

Getting Egg-sactly what you deserve

Slowly you approached the nest, being extra careful to not make any noise, in case you alerted the parents. Dragon Eggs were incredibly valuable, almost as valuable as a Dragon themselves. But of course, that value came with an incredible risk. That risk being the parents of the eggs. There's no greater threat than a dragoness defending her young after all. You had waited almost an entire week for her to leave for food, and it was only a matter of time before their dad took over keeping guard. You hoisted yourself up over the wall of heated rock, careful to not burn your hands on their surface, before slipping inside.

Contrary to the exterior, the interior of the nest was soft and warm, lined with sheep wool and pelts to keep the eggs heated and protected. But that wasn't important. There was your prize, a clutch of eggs. They were rather large, large enough that you would only be able to fit one inside your satchel, but that didn't matter. You only needed one to secure yourself a fortune, or even a pet Dragon of your own. Blinded by your Greed, you failed to notice the telltale signs of magic as you picked up the egg and turned to leave, only to notice your feet refused to obey you, rooted in place. The cause was apparent. A loose bit of eggshell had gotten stuck on the soles of your shoes.

You put down the egg to try and pry it off, but the shell refused to budge. Before your eyes, you watched it start to eat away at the leather of your shoes, dissolving them into goo, unveiling spreading scales and growing claws. With your shoes no longer holding you, you turned to run, only to collide with a pale wall, the eggshell climbing up around you, and the changes climbing with them, your pants starting to dissolve as your legs became digitigrade, and a scaly tail sprouted from behind you.

Now you know why the eggs were so valuable. You see, after losing so many young to young to wannabe egg thieves such as yourself, the Dragons had learnt of your tricks, and enchanted their nest with a special enchantment to deal with such trespassers. What that enchantment did, well... you were witnessing it firsthand, seeing your clothing and items dissolve into goo, but leaving your body strangely untouched. At least if you didn't count the scales sprouting across your entire frame, your hands aching as fingers fused into four, curving into talons. It was clear this trap wasn't intended to kill you.

No, an Eggshell was not made for death, but for life. It had but one purpose, to nurture and protect the young inside. You. Your back itched as a pair of wings sprouted from your back, while your chest hardened into a plated underbelly. Wait, wings? You could use these! You'd extend them out as far as you could, and flapped, trying to generate enough lift to get you outside. You strained your new limbs, grinding lengthening fangs within your slowly lengthening snout, pushing your changed body to move as you slowly started to rise up, up towards the opening at the top of the egg.

You clumsily soared towards freedom, almost making it, before a strange sense of lethargy washed over you. It was like all the strength was sapped from your body, as you plummeted a short ways back down, landing on your butt. You could only raise your lengthening neck to watch as the hole slowly shrunk, and eventually vanished altogether.

It was strange though, you should've fallen much further than you did. Wait... did the egg seem smaller? You raised a foreleg and placed it against the wall of the eggshell, feeling it push against you gently. You weren't imagining it. The egg was shrinking. You should've felt scared, claustrophobic within the narrowing space, but instead you felt... comfort. Like you were where you belonged.

Even as the walls of the egg began to push lightly against you, you felt at peace, not even batting an eye as you started to shrink down alongside it. No, not exactly. You were regressing, talons becoming small and blunt as your limbs became stubby, wings folding against your back as they became far too small to carry your body. Your fangs shrunk into tiny triangles, while your snout became rounded and cute. Your horns, once a majestic crown, were now just nubs on your tiny head. The lethargy grew stronger, as you let out a yawn, curling up within your egg, as it hugged you tightly in its protective embrace. You didn't need to worry. One day, when you were older, you would get all of those back. Your sharp fangs, your powerful talons, your majestic horns, and your soaring wings. But for now, it was time to rest. You closed your eyes, and fell into a deep sleep, nestled alongside your siblings, dreaming of a future yet to come. Of a mighty dragon soaring through the sky, inspiring those who lay eyes upon them, and sparking great legends with their deeds.

Sleep well, little one. We'll raise you into a proper Dragon.