

The next morning, just as the first rays of the rising sun touched black scale, everyone got a rude awakening. With his customary befuddlement, Tom awoke to a body that still felt alien to him and reared up in alarm. He gave an ear piercing scream of terror upon seeing the unknown giant lizard next to him as his head recoiled to the full height of his neck slamming it into the ceiling. He took a clumsy, ungainly step backwards on his hind legs as he stumbled on his tail and then fell onto his back. Crashing through the stairs to the storage loft and landing on the ground awkwardly pinning his wings beneath him. He let loose a bellow of pain that snapped him out of his fugue. Kim cracked open an emerald eye and then shut it while warbling callously.

It has been six weeks, when are you going to get used to this? I am going to start sleeping in the forest if you keep this up, and at this rate we will not have a barn for much longer. Just remember our blood, sweat, and tears paid for this barn and the house.

Says the woman that just ripped our back door out of its frame?

The green eye snapped open once again, although now constricted to a paper thin slit. A low growl began to rumble from her chest, more felt than heard. After a moment the rumble ceased and she closed her eye again before muttering something else, something that showed how she was truly accepting the change that had been wrought upon her.

Female

What?

Do either I or Irma look human anymore? Do we look like women? Do you see any tits? Just call us females, until Thumper or someone else provides us with a better way to refer to the sexes.

Tom looked at Thumper who was not any help in the matter. "I've told you already, the culture of the children of the egg died with that world. The only thing that you carry forward from that civilization is your innate language and the name 'children of the egg'. You will have to decide amongst yourselves what to refer to each other as."

Well anyway... It is not like I enjoy waking up in a panic when I see a half meter of nose in front of me and step on a tail that is 12 meters long and happens to be part of my body!

Tom rolled to his paws almost flattening Thumper in the process which turned incorporeal at the last second. Once on his feet he used a wing as a broom to sweep the shattered staircase off to the side to be dealt with later. He turned around and stopped with one leg raised as he was confronted with two people accosting him with rapidly clicking cameras.

"Don't yuu tooo ever sleep?" He snarled at Brian and Serena.

They shrugged unrepentantly before running forward to feel over his still extended wing. He snapped it up to his back carrying Brian with it four meters into the air. Not even noticing the minute weight of the scientist on his body he walked out of the barn to begin his morning stretches. It wasn't until he flared his wings to warm up his tendons that he heard a scream and realized he had an unwilling passenger.

"Get off! Only my children and Alex are allowed ahhh ride!"

He shook his wing arm and threw Brian off the low side into the ground where he lay gasping like a fish after having the wind knocked out of him. Once he got his breath back he got slowly to his feet and protested.

"What the hell? All you had to do was lower your wing! I didn't ask you to snatch me up like an insect either! Stop treating me like an annoying fl..."

He trailed off as Tom bent his serpentine neck from its height of six and a half meters to bring his head down until one of his eyes was centimeters from Brian's face. The stricken scientist held as still as he could. His own reflection looked back at him from the vertical ovoid pupil as it expanded and contracted while studying him.

"Yuuuu rrr becoming very brave. There might be some hope for you after all. Keep standing up for yuur self and we might just cotton to you."

Kim came out of the barn followed by Irma who had Jesse astride her back and lastly Thumper, who emotionlessly watched the scene before it.

Tom's wife threw in her own mite on the subject while lowering her head to sniff at Brian to take her own reassessment of him.

"Whooo would have thought, you do have ahhh spine after all."

Serena patted Tom's leg to get his attention and then motioned for him to come closer. He brought his head around and she whispered into his frill.

"Take it easy on him. He's been a lot better since last time. He's really trying to change and has been more assertive at the University for his own rights as well."

Tom hummed in thought and then bobbed his head. Serena smiled and gave him another pat on the leg while she voiced her gratitude.

She asked another question of him as well: "Hey, later, after your flight lessons, would you be willing to work with us on your other set of vocalizations? We would like to match some basic words to their corresponding sounds."

Tom raised his head to look at Irma and Kim who both lifted and lowered their wings in a shrug to indicate their ambivalence to the idea. Almost as an afterthought he looked at Thumper to see if there was any problem with the idea.

"The sharing of your new communicative patterns will be a positive action for all those concerned. It will be important that others have a simple understanding of your new alternate language."

As you grow more comfortable with your bodies you may lapse increasingly into that method of expression.

Tom looked down at Serena and bobbed his head once more in acquiescence. She became excited at the prospect of learning the new language of giant lizards. So excited in fact, that she leapt forward to hug Tom's foreleg before running to compare notes with Brian once more. Tom just looked down at her with a bemused tilt to his head and one ear fin flared while the other was flattened.

Enthralled by his general display of puzzlement at her actions, Serena whipped out her cell phone to take a picture of Tom's reaction. As soon as the flash reached his eyes he gave her another example of a displayed emotion, annoyance. Showing his irritation Tom pinned both his ears back as his muzzle creased slightly bearing the tips of his teeth on one side. "Sssstop that! I'm not a zoo exhibit!"

Which, of course, only earned an absent hand wave for a reply.

The winged family members took their time in getting ready for their flight lessons. As they stretched they chatted amongst themselves in their new, arcane, language. From one to the next the ribbon of avian sounds undulated just as their sinuous bodies did. Which, funnily enough, was what their opaque conversation was about.

Kim made a comment about how cute Irma and Jesse looked as they slept with Irma laying her head next to Jesse where he laid a hand just in front of one her nostrils. The compliment made her tail whip crack behind her as she ruffled some of her scales in rueful embarrassment.

Tom, never missing a chance to needle Kim, baited her with a remark about her one-sided beat down (his words) when losing to him. Kim, surprisingly, briefly told him that it would never happen again and then ignored the rest of his comments. Tom looked out of sorts by the fact that she wasn't already attacking him.

One after the other, the converted obeyed vague notions of what the proper manner to stretch their tails and wings was before using their own knowledge to limber the rest of their bodies.

Unlike their usual warmup mannerisms, today they began their session by rearing up on their hind legs and flapped their wings vigorously from top to bottom. As they held themselves up by their tails with forelegs held tightly to their chests they swung away with their wings in great rhythmic scoops. The buffeting winds this set up precluded anyone on two legs from being in the immediate vicinity. Once satisfied with the whirlwind they had caused, the one-time humans settled back down onto all fours to shake their necks and tails out with a series of popping noises as their discs resettled noisily.

Hardly even registering the slightest blip in heart rates from their brief warmup they resumed remarking to each other on the bizarre sensations of their new limbs.

Irma asked her parents if they had found themselves using the wing fingers or tails for any other purpose.

What do you mean Irma, like pointing at things? Tom asked curiously.

Well... That too. But haven't you noticed just how easily we've taken to using limbs that we've never had before? Like our tails... I don't even try to pick up most things with my hands anymore.

She stressed her point by trying to pick up an errant piece of firewood next to her with a fore paw. Or attempted to anyway, after fumbling with it for a bit she got it by pinching it between her opposed claws. After demonstrating this to her rapt audience, only half of whom could understand her speech at the moment, she flung the log over her shoulder back by her hind paws. Without even looking back to establish its relative position she demonstrated her point. In doing this she showcased the effortless ease she used her tail to locate and loop the bit of timber before depositing it in one of her rear feet. The five talons of that foot easily gripping the log and removing it from the binding coils of tail. Shuffling her hips and rear feet all the way around until her body was bent back on itself she pawed the wood from rear to front claws. She began to bat it back and forth idly while the back half of her elastomer body settled itself to the ground.

How many things did I just do that show just how quickly we are adjusting to our new bodies? We spent decades as human, now after less than two months we have taken to these forms like nothing else. As infants it takes us years to learn how to walk, we're learning how to fly already! It is not just that either. Already I've shown complete awareness of where my body is, do you know what that means? Our minds have already subconsciously adapted. I did not have to command each muscle to perform what I just did. In fact, I gave it no more thought than I ever would have before.

So what? **Kim returned flippantly.** We are stuck with these bodies now, we might as well get comfortable in them. I do not see it as a surprise that we are quickly nearing completion of our changes. Even though we looked like children of the egg after only a few days that does not mean that we were. I think that the changes to the way we are wired and some of our organs have only now begun to finish.

"You are correct, Kim. It is good that you were able to reason that out on your own. In order for you three to succeed, you must look less and less to me for answers. The six weeks that I have waited to teach you how to fly were necessary for your central nervous system to finish its infinitely more complex alteration. The crude changes to your frames and your appearances were not the difficult part, they were merely the most dramatic and painful. Now your changes deal with subtleties that are best not rushed."

Tom spoke up. But just a few days ago we crashed through the wall of our barn while...

He paused to paw at the ground and drew his head in, making his neck bow in embarrassment while his scales ruffled.

Kim raucously gave the reason why. Just say it you bashful little school boy! We were trying to fuck, and did not realize how big we were. Or how big you were... She finished with a silky purr and drew the tip of her tail sensually along the length of Tom's snout. A shiver raced along his spine making the rest of his scales stand on end. This was a fascinating display of how goosebumps looked on creatures with their new epidermal makeup.

...How do you call that fitting into our new forms? This morning I woke up, panicked, and destroyed our barn staircase. None of these events strike me as evidence of ones at ease in their own bodies. More like we had gone from driving a car to a truck and no longer knew how to manage the new size and control.

"Consider yourselves fortunate. You are on the very top of the scale when it comes to severity. Periodic issues with body and spatial awareness aside the three of you have adapted as well as I knew you would. On the other end of the spectrum there are individuals running loose without reason. All semblance of higher cognition hidden by the changes they've undergone. Do you finally understand why you are needed to bring these individuals back? Humankind will not separate those with reason from those without. One and all you will be branded as dangerous animals and controlled when you are not outright being hunted. At that point I will intervene, it should not have to be explained that that is the least favorable outcome for the human species."

Kim, Tom, and Irma looked at each other uneasily. All three of them realizing how lucky they had been. The fact that Thumper knew the outcome of each and every transformation provided no comfort to them. They could have just as easily been among those that had gone feral. Their identities buried beneath layers of instinct and confusion. Not to mention the weakened position those minds would have been in already, reeling from the pain of feeling their body snap and wrench itself into a form it was never meant for.

"Alex has something in his possession that you will want to read. It will help to cement your position in this new world." Thumper added, as cryptic as ever.

As truthful as the omniscient computer would ever be, Alex was striding down from the house with a mug of coffee and a rolled up newspaper tucked under his arm.

He gave an awkward and mistrustful glance at the computer before whipping the newspaper out from under his arm for presentation. It was the Coeur 'd'Alene Press.

"Now we finally have a handle on what to call you. This headliner was copied from the national press. It's the first part of three part series about everything that's happened. Apparently it took them six weeks to get a consensus from all the professionals running around screaming about how none of this is possible."

He spread the newspaper out on the ground in front of the eager brutes who each brought their heads in close to turn an eye to the paper.

A blown up picture of one of their ilk staring at the camera with its snout creased in mid-snarl, a look that certainly did not help their cause the three thought bitterly. This image covered the entirety of the front page with a one word headline above it.

'Dragons!'

They pulled their heads back with Kim rolling her eyes, Tom wrinkling his snout in distaste, and Irma making the comment that they were all thinking.

"Well, weee all knew what we looked like. No one just wanted to sssay it. I'm ssssurprised it took this long." She swung her head around towards Alex as he watched their reactions patiently. "What doesss the rest of thiss special edition say?"

"If I turn the pages for you can you see the words well enough to read?" He paused for a moment and then blurted out: "You can still read can't you?"

Tom brought his head down and roared in Alex's flinching face. Long streams of saliva flew and coated his brother's skin followed by the scent of large amounts of meat being digested slowly.

He sighed and began wiping the drool of himself. "You're right, that was a stupid question. But you could have just given me a yes or no." He grumbled. "And Tom? Brush your damn teeth."

Tom pulled his head back licking his teeth. "Dooo they need brushed?" Hey Kim, smell my breath. He breathed heavily into Kim's recoiling face and awaited her response. He got one when the crown of her head slammed into his delicate nose eliciting a howl of pain.

I agree with your brother, brush your damn teeth. We should all brush our teeth.

How?

Kim looked upward for a moment in thought before her left eye swiveled downward to look at Brian and Serena as she cracked her jaws open and poked her tongue out in a devious grin.

"Nerdsss, how would you like aaaah trade? Weee will let yuuu examine our teeth if you brush them for usss."

They immediately agreed however Serena had one condition that took the wind out of Kim's wings.

"No messing with us while we are in your mouths!"

Kim reluctantly agreed, and looked so put out by the demand that the scientists were immediately thankful that they had stated that condition. There was no telling what nightmare inducing antic Kim had had planned. Serena asked the twins where she could find a couple of unused scrub brushes and where they kept their toothpaste. She was led away by Lucy while her partner in crime turned his attention back to a new target of discovery.

Brian leapt forward with a specimen jar and a sampling spatula that had magically appeared in his hand and scraped some of the mucus off Alex's face and into the jar. Everyone gave him incredulous looks as he scampered off to show the clear substance to his partner. Luke yanked on Alex's shirt and handed the grateful Uncle a towel. Luke turned to open the newspaper and tried to follow along as his parents and sister read the columns with raised heads.

For the next 40 minutes this continued as the three dragons looked from above with their keen eye sight and everyone else patiently (or not so patiently) waited their turn for the paper.

Once the changed family was done reading the entire newspaper to include the opinion section they began talking with Alex and Thumper on the importance of what they had read.

"The most important thing wasss the first thing they discussed. That some of usss have gone feral. But most importantly, that issss a small percentage of us. That we are still intelligent reasoning beings."

Tom added to Irma's comment. "I agreeee, it wasss also stressed over and over again not tooo seek loved ones for the time being. Iiii think that we should hurry our training along, we should be helping these people as sssoon as possible. Thumper, are there other groups around the world being trained to do thisss task?"

"Of course, there are six groups in this country alone."

Tom hissed in dismay. "Only six? The United States is enormous!"

"You have no knowledge of the distances you will be able to cover when you have fully matured. At the end tomorrow you will be able to fly 50km in a straight line. In a week you will be able to fly 500km. By the end of this month when you have completed your growth you will be able to fly for days at a time."

"But how is that possible? We must ssssleep, how can we do that in midair?"

"While flying your brain will allow one of your hemispheres to sleep at a time as needed. You will continue to fly, but you may find some of your linguistic abilities compromised. You will only be able to speak in your new tongue, and you will be limited both in what you can understand and speak."

"That'sss incredible!" Irma exclaimed. "That's not like anything...."

"...in this world?" Thumper finished for her. "You are correct. You're species is not like anything in this world, as I have said repeatedly. But you are mistaken that the alternating function of your brain's halves are unique to yourselves. Certain marine mammals also have this ability as known by the biologists of your world. This is also a fact that 217 individuals in the northwest corner of this country have gotten to learn themselves."

"Wait what?" Serena interjected as she extracted the upper half of her body from Kim's gaping maw. "You mean you've transformed more people? Into marine mammals?"

“Yes, a mere day and a half following the brief encounter you had with Jasmine. 113 people into Tursiops truncatus, 70 into Orcinus orca, 34 into the species Physeter microcephalus, and 4 into... something else.”

Serena’s jaw dropped as she sputtered “But...But...How have we not heard about this?”

“For their own reasons, and at Jasmine’s instruction.”

Thumper shifted restlessly for a moment, causing everyone to cock their heads inquisitively.

“They have taken it upon themselves to act in a manner contrary to established national policy with regards to several aspects of water and marine life conservation. Your government has become embarrassed by the issue and has actively tried to suppress it. Only the families and coworkers of the transformed, along with one wildlife rehabilitation center, know the truth. They have all been issued formal instructions by courts of law not to discuss these events until your federal government can decide how best to go forward. I have explained to these authorities that I am giving them one more week to determine their course of action before I decide for them.”

Kim began a roar of laughter at these revelations.

“Sssso, let me get this straight. You transformed a bunch of people into fish, and led by that girl we watched you turn into a dolphin, have gone rogue?”

Her roaring laughter continued at the thought of a piratical group of dolphins and whales making chaos in the Pacific Ocean.

Serena raised an objection. “But wait! If you are transforming willing individuals into the creatures they study. Why can’t either Brian or myself become one of these dragons?” She waved her hand at Kim looming above her.

“Would you like to?”

“Hey!” Screamed the formerly quiet Jesse from where he rested against Irma’s paw. “What the fuck? You deny me my request and give it to these two instead? You little hypocritical bastard!”

Thumper shifted restlessly once more and surprised everyone present when it snapped its next words.

“You humans vex me like none have for the past 71,586 years. You want to be a child of the egg? Then so you shall be.”

Thumper stared at him with golden eyes glowing brilliantly and Jesse gasped, clutching his arms around his abdomen.

“Enjoy the pain and alienation that come with the fate that you have begged me for.”

Jesse became pale and turned to look at his lover.

“Irma?” He said in a quiet, uncertain, terrified voice.

Sweat began to pour from his body as his core temperature soared, in seconds he had sweat through his clothing. His horror filled eyes looked up into Irma's while he took two stumbling steps toward her.

"I'm not so sure about this..." was the last thing he whispered before collapsing to the ground and beginning to seize.

"Jeeessssee noooo!" Irma wailed. "Not yuuu! Not thissss!"

Moving swiftly, Kim circled herself around her other children to block their view and then lowered her head to softly tell them to close their eyes. Humming to her children loudly she attempted to drown out what was about to happen. Stunned into immobility, everyone else was helpless in front of the gruesome spectacle that began to play out before them.

Her beloved began to scream as he reached a hand out to Irma. A hand that turned black with shocking speed. His hands shook spastically and then with a crack, and then another crack, his thumbs rotated in their sockets and moved away from his other four fingers as his hands lengthened accompanied by the sounds of tearing muscle and tendon, and the shattering cracks as bone broke and reformed. Fingertips darkened and then hardened into wicked points as a heavy ridge of callous formed around the base of each nail. Scales erupted from the black hide that his skin had become and raced up his arms only being preceded by the discoloring skin.

The hoarse screams of pain as his body wrenched itself apart grew to painful levels as, in his agony, bloody spume began to paint the ground in front of his mouth. His lamentations having grown so severe that he had ruptured vessels within his throat, bleeding freely from the corner of his jaw. He clenched his clawed hands into the earth while distended veins stood out fiercely on his neck as his blood pressure and heart rate skyrocketed to near fatal levels. Vessels ruptured in his eyes as he spasmed uncontrollably and the front of his pants became soaked in urine while the smell of shit bled into the air as he lost all control of his body in the throes of his hellish agony.

The snapping and popping of his boots could be heard as four talons erupted right through the toe of the footwear before the structure of the coverings gave way all together. A claw emerged from the heel before the whole boot was ripped asunder as the foot itself lengthened by tens of centimeters. Just like with his arms his lower joints fixed rigidly into new positions forever altering how he would be able to stand on his thickening limbs.

As those limbs swelled they burst from the clothes upon them as with stretching, tearing, and popping noise his very bones lengthened and bowed into new forms while the bulging muscular growth and expanding tendons wormed visibly beneath the black skin. The writhing of these muscles and tendons caused Brian to fall to his knees and vomit at the sight. The scales erupting across his tortured body bristled into existence with a rustling noise. As each plate grew from the hide beneath they were accompanied by tiny spurts of capillary blood until there was an even sheen everywhere of the dark thick blood he now had running through his veins.

Once more his clawed paw reached out for his love while the blood filled eyes rolled wildly in their sockets as another wave of pain flashed throughout his body as veins appeared, grew, and filled with thick blood. His heart swelled inside his chest, pushing all organs to the side and squeezing his lungs severely as his torso lagged behind the other changes busily growing in size.

Looking at his beloved with elongating pupils he tried to call out to her one last time. Irma stretched her neck to touch her nose to his paw.

“I..rma...lo..ve..y...”

He turned his head away on his thickening neck and inhaled as deeply as his compressed lungs would allow before screaming anew. This happened with such intensity a vessel burst in his neck immediately causing a spectacular bruise to form before scale and hide hid it from view. With a wracking convulsion he vomited blood onto the ground beneath him and then collapsed silently.

Irma hesitantly nosed at him. There was no response even as his body twitched and convulsed unceasingly. A titanic crack could be heard as his hips and shoulders splayed widely. His four legs creaked and groaned with adjusting musculature and tendons. The repurposed limbs twisted in their sockets locking into a new posture. His body began to elongate in jerky motions. Jesse's form disjointedly flailing as each vertebrae cracked into multiple new ones and assumed a more flexible column. Newly formed ribs speared through flesh and clothing before curving downwards as his torso swelled to reincorporate these new supports.

Irma screamed shrilly at the sight of his dead body continuing to tear itself apart. Whipping around she glared at Thumper with the furious promise of death glowing in her blood red eyes. Her tail cracked wildly as she roared her challenge. Kim hurriedly rushed her twins away to the far side of the barn before returning to face the alien alongside her oldest daughter.

You have killed him! You have killed my Jesse! Go away! Get the fuck away from me and my family!

Instead of simply disappearing or rendering himself untouchable Thumper instead grew into a fully mature form and continued to lie there impassively.

Enraged beyond reason at his lack of concern and with tears flowing from her eyes, Irma attacked. Thumper remained unmoving and seemingly unconcerned.

With a tearing noise her fore paw lashed out at Thumper's neck opening four slashes into the toughened hide and shattering the scales above. Following through with her body she used her momentum to carry her tail around bringing the thickly muscled appendage crashing into Thumper's head and knocking it onto its side.

As she recovered from her spinning attack, Kim leapt forward to pin the unresponsive computer and opened her jaws wide to clamp onto one of its front legs before biting down. With a crack as sickening as any heard on the still transforming Jesse behind her, the lower half of the leg dangled limply as the radius and ulna snapped.

From the house all the soldiers came running out fully armed and armored by the enormous noise being caused by Jesse's agonized screams and the two great forms attacking the third golden eyed one. The fourth dragon stood apart from the other three fighting, with its head brought down closely to observe a bizarre lump on the ground as Alex was feeling the odd shape over.

Kim saw them running towards her and called to them commandingly.

“Weaponsss free, waste thiss motherfucker!” She slammed her paws into Thumper’s side and jounced up and down until several ribs snapped with one compounding through its hide to gleam in the early morning sun. She backed away to give them a clear field of fire. “Shoot into itsss fucking woundsss”

Reaching the alien they flicked their safeties off before Ulysses shouted at them to check their fire as Irma mindlessly got into their field of fire to seize Thumper’s neck in her jaws. Blood spurted wildly as her serrated fangs pierced scales and hide. Just as she was tightening her grip for the killing move Alex shouted from behind her.

“He’s alive, he’s alive, stop, Irma stop, he’s alive!”

The others reacted even while Irma did not stop her single minded act of vengeance. Ulysses pointed to one of his soldier with a large pack on his back and waved him towards Alex. The Delta removed his pack, slung his weapon, and ran to Alex even while opening the kit to assist however he could.

Alex’s shouted explanation, unfortunately, did not penetrate Irma’s all-consuming bloodlust that was driven by her grief. Suddenly her Father, her dad, was there to talk her down.

Unfolding his wing to cover her even as the knotted tension in her jaws increased, cutting off air and blood flow to Thumper’s brain, he began to soothingly talk her down as the golden eyes of the alien began to dim.

Irma, honey, I need you to listen to me. Jesse is still alive, please do not do something that you will live to regret. You do not want to know what it feels like to kill another. I do not want you to ever have to find out. Please Irma, let Thumper go, we will deal with it after this is over. My daughter, let go of your hatred, and go to your love. Help him as we did you, let him hear your voice. He is still alive, and needs your help.

The insane gleam in her eyes slowly abated as her pupils began to focus once more. She opened her jaws and Thumper’s head fell listlessly to the ground.

Dad? I...

Sshh, go to the one you love. Help him through the pain. We can talk later.

Peeling away from her father she returned to Jesse’s side as the terrible process swept onwards without abatement. Bringing her head down low she began to murmur quietly to the broken form of her fiancée. No one had the heart to get closer to hear what she said to him.

Even in the brief time she had been away from him there had been significant progress. His head now in line with his spine, the length of his body had increased dramatically. With front and rear legs now meters apart his spine had lengthened further than his torso could support. His body now extended far beyond his hind legs into the long tapering form of a tail. This new horror was not finished yet however as great slabs of muscle could be seen encasing the skeletal column of vertebrae. As this

sheathe of muscle and tendon advanced, the covering of scale and hide raced onwards to shield this new flesh from the world.

On the other end of his body his neck had elongated as well with the procession of his spinal column. Perched atop the lengthening neck was a head that was growing increasingly inhuman right before the saddened eyes of Irma. She cried as she watched the face of the one she loved disappear forever.

The eyes that she looked into while they made love, the lips that she kissed so passionately. All lost, buried beneath change after change as his humanity was stripped from him. Bursting forth, his jaws grew and grew with a terrible crack and a continuous groaning noise. As his nose melded with the top jaw, his skull extended outwards into its new wedged shape. Once the cartilage and skin had finished being subsumed by the furiously growing muzzle new openings appeared at the end of his snout as the nascent nostrils quivered with their first inhalation.

His ears had long since been replaced by the scalloped fins that she knew all too well. With another series of creaking noises her loved ones teeth reformed into their new shapes, filling the void contained within the great maw and spreading his jaws apart slightly as the lethal teeth arrangement meshed neatly inside his new snout.

Suddenly his whole body began to writhe furiously as with a protesting groan his torso swelled dramatically. Another fresh burst of blood left his mouth and nostrils as organs of all shapes and sizes could be seen growing and changing position beneath the pitch black scales. His chest grew broader and broader as his lungs expanded. Each breath being drawn and expelled with increasing force as the lungs and diaphragm grew in strength. His lower belly filled out as his stomach grew in size to take in the colossal amounts of food his great new form required. Further down, on the underside of his tail, unseen but not unheard, there were squelching noises as his penis assumed a new form tucked securely inside his body while his gonads retreated further yet, into a new location well inside his groin. Another tearing noise was heard as his anus reformed while yet again the movement of internal organs could be seen attaching to these new adjustments.

One last horror to be witnessed by all those assembled. Were the spectacular, yet gruesome formation of his wings.

Skeletal arms burst from the increasing complexity of widening shoulder blades. As the multi-jointed structures grew to support the massive wing structures thick bands of muscle originating at the keeled sternum erupted from his flesh and began to flow up these arms as they developed more skeletal growths taking the form of finger like phalanges to support the membranes of his fledgling wings. The muscles and tendons creaked and groaned as they reached the furthest edges of the arms. New tendons began to erupt from this main support and attached to the tips of each wing finger allowing minute adjustments to the wing structure.

A new pair of fresh lesions opened upon his back from shoulder blades to a third of the way down his tail. Erupting from these open sores a thick leather membrane began to knit itself into existence while oozing blood ran down his sides in thick rivulets. Rising along the wing arm just as a sail upon a ship would be raised, these vast panels of skin became riddled with small capillaries. The chaotic road map these small blood vessels made easily seen in the ill formed wings before the skin thickened,

this forming a toughened hide capable of flight. Onwards and upwards these wings grew, slack upon the ground much as the rest of the body remained.

Complete in form but not in size, the creature that just ten minutes before was the human known as Jesse Pinkman grew in size several times over until he approximated the same 23 meter length of his love.

With a gurgling, hacking cough, one last bloody expulsion was ejected from within the barely open maw of the unfortunate young adult before he at last lay still. Covered in blood, urine, and feces. Twenty three meters long, four tall, adorned with wings, scales, a tail, and forever consigned to four legs, his ordeal had only just begun.