

Happy he was able to find a seat relatively by himself, Matt was able to close his eyes, fully engrossed in the fantasy podcast he'd been playing. It had been building toward a climax he'd been waiting for, and now one character had to deal with those repercussions. Not that his particular journey had arrived in a way that appealed to Matt's specific tastes, but it was something he was willing to ignore with the penchant for popular media to avoid his particular niche in the first place.

One of the side characters, through magical means, had been turned into a dragon, an outcome foreshadowed earlier in the story but had just now come to fruition. It was a fascinating premise, though unfortunately took a backseat to the story's plot. The change itself, much to Matt's chagrin, was instantaneous, something he loathed within such fiction. However, the aftermath of such played a significant role in the remaining narrative, leaving him the author's snapshot of one turning from human to dragon and having to live as such for the foreseeable future. Something that sparked the man's imagination that was lacking in lost forms of audio fiction he was able to find.

One of his deepest secrets was that Matt wished he was the character in the story, or really subsequently any surface subjected to such a change. He wanted, more than anything, to experience such a change, slow and gradual so he could explore its effects on his body. Being a dragon, too, had its merits for him, all of them of a sexual nature, hence his unwillingness to devolve such information. That was something for him to experience alone, though he lamented that such was largely absent from popular fiction, for obvious reasons.

The more the notion of turning into a dragon crossed his mind, the more Matt found himself falling into a depression of sorts. All his life, he had longed for something more, something better, having an average existence and never being satisfied as such. But with little recognition for his achievements, an ever-increasing debt, and even ostracization from his family for the smallest of slights was all he had to look forward to, enough that the idea of becoming a dragon was more appealing than anything in the human world could manage.

With what little he had, Matt was determined to hold onto it, even if it meant traversing the rancid subway every day, trying not to earn the ire of any of the riders as he waited for his stops. The smells almost always made him ill to the point he could barely handle it, but there was no other reliable mode of transportation to his job and it was one that he needed to stay aloft. It was also enough to make him long for the indulgence of imagining being a dragon, with another existence entirely, one that spoke to his fantasy of power and purpose. It was no wonder that such thoughts pervaded each and every free moment he had.

Not for the first time, the notion of change sent a shiver of arousal through his loins, though hardly sufficient to make a noticeable bulge. It was his own private lust, something that

turned him on like nothing else but something he would never dare show or tell anyone about. It was a secret desire, something that he kept so hidden that someone would need to read his mind in order to-

“Did you wish to have your desire granted? I can make it a reality...”

The voice came so suddenly over the headphones that Matt was hardly prepared for it. Thinking it to be part of the story he was listening to, he was surprised when the voice repeated the words in that same tone and cadence as though demanding an answer from him.

“Did you wish to have your desire granted? I can make it a reality...”

Without thinking, Matt’s mouth uttered the words “Yes”, just slightly loud enough that no one could hear him but speaking enough that the words could be perceived. As far as he knew, he was just replying to a random series of words that had nothing to do with him, as much as he really wished such to happen. Of course, he had never considered the reality of such a change in the waking world, but then how could anyone...?

It wasn’t until the ache in his crotch prompted Matt to look down at the obvious bulge present, momentarily horrified at the implication. He was painfully erect, even with his thoughts away from the concept of transformation that had him so enamored. There was no reason such should have persisted, but no level of focus could lower his erection, pounding to the point of leaking a clear stain through his pants. And perhaps getting larger, though such was surely some sort of misconception in his panic.

Matt looked up for a moment, not sure what the words were trying to say, and a little ashamed about being aroused. His cock was obviously erect, and even as he tried to focus on its retreat, Matt couldn’t manage to lower his arousal. It was almost to the point he felt he was about to undergo a change, his body not wanting to resist the temptation and waiting for the physical act to ignite the flame in his loins.

Naturally, the persistent erection was more than annoying, something Matt did not wish to show off to anyone on the subway. But to his dismay, no amount of focus could will it away to the point he was sure that if someone was included to look, they could clearly see him. It was powerfully embarrassing, but with no obvious outlet, he had no reprieve other than to put his bag over his crotch, trying his best to appear nonchalant.

The longer it persisted, the more Matt realized there was little chance of getting off at his stop before he blew a load in his pants. With over an hour to go, Matt got off at the next one, figuring he had little choice but to make it to a bathroom and rub one out with hopes that would

stave off his boner. And yet the moment he got up was the moment the pressure in his cock grew to its breaking point, and he was barely able to stifle his moan as his testicles swelled and his cock shot a creamy load in his pants. The pungent scent hung heavily in his nose, though amidst the powerful smells of the subway, there was little chance of anyone noticing. Still, there was no denying the looks of disgust on people's faces, surely not oblivious to what had happened.

Powerfully embarrassed, Matt quickly got off the train, looking around for a bathroom. There wasn't any on the track floor, and he had unfortunately ejaculated so hard that it created a squishing sensation as he climbed the stairs. It was leaking down his leg and pants now, expanding the stain and leaving its source all but unmistakable. There was nothing he could do but ignore the obvious stares and try his best to make it to the bathroom, in the hope he could get cleaned up and back on his train.

Yet, a sudden ache from the other side caused him to suddenly keel over, and grasp the back of his pants as though something had gotten caught there. His action surely drew more stares, but Matt could hardly bring himself to care, more fixated on the pressure in his pants as something pushed painfully outward, as though attached to his spine. No stranger to the idea of transformation, Matt's mind was immediately drawn back to his mental machinations about change and the voice that seemed to insist it could grant it to him. There was no way. And yet...

Eyes settling on a washroom, Matt dashed inside, hoping the bathroom was empty and glad to find it was. Moving to the handicapped stall, Matt was quick to lock the door and pull down his pants, finding them to be caught on the growth to the point he had to unbuckle them. The stink of his jism was hot in his nose, and to his dismay, it made his cock bob once more as though he was starting to come to an erection once more. It was enough to prevent him from focusing on his tailbone and its protrusion, and as he looked down, the sight of it caused him pause. For what he saw there was not his human penis, not even the same size as it pounded erect to the point it was beyond human...

The already reddening flesh was starting to darken even further, the veins pulsating as though to fuel the erectile tissue even further with blood. It seemed to grow in pulsating waves, 8 inches now, and still growing with each passing moment. The foreskin seemed to have pulled back all the way, exposing his bare throbbing member. The flesh of it no longer looked human, though Matt was hardly in a position to try touching it. The head seemed to grow more bulbous in relation to the shaft, piss slit forming a pointed tip and leaking viscous fluids in preparation for his eventual release. And, perhaps most bizarre of all was the skin starting to segment over the base, looking like the beginning of interlocking plates the likes of which resembled no cock he had ever seen, save for in his dreams and the artwork of others that shared his inclinations.

That was not the only thing to change as his retreating foreskin started to pull around his groin, tearing the skin in a sensual way that caused him to moan out loud, not concerned about anyone who might be present in the stalls with him. It seemed to form a muscled slit of sorts, pulling around the sides of his cock all the way down to his testicles. It was to the point that his swelling balls seemed to be pulled inward toward it as though being subsumed, almost painful as his entire sack started to invert. It was enough to make him lower on his knees, the pressure intense but almost orgasmic on its own as his testicles, sack, and all were pulled within him, leaving him with no external sight he had been male, save for his throbbing erection and the ache on his testicles situating themselves against his insides.

The thing still twitching within the back of his pants made itself known just then, and Matt reflexively reached back to rub at it, shocked as it moved at his touch. There was no denying what it was now with the alterations to his member and the lust fueled by the transformation itself. It was then Matt realized he was truly changing, becoming something inhuman, likely the form of his dreams, a draconic visage that did not persist in the world as he understood it. Something he had wished for but could never have wanted in a real-world setting, and something he frantically wished to cease lest he burst out of the stall!

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” Came a rather familiar voice in his head, sounding exactly like the one that had promised him his wish to be granted. Though he wasn’t sure it was a separate entity before, there was no denying that such a being existed beyond his understanding, especially if it was able to change him in such a fashion.

“No...not like this...” Matt managed to mutter, holding his head in his hands so as not to be tempted to rub either his cock or his tail.

“Then how would you want it?” The voice asked, somewhat condescending. It was a bizarre sort of question, one Matt had no immediate answer for. He had wanted this, right? But in a way that made sense, not becoming a damn freak in the middle of the real world!

“I don’t...fuck!” Matt called out as a pain assailed both his head and his fingers at the same time. Pulling them away, Matt was in time to see his fingertips out bloodily into fierce talons, having dug into his scalp before the skin had altered to be able to take them. Matt was left to stare at them wordlessly, not sure how to feel about the whole thing knowing that it was truly real and there was no reprieve. It was worse than simply growing claws, his skin flaking away for the development of crimson scales the likes of which marked him as a creature that did not exist in this world.

Rather than being entirely terrified by the realization, however, there was no denying the surge in his member that kept him powerfully erect to the point it was all he could do naught to

touch it, desperate for release. His previous orgasm had no effect on his libido, it seemed, draconic cock at its apex and begging to be touched. In an act of defiance, Matt resisted the urge, though it was more and more difficult as the moments ticked past. And there was the persistent voice in his mind, not only from the being that was changing him but rather the urges he'd always displayed toward change. And now that it was happening in real-time before his eyes...

"Why don't you touch it?" The mysterious voice asked, and Matt honestly had no retort to that. He was clearly changing as he had been in a myriad of imagined scenarios, the only difference being he was awake this time. Why would he act any differently than when he was in his imagination? Surely, he was in some sort of dream to think this was really happening, but it mattered little. In the end, his perception of reality was that he was turning into a dragon. And given that he was experiencing his deepest desires in real-time, Matt soon decided that repercussions be damned!

With that, Matt reached down to grip his member, the sensation of slightly thicker fingers exquisite beyond his belief as Matt let out a growl deeper than anything the human him could imagine. His member's changed state was far more sensitive than what he'd been anticipating to the point he was close to orgasm from the simple contact alone. Still, Matt grabbed his rod with reverence, finding even the slightest touch was nearly enough to make him cum, and Matt moaned in a deeper tone than ever before as he started to stroke, unable to believe he had a draconic rod to rub.

The effect of stroking off was quickly obvious as the red scales over his knuckles started to play over his hands, even peppering the skin on his forearms and moving upward. The sensation of spreading scales was a little itchy, though hardly a concern with how eager he was to change and grow. And against the pleasure over the changes coming over him, Matt could hardly hold back his pleasure, giving in a catalyst for further changes.

The constant pressure against his penis was having other effects on his form, Matt feeling his heels stretching against his shoes to the point they were soon forfeited. The ache against his toes was enough to make him cry out despite himself as draconic talons burst through the weakened glue and stitching, digging into the floor as he felt his heels stretching against the back of the shoe. The same warm tingling covered the top of his foot as the skin erupted into a series of interlocking plates, red flashes viable as the tongue and lacing of his shoes became forfeited. Two of the toes per foot seemed to weaken as they popped and shrank, one tugged up the length of his ankle and the other absorbed vestigially into the skin. Soon, nothing remained of his feet but a pair of draconic talons, and the remnants of his shoes and socks were kicked away, the stretching skin pulling at his cuffs and threatening to remove his pants in the same measure.

Worse than the tightening of his pants was the pressure in the back of what could only be a tail tearing further forth, the stitching of the jeans unable to keep its girth within. Matt wanted to reach inside and pull it out, but little time remained until it pushed its way through. The loud rip signaled the death knell of the garments as the growth within started to move of its own accord. It was a bizarre feeling, another appendage attached to his backside, swaying back and forth with eagerness to exist. Yet, that part of him that longed to change couldn't deny how elating it was to possess such a growth, almost making it worth the previous embarrassment.

Though the sweet scent of semen was in his nose for some time, Matt was soon drawn to his crotch with some fervor as though the odor was the most pungent perfume he had ever experienced. There was an undercurrent of musk there, something that his widening nose was able to drink in eagerly. His reptilian musk was the most pungent, arousing scent Matt had ever experienced, and despite his previous orgasm, there was no denying how much the odor was doing it for him. His scales, his essence, and even his semen smelled so damn good that Matt could hardly stem the lust swelling from his groin to the point he could barely resist continuing to touch himself.

"Yesss, that's it...why don't you let yourself enjoy it while you can..." the voice resonated within his head, and Matt couldn't help but desire to rub his rod, forgetting where he was oblivious to the repercussions of doing so. Surely, doing so would change him further, but then again, he was changing anyway...why not enjoy it?

An ache in his hands was all the motivation he needed as the digits started to stiffen and his thumbs began to pull within his wrists, which themselves were starting to stretch. The sight sent a shiver of fear through Matt's entire body, not at the loss of his hands but rather what it meant to him. Without functional fingers, he could not touch himself, or alleviate the ache building up in his draconic dick. Still, he continued, feeling his member leaking a drop of precum and eager for what it would feel like to cum from such tightly squeezed internal testicles. Even if it meant the loss of his hands to change, Matt couldn't see any fault in him at the moment!

As his fingers continued to ache, however, a wave of urgency started to play over his mind. There was too little time before the changes took his digits to properly jerk off, and Matt was almost tempted to growl his frustrations. It was more embarrassing than the changes themselves for him to be denied the chance to jerk off, needing it more than anything he could and wishing to revel in them fully as much as he could have hoped for.

"Hey, you've been in there long enough!" Came a voice on the other side, banging on the door with a fist. Matt felt his heart race at that. There was no getting out of here unseen with all the changes that had taken over him thus far. And he had just let it happen! Yet, there was also no

way he could simply stay here and become a dragon in a space this small. And Matt simply wanted to touch himself here, consequences be damned.

It took him everything he had to try to think of a viable solution as he moved to pull the handle, the sound of the toilet flushing masking the sounds of his pants tearing as he tried to pull them up over his tail. It was far too late for that, the growth not able to be contained in his pants. What he was able to pull over his pants sent a shiver through his being, the fabric touching his open anus. That was enough to keep his cock partially erect even with the urgency that he needed to get out and away where he could enjoy the changes in peace.

“I’ll be out in jussst a moment!” Matt called out, realizing that an odd numbness in his mouth proceeded by something pushing outward, as though his tongue was too large. To his horror, the muscle started to push its way out between his lips against his will. It seemed thinner, if such was possible, and the tip was a little split, something he was sure hadn’t been present before the changes started.

Still, with the insistent banging at the door, there was little he could not but push past, trying to ignore the obviously bewildered expression on the man’s face. There was no hiding his tail, and even efforts to focus on anything but his lust was not enough to make his new cock retract into his slit. He was able to get it into his underwear, but only just, as though the slightest contact would cause it to burst forth. The bizarre sight of it was enough to make anyone else do a double take, which was his only reprieve from the embarrassment of being erect in front of a crowd. For the most part, people seemed more focused on their own endeavors to really pay attention to the man who was turning more into a dragon with each passing moment.

Not sure where to go, Matt could only dash up the stairs, trying to get out of the subway lest he get trapped in there for the duration of the change. He didn’t have a destination in mind, though somewhere, anywhere had to be better to transform into than a subway bathroom. The fact that the entity changing him could not be reasoned with was a point of contention, of course. But there was no denying the underlying fact that Matt felt he wanted to change, *needed* to change, the fulfillment of his deep-seated fantasies being lived out in the real world.

“Hey, the fuck is wrong with you?!” Called out a random male’s voice, and Matt reflexively looked down to see a man and woman staring at him, his ire turning heads and finally making Conner’s cock retreat back into his slit, though not in time for people to notice him. It was amazing that he had gone even this long without being spotted, but now that he had, his tail, his feet claws, and his shifting hands were surely not seen as a costume or prosthetics. Now that he had people looking at him the shame of such burned into his mind and there was no choice but to run.

With a sudden painful cracking in his pelvis, Matt was forced to walk bowlegged, the shift in stance pushing more tail from his backside and prompting it to sway back and forth. It was almost impossible to keep up his shame with the realization he had one, that he would be put on all fours like the bestial dragon he wanted to be. The pressure in his hips was getting tighter and tighter against his pants to the point they would surely burst off his form at any moment. It was more powerfully arousing than any stimulation had a right to be, and his cock slid all the way out of his slit once more to the point there was no hiding it. And despite the shame of such, there was no denying that growing part of his mind felt it was his right to show off if he was horny...

With the pressure in his pelvis, Matt was barely able to get up the stairs before falling over, landing on his palms before realizing they had grown massive enough to keep up with his ever-growing stature. His stiffening fingers were pulling into his palms with each adding moment, and a flow of blood proceeded the force of his nails pushed through the cuticles, almost able to perceive the concrete beneath him as they continued to match the talons on his feet. With his thumb pulled past his palms and moved up his wrists, Matt was sure he no longer possessed the tactile ability that humans so often enjoyed. But as his clothes tightened further and he continued to transform, Matt could find no fault in it, wanting to be a dragon more now that it was happening in real time. Even the loss of his humanity and his inability to fit in with the humans around him was not enough a deterrent to his further changes.

The sounds and shouts of people around him resonated in his ears, but it seemed more of them were running away from the increasingly growing creature bursting from the meek former man. Matt was thankful for that, not wanting them to see him changing, though the further he altered, the more it was in reverence for his form rather than a sense of embarrassment. He was growing, larger and more powerful, toward the form of a creature that did not belong here. And it was something he had wished for many times over, never thinking it possible but wondering quickly if he would ask if he knew such could happen. His only regret was that he was not alone to enjoy it, but the more he changed, the fewer people stayed in his vicinity, and he was able to enjoy the fear he put into people, if only to be rid of them.

“FFUUUUURRRROOOSSSSSHHHH!” He called out, loving the power in his body was meaning to do so in sheer elation. Yet, while he was sure his voice had altered, he was not expecting a heat to bubble up from his throat or a burst of what could only be flame. It was a terrifying prospect, though he was more stunned by his ability than afraid of it, to the point he found himself wondering if he should try again, wondering how exactly he did so.

“*See? Just further proof this is your true form all along. Just enjoy it...*” Came the voice in his head, and Matt felt a sense of affirmation washing over him. He was a dragon and should have the chance to enjoy it to the fullest as he took on his proper form. Matt had wanted this, and

now that he was being granted the chance to be a creature that did not exist in his plane of existence. This should have been the happiest moment of his life, and it was high time he enjoyed it to the fullest.

A low moan escaped his lips as his asshole puckered further, rubbing against his pants and sending shivers through his prostate. His hole was far more sensitive than anything he knew from before to the point it sent his cock into full erection. The pressure was enough to send his internal testicles into orgasm, spilling his seed into his pants and soaking through the stain already present. There was no denying how potent the release was to the point he wanted to burst through his clothing and turn into the dragon he felt he should be.

And he was about to get his wish, his shirt starting to tear as his chest barreled, expanding against the fabric as it burst through. An itching of skin began to play over his chest, and with how high his shirt had ridden, Matt was able to look down to see thickening yellow lines playing over it, forming ridges that reminded him of reptilian scutes. They were clearly spreading up his belly and chest, and with an uncomfortable swelling sensation, Matt was privy to his belly button being filled in, as though he'd never been birthed a mammal. In similar fashion, his nipples were covered over as the scutes continued to move up his chest, running up toward his neck to the base of his chin, making him want to scratch the skin. He could not without injuring his new skin with his claws, and with his fingers shrinking as they were, it would be an impossible task beside.

“Hands on your head!” Came a commanding voice out of the blue. Matt looked up with some horror to see a pair of policemen training guns on his changing body, and a shiver of fear ran through him. He just wanted to change in peace, and certainly wasn't a threat to anyone. He hadn't wanted to be a monster, danmit, and he certainly didn't want to die. But there was no way to escape, and all the likely his skin wasn't bulletproof.

Turning around awkwardly with his massive tail in the way, Matt could only look on at the fear on the men's faces, not expecting a half-transformed man in front of them, a product of fantasy and not possible to persist in the real world. Yet, Matt was here, still, growing, still changing, and still erect. On display with his biggest fantasy laid bare for all to see, the most shameful thing he had ever experienced.

“DOOOONNNRRROOOOOSSSHHHH!” Matt tried to call out, afraid of being exposed and terrified for his life besides. A crack of bone cringing proceeded his face pushing outward, jaw expanding around his forked tongue. With that fear came a rush of flame, something he could not have intended to generate. But his blaze had the desired effect of scattering the police, running before they could fire and calling for backup.

Knowing he had to get away, Matt lumbered awkwardly toward the back of the alleyway, seeing a maze of paths that could hide his presence. He was slow to walk, bowlegged and falling over on his hands, which were now stunted with claws rather than functional hands. At least the pads that had formed on his palms were enough to protect them from the glass and refuse on the ground, but it was a moot point as he continued to grow, more on the skin on his sides and back giving way for draconic scales.

Thankful there were no people around to cease his advancement, Matt could only think about how easy it would be for someone to find him, given the mess his bulk was leaving. He had to find a place to escape, and wish to change back. This world was no place for a dragon, and it was a foolish wish. How could he have known this would happen with a simple thought? What sort of being could do this, encouraging him to enjoy it the while?!

“But you asked for this...” Hissed the voice, and Matt felt a shiver of arousal flow through his loins, remembering every instant of his lust for draconic transformation. Cock harder than at any point he could recall, he was all he could do not to touch it, despite the urgency of the situation. It was so easy to slip back into that mindset, and Matt was left torn, wanting to change without all the real-world consequences.

“Then I need to get away...” Matt said within his mind, trying to communicate with the being that was changing him.

The voice did not reply, and Matt waited for some time with bated breath as his body continued to swell and prepared to part the rest of his clothing. The sounds of sirens and yelling seemed far away, as though the voice had heard his demand and allowed him the privacy he wanted. No, *deserved*, he soon concluded. Something about the changes settling into his mind allowed him not only to relax but to truly feel his body and the glory of true transformation in the real world.

The panic of the changes started to melt like butter as his body heat rose to an impossible level, skin burning at the fragments of his stretched clothing and causing them to erupt in a blaze of smoke. The rest of his body hair was gone as well, evaporating from his head and leaving him completely bald. It was hard to care about their loss, however, Matt knew they were to be forfeited for a draconic visage to the point his cock was rock hard once more, that sensual sliding from his slit that he had come to love, not having been able to understand how wonderful it could be but to experience in the real world. Just like the voice said...

By now, there was no getting back up on his hind legs, hips widening and giving him a rather squat stance as they started to sink into his flanks. His tail was massive behind him, spaded tip swaying much like an eager cat as he delighted in having one. Heels were stretched

into a digitigrade stance as his padded feet sat on the ground, holding his weight as were his former hands. Even minute spines were poking from the back of his spine by this point, small trails of blood bursting out only to be burned away from the head of his form. His neck was a little thicker as his shoulders started to slump, chest barreling further and cracked resonating through his bones, though such was hardly as painful as he might have expected.

Perhaps the most jarring change came from his shoulder blades as the scapulas snapped forward, expanding rapidly and seeming to separate within the sinew and tissues. Something started to part within his skin as the bones pushed upward, drawing form from the magic and spreading the skin to form two massive protrusions that stretched upward to the sky, cracking as the bones within took shape. Their purpose was confusing at first, though as the ends widened and formed five points of their own, pushing outward and cracking as tendons and joints took place, it was obvious that he was on his way to growing a set of extra arms, perhaps preparing to become his future wings. It was alarming feeling the articulation of new fingers forming, mini hands in their own right as the new elbows settled over his back, taking a comfortable position to wait for the rest of the changes to give him a fully draconic pair of wings.

All the while, his face had been steadily pushing outward, bulking up his jaws and neck as his tongue seemed to race out before it. His eyes started to water, feeling his forehead slope and compressing his skull in several places. A thickened brow, rounded jaw, and flared nostrils made up a more draconic visage as he closed his eyes for a moment, discomforted by the force of the changes to his head. It was a little jarring to feel his canines tripling in size in a mostly human mouth, pushing down his lips and giving him a natural snarl.

The most painful changes were to his temples, right above his eyes as they pushed through the skin, tapered bones that were to be the beginnings of horns. Similar spines pushed through in a ring around his ears, while the outer lobes disintegrated into the skin, leaving hollow holes that drew in sounds more acutely than his humanity could allow. It all left his visage increasingly draconic to the point he would hardly recognize himself, but Matt could hardly bring himself to care, needing to change and all the promise his new form brought.

All the while, meat and muscle pulsated under his increasingly scaled skin, making him as large as some of the dumpsters around him. It felt right growing into such a body, leaving him excited for the stature he would eventually meet if the changes were allowed to conclude. Massive as he was on all fours now, he still had much to grow, and Matt let himself relax, trying to enjoy it the way he always imagined he would. He was being given everything he wanted, right...?

His nearly changed body and temporary privacy allowed his member to come to bear once more, and he looked down at it, licking his lips. He no longer needed to hide it, as elated as

he was for his changing form. Yet, there was nothing he could do to touch it, much to his frustration, though he was able to slap his belly a little, feeling it bobbing up and down against his form scutes. An annoyed growl escaped his lips, realizing it was not enough to get off and wondering how the hell he was supposed to tend to his needs without another of his kind. Maybe there was someone out there like him, who wished to be changed. He had no way to know.

“That will soon change, and then you’ll be able to take your pleasure like the magnificent beast you are...” Spoke the voice in his head, and with that, Matt felt dizzy, a wave of growth playing over his body and likely preparing him for the final bits of transformation.

It started in his neck with a series of heavy pops, forcing his muzzle to look down at his penis and causing him to lick his lips. He was growing ever closer to his cock, and the idea of going down himself held curiously in his mind, something that he had pondered before but never thought would happen, much less in an increasingly draconic form. A forked tongue reached toward his prize, though he was not quite there yet. It was coming closer and closer with each pop, his anticipation rising with each passing moment. Even the painful tingling on the back of his neck, signaling the growth of pointed spines was barely felt as his tongue inched closer and closer to its goal.

A painful series of snaps through his face gave him just the added length he needed and wincing with his eyes closed, Matt could feel the tip of his forked tongue caressing his penis, the flesh more sensitive than he had experienced even with his fingers. The contact caused him to leak slightly, his tongue tasting his fluids with a mixture of curiosity and disgust. Yet, the pungent flavor was hardly a deterrent to his self-pleasure, and with some maneuvering, he was able to wrap it around, stroking the flesh with his strong tongue, leaking all over himself as he did so.

It took Matt a few moments to realize his tongue was longer, or that his face had pressed out, its rounded edges more angular now as it stretched toward its draconic state. The scent of blood burned into flared nostrils as his teeth turned to daggers, sheering the gums as they took their place. And the sides of his elongating cheeks erupted with their own spiny frills, though the aches only prompted him to pull his penis toward his drooling maw, eager to take him down himself.

The moment his lips teased the tip of his cock, a powerful wave of growth resonated through his chest, barrelling out as his shoulders compressed and forced his forelegs further under his body. Ribs expanded around internal organs, causing a series of sharp pangs through his torso. Each lap of his tongue seemed to take the edge off enough that he was able to weather the storm of changes, even as his internal organs shifted with an intense gurgling, almost enough to make him belch out another pyre of flame. He resisted, not wanting to burn his cock, though

the indigestion was substantial. Matt could hardly fathom what was happening inside of him, how his changing organs could keep him alive in transition to a draconic form, but it mattered little with how much sexual pleasure it gave him to alter like this, toward the body of his dreams and the mighty release to come.

"Yes, just give in, give yourself what you want..." Came that internal monologue, welcome now as it permitted him to enjoy what should have been an agonizing process. He was about to lose his humanity, life as he knew it, all of his human connections. Yet, in the moment, Matt wanted it more than anything he had in his life!

The remaining changes to his visage took hold, muzzle cracking forward the final few inches, tongue reaching its proper length, and muzzle now large enough to accommodate it. Horns reached their proper stature, spiny frills working around to his ears, and accenting the fanned fins rather fetchingly, though he could only see them out of his periphery. Scales peppered every inch of his skin, and his lips curled, equal parts repulsed and elated by the flavor of his precum. Knowing the changes were coming to their conclusion, his pleasure rose to its apex, bringing him toward the edge he so powerfully craved.

Before he even had a chance to pull back, if he was inclined to, Matt felt his penis pulsate and his internal testicles swell sensually against the muscles and slit within. The spasming of his cock was so intense his tongue was almost pulled away from it, though he managed to hold on as the tip erupted with a thick spray of semen, coating the inside of his muzzle and nose with the pungent, sticky fluid. Wave after wave of goo sprayed over his face and tongue, but Matt hung on, his entire body shivering and writhing in the bliss of draconic orgasm. Nothing he could imagine could bring such pleasures, the epitome of all he hoped the change would be. It cemented his very being to the point Matt almost felt himself white out, though the differences were far too visceral besides.

As though the taste of his cum was a catalyst for further change, Matt felt his body continuing to grow, making staying in the alley precarious at best. His skin, completely covered in shades of crimson scales, was stretched to what he figured was the breaking point by the muscle within, though somehow it held firm, expanding to make room for his increased girth. Back hitching, hips ballooning, and belly barreling, Matt was nearly forced out of the alley, getting used to walking on all fours as would be his stature for the rest of his life.

"Show them the real you. Yes, let it happen..." hissed the voice in his head, and Matt could feel his massive cock sliding back out of its home, having barely retreated its oozing tip within himself. It was powerfully arousing to take on such a visage to the point the pressure of change against his prostate was enough to make him cum from that alone. He just had to grow a little more, cement his changes...

Finally, his new upward-focused fingers were shifting, cracking, and expanding through maintaining the same level of joints and articulation as his hands once enjoyed. The arms themselves were thickening from the base, better able to support the extension of his fingers or the growth of paper-thin webbing between them. While his thumbs retained their shape and position, the rest of the fingers were massive, trailing the webbing as it ran down to the clawed tips, fusing the digits together. The realization that he had wings, and could likely fly, was enough to make Matt's cock touch the ground, the fulfillment of a long-seated dream to take to the sky as arousing as any part of the change thus far. Matt had no idea how his massive, heavy body could fly, but he was sure he possessed the ability to the point he couldn't help but crave the rest of the changes, repercussions be damned.

“Yesss...more...” Matt hissed in his head to the giver of this draconic gift. His cock eagerly bobbed against his belly, not at all deterred by the frequent orgasms thus far and eager for all the pleasure his body could grant him.

The sounds and shouts of humans entered his better hearing, and Matt looked up just then to see that his arrival had attracted the attention of onlookers, cameras, and phones out to film his ascension. Matt cares little for them, thinking himself superior to them by this point and beneath him and his desires. Changed as he was, and with what little experience he had, Matt was still able to open his draconic muzzle and spew forth a torrent of flame, causing the gathered crowd to scatter, not close enough to injure any but leaving them fearful besides.

With that, Matt lumbered out into the street, unfolding his wings and preparing to take off. The human him had no idea how to do so, but that aspect of himself was diminishing, replaced with draconic instincts and desires. Blinking back the beast a few times reflexively, Matt soon felt his psyche overwhelmed, struggling for a moment to hold onto himself as he did so. But the dragon was more robust, and his desire to be one stronger still as his yellowed eyes formed slits, and the new being was born.

“Yes, now take off and fly...take what is yours...” said the voice, what Matt would have understood was a dragon itself if Matt had cause to care. It mattered little as with a mighty roar, the dragon's wings flapped against the ground and he took off into the sky, massive erection on full display.

As though one final act of defiance against his former humanity, the sensation of his erection slapping against his belly was enough to cause him to blow his load, pleasure pounding his loins as an eruption of semen covered the ground underneath him. Some of it was enough to get on the people gathered, though Matt, or the being he had become, cared little, marking them as subservient to him, humanity nothing but a hindrance to greater pleasure. For now, it was his

prerogative to fly, to find a cave and amass his draconic hoard, and to sexually pleasure himself as many times as possible...

The scent of semen was strong in Eugene's nose as he watched the mighty creature fly away, something out of his fantasies rather than any being that should have existed in the world as he knew it. Still, its presence was indisputable with everything he had seen, and there was no denying how the reality of the situation made his heart leap. Not only was it a real-life dragon taking off into the sky, but it had once worn a human visage. Whether it had been born that way or not mattered little. It awakened his own hidden desire for change, and with the real possibility of such having occurred before his very eyes, that old thrill lept to the surface, almost to the point he tented a little bit in his pants.

What he was not expecting was the sound of a voice to resonate in his ears, one that could not have come from his headphones, which were off to hear the sounds of the creature. He was sure it was in his head, yet, the more it repeated its mantra, the more the words seemed to sink into his mind to the point he was sure they were real and might hold true.

"Did you wish to have your desire granted? I can make it a reality..."