameramen, leaving John alone to awkwardly see himself off. Absentmindedly he scratched at his back, he must have over starched his shirt this morning, it was making his back itch like crazy. He'd just reached the side stage when he felt something peel off his back and stick to his finger nail. With alarm he pulled away, staring down at a bright green scale, jammed between the nail and skin. He balked, confusion swirling in his mind; how on earth had that gotten there?

"Shedding?"

The voice made him jump. Another man around his own age was standing there, his name badge had 'Shane' written across it in bold letters. The next guest.

"I'm sorry?"

"Your scale." Shane pointed to it, "I'm guessing you don't shed much judging by the look on your face. I wouldn't worry about it, mate. Happens all the time to me. A bit of moisturizer will put it right."

“Thanks?”

A music cue blared and Shane gave him a nervous smile.

“Wish me luck!” He whispered, walking out to join Morgan on stage.

John flicked the mysterious scale to the ground, something strange was going on here and it wasn't just this show. Wanting nothing more than to be home, he made his way to the front office to collect his cheque. The woman seated behind the desk gave him a warm smile when he appeared.

“I just saw the show!” She squealed, pointing to the small TV suspended in the rooms corner, “You did great, John. I'll grab your payment.”

Normally, John wasn't the type to ogle women, especially not when they were working. He'd seen enough of his female co-workers get harassed on the job to know there was never an excuse. But when the secretary stood and turned to reach for an envelope on the shelf behind her, he couldn't help but stare. Her ass was huge, stretching the pencil skirt she was wearing to the absolute limit. It jiggled and bounced with even the slightest movement and he found himself almost hypnotised by the roundness of it. For a moment, her shirt started to ride up as she struggled to reach the top shelf and John swore, he saw a brief glimmer of green before her hands closed around the envelope and she turned back to face him.

“Here you are!”

“Thank you.” His voice came out broken and wheezy, he prayed his face wasn't as red as it felt.

He was going to need a very cold shower when he got home.

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The itching got worse as he drove home, he shifted uncomfortably in his seat, unable to find a position that felt right. Perhaps it was time he started saving for a new car, the seat was clearly too small and was sagging under his weight. John knew he wasn't the smallest guy out there, once he'd given up on meeting somebody, he'd let himself go a bit but even with his extra heft he shouldn't be sinking this much surely!

He was glad to finally get home to his apartment, maybe a shower would stop this intense itching on his back and legs, it was slowly spreading, he could feel it across his ass cheeks now much to his embarrassment. That wasn't the only thing he was feeling either. His face flushed with

embarrassment as he climbed the stairs, each movement causing his ass to bounce not unlike the secretary back at the TV station. Maybe he had let himself go a bit more than he'd originally thought. Might be time to bite the bullet and get one of those weight watchers subscriptions.

By the time he'd reached the landing the itching was bordering on unbearable. He threw open his door and made straight for the bathroom, desperate for the soothing spray of a warm shower. He turned the knob and threw off his shirt and tie before kicking off his pants, stepping toward the shower ready to jump under when a glint of green caught his eye. He cast his gaze downward and was met with more scales, green and shiny growing across his legs. He yelped in surprise, taking in the glittering green that now covered his legs from ankle to thigh almost like leggings. He watched, transfixed, and horrified as another slowly poked up from under his skin, the tide growing ever closer to his crotch. If that itching across the small of his back was anything to indicate, there was a patch growing there as well, slowly spreading across his ass. Shower forgotten he scrambled through his apartment and grabbed the phone, dialling 911 in a blind panic.

"Hello, 911, what is your emergency?"

"I'm growing scales!" John cried, "Green scales, all down my legs I-"

"Sir, prank calling the emergency services is a serious offence."

"What?"

"If your scales are abnormal it may be in your best interests to see a doctor but it is not an emergency."

"If my scale-I have scales! Like, lizard scales!"

"...Yes?"

"So *that* is abnormal!"

"I am hanging up now. If you call again be aware you will be charged."

The dial tone followed and John's jaw dropped. His first urge was to call again, surely, he'd gotten a bad agent; but the last thing he needed now was the police hammering on his door with some frivolous charge. Frank! He'd call Frank, they'd always gotten on well, maybe he'd have an idea. It took him a few minutes to locate the number, by the time he started punching it in the adrenaline was starting to subside; still, it was a relief to hear his friend's voice pick up.

“Frank! You won’t believe it!”

“John? Hey man, well done on the show, me and the wife watched it. You did great.”

“Yes, yes, the show was fine I guess but that’s not important. I’m...I’m growing scales, Frank.”

“Huh, that is weird, most people who get ‘em have stopped growing new patches by the time they’re your age.”

“I know I-what?”

“I know I had my full coat by the time I was about eighteen.” Frank continued, “Where are you growing new ones?”

“My legs.” John answered blankly, his stomach was beginning to churn.

“Didn’t you already have them there?”

“What? No! Nobody should have scales!”

“John, are you okay?” Finally, Frank sounded concerned, “Loads of people have scales, people with dragon ancestry, like you and me. Remember?”

“Dragon ancestry?”

“Do you want me to come over? Did you hit your head or something?”

“No, I’m fine.” John licked his lips nervously, “Sorry I bothered you.”

He hung up before Frank could reply, first the 911 operator and now Frank. Why did nobody seem to think this was weird? Lacking any better idea, he returned to his shower, which thankfully was still

hot. He sighed as the stream hit his scales, soothing the itch almost instantly. The heat and moisture made the hard scales soften, becoming silken to the touch almost like a snake. Now that the panic was over John had to admit, they did look beautiful, if a little strange given their location.

Maybe he'd just been working too hard. That had to be it, he'd finish his shower, hop into bed and in the morning after a good night's sleep everything would make sense.

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It did not.

Those same green scales greeted him along with the morning light and John felt his confusion begin anew. They had spread slightly further, now coating the top half of his foot and cresting around his hips. Judging by the slight tug he felt as he shifted against the sheets, they were still spreading across the curve of his ass too. He got to his feet, intending to check in the mirror and found himself almost falling over. His centre of gravity had shifted overnight and it wasn't hard to see why. His hips had widened, as had his ass. He'd always been fat but this was something else, when he made it to the mirror, he realised with horror that the wide curves resembled the secretary at the television station.

Gone were his share edges, square hips had been smoothed and his now peach shaped ass jiggled with every move he made. His pyjama pants were stretched to their limit and with trepidation, he slowly lowered them to reveal yet more green scales covering the bottom of his new curves. No doubt they wouldn't stop until his entire lower half was covered. His stomach twisted painfully; what was he supposed to do?

Lacking any better coping mechanism, John let himself fall into routine; shaving, showering and switching on the tv while getting ready for work. He soon realised a major issue though, barely any of his pants fit anymore, they simply couldn't fit over his new rump; that and the material felt scratchy and odd on his new scales. With a huff he threw the last pair of pants away, standing before his mirror in nothing but a shirt and tie. The scales were encroaching on his crotch and he couldn't help but sweat slightly; what would happen when they reached his length? Would it get coated in scales too?

He looked around for some solution to appear and his eyes caught a flash of green from the television. The morning talk show was on his tv screen, normally he just had it on for background noise but all of a sudden, his eyes were glued to the screen. The weatherman was standing before his green screen, turning to point to the cold front moving in. His ass was huge, green scales viable between his shoes and pants. John's jaw dropped and his trance of routine broke. Whatever this situation was, it wasn't limited to him. If he did go into work what would greet him? Frank had mentioned his own scales, would more people like him be walking around? He wasn't sure if he could take the shock after everything that had happened.

Having finally snapped out of his reverie John walked to the phone and dialled Michael's number. If every there was a reason to take a day off work, it was this. Stomach still churning with nerves he gripped the receiver, relieved to hear his boss answer promptly.

“A sick day? I don’t think you’ve taken a sick day in years!” Michael exclaimed, “Are you alright.”

“Just a stomach bug.” John winced, gripping at his potbelly, that churning was turning to a strange pain.

“That’s too bad, and after your big debut too!” Michael teased, “Ah well, was the show fun?”

John was only half paying attention; his stomach was really starting to hurt now. There was a pressure low in his gut that made his muscles spasm involuntarily and made him double over slightly.

“Yeah...it was great.” There was something else now, a strange stretching sensation between his legs.

“You sound strained, are you sure it’s just a stomach bug?”

“Yep. I-it’s fine...” Something was happening, he couldn’t feel his dick anymore, the familiar weight of it had been replaced with a strange emptiness and that stretching sensation was spreading up through his stomach.

“I think you should call a doctor.”

“No! I’m just going to get some rest.” Another spasm, “Bye, Michael, thanks!”

John slammed the phone down on the receiver, groaning as soon as he knew Michael wouldn’t be able to hear. It felt like there was something hard passing through him and his body was pushing, against his will. Unable to keep standing with that uncomfortable pressure he sat, legs spread, green and glimmering in the morning sun. The scales had finally reached between his legs but they had not covered his cock like he feared. No, it was worse, it was gone! Replaced by warm folds that looked almost like a pussy. They were wet like one too, and with each rhythmic tightening of his muscles, more wetness gathered.

He wanted to be horrified but was too shocked to feel much of anything save the overwhelming urge to push. A doctor had once told him it was important to listen to his body so that is what he did. Rather than fighting the urge he followed it, bearing down on that strange weight inside him and feeling it move lower in response. He gasped, shocked by how quickly the discomfort

turned to quite the opposite. He pushed again, moaning this time as warm pleasure began to pool in his lower stomach. He barely had time to register just how strange the entire experience was before another wave hit him, his body pushing harder causing him to shudder in pleasure. Some instinctual part of his brain forced his body to move, squatting on the floor so he could bear down more effectively. Just in time for another urge to hit him, this time he felt that weight inside him shift with the wave of pleasure. He could feel it properly now, something solid inside his inner walls.

His new pussy clenched around it and with a moan he pushed again. The solid object was forced down his walls, pleasuring him as it went. To his shock and humiliation, he realised a familiar sensation was building in his lower stomach, pleasure was pooling as his muscles tightened involuntarily in response to the pleasure. He didn't want to give in, this was just too weird! He couldn't help it though; with a deep moan he pushed one final time a wave of ecstasy passing through his body as he came as the object slipped out from his folds. Body quivering with aftershocks his knees gave out and he fell back, cushioned by his now plump ass. Between his scaled legs, laid the object that had been the cause of his discomfort and pleasure. John stared at the small purple object, eyes wide and mind still fogged with lust, trying to make sense of what he saw.

He had laid an egg.