

“It’s here!” Ryonir yelled as he raced along ahead of his traveling companion, into the quarry they'd spent the better part of three days searching for. Arun sighed, having no intention of chasing after his friend. There was no rush, after all. Rronir would spend the next few hours engrossed in whatever rock or geological formation he found. Arun had all afternoon to saunter over to the spot if he wished!

Arun had to admit he enjoyed watching the younger elf work. They had been friends for many years now, though in some ways the friendship was one-sided. Arun insisted on following the younger elf around, using the pretense of interest in his research as a way to get to know him better. Yet after a few months, Ryonir began to tolerate the other elf’s presence. He was a useful traveling companion, after all, and a great conversationalist. When Ryonir wasn’t obsessed with his research, of course.

Unbeknownst to Ryonir, Arun was not a true-blooded elf. He was, in reality, a green dragon, who had taken on the guise of an elf for several reasons, the most paramount being the ostracization from his peers. Green dragons were generally evil, raiding villages and human settlements for their own personal treasury gains. Arun found that kind of life detestable. Thus, he had been kicked out of the circles of his brethren. He could not claim territory, hunting rights, or a mate within the continent.

However, he was skilled in the old magics and thus was not forced to live as a dragon. He was easily able to take on a humanoid form and had decided to live among them. In fact, he found humanoid races to be of great interest. They were not inherently evil, though they certainly could be. Perhaps this was why he had chosen the elven race to call his own. Elves were much longer lived than most humanoids, though not nearly as long-lived as his natural race. Still, he could blend in with a village for a few hundred years without arousing suspicion.

Elvens were generally neutral by nature, and although many elders were stern and set in their ways, they were not a warlike race. They preferred to take more frivolous pursuits and practices, such as scientific research. Arun found their peaceful, laid-back way of life far more appealing than the endless hoarding of his former people.

Ryonir was a bit of an outcast in his own right, far more interested in studying than his peers. He preferred spending endless hours of buried in books, texts, and the like, supplementing his knowledge with hands-on research from expeditions. He was obsessive, even by the standards of his own kind. Perhaps that was why Arun had taken an interest in him. He felt the two of them were kindred spirits. Deep down, he was sure that Ryonir felt it too, although he wasn’t as aware of the circumstances of their friendship as was Arun.

Arun admired Ryonir's dedication to his pursuits. He watched the slim, muscular elf work, sweat dripping off his brow as his muscled ass stuck clearly in the air, as though demanding attention. The more he stared, the more he felt something uncomfortable building up in his groin. It was something he'd never felt in his elven body before, something he hadn't felt in...It had been so long. Was that his maleness getting hard in his pants?

It had been many years since he'd gotten an...erection? Dragons typically only mated in those brief periods when females came into season every few hundred years. He'd sensed a female in season once and though he hadn't had the opportunity to mate he'd needed to ejaculate his seed to relieve the sensations. It felt amazing at the time but he'd never felt anything resembling it since.

Yet, now, Arun felt hot, flushed with a powerful need spreading through his elven body. That couldn't be possible, could it? Ryonir was not a female. And there was no draconic female in the area to spur his arousal. He would have smelled her presence long ago, Arun was sure.

Powerfully confused, Arun more closely examined the green rocks that had captivated Ryonir's attention. Ryonir was oblivious to his presence, let alone his obvious condition. To his surprise, there seemed to be a slightly entrancing scent drifting from the stones, something that now piqued Arun's interest. It was...no, such things were only a rumor. There was no chance they were real. Stones that affected the mentalities of green dragons like himself. But to make him go into a male heat?

Yet there was no denying the sensation of his maleness throbbing painfully in his britches. And Arun found himself enamored by the sight of his friend's prone body. He couldn't remove his gaze. Why was he getting arousal from seeing another male, of a different species, no less? He shook his head in disgust. Mating with another male was unheard of. Yet why were such thoughts so prevalent in his mind right now?

Arun suppressed a groan as his member throbbed painfully in his undergarments. He could feel his thick head sending shivers of pleasure down his entire being. Yet, he put his hands to his sides in a gesture of resolve. Despite the powerful drives of lust, he would not touch himself. It was unbecoming an elf and even undignified for a dragon!

Yet, soon, the decision was taken out of his hands. The sight of his obviously attractive friend and the scent of musk in the air was enough to make his throbbing male hood and tensing testicles press uncomfortably in his pants. Even though he was not coming in contact with himself directly, the pressure from his massive rod was enough to allow the unfamiliar sensation

to build. He groaned, trying to hold it back, but the pleasure climaxed towards a tidal wave as he began to experience the first release he'd had in over 200 years.

“Uggghhhh!” Arun cried out as his member shot load after load of foul-smelling spunk deep into his pants. His whole body started to throb and tingle from the force of the ejaculation. He hadn't felt such a thing in a long time. This sensation was much different, confined to his smaller body as it was. He could feel the orgasm wash over him in waves, making him feel content and sated beyond understanding.

Ryonir was not so caught up in his studies to hear the sound of his friend's distress. “You alright, Arun?” He yelled, running over as Arun flushed in embarrassment. How could he have allowed himself such release in the presence of a male?

Ashamed, Arun moved one hand over his groin, not wanting his friend to see or smell the fluids that were leaking through his clothing. It was then that he noticed it. A greenish tinge on his hand, shining in the light. It looked unmistakably like the sheen of his draconic scales! Ryonir was still too far away, but as Arun watched in horror his fingernails began to turn dark and stretch out into caws, while his thumb began to retract into his upper arms. He was reverting!

Terrified, Arun scraped every ounce of willpower to try and prevent his change but could not halt the process. The tingling spread up his arms the scales burst forth from his elvish skin and the muscles in his arm began to bulge. Thankfully, his clothes were a little loose on his frame and the changes would not be immediately noticeable. Still, he put his hand behind his back, hoping nothing else would change before Ryonir saw him for what he was.

“Are you alright, brother?” Ryonir asked as he finally made his way to his friend's side. Arun's face looked flushed, and there was an expanding wet spot on his groin that looked very out of place. Had he been attacked or bitten by something?

“Yes, I...umm...just stumbled. I'm going to sit down. Do not concern yourself with me, friend. I am OK to wait until you are finished to return to our lodgings,” Arun replied, trying to keep the arousal out of his face. His cock was already beginning to harden once more, especially with the scent of another being so close. Dragons had unnatural stamina compared to all humanoids he'd met. They could breed for days at a time to ensure their female's eggs were fertilized and she was properly stimulated to lay. That mental image left a depraved thought in his mind He couldn't fathom the level of disgust he felt with breeding his male friend for days like that!

Ryonir seemed unconvinced though decided to take his friend's word on the matter, insisting the older elf rest nearby and alert him to any changes in his condition. Arun tried to keep his eyes off his sweaty friend and his swaying hips as he walked away. What did he find so attractive in the male's form? The only thought he had was that his 'heat' was causing him to imprint on the only other thing in the area, even one that was male and of a different species. He tried to shake his head, fighting off the intrusive and disgraceful thoughts.

Confused, Arun sat down, suppressing a yelp as he sat on his tailbone. It was unmistakable that his tail was growing back! It seemed to still be growing gradually, a stark contrast to the usually rapid transformation. Arun wondered if it was because of his heat that his body was changing so slowly.

Determined, he tried to muster every ounce of willpower to resist but the scent of his friend was fresh in his nostrils. He could feel them growing out slightly as his face began to extend and his teeth started to sharpen. His nostrils scented the air, looking for any more of that sweet, arousing scent. Not only was the change affecting his body, but his mentality, as well, like a male whose only instinct was to mate a female in need.

All the while, his male hood was growing far larger under his robes, well beyond the confines of elvish physiology. He could feel his head pressing against the already-present stain in his underwear, an uncomfortable coolness that made him shiver. The tip was getting pointed, its skin firm as his girth became more rigid. He longed to touch it, or maybe have Ryonir come and...

'NO' he yelled within his mind. He was not some mindless beast in a rut! He would not give in to the urge to breed another male! Yet, he could not help but feel the bunching in his growing testicles that signaled an orgasmic onset. He gripped the rock, feeling his clawed hands digging in as he braced himself. His growing toes curled, the claws popping out of his boots and burrowing into the ground.

Arun was made powerfully aware of the changes in his body as the sensation of his phallus rubbing against his damp musky robes brought him closer and closer. He could feel his shoulders rotating forward as something within popped and snapped, the start of his wings. He could feel his neck lengthen as his hair fell away and the beginnings of horns started to bud atop his head. Worst of all, he could feel the swelling of girth in his ass, his haunches seeming to expand faster than the rest of him.

He suppressed a roar as once more his thick member shot a heavy load of semen into his clothes. Hot, creamy cum soaked into the fabric, filling the already damp robes with far more

fluid than his elvish form could produce. It was even starting to leak through as the rank stench of his lust burned into his nostrils.

Yet he wasn't nearly sated yet. His male hood started to burn to life a third time as his rectum began growing and clenching. Arun was shocked by that sensation; he'd never desired to place anything in that orifice before. Yet his anus began pulsing in and out, Arun having visions of it being filled, entered with something large, such as a phallus similar to his own. Desperately, he tried to lift the cloud of lust forming over his mind. There was no way he could ever crave something so unnatural!

Uncomfortable as he was, Arun wanted to take his clothes off but his claws had grown too unruly to do so without ripping them to shreds. It was unlikely to matter anyway. His body would soon outgrow the proportions these garments could contain unless he found a way to stop the change.

Yet, before he could formulate a plan, his eyes opened in shock as he saw Ryonir coming towards him again, the expression on his approaching face one of concern. He wanted to turn away but there was nowhere for him to go. It would be impossible to hide his changing draconic features now!

Worse, Arun felt the growing twinges of lust starting to rise once more. He tried to put his hands over his crotch, his scaled cheeks blushing in embarrassment at the thought of his friend seeing him with an erection. In truth, he was more embarrassed of his throbbing maleness than exposing his true draconic self! He tried to place his paw-hand over his robes to hide his male hood.

Yet it was already too late. Ryonir was there, about to place his hand on his friend for support when he fell into shock at the sight of the green-scaled visage that greeted him. There was pain in his friend's eyes as they began changing to a sickly yellow color. His face was extending into a scaled muzzle filled with sharp teeth. And his hair was falling away to reveal dangerous-looking horns. What was happening to his formerly elven friend!?

The scent of his friend so close to Arun only served to harden his already impossibly-taut member. Worse, it seemed to trigger another surge of growth in his backside. The thickening bulge of his tail was pushed above the back of his robes as his rear stretched further and further, pulling the sturdy material away. His anus was rotating backward under his tail, rubbing sensually on the fabric as his widening hips pulled tighter on his frame. His posterior was going to burst forth from his body if this kept up!

Arun grunted as another spurt of precum signaled the orgasmic onset he so dreaded. His throbbing balls pressed against the bottoms of his clothing and started bunching up with that now-familiar sensation. He couldn't ejaculate like this, with his friend watching, the source of his arousal. Yet the decision was out of his paws now. He growled a truly bestial sound as his member shot spurt after spurt of hot jism through his clothing. In his lust-fueled haze, Arun hardly realized that some cum had soaked through his pants and even splattered over his stunned friend.

Arun panted, forked tongue rolling out of his growing muzzle as he came down from the orgasmic high. The fluid in his straining clothes was becoming too thick for his comfort, weighting on his growing frame. The odor of his spunk was heavy in his nostrils as it wafted off his massive frame. It spread another twinge of arousal into his increasingly bulbous orbs.

All the while, his ass was becoming painfully taut around his growing hips. A meatier pucker continued rubbing sensually against the fabric, teasing parts of his innards that he had no name for. It made him crave more, that foreign sensation of being entered in such a private place. Arun wished to close his eyes in lust but soon recalled his friend was still watching him. He wanted to turn away and hide his growing shame from his friend, face flushing in embarrassment.

Ryonir, meanwhile, was stunned at the sight of the green flesh poking out from his friend's increasingly too-small clothes. The claws, the scales, the bulging muscles that rippled under the iridescent green flesh. Arun was obviously turning into a dragon. But how was that possible?

Stanger still, it seemed as though Arun was not panicked by the changes. Rather, it appeared like he was massively embarrassed. Ryonir couldn't blame him, extremely uncomfortable watching the lewd display. It was so unbecoming an elf or a friend of his, regardless of the circumstances.

Yet, no matter how disgusted he was, Ryonir couldn't look away. He desired to, but something drew him to the sight of the half-dragon stretching out of his elvish garments. Without realizing it, the small amount of the seed he'd so casually wiped off his own clothes had seeped into the backs of his hands. Though no physical sensations swept over him, his body was nonetheless entranced by the sight of his changing former friend. Unknown to the elf were the beginnings of his skin peeling and the start of gold scales spreading across the back of his hands.

Arun, meanwhile, could feel sense his body expanding as the changes continued over his lust-driven form. His tail was extending and thickening over his anus as spines started crawling

up the base towards his back as his shoulders hunched and his hips began to flatten and expand. He felt himself reflexively lowering to all fours as his rectum pressed painfully into the seat of his too-small clothes. Thumbs had rotated up his draconic paws, leaving him with relatively useless forelegs. Thickening heels stretched backward as his clawed feet burst apart from his elven shoes.

His posterior was so tight in his pants now that his shrinking ears could hear the sounds of fabric tearing. The notion of ripping out of the useless garments, coupled with the thick stench of the fluid in his clothes was enough to bring him to full arousal once more. By now, his maleness was enveloped in a warm fluid that seeped into his developing draconic slit and the testicles that were now housed within. He roared as he came, his cock enveloped by the tearing undergarments as his massive green hips tore them apart down the middle. The remnants of his garments covered his member like a flagpole as he shot another load of creamy spunk, far too much for the soiled clothes to contain. Much of it ended on the ground, some of it even dripping onto the prone Ryonir's exposed head. Yet, at this point, Arun was so lost in the lust that he no longer felt the earlier embarrassment.

Free of his clothes, Arun's growth began in earnest. He was a mature green dragon, much larger than the humanoid form he'd taken on. His build began expanding as he rose upwards in the large open space. His neck stretched his total height beyond 10 ft, towards 20 ft as his massive head began towering over the nearby trees. He shifted his stance as his heels began digging into the earth from the bulk he was steadily adding.

Eventually, his wings ripped free from the skin on his back, making short work of whatever clothing remained on his barreling chest. The wings began as a second set of arms that grew larger and covered his broadening back. Each finger stretched and articulated and formed a massive sheet of webbing that would allow him to fly. He could feel them stretching over his back as his spines grew longer and thicker, each growing webbing between them.

Ryonir watched in silence at his former friend's transformation. Was he a dragon this entire time? Ryonir began to fear for his life. Would Arun eat him? Was Arun even his real name? Despite the fear, Ryonir could only watch as the dragon grew more and more massive. Yet the thing that enraptured his attention most was the beast's feral cock. He couldn't take his eyes off it! Feeling deep-seated shame at the sight, Ryonir knew it was depraved to be staring at such a disgusting thing. Yet despite his internal protests, a part of him couldn't tear his gaze away. He was hardly aware of his cock bulging in his own pants, changing shape to match his friend's own.

All the while, Arun continued towering over the forest now as his height grew toward 30 ft. He growled as more sharp teeth erupted from his muzzle and a puff of smoke billowed through his jaws as his inner furnace burned to life. His forehead ached with the completion of his massive horns. All vestiges of his elven face were lost as the last bits of flesh were eroded by his spreading green scales.

At last, his changes were completed. Arun, or Adress the tender, as he was known among his own people, had reached his full wyrm size. He towered over the land, a beast to be feared, looking down at his friend before lowering his face and sniffing the elf. The dragon's massive nostrils shot hot breath all over his tiny body, nearly knocking him over from the force. Yet Ryonir could still not move. The arousal in his cock only seemed to increase from the proximity of his friend. If he didn't know any better, Ryonir could swear that it was getting tighter in his pants, as though the length was increasing.

Adress continued sniffing at his friend, the pungent aroma from earlier steadily being replaced by something his changing nostrils found even more intoxicating. Golden eyes stared down at Ryonir's form, the reflecting blue flecks in his own eyes intriguing. Was the elf changing as well? Far from disturbed, the thought of another dragon in his presence made him powerfully aroused!

Meanwhile, Ryonir felt a strange crawling sensation moving over his hands as his fingernails started to ache. He wanted to look at them, but the presence of the massive dragon before him was simply too captivating. He tried to move his fingers reflexively, feeling the digits becoming relatively smaller and stiffer, even though he was certain the tingling was expanding his hands. His nails felt painful pushing out from his fingertips, and Ryonir could swear there was something like sweat or blood running down the tips.

His muscles were starting to swell in his arms, bulging out and making his sleeves feel tight. His chest, too, started to barrel forward as his shoulders rotated with them, restricting the movement in his arms. The tingling spread up his limbs as his elven skin flaked away to make room for golden scales. He could even sense something pressing out of his spine, getting thicker and running over the ridge of his garments as it began twitching of its own accord.

Despite himself, he felt his own member start to swell at the prospect of further changes. Ryonir felt a surge of embarrassment at the action. He had mentally deemed his former friend a heathen for displaying such behavior, but now he, too, was sporting an erection from the sight and scent of not only another male but a beast! He tried to suppress the growing homosexual urges in his mind but no action could make his cock soften.

Ryonir broke from his captivation enough to move his clawed hand closer to his crotch in an attempt to hide it from the questing dragon. Ryonir's arousal was clearly not lost on Adress, however. The pungent scent in the air caused his manhood and rectum to stir once more. He had no idea why, but the notion of being filled and mated was powerfully arousing to him, even though he was male. Eagerly, he sniffed and even extended his forked tongue towards Ryonir's crotch, lapping at it as the stimulation caused the still-changing elf to cream his pants. Yet like his draconic friend, Ryonir's own lust was hardly diminished with a single orgasm.

All the while, Ryonir felt himself growing larger, his hips expanding as his own posterior began pressing painfully against the straining fabric of his garments. He could feel his nose flaring and pressing out into the air to drink in more of his friend's draconic musk. Teeth were sharpening in his mouth as his tongue grew longer and more flexible. He could feel his neck straining as it grew longer, adorned with spikes down its base that ran towards his back. They pressed painfully against the skin of his back as something else tore out of the skin, pressing up above his shoulders. He could move them almost like a second pair of limbs as new fingers and joints spread out, clearly the beginnings of draconic wings.

Overcome with lust, Ryonir still screamed internally as his thoughts began to shift, not towards hunting or murder, as he feared. He was powerfully aroused, and even though the dragon before him was much larger, he found the form embarrassingly attractive. In response, his member stretched painfully against the stiff fabric of his pants, threatening to pull them apart at a moment's notice. Testicles hung heavily on his frame before being pulled up within an expanding slit. Yet, Ryonir still struggled with his body's wishes. He couldn't want this! There was no way he was attracted to another male, a *beast*. But he had no way to stop the ongoing changes.

With a sickening *rip*, his posterior burst from his pants, and the poor former elf blew another creamy load of release into the remains of his already fluid-soaked underwear. He blushed with what little skin remained on his face as his undergarments hung off his phallus like a flagpole. He had only just released his seed but his altered anatomy was building up with more! The greater his exposure to the male musk from the dragon before him, the more his internal maleness swelled with further need.

Free from his garments, Ryonir began growing faster, much as Arun had only moments ago. His expanding body added several feet of height, making him dizzy as he tried to acclimate to the new dimensions rapidly taking over his former tiny body. It was his member that grew quickest, however, drawing blood flow for its ever-increasing girth. He could feel it bobbing in the air as he thrust his hips uncontrollably with the need to rut and cum.

Adress was enamored with the sight of the golden dragon developing before him. Naturally, no green dragon would ever associate with a gold dragon, much less mate with one, and a male at that. But with whatever curse had taken over both their physiques, it was impossible to resist the male's sexually attractive form. He found himself wondering if perhaps he had a predisposition to males before, one he had simply been unaware of. It was of no matter at this point. No level of resistance could quell the burning lusts building up in his loins!

Adress could take no more. He turned his back to the changing gold dragon, lifting his girthy tail and exposing his throbbing rectum. His anus opened and closed in rapid succession, a clear sign of his lust. Though he had never felt anything like this before, at the moment his mind was overcome with the need to be mated.

Ryonir looked at the offering his friend was providing him with great desire. He was currently half the size of the massive green dragon but was still growing. He wished for nothing more than something to rut into, and the sight of his former friend's most private of places was a powerful incentive. Ryonir moved into position, straining his long neck to sniff out his target. He reared himself up, but his still growing hips could hardly reach Adress's taut draconic pucker.

Noticing the evident issue in their size, Adress knelt down, wriggling his massive posterior in desire as he lowered his body as far as it could go. Raising his tail high and off to the side for his still growing golden lover., he craned his neck to see if his leverage was sufficient for his soon-to-be mate.

With a grunt, Ryonir lifted his hips as high as they would go, rising to meet the entrancing hole before him. Though struggling with his smaller stature, he raised his phallus, bobbing it up and down over the massive expanse of the green dragon's anus. Ryonir wished to grasp his cock to level it with the taut pinkish pucker before him but his hands no longer worked that way. In the process, he ended up coating the entire surface with thick precum. Desperate for sensation, he humped and humped, feeling his cock slide up and down across the increasingly slick surface. He needed his entire phallus enveloped by the wonderful draconic folds before him!

Feeling impatient, Adress lowered in his rump, adjusting his hips to match the tempo of his mate's thrusts. It helped that the golden dragon was growing larger still, decreasing the gap between them. At last, the seeking tip of Ryonir's still growing cock touched lightly at the flared pucker of his green dragon mate, and with a low growl, he felt his cock sinking in. The sensation of being enveloped by something so moist and tight was beyond Ryonir's ability to comprehend. He felt a wave of need overflowing as he started thrusting wildly, desperate for every inch to be shoved deeper into his mate's bowels. Adress growled, the sensations of being bred far better

than he could have imagined. The sensation of being filled stimulated his insides and made his own draconic penis leak all over the ground.

The two massive dragons bred eagerly as the gold-scaled beast grew larger and larger. His massive paws finally touched the ground, giving him more leverage to mate his still-larger mate. It served to speed his thrusts as both massive beasts felt their final releases coming, the mating act the final catalyst to sate their lusts.

Ryonir was so close inside Adress, the need to rut and spill his seed was all-consuming. All fears of immorality were washed away by draconic lust as Ryonir's loins began to build up with that now-familiar bursting sensation. Adress, too, was on the precipice of release, the sensations of the massive member inside him pushing his own loins to their limits. They only needed a few simple thrusts to reach there...

“GGGGGRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOAAAAARRRR!”

“GGGGGRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOAAAAARRRR!”

Both dragons roared as Ryonir shot thick blasts of seed into his mate's bowels, while Adress covered the earth in foul-smelling draconic spunk. Both dragons writhed back and forth as their final orgasms overtook them, sending waves of pleasure through their scaled hides. Nothing before could match the sheer force of bestial lust that encompassed both of their beings!

After several minutes of intense release, Ryonir dismounted from the still-larger green dragon, thick lumps of his spunk falling to the earth. As he came down from the orgasmic high and fell to all fours, the reality of his situation started to sink in. He was a dragon, a monster, a beast! And he'd unashamedly mated with another such beast, a male. He would have blushed through his golden scales if he still had the ability.

All of a sudden, Ryonir felt a familiar tingling, signaling what could only be the beginnings of a reversion. He fell to the ground as soft elvish skin covered him once more. Tail and wings shrank into his flesh and the sharp blades of teeth and claws and spines retracted. A small part of him was disappointed when his draconic member shriveled back to its former elvish size but it was quickly lost in the relief that he was himself again. He blushed deeply at the realization that he was still very naked, his clothes stained with cum and torn by his formerly massive former body.

Seeing his friend revert, Adress concentrated, finally able to resume his own acquired elvish form now that his lusts were quelled. He blushed in embarrassment as well, ashamed at

being naked in front of the other elf, despite what they had just done together. Yet, he was relieved that the lust had abated for now, and promptly insisted that they get back to camp, lest he came under the rock's influence once more and changed them both.

Ryonir said nothing of the experience, wanting to put it behind them as soon as they were clothed like civilized elves. Arun was pleased with that for the most part. It seemed as though Ryonir was willing to pretend it had never happened and maintain their previous friendship. It was all he could hope for, given the circumstances.

Yet one thing stuck in Arun's mind as the two of them walked back to camp. Though his senses were dulled in elven form, he still maintained a little of his draconic sense of smell. The scent of a gold dragon still lingered on Ryonir, as though he was a dragon in disguise as he was. And that hint of draconic pheromones, despite himself, still caused a small tremor of lust to creep over his cock as he walked behind his friend...