

“Finally!” Max yelled as he paraded around his lab. The kobold held his flask of bluish fluid excitedly, the results of his latest experiment. He'd been working on this formula for some time, making sure to perfect it before trying it on himself. It should, in theory, grow himself a pair of draconic wings.

It was silly, Max knew. He didn't really need wings if he was being honest with himself. His latest experiment was more or less for fun, to see if he could do it successfully. Another test of his craft, to see what new lengths he could push himself to.

He seldom used transformation potions on himself, not anymore at least. But once he'd gotten the idea in his head to try this experiment, he was eager to see it through to the end. He had no desire to be a total dragon; he'd never fit in his shop with such an unruly form. Worse, he'd never be able to continue his alchemy practice! His own dragon owner treated him kindly, allowing him his independence. But Max much preferred his kobold body the way it was. Well, mostly. A few improvements never hurt anyone.

The biggest advantage of having his own pair of wings would be to compensate for the height difference he'd lost three years ago upon coming into possession of this kobold body. He was tired of being so short he had to keep everything low to the ground just to reach it safely! With a pair of functioning wings, he could properly utilize all that extra space in his shop once more without a ladder!

Max had spent days perfecting the formula on various test subjects: lizards, rats, and rabbits, and other small animals. Most of them provided only limited degrees of success. The first few test subjects were quick to expire and proceeded to become his dinner once Max was sure they were safe for consumption. However, he soon recorded the beginnings of success when subjects started flailing around helplessly with a single wing. Of course, the sight triggered his hunting instincts, much to his dismay. He hated giving into such baser instincts.

Only after several dozen failed trials did one rat grow two perfectly formed draconic wings in proportion to its body size. In fact, it was still flying around the shop aimlessly right now! Max would have to catch it when he had wings of his own!

Max then set to work adjusting the chemical components of the successful formula, making sure to account for a creature of his own size. He needed to make sure the wings would be large enough to allow him to fly, after all!

At least he held the finished flask of bluish fluid over him. “Bottom's up!” He proclaimed, downing the entire contents of the flask in one gulp.

Max began to feel an expected tingling in his back and shoulders. He craned his neck to watch as protrusions of bone and muscle began poking up behind his shoulders. It was working!

Too late, he realized that he should have taken off his shirt and vest. The new protrusions quickly tore thick holes in the back! Max took a moment to bemoan the fate of his torn shirt. Clothes were costly, after all! But he could make up that lost revenue in travel time if these wings actually allowed him to fly out to prime supply locations. He made a mental note to get some shirts custom fit for his new wings!

A moan escaped his leathery lips as the uncomfortable sensations of wing growth grew worse. The bone and muscle quickly covered with thick bluish scales as fingers burst from the tips and began to stretch. The fingers at the ends grew long and gangly as flaps of skin grew between them, forming a matching set of draconic wings.

In his excitement over the successful experiment, Max failed to notice that something seemed a little off. Max began to experience a sudden churning in his stomach, as though his potion was upsetting him. It happened from time to time, especially since it was a new recipe. He hadn't fully tested the combination on a being of his size, after all.

But the sensations began to concern him as his stomach started to distend, becoming tight in his shirt. Max felt the tingling intensify as he began growing larger, his clothes pulled taut as his arms and legs swelled with muscle and bulk. His tail was already creaking longer, his hips and back stretching with suddenly added mass. The process threatened to tear apart his shorts from the sudden growth spurt.

His new wings were still growing all the while, getting larger in tandem with his growing form. He could even feel his head beginning to stretch, muzzle growing longer and supported by a thickening neck.

What was going on? This hadn't happened to any of the test subjects! Had he calculated the chemicals wrong? Max found himself wondering if the rapid growth was due to an overdose in certain ingredients when he'd made the necessary adjustments. But, the increased ratios shouldn't have affected him like this! The only other possibility was that they were interacting with his specific physiology. Was it either his kobold blood or perhaps the remnants of human blood from his past life that had reacted poorly?

The process wasn't stopping. He was already larger than he'd even been as a human, over 6ft tall and still growing! His bulking muscles were pressing tightly against his shirt and vest. A series

of rips and tears signaled his garments giving way to the strain of his growing bulk. Max moaned; all of his clothes were custom-made and rather pricey, and he didn't want to lose them all on a botched experiment. His shirt had been bad enough but at this rate, he was going to lose his entire wardrobe!

The changes were not limited to mere growth. Max felt his bones creaking under the skin, his hips getting wider, forcing his ass out against his shorts. His shoulders started to ache, as though sore from a day of hiking. His entire body felt wrong as it continued swelling all over. Yet some parts were expanding faster than others, particularly his chest and stomach, which were pushing against his increasingly taut shirt.

The tingling sensations intensified in his hands, and Max looked down in confusion. His gloves were steadily pulled apart by the force of his growing digits. His claws were getting bigger, his fingers shorter, and his thumbs began pulling up as his palms lengthened. His thumbs cracked harshly, losing their range of motion as their claws thickened. Soon, it was nearly impossible to move any of the digits! His hands were expanding to match the width of the powerfully muscled forearms that were sinking into his chest as his shoulders rotated forward.

Max had a sudden thought. Was he changing into a dragon? A feral one? It was the only explanation for the changes. A moan escaped his lips as his chest barreled out into a shape fitter for a quadruped. He elicited another growl, this time a feral sound, a baritone lower than he was used to. He even sounded like the beast he was evidently becoming!

His chest ripped away from the fabric of his shirt and tugged on the straps of his vest. His shorts were not faring any better as his growing haunches drastically expanded. The cuffs of his shorts were forced higher on his leg until his bulging muscles tore them away. His tail was getting thicker as well, pulling at the carefully sewn seams of the tail hole in the shorts. He could feel his feet expanding, thickening, and lengthening to prepare him for a four-legged stance. The trappings he wore on his feet tore away from the force of his growing calves and feet.

Max blushed a little as his cock started getting hard in his shorts, an unexpected side effect of his transformation. He did admire dragons, but had no desire to be one! His member was rock hard in his pants, the leaking fluids staining the stretched crotch of his shorts. He moaned as his balls grew massive inside him, making his growing draconic member leak more. Why were the changes so arousing?

Max had no fingers left to touch himself, even if he did desire to do such a thing. Yet, the choice was soon to be taken out of his paws. The pressure on his prostate was far too potent on its own as his testicles prepared to spew their load. Max moaned as his cock suddenly bunched up and he

uncontrollably shot a massive load into his shorts, cock still throbbing and bouncing as it tore out of the garments.

Max groaned from the orgasmic release as the pressure of his change continued tearing away at the fabrics of his clothing. His new dragon form was unable to support such tiny things as his blue scaled hide burst free. Max lamented the fate of his garment. They didn't make clothes for dragons, and he wanted to maintain his modesty, which would be difficult with the thick member he now sported. It seemed so engorged to even hide inside his scaly slit!

His hips popped and snapped, making him fall over onto his front paws as his back started growing a row of spines. His ass was growing massive, his expanding tail tapping against the windows. His massive bulk was pressing up tightly against the shelves in his lab, threatening to knock them over if this process continued. His wide wings were already pressing against the ceiling of his modest shop. His head bumped painfully against the wall as the dimensions of the room became far too tiny to house the beast he was becoming.

Max closed his eyes and winced as his muzzle began to extend outward. His nose became more sensitive to every potion, every chemical, and every customer that had been by. The most pungent stench was that of his own ejaculate. He tried to shut out the increased olfactory sensations. Yet, his neck grew faster than expected and his closed eyes failed to notice as, with a yelp, his head hit the ceiling. His horns ached as they got thicker and longer, growing in proportion to his increasingly draconic body.

The full realization of his situation finally began to kick in. He was turning into a dragon, an actual feral dragon. He had no way to get out of his lab like this unless he tore it down with his increasing bulk. He recalled dragons could be over 30ft long; he must have been about 12 feet himself from nose to tail. But as the changes continued the speed of his growth seemed to accelerate! There was no way such a massive beast as he could fit in here!

Max knew he had to get out of here before he wrecked his lab, his livelihood, and his life's work. He didn't want to be a dragon. But more than that, he didn't want to ruin all the possessions that could be used to change him back! He racked his brains, ignoring the onset of draconic instincts and impulses as he tried to think of something, anything on his shelves that would reverse this. He had shrinking potions, healing elixirs, and transformative liquids. But there was nothing guaranteed to change a dragon into a kobold. Without his hands, he had no hope of brewing something to help him! Even the pre-made potions he had were useless with no way to grip them!

Max was growing so fast now, there was no way he could leave his shop without some form of damage. He tried to press his head against the wall to knock it down and minimize the damage to his shop. However, he was unused to his body, and he only managed to crack his head painfully against the wall without causing any real damage. Max growled, a totally bestial sound, reminded him he no longer possessed his kobold vocal cords!

His body continued to grow larger, ungainly now with his limited experience. Max tried desperately to keep from moving too much lest he destroyed his possessions. Yet his massive tail was far longer than he was accustomed to, and Max shuddered as he felt the impact against the glass of his windows. He tried to rest his still growing wings against his body, but the motion forced a wingtip to hit one of his shelves. A series of potions fell to the floor with a *splash*.

A cloud of bluish dust rose from the floor and towards his still-growing head and thicker nostrils. He felt the particles tickle the insides of his nose and the familiar oncoming sensation of a sneeze. Yet, a realization suddenly forced him to stop as he felt a heat bubbling up from his throat. Kobolds didn't breathe fire, but dragons did. If he had gained the ability to breathe fire, then an uncontrolled sneeze in his lab would...

But it was too late. More of the dust settled over his nostrils. Try as he might, Max could no longer hold off the impulse to sneeze. He felt it coming, building up from his long neck and inside his powerful jaws as his face scrunched up and prepared to let loose uncontrollably...

“Ah... Ahhh... CHHRRRROOOOOOOOO!” He roared a deeper, cavernous sound that rocked his lab from the sheer force. And as he had feared, it was quickly followed by a rush of heat that could only be...

The flames poured out of his draconic jaws, filling up the small space with a burst of heat and fire. His scales were well protected from his flames and he barely registered the heat. But that wasn't the problem. The problem was the myriad of potions and elixirs and glass in his lab that were rapidly exposed to the flash fire.

He barely had time to conceive what was happening before his worst fears were realized. The explosion was massive, the potent chemicals in Max's lab creating a violent force that tore apart the entire building. The resounding shockwave could be felt for miles around.

However, the massive dragon Max had become felt none of the impact. He was thankful for that at least. An explosion of the entire contents of his alchemical lab would surely have ended his kobold self. With similar luck, it was the slow season and no villagers had been out on their way to his shop to peruse his wares.

Max sat in the charred remains of his once-proud lab, which was already gathering a cluster of angry onlookers. He sighed. Max hoped the change would wear off eventually, as some of his potions did. But, regardless, he would have to start his business from scratch! His whole livelihood, all his pre-made potions, even his building were gone!

As he stood there, contemplating his next move, another terrifying realization ran over him. Mac blushed a little, blue scales turning red as he realized everyone in the crowd could see his draconic maleness! To his shame, it hadn't yet fully retracted back inside of him! He was never going to live this down!

There was only one thing left to do before taking off to hide in the mountains until his change wore off. Max picked up the charred remains of a nearby tree, setting it down near the remains of his shop. He etched into the wood as best he could with his claws. The marks wrote out a clear message in the common tongue. Max propped it up in the rubble before he lifted his powerful wings and flew away.

“Currently closed for business.”