

Tipping the Scales – Part 3

For SpaceBanana

By TheSpiralledEye

John scrambled away, trying to run and immediately stumbling as his centre of gravity shifted. The tail was new, still growing in fact and he hadn't gotten used to balancing with it. What's more, his ass had inflated ever more, he was now so bottom heavy a single tilt in any direction could send him tumbling straight onto his ass. Morgan chuckled to herself, watching him wobble to his feet and his face burned with humiliation; humiliation at being made a spectacle, at giving in to the sensation of laying eggs, to her touch. What's more, as he got to his feet, he realised with sinking horror that his tail was necessary; his rump was so heavy he needed it to balance.

He could feel the new appendage still growing, the muscles stretching and scales growing up through his skin. It was thick, not very manoeuvrable and stuck out stiffly in the air. Experimentally, he twitched it, finding now that it had grown to its full length, he could control it as any other limb. His spine having elongated and joined to make it a solid part of his body.

"You look wonderful dear!" Morgan called and he glared back at her.

Coming here had been a mistake, he had to get his bearings; there would be a way to fix this, there *had* to be. That display had only proven that Morgan was not going to change things, no matter how hard he begged. He was going to have to solve this himself and if that meant somehow learning magic, that is what he would do. Somehow. He walked back to his car, eager to be away from the witch and her self-righteous smile only to immediately face a problem. His tail protruded a good way before he could bend it, that made sitting in his driver's seat basically impossible. Even with it curled around to his front as much as possible, there was simply not enough room between him and the wheel. He pushed the seat back further, at least giving him enough room to safely drive but left him wincing. It felt like he was balancing on his tailbone, his hips and muscles screaming and sore after only a few moments. The sides of his fat rump spilling over the edge of the seat.

He looked out the window, Morgan was standing on the front steps to the TV studio. Watching him with curiosity and John felt his blood boil. There was no way he was giving her the satisfaction of him give up. Pushing through the discomfort he turned the key, backing out and driving away without risking another glance in her direction. The radio blared to life again and John groaned.

"Cars for draconics should have been invented years ago!" The host was arguing, "The amount of DIY people have to do just to sit comfortably in their own vehicles is astounding."

“I hear Honda is coming out with the first ever draconic designed seat for those of us with tails.” The other presenter replied, *“They are sure to make a killing with it. I mean, forty percent of the population have draconic blood and that’s a huge market people somehow never thought to cater to!”*

Twenty, thirty and now forty percent; the population effected by this curse was increasing at an alarming rate. Did Morgan intend to turn the entire world into her half dragon fetish dragons? What would he do then? Would he be the only person in the world to truly remember humanity as it was? His stomach churned with nerves and he tried not to think about what the sensation could mean. He only just laid an egg; it wasn’t time yet. Still, sweat began to form on his top lip and palms in both anticipation and fear.

Out his window he could see signs advertising egg collection so that they could be used and recycled safely. With a heavy heart he reached out at a red light and grabbed one of the pamphlets stuck to the traffic light; his mind wandering back to the eggs sitting in his drawer at home that were already starting to smell bad. As he waited his eyes danced across the paper, seeing the long list of uses the eggs supposedly had; make up, skin care, medical research, the list went on. Though there was a big mark right at the bottom that ensured all eggs were tested to ensure they were unfertilised before use. God, what did that even mean? He no longer had a cock, did that mean all dragons were biologically female now? Did they need regular humans to reproduce. Just thinking about it made his head swim and John pushed such thoughts away for another time.

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Walking back into work felt like a dream; it was the same department store he’d worked at for almost a decade and yet, everything had this strange new sheen to it. Only a few days had passed since that fateful change and already he could see new toys in the children’s section depicting large bottomed dragon people, scale care oils in the skincare section and talon clippers close by. It was like walking into an alternate universe, John wished that was what happened.

“John, mate! How are you feeling?”

It was Frank, stepping out from behind the counter and John had to fight hard not to gasp. His co-worker was now as bottom heavy as he, a thick tail poking out from above his belt, with small round tits bouncing on his chest as he ran to greet him.

“You had us all pretty worried, you never take days off, let alone more than one in a row.”

“It was just a really bad cold, I didn’t want to make people sick.” John croaked, trying not to look at Frank’s chest. The fabric of his work shirt was bunching between his tits, the material trapped between the round breasts.

“Well, I am glad you’re back, dealing with all these people trying to return stuff is a nightmare. And Michael just announced we’re doing a New Millennium sale as well, just to make things more complicated.”

Such things would have made him groan once, being the most difficult problem he’d deal with in a day. Now they seemed so small, compared to what he had to face. Now he had to hold back a relieved smile; this was a stress he was familiar with, a problem he knew how to tackle. John threw himself into working, hoping to gain some sense of normalcy back with the familiar tasks and environment. But he found no such peace. Ever second person he talked to was in the a similar state to he and Frank; it was hard to focus on processing a mans return when his tail was swishing back and forth in annoyance.

“Take a picture, perv, it’ll last longer.” One dude snapped when he caught John staring at his ass.

After that he’d tried to keep his eyes straight ahead, though he rarely succeeded. Then of course, there was the pressure in his stomach. He refused to give in this time, no matter how badly a part of him wanted it. Every time the urge to lay came over him he pushed it away, clenching his cheeks and tightening his core. By lunch time he was walking hunched over with the effort not to push. He was adding sale stickers to the displays, squatting down to reach the lowest shelf when a wave passed through him; his position perfect for laying he couldn’t help but give one tiny push; moaning as that solid feeling began to form in his lower gut.

“Hey man, you’ve been on the floor for hours, do you need an egg break?” Frank asked concerned, “Most of us have already had two, you look about ready to burst.”

“No.” John grit his teeth, “I don’t need to yet.”

Standing up straight again went against everything his body wanted, it was almost painful trying to walk normally towards the counter to grab another batch of stickers. A deep groan reached his ears and John felt his blood turn cold; it was a sound of pure gratification, a sound he knew all too well. Though he knew it was a mistake he walked toward it, drawn in by the sound like a siren call. He turned the corner just as that same voice cried out; a man was on his hands and knees, round bulge at the back of his pants right between his butt cheeks. John’s stomach clenched in solidarity. The man quivered and that round protrusion dropped down the leg of one of his pants. Next to him a woman stood, mortified.

“Charlie, I told you to lay before we left, now you’ve gone and made a spectacle of yourself!” She hissed, “Gods I am so embarrassed, get the egg and let’s go.”

Red in the face, the scaled man shook out his leg, collecting the small green egg that rolled out onto the floor.

“I’m sorry dear but there is no fighting it when the urge comes.” He demurred, turning and seeing John with his hands fistled into his stomach. “You understand, right dude?”

John opened his mouth to reply but instead of words an almost animalistic, guttural moan escaped him as another wave of pressure bore down on his stomach. He clutched at it, feeling the hardness of the muscles there, all taught as he tried to hold back the egg there. The woman scoffed, grabbing her husband by the arm and muttering something about letting the ‘man have his peace while he laid’. He felt as though an iron weight was being pulled through him, his pussy growing wet and slick in preparation as a familiar ache began to burn inside him. He couldn’t hold back any longer, he had to lay.

John stumbled through the shelves, mind so hazy with lust and instinct he couldn’t remember the way to the bathroom. A janitors closet became his salvation and with shaking hands, he used his key to unlock it, ducking inside and leaning back heavily on the door. He barely had enough time to lock it again before another contraction hit, strong enough to bring him to his knees. He breathed heavily, tits rising and falling with each dep breath and he struggled with his belt buckle. His tail twitched and as if by magic John knew what to do. He kicked off his trousers, balancing on the flat of his feet with the help of his tail, legs apart. He bore down, moaning in pleasure as he felt the egg move down closer to his pussy. With each push, he felt his breasts swell further, no longer perky and small but heavy and teardrop shaped against his round belly.

“Oh...Oh, fuck...”

He felt the egg enter his inner walls, pressing right against his G-spot, another contraction had him squeezing it hard and to his shock, he felt another make its way down into him. He’d held back so long he was backed up; he’d never laid more than one egg before; it felt incredible. The second egg was pressing against his G-spot now, the other sliding down his slick passage, stimulating every nerve as it went until it rested right at his hole. For a moment, he held it there, enjoying the burn of being stretched open so wide. But then the orgasm hit and he pushed it out onto the floor along with a wave of wetness.

“Oh Gods...another-of fuck, oh fu-!”

The second egg was pleasuring him now as a third made its way down. His G-spot had been stimulated for almost a full minute now, he was a quivering mess, unable to feel any shame at all he was so overwhelmed with ecstasy. He was grunting, baring down constantly to push them out, drowning in the sensations. He came again, pushing out the second and had barely recovered before a third and final orgasm washed over him. He slumped forwards on his hands and knees, breathing heavily. His head hung forward from exhaustion and as he opened his eyes, he could see the three eggs resting between his knees as well as his new, fully formed heavy breasts swinging slightly as his body shuddered due to the aftershocks.

Wetness dribbled from him, down his legs with some even getting on his tail. It was no use, he couldn't stop his new body from operating as intended, at least not until he found a way to end this curse. Mind still fuzzy from the laying he stumbled to his feet and attempted to get dressed; maybe he should take a few more sick days, it felt so good if he didn't learn how to stop this soon he may very well stop fighting it all together.

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He started at the public library, going through books on myth and history. He even started driving to historical archives on his days off, searching for any scrap of information on magic and how to learn it; but it was futile. Morgan hadn't been lying, that Merlin fellow really had wiped all knowledge and memory of dragons and magic existing from the records. Even if some had survived his spell, what were the odds they would have lasted hundreds of years for him to find now. Hell, if they did, they probably wouldn't be written in English.

With every day that passed John felt his desire for a cure diminishing, not just from lack of leads but also his addiction to laying. He was now doing it at least four times a day and to his horror, he often hoped for more. He had gone from a life of masturbation and nothing else to cumming multiple times a day. Some of the other draconics at his work had even invited him to an egg party, where they all laid together. It had been the most sexually exciting experience of his life; watching those other men push eggs from their wet pussies and being watched while he did so. He'd never been so turned on in his life and with all those other draconics praising him, he couldn't bring himself to feel ashamed of it either.

A month had passed since that fateful night where he was first changed and with each new episode of Morgan's talk show, more people joined him as draconics. He'd even seen some people with small, vestigial wings on their backs though he was yet to grow them himself. Morgan had been right about one thing; life certainly was more interesting now. He began to question why he ever wanted to turn back in the first place, what did his old, boring human life have that wasn't better in this one? He had more friends since attending that laying party, he was more sexually satisfied than at any other point in his life and he got to help out his fellow man by donating his eggs to medical research centres. They were going a long way into aiding something called stem cell research which looked incredibly promising and John felt proud to do his part.

Slowly but surely, he began to adjust to his new normal. He modified his car so he could drive more comfortably; slowly replaced his clothing with ones designed for those with tails and even purchased himself a few bras to help support his heavy chest. He stopped walking with his shoulders hunched in shame and instead held his head high and to his surprise, even garnered a few

appreciative glances from strangers on the street. Regular humans loved a big bottomed draconic it turned out, fashion magnets even started selling jeans with stuffed bottoms for regular humans to give the illusion of a bigger ass. For the first time in his life; John was attractive and the boost that gave his confidence was immeasurable.

So, when a letter arrived from the television studio, inviting him back to Morgan's show for another appearance John had been conflicted. He'd stopped looking for a cure to the spell by now, there was no point and he was gradually coming to terms with his new reality. That didn't mean he'd forgiven Morgan for what she had done though. Sure, he was making peace with himself but she still turned his entire life on its head without his permission. She must have been watching him somehow, magic most likely, he was sure of it. He wished there was somebody else who remembered the humanity of before so he could talk with them but as it stood, it was just him now. And really, that was the rub wasn't it? John grit his teeth; it was his knowledge of life before that was holding him back from fully enjoying this life and there was one way to fix it. He wrote his reply and dropped it in the mailbox before returning home to take care of another egg.

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John felt nervous, walking up the steps to the television studio, he had chosen to come here today but he just could not get rid of the damn butterflies in his stomach. He'd made sure to lay his eggs before coming, just to be safe; he wanted his faculties about him where Morgan was concerned. The last thing he wanted was to give her the satisfaction of seeing him a mewling mess like before.

He sighed in, pinning the visitor badge over his breast and made his way down to the green room. When he pushed open the door he was unsurprised to see Morgan sitting there waiting; dressed in a long black dress and wide brim hat; she was going full witch now it seemed.

"Thank you so much for agreeing to come back on the air." She smiled, "I knew you wouldn't let me down."

"You read my conditions then?"

"Of course, but are you sure dear? Changing your memories so that you don't remember the old humanity is a big deal."

"I'm sure, everybody else is that way, I don't want to be the only one anymore." He then chuckled darkly and added, "You can't miss what you never had."

"Too true." Morgan mused, "Well, I am glad you've found your peace sweet cheeks."

She breezed past him, heading for the stage and allowing the make up artist to powder him up for the camera. John took a deep breath, this was it, what he needed to be truly happy in his new life as a draconic. It was a clean slate.

He waited in the wings with a mix of anxiousness and anticipation as Morgan began the show, introducing herself to the roaring crowd and cameras at home.

“Ladies and gentlemen, tonight is a very special episode, not only are we topping the charts right now but I have a special guest here! Our very first return guest, here to tell us just how much his life has changed in the last month since coming on the show!”

The crowd cheered and despite not yet being on stage, John flushed with appreciation.

“Let’s give John a warm round of applause!”

He walked out, waving to the crowd with confidence, swishing his tail under the stage lights so his green scales glinted. He saw a woman in the crowd smile at him hungrily; it fuelled his conviction further. No woman had ever looked at him like that as a boring old human. He sat on the guest couch, sliding his tail through the conveniently cut hole in the back for draconics like himself and gave Morgan a charming smile.

“Well John, it’s so lovely to see you again.” She cooed, “Why don’t you tell the audience how your life has improved since speaking to me?”

Morgan leaned over on her desk, hand cupping her chin, the other lazily swishing her wand through the air, tip glowing green. The butterflies in his stomach began to race but he ignored them, launching into a speech about how his confidence and feeling of self-worth had never been higher and how that in turn had changed his life for the better.

“I have made more friend in the past four weeks than I have in the last four yea-ah!”

The sudden tightening of his stomach muscles took him by surprise. He blinked in confusion, surely it wasn’t time for another egg yet, he’d laid one just an hour ago.

“What was that, John?” Morgan asked innocently, he turned to face her, seeing the wicked grin and instantly understanding that this was her doing.

“I ah, I said that-oh fuck!”

His palm slapped across his mouth in embarrassment, the bolt of pleasure had taken him so by surprise he could not stop the curse from escaping. The crowd gasped and Morgan silenced them with a swat of her hand.

“Now, we’re all adults here. A little swearing isn’t that bad, especially considering what is about to happen. We can’t blame John for being a little overwhelmed.”

She stood up from her dark and rounded it, coming to his side and leaning down to whisper so only John could hear.

“When you cum, your memory will be wiped just the same as everybody else’s, so enjoy, darling.

He wanted to ask her what was happening but another contraction hit and he couldn’t find the words. It was like his usual urges to lay but stronger, his stomach felt harder, even rounder and more swollen than usual. He could see something, round and large moving under his skin, slowly making its way down toward his aching pussy. Vaguely he was aware that Morgan and another assistant were undressing him, but he could only lay back on the couch as wave after wave of bliss melted all other thoughts in his mind. He felt his eyes go glassy and dilated and his instincts took control. He wanted to squat but couldn’t bring himself to stand, each contraction turning his legs to jelly and making them shake with the intensity. All he could do was spread them, dimly aware that he was baring his soaking pussy to the whole world while he did so.

He pushed, moaning loudly as that hard, solid object moved through him. It was so much bigger than usual; he found himself wailing as it entered the top of his pussy, scrapping its smooth surface along his G-spot.

“I believe this is John’s first mega egg.” Morgan’s voice wafted through the fog, “Always an exciting experience! And we get to watch it live folks! How are you feeling, John?”

“Good, oh fuck, it’s so good I can’t-AAHH!”

His pussy squeezed around it, walls contracting and stretching with each movement. Despite his wetness the egg was moving slowly, teasing out the pleasure.

“I can’t stretch any f-further! Oh! Ah!”

But he did, he could feel himself stretched to his absolute limit, walls almost aching as the egg moved to rest against his hole. It was too big, there was no way he could push it out, surely. He looked down at his scaled form, he could see the bottom of the egg protruding from him just as the irresistible urge to push filled him once more. His whole body tightened, baring down as he came harder as the egg finally slipped out of him. He felt lightheaded from pleasure and for a few seconds he was aware of his memories trickling away like water with each aftershock. Till they were gone entirely and John had no idea what he'd been musing on.

With a shudder he sat up, blushing slightly as the amount of slickness dripping down his legs. The egg at his feet was enormous and the crowd cheered. He gave a bow from his seat, unable to stand yet. He was grateful to Morgan, she'd been right about this exposure therapy; he'd never been brave enough to lay a mega egg in public before but now that he'd done it on live TV there was nothing he couldn't do.