

TransFormative Private Show

A Story Commission for Greggrrth

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Content Warning: Growth, Muscle Growth, Cock Growth, Hyper

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Transformative Private Show



Greggrth had no business being as embarrassed as he was about this whole thing. He was the one paying for the service, after all. When the fox had heard there was a new adult-themed club that specifically catered to people with ‘transformative’ interests like himself he had all-but rushed to schedule a time slot. When Greg had set up his appointment online he had been genuinely surprised at how extensive the options they offered were. The sign-up process had him sort through an extensive checklist consisting of a myriad of different transformations ranging from species transformation and size alteration to gender and even more extreme things like personality changes. Although the latter options were recommended for longer overnight sessions rather than the short two hour session he chose. He was surprised they even offered extended interactions like that. One option in particular that caught his interest was that he could choose whether or not the entertainer changing for him would know ahead of time how they were going to change. He didn’t hesitate to check that option for an instant. Half of the fun for him was the reaction on someone’s face when they realized their changes.

All of which was what led to now where he found himself sitting on a comfortable fabric couch in an elaborately decorated private entertainment room. One with a mirrored wall stretching the length of one side of the room and even sporting a small stripper stage, complete with pole, in one corner of the room. The faint thump of bass-heavy dance music from the main club thoroughfare beyond the private booths was just barely able to be heard through the mostly-soundproof walls which made the room feel somehow disconnected from the rest of the facility. There was even a tablet hanging near the door where Greggrth or any other client could adjust everything from the lighting, temperature, or the music in the room. But,

whether from nervousness or anticipation, the fox found himself reluctant to get up off the couch and mess with anything. He didn't quite trust himself not to chicken out and make a run for it if he started walking towards the door. Thankfully he wasn't left waiting long before his entertainer arrived.

They entered wearing nothing but a simple blue T-shirt and shorts. Greg noted that they didn't even have on any kind of shoes or footwear! Then he quickly rationalized that, with some of the transformation options he saw on the website, shoes might not have been very practical. The fox could count on his fingers how many transformations he remembered seeing that wouldn't make any kind of footwear extremely uncomfortable if not outright ruining them. They certainly wouldn't have survived his choices. The fox's entertainer for the evening body was lithe and thin with just enough curve in all the right places to give them the body of a twink rather than simply looking frail. Smooth, leathery hide colored bright crimson covered them from head to toe; including all the way down to the tip of their lengthy, serpentine tail. Two ebony horns jutted from the top of their head with only a minor curvature to them. Both appendages were slightly lighter shade from the black-colored hair which hung down just above their shoulders. Brilliant sapphire-blue eyes turned their attention towards the fox sitting on the nearby couch and polished ivory teeth were revealed when their owner grinned. Greg's entertainer wore a black latex mask, superhero style, over their eyes as if to hide their identity. In reality it did little to actually disguise the identity of its wearer.

As Greg's entertainer sauntered their way across the room with a playful swish of their hips Greg couldn't help but notice how short they were. Their bodily proportions certainly added to their small appearance but even sitting down the fox could tell that, were he to stand up, he would absolutely tower over them! He had to be a head taller at the very least! But it was neither the diminutive height and proportions of his entertainer, nor their draconic origin and almost comically minimal attempt to hide their identity that was the source of the shocked expression that had formed on Greg's face. No, what left the fox gaping in surprise was that he recognized this dragon!

"Wait. is that you, Dra--"

Greg's question was interrupted by a slender, crimson finger pressing against his lips to silence him. He couldn't help but notice the curved ivory claw adorning the tip of the finger ever so gently poking against the front of his nose and letting him feel how sharp the tip was. From the expression on the dragon's face they knew exactly what Greg was about to say and had no desire to let him voice his accusation.

"Shhh." The dragon soothed. "All you need to do is sit back, relax, and enjoy yourself."

As the dragon spoke his finger slid from Greg's lip, down his chin, then finally stopped on the middle of the fox's chest. Once there the clawed digit pressed with the tiniest bit of force; enough to wordlessly indicate that the fox was to stay where he was. Greg found his cheeks flushing in embarrassment at the sultry, flirtatious gesture but nodded his agreement. Once the dragon was confident his client was going to stay put he casually settled himself down next to Greg and snuggled right up against their side.

For the next few minutes the two set there in relative silence. The petite little twink of a dragon nestled himself against his vulpine client and showed no hesitation in letting roaming hands explore Greg's upper body. Fingers spread and stroked across the lean surface of the fox's stomach before sliding their way up to brush palms across Greg's thinly-defined pectoral muscles. When the dragon's hands traveled back south once more their next pass across Greg's torso was done underneath their shirt; fingers now combing through the fox's soft belly and chest fur. Every time the fox tried to speak up he was silenced by another gentle but firm shushing admonishment. After his third attempt at speaking Greg finally gave up and tried to relax and enjoy the affectionate physical contact instead. He wasn't sure how long he sat there like that. After a while the fox's eyes slid closed and he let himself bask under the affectionate touches of his entertainer with no attention paid to the time. It was only when Greg felt something pushed into one of his hands, followed by the dragon abruptly standing up, that he finally snapped out of his stupor.

Looking down, Greg found three small vials had been pushed in his hand. Each glass container was roughly the size of a baby carrot and filled with a green, blue, and purple liquid respectively. When the fox turned to give the dragon a questioning look their response was to beckon with a finger for Greg to follow after him. At their direction Greg stood, reluctant to give up the comfort he had unexpectedly slipped into. When he did the fox immediately noted that he had underestimated the size difference between the two of them. The dragon was far more than a head shorter than Greg was. The dragon's eyes were barely level with the middle of Greg's chest! Considering who the dragon was, even if he wasn't allowed to say it aloud, Greg found it a bit off-putting to be the one looming over them for once. Or at least part of him did. While the foreign perspective left the fox feeling out of place another part of him was unexpectedly amused with the novel view.

"Well?" the dragon asked expectantly; snapping Greg from his thoughts. "Aren't you going to be a gentleman and offer me a drink?"

Greg's cheeks flushed once again and he started to ask which vial was which. It didn't take a genius to figure out what each vial represented considering his choices for tonight's entertainment. Each one was one of the three transformations he had chosen for his 'entertainment' tonight. Before a word left his lips the fox stopped

himself; remembering that according to his choices the dragon had no idea what the vials did. The thought caused a stirring in the fox and he was embarrassed to find himself growing hard from that realization. The fox tried to distract from the increasingly obvious tent in his pants by picking one of the vials at random and popping open the lid. But before Greg was able to extend his arm out to offer it to the dragon they stepped forward of their own accord. Looking up to shoot the fox a coy grin the dragon then hunched down slightly so their muzzle was directly in front of the vial in Greg's hands. The dragon pursed their lips pursed and shot the fox an expectant smile until they finally caught on. Still blushing, Greg pressed the vial against the dragon's lips to feed its contents to them, himself.

It took several long moments after the dragon stood before any noticeable changes began. Long enough that Greg had begun to question whether anything was really going to happen. Then he noticed the growing grin on the dragon's face. Or, more accurately, noticed that the grin on the dragon's face was higher up than he remembered it.

Greg's eyes went wide as he watched the dragon slowly stretched taller and wider in front of him. Their draconic body maintained the same proportion; staying the same curvy little twink that they had been all night so far. The only thing that was changing was that he was becoming increasingly less 'little' with every passing second. Soon Greg was eye-level with the top of the dragon's head, then their forehead, before the fox finally found himself eye to eye with the red dragon. But the growth of his enlarging entertainer for the evening didn't stop there. The dragon's toothy grin rose up past Greg's eyeline, then their neck, followed soon by their collarbone...! Greg was forced to take a step back as the dragon's expanding form devoured the empty space between them. By then Greg was looking straight ahead at the middle of the dragon's lean chest! When their increasing height finally stabilized the top of the fox's head barely reached the bottom of the dragon's thinly-defined pectorals.

"Someone likes their boys tall, don't they?" the dragon teased from his new lofty height. "Really tall, it seems..."

Even though the dragon still had the lean, almost feminine proportions he had started with his new size had made his voice drop over an octave and gave it a much more commanding, resonant tone. His newly empowered voice made it that much easier for the dragon to silence the fox's attempt to stammer a response now that his shushing could more easily drown out Greg's voice. Even the dragon's clothes, which had not grown with them in the slightest, made him appear that much bigger. Now, with his enhanced overall size, the formerly loose-fitting t-shirt the dragon sported was now pulled fairly snug across his chest and rode up more like a crop top; exposing nearly the entirety of the dragon's stomach. His shorts had similarly shrunk in proportion to him. The now-tight shorts were stretchy enough that they

conformed around the dragon's much thicker thighs, backside, and impressively endowed front side rather flatteringly. In only a few seconds of growth they had gone from loose-fitting gym shorts to a tight pair of hip-hugging swim trunks.

As Greg stared up with wide eyes at the dragon that now towered over him, said dragon made a small production of needing to crouch down so they were eye level with their client. Even when the dragon brought themselves down face to face with the fox, it only made Greg feel that much smaller in comparison. All lowering down did was make it easier for Greg to admire how much larger the dragon's face and head looked thanks their newfound scale. Greg's evening entertainer leaned forwards slightly, letting their muzzle hover less than an inch away from Greg's nose and lips. A soft breath of warm air trickled out of their nostrils and across the fox's face; sending a shiver of nervous anticipation down their spine. Greg could feel the moist warm air coming from the slightly open jaws of the dragon brushing against his sensitive lips and his mind was already filling in the dozen different details of the kiss he expected to come at any moment. Just as the dragon leaned forward to close the remaining distance between them their muzzle abruptly shifted to the side and dodged pressing lips together with Greg by a fraction of a millimeter! Instead, the dragon's head rose until their lips were brushing against one of Greg's ears and whispered seductively into them.

"More."

As if Greg hadn't already been riled up by the evening's events so far the greedily-whispered words sent a shiver down his spine and made his erection throb desperately. The frazzled fox was almost painfully hard by this point; his dick threatening to tear open the fly of his pants. As much as the fox wanted to reach down and take care of the results of the dragon's teasing, he knew things were only getting started. So, Greg did as he was told. He gave the dragon more.

The second vial's contents disappeared down the dragon's throat and they made sure to exaggerate their swallowing so that Greg could hear the 'gulp' of the liquid going down. Then the dragon stood and once more towered over their client as they waited the few precious seconds for the next vials contents to take effect.

The change was subtle at first. So much so that neither the dragon nor his client noticed the effects for the first several seconds. Greg was the first one to recognize the change when he saw the dragon's shoulders beginning to broaden ever so slightly overhead. Looking down, the fox saw the taunt, smooth expanse of the dragon's stomach start to ripple and tighten. Small, round bulges began to push forth from the dragon's midsection and soon began to take the form of lean but increasingly well-defined abdominal muscles! When Greg looked back up he saw the taunt stretched crop top of a shirt now strained to its limits as the dragon's now clearly-defined and visibly expanding pectorals strained to tear free from their fabric confines!

“Oh hell yeah...!” the dragon growled hungrily as his body bulged with pound after pound of newfound muscle mass. “Now we’re getting to the good stuff...!”

To emphasize his excitement the dragon raised both arms and curled them into a double bicep flex. As if responding to his desire, the dragon’s arms surged thicker in response until they shredded the sleeves of his overstretched shirt around the increasingly-massive peaks of his biceps! A split second later he sucked in a deep breath, still holding his bicep pose, and let his expanding pectorals tear the rest of the shirt away; leaving him bare-chested in the process. A similar chorus of ripping fabric drew Greg’s attention down to the dragon’s legs. Or at least down to the massive red tree trunks that had replaced the twinkish dragon’s legs! Each of his massive thighs was nearly as thick around as Greg’s own waistline was! Within seconds they had shredded the remains of the dragon’s shorts as easily as their arms had done the shirt sleeves. The flustered fox couldn’t help but let out a soft whimper of excitement when he noticed the dragon’s impressive package extenuated more fully by their now-massive thighs pushing it forward to strain against the scraps of fabric still clinging to the dragon in some perverse version of a hulk speedo.

Just when Greg thought the changes were at their end something unexpectedly bumped, then pushed, against him until he was forced back a step. It took a second for the fox to realize it was the dragon’s stomach! The formerly taunt, well-defined abdominals that the dragon’s recent transformation developed had bulged outwards into a massive, curved heavysset gut. Upon touching it, Greg could feel the offending mass of muscle and fat was almost completely solid to the touch! It was more of a roid gut or power lifter’s stomach than just a ball of soft fat that jiggled at the slightest touch. In addition to the hard surface the heat radiating off of it where it pressed against the fox was strangely alluring. It felt akin to snuggling up against a thick pillow you had thrown in the dryer for several minutes to warm it up. It was only when the fox heard a deep rumbling voice clear its throat overhead that he realized the dragon’s growth had stopped several seconds ago. More embarrassingly for Greg, he had spent those several seconds with his arms wrapped around the dragon’s stomach pressing himself against it without even realize it.

The moment he realized what he had been doing, Greg released his hug and leapt back as if the dragon’s stomach had electrocuted him! In his haste to extract himself from the embarrassing situation the flustered fox tripped and stumbled backwards; nearly falling back on his ass. It was only thanks to a now-massive red hand that engulfed nearly the entirety of Greg’s forearm to catch him that kept the fox upright. Once Greg was steady on his feet again the hand released its grip on him. A grip that he only had to feel for a second to know that he would have had no way of escaping it if the dragon hadn’t chosen to let him go. When the hand pulled away Greg’s eyes followed its retreat back towards its owner until he found himself staring up at the beast of a dragon now towering in front of him.

If Greg's draconic entertainer had looked big after his drastic increase in height then the enormous addition of muscle he had just put on made him look outright huge! The dragon hadn't gained a single inch of additional height beyond what the first transformation had given him but his body had more than doubled its overall width! Gone was any trace of the curvy little twink of a dragon that had first entered the room; devoured by several extra feet of height and what had to be hundreds of pounds of new muscle. Now the hulking beast in front of Greg could have used that little twink of a dragon like a free weight! Hell, one of the dragon's legs by itself probably weighed more than Greg and the dragon's original self had combined!

"You're staring." The dragon teased.

The accusation, presented in the the deep rumble that the dragon's voice had become made Greg let out an involuntary whine of arousal. It didn't help when he had to crane his head back to meet the dragon's eyes to respond. As if waiting for Greg to look up the dragon grinned and bounced one of his meaty pectorals, then the other, just to further tease his flustered little vulpine client. By now Greg's pants had formed a blatantly visible wet spot on the front from the sheer amount of pre his tease-induced overstimulation was producing. The fox had never been this close to a hands-free orgasm in his life. He felt like the slightest touch or even the right words from the dragon could set him off like an oversensitive gun trigger. As much as Greg wanted, needed, relief he knew they weren't done yet. Something the dragon was all too happy to reaffirm a moment later.

"One left to go, little guy..."

Greg grit his teeth as the dragon's deep baritone vibrated through him and threatened to push him over the edge. The sheer power, volume, and authority in that rumble of a voice just screamed superiority. One didn't even need to see the owner of such a voice to know its owner was a behemoth from their voice alone. As much as Greg wanted to just give in and throw himself at the dragon as they already were, the fox forced himself back under control through sheer force of will. Barely. Glancing down at the last vial in his hand, Greg looked back towards the dragon who simply grinned in response. They made no move whatsoever to retrieve the little glass container in the fox's grasp. He also noticed the dragon also made no move whatsoever to bend down for his client's benefit. This only made Greg flush in embarrassment again when he realized he was expected to climb up to deliver the final dose to the waiting dragon.

It took the fox a couple of tries before he found the right places on the hulking dragon to use as hand and footholds. It took everything Greg had not to lose control of himself as he struggled to climb the dragon like a recreational rock wall. At one point he had the toe of his shoe pressed against the dragon's navel to hoist himself high enough that he could get an arm around the dragon's neck. Dangling from his entertainer's collarbone like a necklace, Greg struggled with one hand to open the

lid of the last vial and offer it to the dragon. They hesitated for just a moment, long enough to give Greg a smug grin, before they drank it down greedily.

The vial had barely been emptied before Greg's grip slipped and he fell back down to the ground below. This time, the dragon didn't catch him and the fox landed ass-first on the ground. When Greg recovered looked back up another whimper of desperate lust leaked from his lips, unbidden, as he took in how much more massive the dragon looked from his new seat on the floor. Then Greg realized he had the perfect vantage point to watch the upcoming show when he saw the last vials contents take effect.

The clothing, if you could call the scraps of cloth clinging to him clothing, that still wrapped around the dragon's impressive but still comparatively modest package abruptly bulged forwards. The barely-intact remains of the dragon's shorts only lasted a second before what little remained of their waistband tore away and the dragon was left fully exposed. Two massive red orbs that were the dragon's testicles hung heavily below a thick ebony shaft that pulsed and throbbed as it grew with the dragon's arousal. Except... The balls were growing along with it! It quickly became apparent that the dragon wasn't getting hard. His dick wasn't swelling erect with the dragon's arousal... His junk, all of it, was actually getting bigger! Growing!

The sight left Greg staring with wide eyes as he watched the dragon's cock and balls, which had come to look far more modest and in-proportion compared to the dragon's new, massive proportions, rapidly swelled to compensate. Within moments it had ballooned in size and mass until it again looked intimidatingly impressive even compared to the rest of the dragon's prodigious size. And then it kept on growing! Within moments even the dragon's massive hands started to look small compared to the still-flaccid log of cock hanging from his waistline. The dragon's balls swelled until they hung down to his knees while their cock ballooned to soon rival Greg's arm in size! Then, a split second later, it continued to swell past the size of Greg's leg!

It was only moments later that the fox realized the predicament he was in. As the fox watched the dragon's massive ball sack stretch lower and lower towards the ground he unexpectedly felt something warm and heavy pressed down on his legs. When his situation dawned on him, Greg realized it was already too late. Even as the fox tried to pull himself free from under the dragon's growing balls their enormous dick flopped down on top of his torso! With each passing second the hot, musky mass of cock flesh and ball sac swelled larger and larger; covering more of the fox as it continued to grow and grow exponentially in weight! Greg had been too distracted watching the spectacle of the dragon's expanding endowment to realize where he had fallen nor remember what he had set the final transformations ending size on.

Meanwhile, the dragon overhead growled out a deep rumble of desire as Greg's increasingly desperate squirming stimulated his still-expanding genitalia. Soon the dragon's massive cock head had grown past Greg's head and was pushing up against the far wall while his balls had almost completely covered the poor little fox trapped underneath them! The dragon could feel his client squirming and flailing, then eventually starting to grind as his natural musk started to take effect on the fox. With his junk being grown to such absurd proportions even the mild, natural masculine scent that surrounded the dragon's endowment was magnified to the point that it was basically an aphrodisiac. So, when the dragon's cock and balls finally stopped growing with his still only half-hard dick almost twice the size of his client, he wasn't surprised to feel a bit of wetness underneath him. The dragon hadn't needed to lay a finger on them and he had already gotten Greg off! Well, as long as massively oversized balls smothering the fox's entire body didn't count. After all, it wasn't his fingers laying on the fox.

"There we go... another satisfied customer." the dragon rumbled encouragingly to his still-trapped client. After taking a moment to just enjoy the feeling of Greg underneath him the dragon then glanced over at the clock. When he saw the time his already toothy grin spread that much wider. "And look! You've still got thirty minutes left. I hope you're comfortable. You didn't exactly leave me with a lot of room to move so it looks like you're gonna be stuck down there for a while..." All the dragon got in response was a weak, muffled grunt from underneath the pair of bean bag chairs that were his balls.

As far as Dragonien was concerned, that was a five-star review.



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