

The Wingsuit

A 'Second Identity' Costume Shop story written by [Draythix](#) aka Transryu

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Something about that store gave Blake the creeps. The place he worked in was just a few buildings away from it, so he had been walking by the place twice a day for nearly a year now. At first It had been interesting to see the surprisingly realistic looking costumes that were visible through *The Second Identity's* windows as he had walked by, but after a while something about the store had begun to unnerve him.

Even though it made no sense to him, every time he walked by the store he felt as if he was being watched. Whenever he checked, though, no one inside the store seemed to be paying any attention to him. The only things inside usually were the old man who ran the place and the costumes themselves. The paranoia simply got worse as time went on, until it got so bad that Blake started to consider taking a longer route through town just so he could avoid the place.

That night was no different. Blake sighed and pulled his hoodie over his head as the store came into sight. It was almost certain that he was just imagining all of this, so there was no legitimate reason for him to go out of his way to avoid the place. All he wanted was to get home as quickly as possible. The Second Identity's ground level windows were dark, suggesting that it

had already closed for the night. However, Blake still got goosebumps as he approached. Once again, he felt like something was watching him, and he tried to tell himself that it was just his imagination.

A loud crash from within the costume shop made Blake jump and let out a yelp so loud that it would have embarrassed him if anyone else had been nearby. He turned towards the building to see what had caused the noise, and saw racks of costumes being violently knocked over. As one final rack was thrown aside, he saw a huge black and white shape with golden glowing eyes moving towards him. Blake screamed in terror and bolted down the street as fast as he could.

Another thunderous noise came from the shop as Blake ran, but he didn't turn around to see what caused it. He ran several blocks, then ducked down an alley and through a nearby park. Blake didn't stop running until his legs and his lungs burnt so much that he felt like he would collapse. "What... the heck... was that?!" He asked no one in particular. The shop had been so dark that he had not been able to get a clear view of whatever that thing was. Those eyes though... they were definitely inhuman, and they had been looking right at him.

Whatever it was, he hadn't noticed any signs that it was following him. There weren't many lights in this park, but at least the moon was bright enough that he felt like he would be able to see such a large creature coming from a good distance.

Just when he was starting to feel safe, Blake felt those goosebumps again. Freezing in his tracks, he looked around in a panic to see if the creature had found him. However, he didn't see any signs of movement in the moonlight wherever he looked. It was not until he heard the flapping of wings that Blake realized he needed to look up.

He could just barely make out the huge winged creature in the moonlight. Its body seemed roughly human sized, but its wingspan must have been nearly four meters wide. At first Blake thought it was some sort of giant bat or demon, but as it flew by a lamppost he caught sight of what the creature really looked like. It was clearly a reptilian creature with black scales, a long neck, a tail which ended in a spade, and a frill that ran along its spine. Its underbelly scales and wing membranes were white. It had horns and two legs, but no arms aside from the wings themselves.

Forgetting his terror for a moment, Blake froze as he realized that the monster was clearly a wyvern, but that should have been impossible. Ever since his childhood he had been fascinated with dragons, but he specifically loved this type of draconic creature nearly to the point of obsession. However, despite how much he had wished otherwise, he knew well enough that dragons didn't exist. The idea that he was seeing one now seemed almost like a dream come true, except for the little detail that it seemed to be hunting him.

The wyvern had noticed Blake's hesitation and taken the opportunity to dive at him. Fresh panic sent Blake running for cover in an attempt to save himself. However, he had yet to recover from his previous sprint, and the creature easily caught up with him.

When the wyvern crashed into him, Blake was immediately surprised by how light and soft the creature felt. Instead of feeling like he had been run over by a dragon, it was like someone had thrown a heavy tarp at him. The impact was still strong enough to knock Blake face first onto the grass, however.

Blake was still reeling from the fall when the creature lifted him up with its wings and pulled his back against its chest. Once again, the wyvern's body felt far softer than it should have. Its scales felt somewhat rubbery, almost artificial, and he could swear that the creature didn't have any bones. This observation was quickly confirmed when he felt himself sink into the creature's chest!

The wyvern's white belly scales closed around Blake's torso and tightened around it. Even though he didn't understand what was happening and still had not fully recovered from his fall, Blake renewed his struggle and kicked at the wyvern to try and get free. In response, the creature's previously solid legs suddenly opened up and engulfed Blake's own legs. Within moments both his chest and lower body were trapped within the creature, cutting off any possibility of escape.

Somehow, the entire creature felt like some sort of empty skin. As he wondered how this could even be possible, Blake recalled that the thing had come from the Second Identity costume shop. The wyvern was a living costume! Blake looked down at his trapped body in awe, and wondered what that meant was going to happen if the thing fully encased him. A strange aching sensation spreading through the trapped parts of his body made him fear that it wouldn't be good.

Only his head and arms had not been pulled inside the costume yet, but it didn't appear that they would stay that way for long. Starting at his shoulders, a moving seam flowed over his arms and pulled them into the suit's waiting wing sleeves. Its wings were far larger than his arms however, so when he was fully encased his hands barely reached the wyvern's elbows. It slowly unfurled its wings from around their body, and Blake's arms helplessly moved along with them.

Another seam opened up behind Blake's head, threatening to swallow up the last free part of him into the wyvern's neck. He renewed his struggles and fought against the confines of the rubbery suit, but found that it barely budged. Once the opening became large enough, the scales that were covering Blake's chest tightened and pulled him fully inside. The last remaining seam quickly closed up afterwards.

The inside of the costume was dark and cramped. His arms were trapped, and his feet were only just barely able to touch the ground with the way the oversized suit was holding him

up. That dull ache was now going through his entire body, and he felt some force pulling at his limbs. Blake was thankful to find that he wasn't having much trouble breathing, so at least it didn't seem like he was going to suffocate.

The wyvern costume shifted around him. He felt its legs bend, and he was forced to crouch down with it. Then suddenly, it straightened their legs with a great force and began flapping its wings. Blake was both amazed and horrified when he realized that the costume was flying off with him inside of it!

Being inside a living, flying costume felt incredibly bizarre. Blake found himself lying face down into the costume's chest as it flapped its powerful wings with his arms inside of them. A hundred confused thoughts ran through his mind as he tried to comprehend the situation that he was in. Despite the terror that he was feeling, he couldn't help but start wishing that he could see from the wyvern's perspective, so he could see the world falling away from beneath them as they ascended.

The aches that were going through his body were quickly growing stronger, and a strange feeling which seemed similar to static rippled across Blake's skin. Then, he gasped as he suddenly felt his limbs begun pushing deeper into the wyvern suit. The bottoms of his shoes seemed to touch the wyvern's paws for the first time and his arms began extending further into the costume's wings. Blake's chest began to thicken and become more reptilian, and his neck began extending upwards. The suit seemed to let out some sort of pleased-sounding growl, leveled off its flight, and began gliding so that its passenger's transformation wouldn't cause them both to fall.

Blake could hardly believe what was happening to him. The idea that he was transforming to fill in this living suit seemed insane. However, so many crazy things had already happened in such a short period of time that he didn't even know what to think anymore. There was really nothing he could do at the moment but wait in stunned awe for the transformation to finish, anyway.

At some point during the process his clothes had seemingly dissolved around him, leaving Blake clothed only in the living costume itself. His body quickly grew within it, filling out its insides. His chest was the first to finish growing outwards, and as it finished he felt a reptilian tail begin extending from his tailbone. Next was his neck, and Blake gasped when he saw the view from the suit's mouth. The lights of sunrise valley seemed so far away that they must have been thousands of meters in the air!

As his face met the suit's mask, he felt his skull crack and elongate. Blake's jaw pushed forward into a more draconic shape, and he found his eyes lining up with the costume's transparent reptilian eyes. The view from so high up was so beautiful that he briefly forgot the situation that he was in and tried craning his neck for a better view. To Blake's dismay, the

costume resisted his movements and he heard a growl of displeasure echo in his ears. Did the thing expect him to just be a passive passenger the whole time?

It only took a few more moments for Blake to finish filling out the costume. His toes merged together so that he only had three digits before extending into the costume's taloned feet. As his hands slid into place within the wings, he felt his fingers get pulled into the individual sections of the costume's gloves. The following sensation of his fingers growing impossibly long to fill in the wings was probably the strangest part of the transformation. Once the suit's gloves were completely filled, he felt the wings flex his newly transformed arms as if testing them and fitting itself more tightly around him. Finally, his tail and horns finished growing in, completing the transformation.

At least, Blake thought that was going to be the end, but was quickly proven wrong when the suit seemed to begin melting around him. Then, starting from his chest, the sensation of the suit against his skin vanished and he felt wind against his skin... no, his scales. As the process spread across his body, the suit's strength seemed to weaken and the strain of flying began falling upon his own body. Blake panicked and tried to keep the glide going, but had no idea of how to operate his transformed body. Within moments he began spiraling out of control.

The wyvern costume growled around him again, and he felt the skin-tight mask around his head melt and merge with him. As it did so, he felt a powerful presence push into his thoughts. With no warning Blake felt control of his body get wrenched away from him, and he felt his wings begin flapping to halt their descent. The wing membranes seemed different than before, they felt more like real hide than thin rubber.

Finally, the last vestiges of the costume finished merging with Blake's body, and he found himself flying through the sky as a living, breathing dragon. His fully transformed eyes were able to see so well that he nearly forgot that it was nighttime. Every flap of his powerful wings sent him higher and higher into the sky. He felt like he was living through an extremely vivid dream where he was flying freely over Sunrise Valley.

The only problem was that he was not in control of the body, so Blake wasn't truly the one who was experiencing the flight. The creature had somehow pushed him out of the driver seat and was taking them both who knows where. For a few minutes Blake didn't even try to fight the thing's control out of fear that he might cause them both of fall to their deaths if he struggled. However, he quickly began to fear that he might be trapped like this forever, and started testing the costume's control.

His first few attempts at regaining control were immediately thwarted. Whenever he seemed to regain control of his body for a moment, it felt as if his own skin began fighting against him. The living suit had control over him from both with and without! However, he found that if focused upon a single part of his body at a time, the thing had much more trouble resisting him. First, he managed to begin wiggling his toes and bending his legs before they

began moving on their own again. Then he forcibly regained control of his neck and was able to get a better look at his draconic body before it snapped back into place. It was slight, but he was slowing finding that the creature's power over him wasn't absolute.

Blake found himself suddenly growling, and a flood of anger washed over his mind. Somehow, he got the sensation that the suit was angry at him, and that it had no desire to share control. The question was, why would the thing that had chosen to attack him now be angry at him for being inside it?

Whatever the suit thought of him, Blake was starting to fear that if he didn't do something, he would be a prisoner in his own body for the rest of his life. He began to fight more earnestly, struggling to regain control and take over the flight. The suit fought him, and the conflicting impulses sent their body into a spasm. For a dizzying moment they spiraled out of control, and Blake was forced to let the wyvern take over again so that it could keep them alive.

After the wyvern suit had corrected their flight again, Blake began wondering if fighting the suit for control in mid flight was really the best idea. Another wave of emotion from the thing interrupted his thoughts just then, and this time it felt both angry and defiant. The sheer intensity of the feelings shocked him. Slowly and carefully, he tried talking to the thing with their draconic maw, "Why... are you angry at me?" Blake said, both surprised that he was able to speak as a dragon, and that the suit was letting him do so.

In response, Blake felt images flood into his mind. For a moment, he saw a view from inside the costume shop, and then he saw himself walk by the shop's window. It took a moment for him to realize that he had just seen one of the suit's memories. The memory faded and was replaced with another vision of the costume shop, but the lighting was different as if it was another time of day. Once again Blake saw himself walking by the shop's window. More and more images followed, with the same scene but each one seeming to be from a different time.

"Wait... you were only awake whenever I walked by the store?" Blake asked as he started to understand the implications.

The suit responded with more emotions and images. A sense of loneliness and longing flooded Blake's mind. He got the sense that the living suit had kept calling to him and waiting for him to claim it, but he never came. Eventually, the suit's emotions within the memories became filled with anger and frustration. After what seemed like an eternity of being left alone, the suit had begun storing up its strength to come after him instead of waiting for him to come to it.

"Why me though?" Blake found himself asking as he tried to process what exactly he was dealing with, "What are you?" As he spoke, the wyvern continued flying them further and further from town. It looked as if it was heading for one of the nearby mountains, perhaps to find a cave to make a home in. Despite the situation he was in, Blake found himself wondering what the life of a dragon would be like.

A few vague images and sensations flowed into his mind again, but he couldn't make sense of them this time. It seemed like the wyvern was more of an emotional creature than a sapient being, so it wasn't possible for it to communicate complex concepts. However, Blake did get a growing sense that the costume had no intention of ever letting him go.

Blake thought over what he had figured out so far about the insane situation he was in, and considered ways he could escape it. A part of him felt sorry for the living costume, but there was no way he could let it keep him trapped like this. Even though Blake felt like a lifelong dream of his was coming true in a strange way, he was beginning to fear that he would never be allowed full control. Plus, even if he could live out his life as a wyvern, he knew that he couldn't just throw his old life away. Still, he found that he wanted to at least try out flying as a dragon, despite the risks that might be involved.

"Can you... at least let me be in control for a bit?" Blake asked, while making a slight effort to reclaim control of his arms... no, his wings. "I'm sorry about what happened, I really am. I had no idea that you needed me, but you can't just take my life away..." Suddenly, his jaws slammed shut. After spending a moment struggling to speak again, he realized the suit had apparently decided it was done listening to him. Another flood of anger and something that felt like accusations flooded into his mind. It felt as if the creature blamed him for what it went through and felt he didn't deserve what it offered.

Since he was no longer able to form words, Blake panicked and tried to think of some way to get through to the living suit. Eventually, he reasoned that if the creature was mostly emotional, then maybe the best way to speak with it was through emotions. He wasn't exactly sure how it was sending its feelings to him, but it was the only option that he could think of.

Blake tried focusing on his own thoughts and feelings about what was going on. He first started with how sorry he felt for not noticing the costume before. Then, he focused on the terror that he felt whenever he thought about being stuck like this, and also just how much he wanted to try flying on his own. In fact, the more he thought about it, the more Blake found himself surprised by just how much he wanted to be the one flying. It wasn't just because he wasn't in control of his body, it was because he was so close to achieving his dream. Flying freely as a wyvern was something that he had dreamed of for years, and now that he was being blocked from it... it was incredibly painful.

At first nothing seemed to change, and the wyvern continued on its path to the mountains. Blake persisted however, and kept trying to somehow project his feelings to the other mind he was sharing his body with. After a while Blake felt something from the wyvern's mind which seemed like indecision and fear. It wasn't handing back control, but it seemed as if it was at least rethinking what it was doing.

After several more minutes passed, Blake felt his jaw and a few other parts of his body slowly loosen. It felt as if the wyvern suit was allowing him to speak again. After breathing a sigh of relief, Blake decided that suggesting a middle ground might be the best option for now. "Is there some way we could share control?" He asked without having a clear understanding of what sharing control would even be like.

More indecision emanated from the creature's mind, but then Blake began feeling its grip over their muscles loosen. The suit was still controlling their body, but somehow he got a sense that if he tried moving it wouldn't try to fight him. First, he carefully craned his neck in all directions to fully take in the view that he had been missing before. He had never seen Sunrise Valley from so high up before, and seeing it at night with such amazing vision was unreal. It was like he was in a different world, where he could look down on people without them ever noticing that he was there.

After looking around for a while, Blake felt a prodding sensation in his neck as if the creature was trying to get its head back into position. Apparently, he had been making the flight more difficult with his movements, so he obeyed and let their neck get straightened again.

Realizing that he needed to get a better understanding of how wyvern flight worked, Blake began paying more attention to their movements. He focused upon the motions of the wings and the angles of their body. Slowly, as he began to feel like he understood the rhythm of the flight, he tried flapping the wings at the same time as the wyvern suit. The first few times he did so he threw their flight path off slightly, but by the tenth wingbeat they were moving in sync.

Soon, Blake realized that he was able to sense what the Wyvern suit was thinking more clearly. It became like a sixth sense that allowed him to begin working with the creature instead of against it. He was able to match or modify its movements without disturbing their flight. Slowly, Blake began adjusting their flight path so he could circle the valley for a better view.

As time went on, Blake began to forget that he was sharing his body as they flew. They worked in perfect synchronization as they began diving and dancing through the sky. Slowly, their minds began to meld together, creating a mix of Blake's thoughts and the costume's instincts. The wyvern reflexively closed its eyes as its pupils suddenly changed from their previously slitted shape to a more rounded one, and when it opened them Blake found himself in full control. With his newfound instincts to guide him, he smiled and prepared to spend at least that entire night having the time of his life.

Right before sunrise, the wyvern carefully landed upon the roof of his apartment building. At least, the building that he lived in as a human. A strong part of himself was repulsed by this place, but he knew that he needed to return to his old life. For a time at least.

Slowly, using its wing claws, it grasped at its chest until it caught hold of a seam along its belly. The part of its mind that came from the costume had told him the seam would appear there when he wished for it. After hesitating for a few moments, he pulled the seam apart.

Everything immediately began to change. His mind splintered, and Blake suddenly felt his thoughts return to normal as the costume began separating from him. The previously living scales all over his body suddenly took on a rubbery sheen, then with a loud sucking noise began separating from. The previously skin-tight costume quickly became too large for him as his legs, neck, and body shrunk. The weirdest part by far was the sensation of his fingers and arms shrinking. As they returned to normal, Blake was relieved to find that the ache in his arms from his long flight had vanished.

Relieved to find that his clothes had reappeared, Blake stepped out of the costume and onto the concrete roof. He caught the costume before it fell and carefully pulled it over his shoulder so that it wouldn't crumple onto the floor.

The living suit made a pitiful noise, like it was afraid of being left out on a hanger again, but Blake knew that it trusted him now. Otherwise, it would never have let him go. They had spent too many hours together, and they would be doing so again soon.

Observation notes: #36 Wyvern Suit

Known Traits: Sentient, instinctual, narrow wish wavelength, long distance absorption, exceptional efficiency

Current Host: ~~details unknown~~ Blake

For a long time I considered this suit to be a failure since no one chose it for over a year and it showed no signs of reacting to any of my customers. It appears that while dragons are popular, most people prefer dragons with both arms and wings rather than just wings.

I was quite surprised I found the suit rampaging through my shop one

night! Initially I disabled it to prevent further damage, but decided to let it chase after the person who awoke it just to see what would happen.

Impressively, despite never even having physical contact with a suitable host before, the costume was able to pursue him for two miles and catch him unaided. After the merge, there were obvious signs of a struggle for control between the suit and host, but after about half an hour they appeared to reach some sort of balance. After a night of symbiosis, they also separated without any signs of conflict. No side effects have been detected thus far. Further scrying has identified the host as a man named Blake with a very strong wyvern obsession.

Investigation into how the suit was able to acquire so much energy is warranted. While this wouldn't be the first case where a suit awoke before it was even touched, the fact it gained so much energy when Blake had never even entered the building is extremely unusual. Even if the host and the suit were perfect matches and Blake had stood in front of the shop for an hour it should not have been enough. It may be possible that the suit slowly adapted after being fed miniscule amounts of energy over a long period of time. However, if that is the case, I fear that similar events may happen with the rest of my stock.

In any case, further study into the wyvern suit's incredible energy efficiency may be useful when developing my masterpiece.