Scent Sampling

It never ceased to fail that when Juan had forgotten his umbrella at his place that the heavens would open, and even though the forecaster had assured everyone that there would be no rain for the city today it didn’t stop sheet of rain from coming down along with gale winds and the occasional bolt of lightning. This was the exact opposite of a calm day, he thought to himself grumpily as he attempted to get from work to home without getting blown off his feet. He only needed to make it a few more blocks, but with the high winds wiping at him and the garbage bag he had attempted to use as makeshift poncho failing every city block felt like a hundred. After one particularly bad gust nearly knocked him into a street he decided he wouldn’t have it anymore and needed to rest, blinding grabbing onto the door of a shop and opening it before barreling inside.

The second that he was inside he breathed a heavy sigh of relief and leaned against the other side, continuing to pant as he recovered from his struggle with the elements. As Juan caught his breath he began to notice what type of store he had managed to venture into. It wasn’t his sight that had alerted him to it, instead his nose began to pick up a number of different aromas that he wasn’t used to. After that it was easy to deduce from the various pieces of packaging that he had ended up in some sort of incense or candle store as he continued to stand there dripping water onto the tile floor.

“Looks like another weary boat blown into the bay with the promise of calmer seas,” a voice suddenly broke the quiet, causing Juan to jump slightly as he turned to see an older woman looking at him with a smile on her face and a cigarette in her mouth. “Come on in, if you’re going to drip all over my floor lets at least spread it around so I can say that it’s in the effort of giving the tile a good scrub.”

Though Juan was slightly surprised at the sudden appearance of the old lady he was thankful that she didn’t kick him out as he followed her deeper inside the store past several curtains of colorful beads. “I’m sorry if I’m intruding,” Juan quickly apologized. “It’s just the storm is really bad outside and I couldn’t take it anymore. It was like every step forward brought me two steps back.”

“My dear, I wouldn’t have a store if I didn’t want it to be open to customers,” the woman replied, giving a grizzled laugh before coughing hard several times. “But since you’re here in the pleasure of my company feel free to look around. Perhaps if you would like to thank me for sheltering you in the inclement weather you might think about purchasing something and helping out your local businesses.”

Juan smirked slightly at the sales pitch but decided to be nice and look around. It looked like he was somewhat right in his assumption and saw that it was somewhat right. There was definitely incense and candles around but there were also soaps, detergents, and basically anything that would hold a scent for sale. Most of it was stuff that he had never heard of but as he looked at a few of the diffusers he found that he saw a few household names like lavender and vanilla. Just as he picked one of them up he suddenly could smell cigarette smoke and turned to see the old lady standing right next to him to explain why a diffuser was better than burning incense if living in an apartment.

Every few minutes Juan would look outside and see the storm howling as loud as ever, but at least he was warm and his clothes were drying even if they wouldn’t be when he left. Eventually he reached the back of the store which had a bunch of things on clearance, one of which being an entire scent kit that had one fragrance between the lotion, soap, shampoo, candle, deodorant, cologne and diffuser that was in the box. “Mmmm, that was part of our dragon’s blood scent line,” the old lady said as she squashed her cigarette in a nearby ashtray. “Last box that they made of it.”

“Really?” Juan asked. “Why?”

“The one who made the boxes decided they didn’t want to do it anymore,” the old lady replied with a slight shrug. “Ah well, such is life. If you want you can have it for only ten bucks, it takes up a lot of real estate on my clearance shelf and I need some space in order to put down a few clunkers of candle scents that I must have been out of my mind to buy.”

Juan couldn’t help but smile at the enthusiasm of the old woman, and as he looked down at the box he could see that there were a lot of products that he wouldn’t mind having around even as a just in case. At the risk of having it just be stocked up in his closet he took out a wet ten-dollar bill and handed it to her, the old lady giving him a wink and ringing it up for him. “This is quite the impressive purchase for only ten dollars,” Juan stated as he got back the plastic bag. “Are you sure you’re not undercharging?”

“Honey, trust me, you’re doing me a favor,” the old lady said before looking past Juan outside her store windows. “It appears not a moment too soon either, looks like the rain is starting to let up.”

When Juan looked out he could see that she was right, though there was still some rain coming down the torrential downpour and hurricane winds no longer seemed to be happening. As he tentatively looked outside he saw that the storm was in fact letting up and he decided to risk getting home instead of being stuck in an incense store for half the night. The rain continued to drizzle on him but he managed to make it home before it started to storm again, which turned out to be about half an hour later as he opened his apartment door to the sound of thunder crackling outside of his window. Once more as he entered into the room he found himself dripping wet and proceeded to take off his wet clothing before heading to the shower.

As he went in and turned the water on he groaned as he saw that his shampoo bottle had fallen off the shelf and that the cap had cracked, draining its contents down into the drain even before it started getting washed away. Normally it would be a short trip to the corner store but with the storm outside it made such things impossible, and as he tossed the empty shampoo bottle away he happened to catch site of the bright blue packaging of the purchase he had made in the scent store. Perhaps he wouldn’t have to go anywhere or not use shampoo after all, he thought to himself as he went to his table and ripped open the box. Several of the pieces scattered on the table and he quickly moved around to pick them all up, setting them aside before concentrating his focus on the shampoo bottle.

Since the entire box was mostly supposed to be some sort of sampler gift set there wasn’t very much in it, maybe enough for a few days, but when he popped open the top and gave it a whiff he was surprised at what he smelled. He had expected some sort of ocean scent but what he got was a spicy aroma mixed with a smell like the thunderstorm that had passed over the city. It was definitely a very masculine scene and he decided to try out the entire set, bringing in the soap and deodorant in with him too before closing the door behind him. After getting himself rinsed off and banishing the chill that came with the rain he used the shampoo and soap and found both products produced a very nice lather, though even more surprising was as the smell mixed with the steam from the shower he felt like he had been transported to some sort of spa.

Juan found himself breathing in deep several times and letting the unexpected relaxation take him, letting the stress of the day wash away. It was a great ending to an otherwise crummy walk home and when he got out of the shower he felt more invigorated than when he had went in. As he got out he looked at the other products that were on the table and wondered about possibly using them as well, but he just shook his head and decided not to. The shampoo was a necessity and he decided to use the soap and deodorant just so he could match scents, but anything else was probably unnecessary as he went right to his bed and laid down to relax only to drift right off to sleep.

The next day was much better weather-wise, but that turned out to be the only thing that was good about it as he found himself facing another stack of paperwork brought to his desk by his good for nothing boss. “You know that you need to confront him about this,” his cubicle mate Sarif said as he turned his chair to face him. “He knows that he can dump his work on you because there is nothing that you’re going to do about it.”

“Maybe I don’t mind the extra work,” Juan replied, though even he couldn’t keep the sigh inside that answer created. “Anyway I’m sure he’ll probably get promoted soon or something and go up higher in the company food chain.”

“Yeah, because of your hard work!” Sarif stated. “Just go on there, put your dick on his desk, and tell him that if he gives you any more of his work it’s going inside him next.”

“Fairly certain that would put me in jail.” Juan said, though the comment did make him smile a little. In the years that he had worked at the company he and Sarif had become friends bonding over workplace struggles. Perhaps a little too close of friends, Juan thought at he suddenly saw the other man roll closer to him and sniff the air before putting his nose right next to him. “Hey man, what are you doing?”

“I just noticed something,” Sarif replied as he took another whiff. “You got yourself a new shampoo or something?”

“Uh… kinda,” Juan stated as he turned back towards his computer. “Why?”

“It’s just a good smell on you,” Sarif replied with a slight shrug and wheeled back to his own work station. “You still up for the gym tomorrow?” Juan nodded and the rest of the day passed by without incident, though the extra workload completely exhausted him. By the end of the night he had once more decided to use the dragon’s blood shampoo and again he felt extremely relaxed by the end of his shower and once more fell into bed asleep.

The next day Juan got all his stuff packed up into his gym back before making his way to work. Recently he and Sarif had gotten to playing basketball on Wednesdays when the gym was open and today was no exception, finding the courts mostly empty as usual as they played. Usually Sarif wiped the floor with him but this time he found himself on the winning end, even managing to get past him several times on a fake that he was normally too slow to do. When he made the game winning shot he pumped his fists up in celebration while Sarif just joked that he went easy on him today.

When they got finished with their game they made their way back to the locker room, both of them hitting the showers even though normally Juan just went home to do it. Today however he was feeling extremely confident as he walked inside, taking the dragon’s blood products and putting them on the shelf. As he began to use the products he heard someone outside his shower stall, which stopped him mid-shampoo when he saw the pair of feet that was standing there. Suddenly the curtain swung open and Juan nearly felt his heart leap out of his chest as he saw Sarif standing there looking at him.

“What the hell man?!” Juan said as he took the loofa that he had been using previously and covered himself with it as the other man glanced from him to the products that were on the shelf.

“Relax man, it’s nothing anyone here hasn’t seen before,” Sarif replied as he began to reach over to grab his shampoo off the counter. “Is this stuff you’re using now? I really want to see what the ingredients are…”

Before Sarif could reach over and grab it Juan started to hit him with his loofa, telling him to get out of his shower stall and that he would show him later. That seemed to be enough to get the message across and as the curtain closed and he once more found himself alone he sighed and scratched his head, then realized that the shampoo he had been using was still sitting in there. He brought his head under the water and quickly rinsed it all off, then grabbed his stuff and left before Sarif had gotten finished with his shower. If he was going to want this stuff he was going to have to try at another point, Juan thought to himself as he quickly left the gym and went back home.

After going home and cooking himself dinner Juan found himself… restless, like he couldn’t quite focus on relaxing as he paced around his apartment. Eventually he found himself doing push-ups and though that did help a little bit he still found his anxiety levels higher than they should be. He sighed as he realized he would never get to sleep at this rate, but as he looked over at his coffee table he might have a solution to his problem. After finding the diffuser he cracked the seal and put the sticks in, and even before he managed to get to his bedroom he could start to smell the potent scent in the room. Surprisingly his stress levels seemed to go down when it happened, but when he laid down in the bed he found himself with a different type of problem that would make sleep difficult.

Juan sighed as he saw the tent in his boxers that he normally wore to bed, and even when he stripped them off and tried lying there naked it only seemed to make it harder. Normally this thing didn’t even bother him, he was often to tired to think about pleasuring himself, but this time it seemed his needs came back with a vengeance. There was only one thing he could think of that was going to work for this and it was something that he probably wouldn’t use anyway. Getting up from the bed he walked to his kitchen naked and grabbed the bottle of dragon’s blood lotion before bringing it back with him in the bed.

He squirted a small dollop in his hand and as soon as he began to stroke the sensitive flesh of his member Juan could feel his toes curl slightly. It definitely had been a while since he had done this and found the experience enjoyable, especially with that spicy scent filling his nose. As he started to work himself he began to think about things that would usually help get him off, but as he did it actually seemed to make it harder to concentrate. When he thought about it he realized it had been a while since he had looked up anything and tried to think of the most recent thing he could in order to help him.

To his surprise his thoughts came back to the gym earlier that night, looking up and down Sarif’s body as he stood there. The man was like him in his early thirties and was clear that he worked out given the tone of his body, but despite him being reasonably handsome it shouldn’t be getting him off. Yet his imagination seemed to run wild and he imagined the roles being reversed, this time with him barging in on Sarif as he turned naked to see him with his somewhat impressive endowment dangling there. He saw himself reaching out with clawed hands and turning him around, pinning him against the wall while stroking his thick member…

Juan’s eyes snapped open just in time as he came, his hips bouncing up as he gasped slightly. For some reason he had been shocked by what he had just imagined but as the orgasm washed over him the thought was scrubbed away with it. What he did know was that he was no longer erect and he could finally get to sleep, falling back on his pillow. As the smell of the diffuser continued to fill the air Juan’s lips turned up into a smile and the hands resting on his chest began to twitch as the fingers stretched and his skin started to turn a pale blue…

When Juan awoke again it felt like he had done so in ages, the smile still on his face as he hopped out of bed. He felt like he was twenty again and as he hopped out of his bed it was without any residual pain like he had been getting when he got up. He wondered how he had managed to make such a switch in his life before his eyes settled on the diffuser that was still running. It was almost too much for him to believe, but had it been possible that he was suffering the way he had because of stress?

Either way he made a mental note to go and visit that scent store in order to potentially get more before he remembered disappointingly that the one that made it didn’t do so anymore. That meant that when his stock was gone it was gone, and the thought of going back to how he used to feel actually made him a bit sad. What brightened up his day however was the fact that it was Friday, which meant that soon he would have an entire weekend to himself. Unfortunately that thought actually seemed to make the day go slower, especially when another pile of paperwork was placed on his desk.

As usual he heard Sarif turn to tell him that it was something that he needed to take care, but when he glanced over to once more say he wasn’t going to he saw the other man completely naked. It was enough for him to do a double take but when he looked again his cubicle mate was fully clothed as normal as someone cleared his throat and saw it was his boss once more. “By the way Juan,” he said as he handed him a slip of paper. “I thought that it would be prudent to remind you of the dress code this office has.”

Juan looked at his boss in question, then down at the piece of paper. It was in fact the dress code and the part that was highlighted involved hair color and length. He wasn’t sure why he was being given that, though from the smirk that his boss gave him that it somehow applied to him. As he looked over at Sarif he just saw the other man call the supervisor a dick and go back to his work. It still didn’t answer his question however and as he ran his hands through his hair he found himself stopping midway through, his eyes widening slightly in surprise as he felt the bang-length hair fall back on his head.

After going twice more over his head just to make sure it was really there and not some sort of hallucination he told Sarif he was heading to the bathroom and tried not to run towards it. When he got there he immediately checked to make sure no one else was inside, locked the door, and then took a second to steady himself before looking at the mirror. Juan let out an audible gasp as he saw that his hair was not only practically spiking up but also a dark blue in color, completely dyed from root to tip like it was his natural hair coloration. It was impossible… but there it was, and from the fact that his boss had warned him about it he knew it wasn’t a hallucination either.

“You know…” a voice next to Juan said, the human freezing as he saw an anthro dragon suddenly walk into the reflection next to him and began to play with his hair. “I think it looks really nice this way, don’t let that asshole tell you what to do.”

Juan quickly turned his head expecting to see nothing standing there, but what he got instead was another shock when the dragon in the mirror’s reflection actually turned out to be real! “Wait, no… no no no…” Juan said as he waved a finger at the dragon that was slowly approaching him. “This isn’t real, there’s no way that a dragon could be standing next to me in the men’s restroom of my workplace.”

“And yet, here we are,” the dragon replied with a smirk on his face. “You’ve been using the dragon’s blood products, haven’t you?” Juan found himself still attempting to comprehend what was happening but managed to understand enough to slowly nod his head. “Well there you go, you’re using dragon’s blood products and you’re seeing dragons, how hard is that to understand?”

“Because… dragon’s aren’t real?” Juan stated, feeling himself bump up against the wall as the blue-scaled dragon approached him.

“That’s a very silly thing to say when one is standing right in front of you,” the dragon replied, his smug grin only growing wider as he went back to the sink. “Plus it’s also affecting you physically too. Or do you think that blue hair and washboard abs just appear overnight on their own?”

To emphasize his point the dragon pulled up Juan’s dress-shirt, which had been ill-fitting when he had put it on this morning, and revealed that underneath his tanned skin there was a flat stomach with none of the fat that normally filled out his physique. “Mmmm… not quite there yet,” the dragon stated as he tapped the human on the stomach with a clawed finger before Juan finally pulled his shirt back down. “You’re using just the shampoo and soap, aren’t you, maybe the diffuser too?”

“You would know that,” Juan shot back as he tucked his shirt back into his pants, which were also loose on him. “You’re in my subconscious or something after all.”

“Hey, I am very much real,” the dragon said with a huff as he went over to the sink and washed his hands. “Listen, I’m going to lay it out real straight for you, if you want this to stop you’re going to have to lay off the products. If you don’t then this is going to keep getting weirder for you and won’t just stop at wild hair, and if you want to see how deep the rabbit hole goes then use all of them, got it?”

Juan looked back at the head of very real hair on him and then back at the dragon, only this time finding nothing but empty space there. He also heard a knock on the door and someone ask if there was anyone in there, to which he hastily said that he was just finishing up and about to come out. After flushing the toilet he unlocked the door and tried not to look the angry man that was waiting outside in the eye before slipping back into his cubicle. When he finally got back to his office chair he sighed and put his face in his hands, rubbing them vigorously as he tried to figure out what was happening to him.

“Hey buddy,” Juan heard Sarif say, turning his chair to face him. “You missed it because you were in the bathroom, but the entire office is having a night out at the bar. I wouldn’t say that you don’t have to attend, but… you remember what happened to the last person that refused.”

That was the last thing that Juan wanted to hear, especially since he was supposed to be relaxing tomorrow, but he just nodded and put the time in his phone so he wouldn’t be late. The person Sarif was talking about had decided not to come to the bar night and ended up getting fired a week later. Corporate said it was because they stole office supplies, but the coincidence was enough to fuel office gossip and form superstitions. Either way he knew he was going… he just didn’t want to as time slowly ticked by.

Eventually the day ended and Juan said goodbye to Sarif before heading back home, feeling it start to rain once more. As he walked by the reflective sides of the buildings he could see his dark blue, fluffy hair standing out, and more than once he thought he saw that dragon standing next to him as well. It was only a passing glimpse however and he quickly lost sight of it, but just seeing the creature caused him to shudder slightly. He wasn’t afraid of it… but there was something about it that caused him to feel strange inside.

Once he got home the rain had gotten worse, storming almost as bad as it had a few days ago when it had all began. As he put down everything that he had brought home from work he groaned as he realized that he still didn’t have any shampoo, and once again going to the corner store would be a major pain when he still had the dragon’s blood stuff. But… at the same time he knew that something was going on with him at the very least from his hair as it was shaggier than ever before and blue. Fortunately he hadn’t taken out the trash yet and picked up the box to read the ingredients, but when he looked through all of them there was nothing he could see that would potentially trigger hallucinations to the best of his knowledge.

Instead Juan tried going the opposite route, opening up all the remaining products and using them before he went to bed for the night. As he went from the shower to his bedroom where the diffuser and candle were both lit the aroma was so heady that it caused him to breathe more deeply than before, but as he laid down there in his bed he found that nothing seemed to happen. That was when he realized there was still one more product that he needed to use and glanced over at the bottle of lotion. He was already naked, having spent the last few days naked after his underwear starting getting uncomfortable, and when he put the lotion in his hand and applied it to his semi-hard maleness he found himself wondering if he had gotten a little girthier since last time or if it was his imagination.

Speaking of imagination as he began to stroke himself up and down and felt his entire body succumb to the pure relaxation that came with the scene he felt himself breathing a sigh of relief that he didn’t seem to be crazy. His toes curled and a small moan escaped his mouth as he once more felt the heady pleasure that came with stroking himself, his hands going up to his nipples to play with them while his hips bucked up in the air. He continued like that for a while with one hand going down to stroke his abs, bathing in the lust that seemed to come with the lotion, before his mind suddenly realized that despite both his hands playing with and groping his own chest it still felt like he was stroking his cock. The relaxation he had felt previously disappeared when he suddenly felt a heavy weight against his legs and looked down to see the blue-scaled dragon stroking him with his hand.

“You’ve had a rough day I’m sure,” the dragon said with a grin as he licked his tongue up and down the shaft and causing Juan’s back to arch. “Don’t worry, let me take care of it. I do enjoy a good dragon dick in my muzzle.”

Juan let out a loud huff but couldn’t find himself to say stop as the angular maw of the creature slowly slid down his rigid shaft, which looked pinker and even longer than before as the dragon began to lower himself while still using his tongue to swirl around it. As it disappeared into the creature’s maw it started to feel like it was changing shape even more, feeling ridges form in the flesh as the dragon started to suck on it. The pleasure was so intense that Juan found himself writhing on the bed as every sensitive spot seemed to be hit by the strange creature, and when his own hands went down to grab onto the dragon’s horns he pulled back when he saw bright blue scales covering the digits and claws growing from his fingertips.

The eyes of the dragon looked up when he felt the sudden hesitation and reached over, grabbing Juan by the hand and having them wrap around the horns while he continued to suck. Even though he began to suspect this was an intense hallucination or a dream he found himself hesitant to force down a creature with teeth bigger than his dick but as the sensations began to build he found himself throwing caution to the wind more and more with each suck. Eventually the dragon pushed his muzzle all the way down and deepthroated him, and that was more than enough to send Juan over the edge after only a few pumps. The orgasm that Juan felt rippled through his entire body for what felt like minutes before he finally fell back onto his bed.

As Juan continued to lay there in a daze he suddenly felt the bed bounce and turned his head to see the dragon laying next to him. “So…” the dragon said with a smirk on his face. “What would you like to talk about?”

Part 2:

Juan still couldn’t believe that he was laying next to the muscular scaled creature, but as he reached out and poked the scales of the dragon they were warm and had some give to them. “I still can’t believe this,” he said as he continued to lay there, looking at his toes and seeing that they had started to deform and swell into something that looked similar to what was laying next to him. “Why are you here, and why am I turning into one myself?”

“I already told you that silly,” the dragon replied as he got up from the bed. “It’s the products your using, and the more you use the more you turn. As for not being able to believe this I think I gave you a pretty good blowjob, if you can’t believe that then I’m not doing my job right.”

“But what is your job?” Juan asked. “You still haven’t told me why you’re here?!”

To Juan’s surprise the dragon seemed to pout at this, crossing his arms over his chest. “I bet that you wouldn’t ask Sarif what he was doing here,” he said as he waggled his own half-hard draconic member. “You’d probably be begging him to put it in you, or probably the other way around actually, depends on what would happen. Either way if you’re not going to appreciate me then I’ll leave you to figure this out on your own!”

“No, wait!” Juan called out, only to lean back up in the bed and see that the dragon had disappeared. Despite being more relaxed than he had ever been in his entire life he was also extremely frustrated at the puzzle this dragon posed. Was he just a hallucination? A dream? Or was there something deeper going on that he wasn’t aware of?”

As Juan laid there thinking about it he hadn’t even realized he had fallen asleep until he opened his eyes and it was morning once again. He could feel something had happened to his body while he was sleeping and when he slowly started to get up he saw that he had gained even more muscle than previously and patches of his skin were a discolored pale blue. At first he thought with his new form he would be a bit lumbering but to his surprise his body was even more flexible than before, and after a quick experiment he found himself able to put his feet behind his head. But his body becoming altered to be more physically fit was just another question on top of the pile of questions that was growing by the day, but as he sat there he realized there was something he could do about it.

About an hour later Juan was dressed in the loosest pair of clothing he owned and it still felt tight on him as he walked down the street, eventually getting to the scent store he had taken refuge in almost a week ago. As he tried to open the door however he found it to be locked and when he glanced down at the sign he groaned as he saw they weren’t open on weekends. With nothing to go on for the old lady other than her store name he had to give up the search for the time being and instead focused on the hassle of going out to drinks with his coworker. His old clothes were useless to him and when he went to the various stores that he usually frequented he found himself not finding what he wanted either.

Eventually his trip took him to a tailor store near the edge of town where he found a suit that he wanted, one that looked much better than his usual clothing. Even though it was significantly more expensive, even with the discount they had given him just for coming in, than his other clothes he decided to pay for it, feeling good in what he wore. Normally for him clothes were just something he tolerated to make sure he didn’t get thrown in jail, but this time he definitely understood what the adage the clothes make the man was talking about. A few hours later Juan stood outside the door of the bar that his workplace rented out for parties and put on two spritzes of cologne before stepping inside.

Almost immediately Juan knew that he was turning heads, seeing the gazes of those that were looking to see who had come in linger as he approached. The confidence that he was feeling was through the roof and more than once though the night he had women, and a few men, hit on him. While he was flattered at the offer he didn’t pay them too much mind, instead putting in his time so that he could say that he was there and then leave. As he was about to pay the check however he was nearly bowled over by a stumbling Sarif, Juan able to smell the alcohol on his breath as he helped him back onto his feet.

“Hey man, had a little too much fun tonight huh?” Juan asked, Sarif letting out a laugh before tapping his nose with a finger. “How did you get here?”

“Drove…” Sarif replied, hiccupping slightly. “I can just… walk home…”

“No way,” Juan said. “I’m not going to wake up tomorrow and find out that you were found dead in a ditch somewhere. Listen, my place is closer, why don’t you just let me drive you there and we can pick up your car in the morning?”

Sarif said something that Juan took to be an agreement and lifted him up so that he could stabilize himself, finding his newfound strength to be useful in order to get him to the car. More than once he heard his friend inhale deeply and he stopped to make sure they weren’t going to puke, and when it didn’t end up happening he continued on his way until they got there. He told Sarif to keep his head out the window as they drove to his place, then used the elevator to get to his floor and drag him the rest of the way. By the time they got inside his apartment Juan dropped the other man on the couch and got him a set of blankets to cover up with as well as a bucket before moving toward his own bed.

Even though he didn’t have a drop to drink Juan found his head to be pounding, especially at his temples right behind his ears, and despite his better judgement put on the diffuser and lit the candle. Just like always it seemed to help right away but as he laid down in his bed he felt his jaw pop slightly. As he rubbed it he could feel it starting to push outwards and realized that he was growing some sort of muzzle… but for some reason even in that moment it didn’t concern him. It was like the smell of the dragon’s blood had lulled him into feeling fine about it as he merely took off his new suit and tossed it to the floor beside him.

A few hours later Juan woke up, his eyes adjusting to the darkness of the room as he heard someone using the shower in his bathroom. He sighed as he believed that Sarif probably puked on himself or something and went over to see what was happening. When he got to the door he saw that the other man was naked standing there in his shower, but instead of what he thought was happening his head tilted in confusion at what he saw. The man was furiously attempting to squeeze the last little bit of shampoo out of the bottle onto his head, but without even realizing it Juan had used it all up as well as the soap.

“Mmmm, seen this happen before,” Juan suddenly heard the voice of the dragon say, seeing him nod his head. “First few days of the scent imprinting on someone and they become attuned to it too, can’t relax without it. Normally it only lasts a day or so and then they’d be over it, but since you’re at the end stage yourself you’re about to be in for a fun time.”

“A fun time?” Juan repeated in confusion. Without realizing it however he had also gotten the attention of the other man, and as their eyes locked onto one another there was an almost manic gleam in his eye as the naked man slowly walked towards him. “Uh… Sarif…”

“I can smell the scent on you,” Sarif said as he continued to approach him, still completely naked as Juan realized that he was the same. “I want it, I want you.”

“Whoa, hold on a second there,” Juan replied, though he began to feel his own enlarged cock starting to twitch at the sight of this other man approaching you. “I just used the cologne sample that was in the kit, everything is pretty much out. Plus you’re drunk.”

To Juan’s surprise Sarif quickly shook his head. “I’m sober as a church mouse,” Sarif replied. “Now are you going to give me that scent or not?”

“Better watch out,” Juan heard the dragon said as he suddenly appeared by his bed as he accidently feel down into it. “If you don’t get control of him soon your own draconic instincts are going to kick in and then all hell is going to break lose.”

Juan didn’t know what the other creature was talking about but as he tried to talk to the dragon for clarification he suddenly felt the weight of the other naked man pounce on top of him, feeling him pin him down. Though he couldn’t see it himself the pupils of the human on the bottom suddenly turned to slits, his blue iris bleeding out into the whites of his eyes as he suddenly let out a growl. This was no longer a friend, not in his mind, this was a creature that was threatening his dominance in his own home. Even though Sarif had been more fit than him before the added augmentation of whatever all the dragon’s blood products had done to him gave him more than enough strength to turn the tables and get the other man face down on the bed.

“You want it?” Juan growled, seeing Sarif nod his head even while a man who was slowly transforming before his eyes kept him pinned down. “Fine, you can have all of it it.” Before he even realized what he was doing he had taken his cock and started to push it between the cheeks of the other male and slowly lowered his hips downwards. As he felt a rush of pleasure from not only defending his dominance of the territory but also feeling the tight walls of another start to press against his sensitive flesh did he realize that a particular odor was wafting up between them.

It was the scent, it was dragon’s blood…

And it was coming from his groin.

What he was smelling was ten times more potent then the products he had been using and as the human beneath him suddenly relaxed Juan knew that it was having the same effect on him as well. By this point however he was in rut and as light blue scales started to spread out from the patches on his body he could start to see something similar happening to Sarif’s body. He also heard a growl from the male beneath him, but it was nothing compared to the deep throaty one that came deep from his chest as it thickened with even more muscle. By the time Juan had sank a few inches into the hole of the male beneath him there was a tail sprouting up from his backbone that he was able to see extend while he felt his own cracking and popping.

Juan buried his swelling face in the furred mane of dark blue hair going down Sarif’s body as he found himself able to slide easier into him with every second, even when his tail started getting in the way. This was more than just simple sex, he needed to let the growing dragon beneath him know who is in charge as he continued to impale the other dragon’s hole. Eventually he manages to slide all the way in until his scaled groin was flush with the equally firm cheeks of the one beneath him. Once he had completely inserted himself though he was far from done, his tongue licking his teeth as he began to pump his hips up and down as the scent that Sarif so desperately wanted continued to permeate the room…

When Juan opened his eyes again he found himself staring at the ceiling of his apartment, the smell of the dragon’s blood diffuser still in the air as he realized that he what he had happened was just all a very intense hallucination caused by the overuse of likely expired products. When he tried to get up though he found a heavy scaled arm on top of his chest and when he looked down saw that his own body had a similar set of scales on it as well. In fact they were almost identical and the sudden shock of finding a dragon laying next to his bed while also being a dragon was enough to give anyone a jolt adrenaline.

When Sarif opened his eyes from the flailing male on the bed next to him it was clear that he was just as shocked at what had happened to him. “What the hell?!” He shouted as he looked at his clawed hands, then quickly pointed them at Juan with an even more shocked expression. “What the hell!?!”

“Look, I’m just as surprised as you are!” Juan shouted back, groaning as he brought his hands to his head and found the lingering pressure in his temples were the eight-inch horns that had slid up from his skull that framed his dark blue mane. “Well… not as much since I’ve sort of been going through this for about a week, but I’m still freaked out!”

The words did not inspire calmness as Juan could see his scaly hands start to shake, looking around the room for something. “Where’s… where’s the scent,” he said while swallowing hard. “I always calm down when I’m around the scent…”

“It’s all gone!” Juan replied angrily as he motioned towards the empty diffuser and burnt out candle. “Like I tried to tell you yesterday before you attacked me there’s nothing left of the package I bought and the old lady said there was no more of that dragon’s blood that was being sold.”

Much to Juan’s dismay Sarif continued to sniff the air, watching his muzzle as it slowly guided itself down towards Juan’s groin. Before he could do or say anything the dragon jumped as his friend quickly buried his muzzle right in between his legs and began to inhale deeply and his eyeridge rose slightly when he saw his friend visibly calm down. “I’m hoping by now you’ve guessed what’s going on,” a voice suddenly said, Juan nearly rolling over to his side when he saw the other dragon leaning against the side of the bed. “At least I know part of you has, so go ahead and spit it out.”

“It seems that… I am now a producer of the dragon’s blood scent,” Juan said, the other dragon giving him a wink and nod as he ran his hand through the mane of the head buried between his thighs. “The scent doesn’t come from blood either, does it?”

“Nope, a hundred precent dragon cum,” the dragon said with a smirk. “Special formula I might add. Now for the bonus question you still haven’t figured out who I am yet.” Juan’s mouth opened and closed a few times as he tried to wrap his mind around who this mysterious creature was before he finally shook his head and caused the other creature to chuckle. “I’m you, of course, or your dragon self rather.”

“Wait… you’re… me?” Juan said, the dragon nodding once more. “But… how? What about that time in bed when you…”

“Dragons are very limber,” the other dragon said with a grin, Juan suddenly getting a mental image of his own scaled feet over his head as he sucked his own cock. “I also have some imprints from the cum of the dragon that was before you, but you’ve pretty much learned it all now. Have fun with your new fuck buddy, because I’m not sure if you’ve guessed this one but dragons have an incredibly high libido.”

Juan blinked a couple of times and suddenly the third dragon was gone, leaving him in bed with his friend who now was almost an identical clone of his own body and also breathing in his scent like it was his oxygen. He bobbed the other dragon on the head with his hand and Sarif immediately brought his head up, Juan shivering as he felt the muzzle slide against his groin before finally looking at him. “Well I hope you’re happy,” Juan said to Sarif with a huff. “Now we’re both dragons and I don’t think there’s any way to change us back.”

“Really?” Sarif said as he looked down at his muscular body, flipping up onto his palms and raising his legs in the air while his tail drooped down before he flopped back onto the bed. “Worse things we could be I guess. What are we going to do about work though, and walking around? I’m pretty sure people are going to notice two dragons just walking by on the sidewalk.”

Though Juan was still feeling a bit frustrated at the situation he found it hard to keep hold of his anger, just sighing as he flopped back on the bed beside him. “Why don’t we try and order food and see how that goes,” Juan said. “If the delivery driver doesn’t flip out on us then we could possibly have something that protects us from being seen, I mean if the two of us are like this there has to be others, right? If he does flip out then we’re going to have to only go out late at night and find some sort of trench coat that covers us and these wings of hours.”

“All good ideas for sure,” Sarif said as he laid there, realizing he actually has wings for the first time as he folded them in and out. “What should we do while we wait for the delivery driver?”

“I know exactly what we’re going to do for that,” Juan said with a growl, baring his sharp teeth slightly as he pointed straight down at his crotch where his cock was already stiff as a board despite their marathon romp the night before. “You are going to suck my cock and keep sucking until he gets here as repayment for trying to steal my scent in the first place…”

The entirety of Sunday was spent seeing how far the two could go, showing up to the door with one delivery driver in a towel and seeing his reaction versus one that was completely naked. It appeared that they did have some sort of perception filter on since they were hardly flinched at with the towel, but it also appeared they were still considered naked given the open-mouthed expression of the second one. Unfortunately there was nothing that they could wear that had a hole for their tail in it and their muscular bodies didn’t fit into any of Juan’s old clothes. When Monday rolled around both men called in sick and took to the only route they knew of in order to obfuscate their tracks, heading up the roof of the building and using their new wings to glide down towards their destination.

As the two landed in the back-parking lot behind the scent store both of them quickly looked around to see if their naked bodies could be seen, though they were growing increasingly more comfortable the longer they stood around one another in their dragon forms. It helped that they were both essentially the same creature to the point where it was like looking in the mirror for both of them. When the coast was clear Juan practically banged on the back door while Sarif stood guard until the door swung open.

“You know that this door in unlocked, right?” the old lady said as he looked the two over. “Looks like that last kit got me a two for one deal. Come on in, don’t want you to get arrested for streaking and then try to squeeze into clothes that won’t fit.”

“So you can see us for what we really are,” Juan said, walking inside the store and folding his wings back as Sarif did the same. “That means you knew what that kit was going to do to me all along.”

“Yes, and yes and no,” the old lady replied as she lit a cigarette and motioned for the two of them to follow. “As you know, magic is not exactly well-known in these parts, and back in the day for many its considered downright evil. I am the last of the witches that managed to survive the purge, and it was my task to try and keep the legacies of as many magical creatures as possible alive.”

“You turned us into dragons because they had gone extinct?” Sarif asked.

“They were extinct, my dear, until about yesterday,” the old lady said with her raspy chuckle. “When that storm blew your friend in here I knew that it was time to restore the dragon line, which was proven when you picked that kit up from everything else in this store. I’ve managed to resuscitate a few other magical races before, but the fact that we have two dragons up and kicking means that we have a real chance and getting your new species up and running again.”

Both Sarif and Juan looked at each other as the old lady let out a cackle while pressing her hand against a mirror in the middle of the store, with glowed briefly before disappearing and showing a set of stairs that went down. “Now one thing that I want you two boys to think about is making more dragon’s blood cosmetics,” she said as the three of them walked down to the basement. “One thing that the stories exaggerate is the gold lust of dragons, but in there is a nugget of truth that you tend to drift towards the finer things.”

Juan remembered the suit that he had bought previously and frowned when he realized that he had spent all that money on something that wouldn’t even fit him. “So what are we going to do about the meantime?” Sarif asked as they got to the basement level. “We can’t just stay down here and mooch off of… whoa…”

As the old lady flicked on the lights and revealed rows upon rows of bookcases that went from the floor to the ceiling, their jaws dropping at the sight of so many books. “There are centuries, millenia even, of tomes that relate to your new histories,” she said as she continued to walk forward. “You can study here and help yourselves get aquatinted for your new forms, and if you want to aid me in my side business we can set something up to make sure that your… essence is properly collected. Until we get you situated you will have to stay at your old jobs and continue to keep up appearances, and for clothes I know a wonderful elven tailor that can fit you so that it’s like you’re wearing nothing at all while still being decent in public, classy even. One nice thing about dragons is that they also live charmed lives too, so any wardrobe malfunctions can probably be quickly explained away or just accepted for a short while.”

Both dragons looked at one another and gave a little shrug along with a slight head nod as they continued to follow the old lady deeper into the catacombs that laid beneath his shop. “It’s going to be really weird heading back into work tomorrow,” Sarif stated while running a clawed hand over one of the tomes, his finger backing away slightly as the binding started to glow under his touch. “We’ve just bene told magic exists and that we’re the last of a line of mythical creatures, how are we going to focus on crunching data spreadsheets after looking at all this?”

“Well I know one thing that I plan on doing,” Juan said as a grin spread across his face. “I’m willing to test and see just how charmed a dragon’s life can be…”

The next day Juan and Sarif sat at their cubicles as normal, everyone greeting them as they usually did while the two attempted to try and sit comfortably in a chair that was not made for tails or wings. The elf that the old lady had to come and tailor their first set of clothing was nice enough to do it on the house but there was still some getting used to in the style since they had to be sure that it would still look normal to humans. It seemed to be working though and everything was just like it always was, including the thick stack of papers that was dropped on Juan’s desk. Before he could say anything about it the boss quickly turned around to the dolly he had rolled up and grabbed a second stack that he put next to the first set and patted both stacks with a hand.

“I’m going to need you to make sure that you get these done as soon as possible since you missed a day,” the man said with a malicious grin on his face. “Start with Monday’s workload and then move on to today, and don’t worry, the janitor can let you in and out if you need to stay late.”

As the boss just smirked at him and walked away Juan gave him a few seconds to get back to his office before he grabbed both stacks of paper work in one hand each and made his way back towards the supervisor’s office. Fortunately he had left the door open and allowed Juan to give a kick with his draconic foot, pushing it out dramatically and getting his attention before walking over and slamming both sets on the desk while using his tail to close the door behind him. “Listen up asshole,” Juan said with a sneer of his own on his lips, his only wish was that his supervisor could see the deadly teeth he flashed with his draconic snout instead of what he was likely seeing. “From now on you’re going to do your own damn work, and if you pawn anything off on me I’m going to send it to the people above you with a note saying why you are incapable of balancing your own books.”

Juan saw the face of his supervisor get a shade of red that he wasn’t quite sure existed in nature before this moment as he barged up, taking his hand and knocking both stacks off of the desk before slamming his palms down on it. “Listen here you little shit!” the boss yelled. “You are going to do exactly what I say because I hold your job in the palm… of my… hand…”

The man trailed off as Juan smirked and unzipped his pants, fishing out his thick draconic dick and slapping it on the desk. “If any more of your work gets inside my desk,” Juan said with a growl as he pointed down to it. “This is going inside you, you got that?”

The red-hot anger that the man previously had roaring was quickly flushed from his body and Juan could see that not only did it seem to get his point across but there was also a hint of envy there that piqued his interest slightly. When it seemed that his boss had nothing more to say Juan put it back into his pants and gave him a nod, then walked out of the office after telling him to clean the papers up. The dragon had to avoid his tail flickering about in excitement as he could see out of the corner of his eye his boss bending down to pick up the papers he was probably going to tell him to do. With much less workload on his back he could start to finally get off of work on time… perhaps open a new side-business with a friend and an old lady selling scent samples to humans…