

Animal Condoms

Chapter 1

It was Friday. And, like any sane person, Jacob had plans for Friday... though, in his case, these plans required getting home before his wife, Mei. It was their anniversary, and he had every intention of making it as special as possible.

As Jacob's car went down the offramp, his fingers started to drum along the steering wheel in anticipation. Jake was almost a bog-standard white Caucasian. Well-built, with short light brown hair and pale blue eyes, he still had some slightly unique features which Mei said gave him "character." Like his neatly trimmed mutton chops, or the faint diagonal scar on the left side of his neck, borne from an ideological disagreement with a power tool (the tool argued "Use me this way, it's safer," and Jake said "No." The power tool had far superior debate skills). They had been married for ... wow, was it really eight years? They were in their late twenties; no kids, they both worked decent-paying jobs, and no bumps in the road to speak of. Well, *almost* none. Lately, the growing trend within the corporate world to squeeze more hours from their employees with little or no increase in pay had left them less time for each other, and less sex. So, Jacob decided to throw a bit of extra "fun time" into the mix for both of them.

The street split off to a more rural road, winding behind the state forest and a few lakes. The house was a fine purchase, out in the woods of a sparsely-populated town. It was pretty cheap, too (New Hampshire real estate usually was), allowing them to pay off the mortgage in only five years, leaving them with more money in their pockets and a lot of privacy in a beautiful old pine forest. That extra cash turned out to be pretty important, since the house's heating was garbage. It was not uncommon to lose power during some of the nastier weather conditions of winter, which meant they had to spend some extra money on a wood-pellet stove. It rattled every time they turned it on. Taking one last turn, his car pulled into the driveway. And Jacob's eyes lit up. There, on the front steps, were twelve Fed-Ex boxes. His wife's car was nowhere to be seen. "Perfect! Should be another hour or two before she gets home. Enough time to setup," he thought to himself. He was pretty sure the twelve boxes of "fun" he ordered last week would be something Mei would enjoy, but they didn't marry each other for sex. "Setup" meant a nice dinner, cleaning the house, lighting some candles, picking a movie... you know, stuff someone who actually cares would do. And, of course, test the product.

After moving the boxes upstairs to the bedroom, he took the groceries bags into the house, did some light preparation of the food (he would cook it later, when Mei got home), changed the bedsheets, did the laundry and couple other light chores, and lit some candles. He wasn't perfectly certain which movies to pick, so he put together a stack of their favorites on the coffee table, with a few they liked but rarely watched. He also turned on both their computers and booted up Steam. They'd been having a bit too much fun messing with people in Prop Hunt lately, so even if everything else fails, that at least should prove entertaining. He took one last moment to set the coffee brewer to make some tea, then he gingerly sprinted his ass up the old wooden stairs to where the boxes lay waiting.

He had made the purchase from an odd hole-in-the-wall website. "Hole-in-the-wall" because it never showed up under any searches, was never in any adds, and, as far as he knew, it was not linked by any other site. Completely unlisted. He doesn't even remember how he found it in the first place, but he was instantly happy that he did, and made sure to bookmark it. Some of the most interesting, comical, disturbing, unique, and outright weird sextoys he had never heard of were there... waiting to be heard of. Hell, if it were possible to code a page entirely out of dildos instead of keys on a keyboard, they probably did exactly that. But there was one product which caught his eye in particular: "Animal Condoms." They were special "Synth-Skin™" condoms in the shapes of various animals and mythological creatures. Mei was a closet furry: if anything could excite her, it would be her husband proudly presenting an especially non-human tool to play with. They fit over the penis, and, if the comments were to be believed, felt like it were your actual cock. Some even said they were "magical," but Jacob took that to be a description of how wonderful they were, rather than a statement of fact. They had even come out with a brand new product line, called *Mansurus Conversio*. He bought six themed packages, each comprised of two cases containing the prized condoms and assorted accessories.

After removing them from the Fed-Ex boxes and discarding all the annoying clingy Styrofoam peanuts, he looked across the selections before him. Dragon, Fox, Spider, Bovine, Tiger, and Raptor. He picked the Dragon and Fox packages to check out, and set the others in the closet.

Opening one of the Dragon cases, he found neatly arranged toys (dildos, two sets of horns, a double dildo, a massive strapon, some bottles of... stuff, and other assortments) set inside what looked, for all the world, like solid stone, embossed with fine and decorative metallic inscriptions. "Huh. Pretty high quality packaging... I wonder how they got it to look and feel like actual stone." Jacob mumbled to himself. The inscriptions even lit up when he touched them! Oh yes. He would *definitely* be buying from that site again in the future. Opening the second case, he found what he was looking for: the dragon "condom." Wow. It was pretty... big. Some 9 inches long. And underneath it was an even larger and more intimidating one, almost as long as his forearm and thicker. Both of them looked and felt freakishly real. A deep gunmetal color, with slightly tapered heads that capped off at an angle, and soft barbs along the sides. Thicker and slightly bulbous at the base, too.

Jacob removed the more reasonably-sized Dragon Condom from the package, and looked it over. The inside was made with some sort of translucent stretchy material that was warm to the touch and silky smooth. It felt eerily like actual skin, but with less friction and more moisture. Placing a finger inside to pry apart the lips, the translucent material began to glow a soft orange color, and ooze a musky-smelling oily substance which he assumed to be lubricant. Again, wow! It was almost like a super-high-quality fleshlight, but better, and meant to be enjoyed with someone else instead of by oneself.

Ok, he just HAD to try this out. Stripping down, he worked his tool semi-flacid, and eased his pecker into its costume for tonight's bedroom party. "Nnnnnnggh, ooooh, that feels goooooood..." the tight-fitting material seemed to flash cool for a moment, and then warm, and then began to pulse. By the time he had gotten it all the way down his shaft and flush with his crotch, he couldn't feel his raging boner any more, just the rhythmic thrumming from the

condom. The thrumming slowed down after a bit, eventually matching his own heartbeat and increasing in strength. Then it started to calm down, but he couldn't feel the condom anymore; just the cool air of the room.

"What the hell...?" Jacob thought, as he reached down and grabbed hold of the draconic condom encasing his penis. He gasped slightly and yanked his hand back when he felt his own hand across the skin of the now flaccid dragon cock hanging between his legs. "What the... how...?" he gripped it tightly with his right hand while his left sought out the edge where the "condom" met his skin. He could feel it! Good God, it felt like this was his actual cock! It LOOKED like it was his actual cock, too, as if he had been born with a dragon dick. His left hand had failed to find the edge of the condom, but simply touching around it was getting him excited. His now draconic dick started to stir and harden. "Oh... oh wow does that feel real!" He couldn't bring himself to believe it was real. That just wasn't possible.

Jacob started moving his hands across his slowly hardening member. "Let's... nnnng... see how real... hnNNng... this thing can be..." he said to himself, straining through the surreal pleasure he was feeling, now intent on "testing" the product to its fullest. Every stroke convinced him a little more that this might actually be real, that this cock he was touching was actually HIS and not some synthetic toy tricking his cock into thinking it was something else.

Unbeknown to him, it was real. Real magic. And, as he got closer to climax, the magic within the Dragon Condom sensed that his balls just weren't up to the task. They needed to be bigger. They needed to be... *draconic*.

Preoccupied with pumping away at his dragon's tool, he didn't even feel the material creep along his happy sack, melting away hair and encasing it in smooth scales. Then, they started to expand. Still, he didn't notice. He *couldn't* notice, because he just wanted to cum! "Why can't I cum? WHY?!" The magic would not let him, because he wasn't the right size yet. Pumping away faster and faster, the barbs along the side of his draconic member became engorged, though they were still soft and flexible enough that he could run his hands across them with ease. At the same time, his testes continued to grow to a new, more permanent, size, eventually reaching the scale of tennis balls. THEN the magic decided "eh, close enough," and re-attached the tubes to his cock. "HNNNNGAAAAAHHH!!!!" Jacob yelled as torrents of cum pulsed out of the tip of his new draconic penis and across the room.

His head was buzzing. It took a few seconds before the the euphoria faded enough that could realize what had just happened. The far wall was plastered with cum. His cum. That should not be possible. He reached down and lifted his softening dragon cock up to look at it more closely. At this point, he noticed his balls for the first time. "Holly shit! It's... real?!" He wasn't sure what to think. Some cum was still leaking out of the tip of.. his cock. His dragon cock. Inspecting it further, the base was still deflating... did he have a knot? He wasn't exactly paying that close attention while he was jacking off earlier, so if it did inflate, ha hadn't noticed. The fleshy barbs along the side, which were soft enough that he was able to run his hands across them easily earlier, also started to pull in as his cock slowly went flacid.

Yeah. Mei would go crazy over this. Practically a dream-come-true for his wife... but what if he couldn't reverse it? A small knot of panic formed in the pit of his stomach. Darting

over to the case (with his now much larger dragon penis slapping against his thighs) which contained the Dragon Condom, he searched for a user's manual. "Hah. A user's manual. For sex toys." he mused. But there was none to be found. So now he was looking over his new cock very closely. There HAD to be a way to remove it, otherwise no one would-- AHA!

Along the base of his cock, between it and his scaly scrotum, was a very small and nearly imperceptible yellow "button." It looked more like a tiny yellow fleshy mole than a button, but finely etched onto it was the symbol of a box, with an arrow pointing into it. After making such a mess on the far wall of the bedroom, he decided to take this into the adjoining bathroom before doing anything else. Opening the shower stall and kneeling down, he carefully reached down with his left hand, feeling-out the fleshy little "button." Once found, he pressed in on it without hesitation. And immediately regretted everything.

For a moment, his cock and balls vibrated like a living cellphone with too much battery power for its own good. Then, they were violently sucked into his body, forcing Jacob to endure an inhumanly powerful and long orgasm, the magic of the transformation vacating the entirety of his over-sized balls all at once. His hips jerked and spasmed, as if trying to plunge something into himself, rather than plunge himself into something. His hands locked, frozen, above his crotch, his body arching backward with his face staring blankly at the wall opposite of where his knees were pointing. He couldn't move; all he could do was feel an endless flooding orgasm. It was so powerful, it managed to black him out right there on the shower floor, leaving him insensate to sensations of a newly forming draconic pussy. The scales surrounding it turned a deep shade of gunmetal, while the labia became charcoal gray with a faint speckled white pattern racing across it in strands. That speckled pattern turned into fine lines of dots which seemed to trace an outline from his new vagina up to his navel, where the transformation stopped. His new dragon cunt twitched slightly, growing wet, eager to be filled with its partner... the one Jacob had left in the case.

Slowly, the world started to fade back into Jacob's mind. Feeling returned to his hands, and sound to his ears. His eyes opened, and reluctantly began to focus. He was on the floor of the shower stall. Why the hell was he on the floor of the shower stall? It took a second longer for memory to catch-up to. But the panic didn't have to catch-up; it was right there with the memory. Rolling to his side, he tried to stand up, but couldn't feel his legs. Everything below the hips was still numbed from the recent experience. Sitting himself up against the shower wall, he forced himself to look down at his crotch. There, between his legs, was a cute, neatly-scaled, charcoal gray, dragon's pussy. "Wait... did I just call it cute?" Jacob shook his head, not sure where the thought came from. He reached down to touch it, hesitated a moment, and then ran his fingers around its edges. "Mmmmm... it's pretty sensitive... feels goo- WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING?!" he snapped his hands back, panic re-asserting itself. He had to reverse this before his wife got home!

He bent himself forward, trying to get a closer look at his new equipment. Where the devil had that stupid yellow button gone?! He couldn't see it! But as he shifted his position slightly, he could just barely feel it. Deep inside himself. Shit. He dragged himself across the bathroom floor, careful not to let his cunt contact anything at all. In part because he was afraid of the sensations, but also because it was starting to... itch. Like it wanted to be touched. And that worried him. On the other side of the bathroom, he managed to close the toilet lid and sit

himself on top of it. From his new vantage, he got a hold of the hand mirror and veeeery carefully pried his pussy lips open. That simple act by itself caused a rush of new sensations, but he found what he was looking for.

It seemed that the passage had not fully formed, though the entrance was certainly done! About 7 inches deep, he could barely see that damned yellow button at the very back of his fleshy tunnel. It didn't seem to have anything inscribed on it now, so... he wasn't sure what pressing it would actually do. Maybe...

Those sensations from before were starting to grow into an incessant heat. Unconsciously, his fingers began tracing the inside of his newly formed pussy. Even as he stared at the reflection of that button at the very back of his new tunnel in the mirror, pondering whether or not he should risk reaching in to press it again, Jacob just didn't seem to notice that his right hand was now actively working his labia up and down. He tilted his head back, his thoughts about the button slowly being eaten away by the throbbing need where his right hand was. No longer using the mirror, his left hand set it down, and joined the right hand. A proper cunt indeed, it quickly grew wet, and Jacob began to moan. The feeling grew... and grew. Suddenly his left hand brushed across something at the top of his vagina, and the world exploded. "EEEEIIAAAAAAAAAAAAaaa!!" Jacob *screeched*. Not screamed, not yelled; a high-pitched screech. Like a dragon-bitch in heat. His hips bucked the air for something which wasn't there, and his cunt clamped down hard on its own emptiness. Like before, his hands seemed to lock in place while he rode out the orgasm.

The button at the back of his tunnel dissolved away, and the tunnel completed its journey. As a womb blossomed into being, Jacob orgasmed again. As the first ovary shot into existence half a moment later, Jacob rode a second orgasm on top of the previous. The second ovary announced its existence by forcing Jacob to endure three orgasms at the same time. His hips popped as they expanded while his waist shrunk, and the scales clawed their way down his inner thighs, continuing the same speckled gunmetal pattern.

His ears were ringing. His vision was fighting back a red-white haze. He sat at the edge of consciousness, and lost track of time. When consciousness finally won enough ground that he could begin thinking again, Jacob was dimly aware of what happened. Sort of. He remembered looking at the button, thinking about what to do, and then... did he touch himself? "I can't remember, but I'm feeling really good, even without having a cock stuffed inside me, so I must have touched my clitty in just the right way..."

Jacob's mind jolted itself wide awake. "What the FUCK did I just think?!" Did he seriously just think of having a gigantic, beautiful, delicious cock "stuffed inside" himself as if it were the most natural thing to – DID HE JUST DESCRIBE ANOTHER PERSON'S COCK THE WAY HE THOUGHT HE DID?! And lick his lips while thinking it?! Yup. It's panic time.

His legs were working again, though walking felt a bit odd. Almost like his hips were wider... more attractive for his mate to – OK, focus now. He was NOT touching his pussy again. Reviewing his own thoughts, he was relieved to find he still thought himself a man, but the direction his thoughts took when he wasn't focusing on something disturbed him. Like something else was pushing itself into place from below.

He marched out of the bathroom and back to Dragon and Fox packages he had left on the bed. Searching manically through the Dragon cases, he had to force himself away from the second Dragon Condom. He found his hand picking it up when he wasn't paying attention. There were some jars in the first case, but they weren't labeled. Prying the lid open on one and taking a sniff, the odor was strong enough to make him gag and cough, dropping the whole thing on the floor. Great. At least it didn't seem to do anything to him. Maybe he'd have better luck with the Fox package... at least ONE of the packages had to have instructions or something!

Opening both of the Fox Condom cases, he started pouring through its contents. Similar stuff, with a few extra baubles like fox ears and a foxtail but-plug, but no instructions. The pungent odor from that damn jar he dropped on the floor was starting to fill the room and sting his nose. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he felt excitement over the smell, and... jealousy? Viciously stomping these thoughts out, he returned his attention to the Fox items, when his panic-fueled mind came up with a really terrible idea. What if... inducing another transformation from one package would undo the transformation from another? As he started to weigh the options, his right hand began drifting over to the second Dragon Condom. Without realizing it, he had picked the massive 16-inch-long phallus out of the case, and stood it up on the bed. Had it grown larger from before?

Looking at the jars in the Fox package, he snorted. "Like I need some bitch's scent filling up the place on top of the last one." Wait. What. The fact that he just blurted that out... he unconsciously KNEW what that smell was from the dragon jar he dropped earlier, and felt jealous over it? His mind raced. This meant two things: the changes to his mind from the last time he came are deeper and more subversive than he thought, and the magic somehow endows knowledge on what these things are. Looking back at the first Fox Condom package case, he slapped himself in the face. Yes. Magic. Those inscriptions which lit up? They probably aren't decoration. Looking more closely, though, it didn't seem to be anything which he could read. A shame, really; if he had tried to read the inscriptions for the Dragon Condom package instead, he would have been able to understand the arcane writings with relative ease.

All the while he was doing this, bending over to look more closely at the inscriptions inside the Fox package, his hands wondered again, positioning the 18-inch Dragon Condom (it's still growing?) juuuust right. As he pulled away from the inscriptions, he was absently aware of something just below his pussy lips. Crossing his arms in thought, he looked back at the Fox Condom package again. Relaxing a bit, he decided to sit on the bed. Slowly. Easing himself down. Closing his eyes. His pussy slowly being pried apart. "Mmmmmmm.... Yeah.... Maybe... nnngh... I could... hmphrrnng!" He began to pant, tongue lolling out, lengthening just slightly. His train of thought dissolved into the pleasure of his passage squeezing down upon the length of the second Dragon Condom. His eyes rolling back. Each inch he slid down, his hips cracked slightly wider, and his tail bone creaked louder. The coccyx unfused and began to expand outward, adding another vertebrae or three in time with the other changes. When his cunt had swallowed a quarter of the monstrous thing, his hips and waist could never be mistaken as belonging to a man, and his new tail had grown 7 inches. "Hahuhhhhhmmmm, ooooooh, it's... so hoooooooooot in.... in... my cunny...." his voice rose in

pitch as he moaned out his words like a slut. “So good...” his hair sucked into his skull, and his voice raised another octave “... to be...” three more inches sank into his sopping wet cunt, as his nipples became puffy “... stuffed... mmmNNNGGHHH!!”

Jacob came messily, squirting all over the bed and floor, falling off of the draconic phallus and onto the bed. He had only fit about seven inches (yes, “only” seven inches) of the thing inside himself before coming. By the time his orgasms ended, his hair was gone, his torso and child-bearing hips betrayed him to womanhood, complemented by a two-foot-long proto-tail sticking out just above his tight womanly ass. The scales had also progressed across his knees and upper abdomen, while his puffy nipples and chest looked like they belonged on a young teenage girl just entering puberty. “Shit. Wait- is that my voice?!” his voice didn’t even remotely sound like it belonged to him anymore. Instead, it sounded like it belonged to some 18 year-old slut.

It didn’t take as long for him to recover this time. He stared at the now monstrously huge 22-inch second Dragon Condom. It... it grew?! Well, of course it did. There’s no way the little thing it was before could satisfy a wyvernness such as himse – ALRIGHTY, moving on! As the high of orgasm wore off, he made his decision. “Damnit, I have to try!” he thought as he reached forward and grabbed the Fox Condom. At first, he hesitated. Then, Jacob’s lips curled in disgust, and he dropped the offensive member on top of its case dismissively. He didn’t want some filthy Tom’s cock in there! Only a noble drake deserved to fill – NO! “No... no no no. Calm down. Mei will be here soon. I don’t want her to see me like this. Maybe... she’ll don the other Dragon Condom. And fuck me until – ARG! No, let’s... let’s just clean up here a bit, and then I’ll go back to the bathroom and... and give this a try.” And so he did just that. Everything was put away neatly, the accessories placed back inside their shaped slots within the magically sealing “stone.” All four cases of the Dragon and Fox Condom packages were placed in the closet with the other ten. Even the cum was quickly wiped off the wall, and the sheets changed (again). Then he went into the bathroom to give what seemed to be his last hope a chance. Whilst completely failing to notice that he had placed the second Dragon Condom, and the second set of horns from the first case, on top of the bed for Mei to see when she got home... or that the bedroom was completely saturated with his scent: a *wyvern* in heat. Not that it really mattered at this point if he knew his mistake over the “Dragon” Condom.

Once again on the shower stall’s floor, Jacob stared at the Fox Condom. He wasn’t paying close attention when he grabbed it, so he wasn’t sure if it was the first or second (larger) one. As he caught his hand drifting down to his cunt, he slammed it to the side of the shower, and took a deep breath. “Ok. Alright. Let’s do this.” Again the hesitation, his lips curling in the same disgust as before, he brought the tip of the Fox Condom to his entrance. Slowly, he put it in. And then it didn’t matter that it belonged to a Tom. It went in. And out. And in. Deeper. Faster. Increasing in size with each thrust to match it’s host’s “requirements.” Slowly picking up speed as his mind began to fog over. The magic in the Fox Condom began to conflict with the draconic magic already surging through Jacob’s body. They competed for control over their host as he began to ram the Tod’s cock away at her cunt with abandon. Her.. his? His cunny... it.. her? “Get it together Jac- Ja- ... wha... wut wuuuuu... what... was my name?” J-something... wasn’t it?

As the two magics ripped through Jacob's veins, they left his mind to fend for itself. Without either actively trying to push the identity-thoughts up from below, he suddenly had to deal with a jumble of nonsense that was quickly evaporating from his mind. It would eventually leave him with his original identity (minus a piece or two), but for now? He was a horribly confused horny little whore, frantically pumping the Fox Condom away at his cunt as it, and all the magic contained therein, slowly bore its way into his body.

The Wyvern magic rapidly expanded the scales across his whole body, while the Fox magic sprouted vibrant red fur between the plates. Then they each started picking their battles across his body, focusing on one region at a time, vying to lay sole claim in each.

Starting at his head, his face pushed out into a graceful vulpine mask, only to quickly snap back into a shorter draconic muzzle, then rebounded to some morph of the two. His blue eyes turned an even deeper shade of indigo, then flared a fiery red-orange and became slitted, the draconic magics winning this particular battle. His teeth fell out harmlessly, replaced with the scissoring triangular teeth of a wyvern, only for some of them to painfully split, crumble away in bloody chunks, and be pushed aside by those of a fox. Where his hair had been, fox fur of a slightly deeper shade of red grew out and mixed with long slender gunmetal gray scales, forming a short crest that followed down his neck and stopped at his shoulders

Then, the bones of his legs crunched and twisted and crunched again, the knees and ankles bending the wrong way twice as muscles bulged and reconfigured under the quadrupedal and bipedal arguments of the two magics at work, before compromising on a digitgrade stance which allowed him to stand upright without walking like a human. His thighs, hung from the unmistakable hips of a woman, threaded themselves with tightly packed muscle, shaping into a trim and toned figure that belonged on someone who ran marathons for a living. At the lower part of his legs, where his ankles now sat much higher than before, the same sort of threading continued, but with greater attention placed upon reshaping his calves, and the new muscles needed for connecting to his... paws. As the new muscles finished bubbling, twisting, threading, and trimming/toning down into their final shape, the changes flowed into those new paws, where they seemed to truly split apart in disagreement. The Wyvern magic placed vicious talons upon the tips, and scales along the top, while the Fox magic placed pads on the bottoms of the toes, and then the two fought over the length and shape, stretching and shrinking until one was left with an elongated fox paw with especially pointy toes. Satisfied with the pattern they had established, both magics rebounded up the legs, replacing skin with edge-speckled, gunmetal gray armored dragon-scale plates in front, and vibrant red-to-orange fur in the back which shifted to an unfinished softer ivory color at the top part of the inner thighs.

Migrating slightly north, his cunt fought to retain the draco-human appearance it began with, but ended up absorbing at least a hint of spade-like canine structure into itself, while the fine speckled-line pattern which started on the scales spread in traces across his beautiful red fur. There was little room for the Fox magic to intrude upon this domain, leaving it to instead continue the ivory fur pattern up the thighs and around the heavy scales surrounding the charcoal pussy lips and up the abdomen to the next morphological battleground of the chest and torso.

The first target of his torso were those sorry excuses for breasts. The pre-pubescent culprits grew to a perky A-cup, as deemed correct and proper by the Fox magic... only to explode under the demands of the Wyvern magic to a voluptuous DD, and then retract to the compromise of a perky C. The Fox magic won most of the fight for his front abdomen, however, filling it out with soft ivory-colored fur, tight abs, and graceful, toned chest muscles, before transiting back to the vibrant red color at the edges of his stomach and breasts. As the Fox magic attempted to march its way across the rest of his torso, it was ambushed by the rapidly expanding armored plates emanating from the spinal column and shoulders. This left a line of thick, linked, high-density protective armored plates starting from the crest of the skull, spraying and fading across the back of the shoulders, and marching all the way down the spine to the beginning of the tail. In some ways, it looked like a mirror of the spinal cord, having a similar footprint and shape. When it came to the muscles beneath those scales (due to the compromise struck over the configuration of the legs rewarding the host with an upright posture), the Wyvern magic could do little but bulk up the muscles across the shoulders and back, unable to satisfy its mandate for a quadrupedal creature.

Completing the journey abandoned after his legs and crotch, the magics swirled into focus on his backside. His tail burst to full length as a dragon's tail, 7 feet long, with a spaded tip and armor plated pattern, but fox fur grew beneath and between the plates, filling the underside and adding the same rich contrast between the edge-speckled gunmetal gray and red fur, ending with a white colored pattern just before the armored tip. The ass below his tail softly bubbled out, rounding into a tightly toned, curved piece of eye-candy wherein the ivory colored fur found the missing piece to its pattern, completing its host's rump with a cute heart shape that accentuated the curves, and trailed a ways down the underside of his tail.

Almost depleted, the magics jumped over to the one place they had missed. His hands and arms formed a similar pattern to his legs; the armored plating of a dragon wreathed its way out from his shoulders and down the back of his arm and along the sides of his elbows. As the armored plates trailed their way along the back edge of his forearm, red fur filled in everywhere it could, chased briefly by the creamier underfur a short ways down the armpits. When the scales reached his wrists, they wrapped around the whole of it in a band of scale and encased the top of his hands in a gauntlet of black scale and plate, while the fur likewise turned black and filled in the bottom and sides. When the fur reached the underside of his hands, tough pads of leathery-soft skin pushed their way out of his palms and fingers, giving his hands a slightly paw-like appearance. Leaving his arms and hands with the same black-gloved and red-furred/dark-scaled look as his legs, short two-inch draconic talons capped the tips of his fingers while they shortened ever so slightly (yielding none of their human dexterity), heralding their completion.

As blackness again threatened to consume his consciousness, (or what little of it was actually there, since the whole transformation process was just a long orgasm to him), the final change occurred: two sets of horns sprouted from the sides of his head and swept back across his skull, followed by a ridged crest around the back of his skull, making his fur and long scale mix seem as though it grew out and around a small crown of gracefully sweeping bone. With that, the Fox Condom had fully absorbed into his body, leaving the hybrid's hands to weakly repeat the in-and-out motion through its twitching pussy lips.

When all the changes had run their course, they left a stunningly beautiful, though dangerous-looking hybrid woman of dragon and fox. And as the magical energies began to fade, they soaked deep into his soul, establishing this new form as his “true” form, leaving their host permanently altered... but not complete. The intended “permanence” had not landed where the magics were designed to place it.

Now that the two warring magics had finished their sexually-charged marathon through his body, many of the changes began to recede. Most of the fox and Wyvern magic had been wasted trying to cancel each other out. So, although this was now considered his “natural” form, as was carved into the essence of his being, there simply wasn’t enough magic left over to make most of the changes *physically* permanent, or to drive those changes into the nature of reality. The fur began to draw itself back into his skin. His face shifted into that of a young, attractive *human* woman, while the bony ridged crest which encircled his head like the elegant crown of a queen absorbed back into his skull. The exotic fur and scale mixture which had replaced his hair faded away as human hair returned. It turned a sleek black, and grew itself into a puddle around Jacob’s increasingly insensate body. The horns shrank to much smaller, seemingly “cute” versions of their former glory at the same time his vulpine ears shrank and repositioned, becoming pointed “human” ears more reminiscent of an elf. Across his chest, stomach, face, and upper arms, the fur and armor plates retreated into his now powder-white skin... save for a fine dusting of the black vulpine “glove” fur which covered his hands, as well as the pads along the underside of his palms and fingers. His legs, however, stayed exactly as they were: long, powerful, toned muscular thighs wrapped in armor plates and decorated with vibrant red fur, terminating at wicked draconic claws which lay atop his black fur-gloved and armor plated paws.

Just as stunningly beautiful as before, he had become a hybrid of human, dragon, and fox. The only thing left of mention was his somewhat differently shaped cunt: the Fox Condom was nowhere to be found, having been completely absorbed into his body. Though this left him with the same speckled charcoal human-like labia, clit, and internal configuration as he had started out with, it now had a *slightly* more spaded canine shape to it, and a heftier set of soft draconic scales proudly wrapping it on the outside, almost as if the Wyvern magic wanted to announce what his *proper* species should be. It was, after all, the first magic set upon this host, and it started with this particular organ, so the Fox magic was hardly able to place any changes there.

But... what was his *name*?! As the hybrid laying upon the bathroom floor fought against the exhaustion and euphoric high crashing against the gate of consciousness, that same consciousness frantically fought to put reality back together. He knew what his name was *not*, and had a strong sense of what his identity was. He could remember that he was supposed to be male. Somewhere deep inside, he identified as male... though he didn’t feel like one. “Mmph...” the hybrid grunted out against the mental strain, too weak to form words. Gratefully, without the magics trying to embed themselves within his conscience anymore, he no longer felt his thoughts being intruded upon by desires of cock, or anything else vaguely female. Still, this left some unresolved conflict between what he identified as, and what he felt like. This would have to wait until he had the energy to deal with it.

As his mind continued to run its own version of error-checking a hard drive after a crash, it moved on to memory. All his memories were intact, and the larger sense of self unrelated to titles was left firmly anchored where it ought to be; the minor hurricane of magical fuckery was completely unable to move it. He could remember what he looked like before this all started. He could remember his time in college, deep in his biochemistry and engineering studies. He could remember his mother yelling at him for running his bicycle out in front of a moving car when he was twelve, *but he couldn't remember **the name** his own mother yelled at him!* It was as if his internal sense of self, and everything else external to that which held who he was, had been completely divorced from the name which had formerly been used to anchor both. He truly had no idea how right he was, nor would he find out any time soon. He tried to open his fire-colored slitted eyes to inspect the damage of this latest transformation (he was too far gone with orgasmic pleasure through the two transformations to take stock of either) and distract himself from the mounting confusion, but they refused to budge. Darkness once again began to descend upon him. Just in time for Mei to come up the driveway.

As Mei came up the driveway, she was elated to see her husband's car already parked. As far as she was concerned, her husband's choice to hold their wedding on the Friday of a four-day weekend was one the best decisions he had ever made! The return value on that one was *endless*. An ethnic 3rd generation Chinese-American, she hailed from California and it showed in her casual "sunny" temperament. With her short tomboyish black hair, slightly spiked and dyed bright magenta at the tips, she enjoyed messing with people's sense of "professionalism" at work in paralegal. She would intentionally act like an overly strict, by-the-book professional stick in the mud, replete with suit and tie. All while proudly flaunting her punk-ish hair and piercings, just so she could hear the tinkling-crunching sound of their preconceptions smashing into each other. It helped her sleep at night, knowing someone else couldn't.

Parking her car next to his, she walked into the house and called out for him "Jake? I'm home!" Silence greeted her. "Huh, wonder where he could be..." She too had brought home some groceries, and went to stuff them in the fridge. "Well, looks like he had the same plan! Though, he already prepped his food to cook." Score! She didn't have to cook tonight! Jake's cooking was better, anyways, so that was a double bonus. She could cook tomorrow, then.

The computers were on, there was a stack of movies neatly placed before the entertainment center in the living room, the whole house was just cleaned and smelled lovely. But her hubby Jacob was nowhere to be found. After putting away her groceries, she went to throw the bags away and noticed the extra trash bags of Styrofoam peanuts and Fed-Ex boxes sitting outside the back door. "Oh! He must have gotten something for us! I wonder..." either Jake was upstairs in the bedroom, or he was outside taking a jog through one of the mountain trails behind their house. She chewed on her lower lip as a smile crept across her face. If he was upstairs, then...

Just like her husband a couple hours earlier, she gingerly sprinted her ass up the stairs to the bedroom. Softly knocking on the door before opening it, Jake was no where to be found. Just this... oddly satisfying smell, different from the scented candles decorating the

rest of the house, and... oh my. Mei's breath caught briefly at the sight of a massive, 24-inch (yeah, it grew again) phallus of some sort, neatly placed on the bed next to a pair of dragon-looking horns. She guessed that, since this cock was placed next to dragon-themed horns, then the cock itself must also be... draconic. "Wow. In for some fun-time, huh Jake?" She snickered to herself. Jake was always supportive of her furry paraphillia, and willing to indulge her whenever she wanted, but this absolutely took the cake. Hefting the thing up, she was amazed at how life-like it felt. It was warm, fleshy, had a softly glowing opening at the base (it was obvious to her what should fit inside), and even seemed to pulse in her hands! She didn't notice when the pulsing changed to match her own heartbeat.

She was starting to feel a bit warm... damn, was that smell getting to her? The whole bedroom was soaked with it! She couldn't identify the source of the smell, either. There weren't any candles to be seen, and it seemed to be coming from everywhere at once. Of course, she had no way of knowing that what she was smelling was not just the previously spilled jar, but Jacob himself. "Must be some special aphrodisiac Jacob had gotten," Mei thought to herself. She was a bit confused, though. Jake was not here, and there was a LOT more stuff in those trash bags than would justify a couple gallons of whatever that scent was, or the two artifacts before her.

As she stayed in the room wondering where Jacob must be, she started to get hornier. "Yup. That must be an aphrodisiac. Man, I thought that kind of thing didn't actually exist!" She knew that all the scientific evidence said aphrodisiacs very likely were not real, save for the placebo effect they acted on. What she could not know was how the fluids of a wyvernness in heat, through all the cacophony of magic which occurred earlier, had influenced the jar Jacob had spilled onto the carpet. The longer she stayed there, the more deeply it sank into her body... and the more her body began to respond. Mei was beginning to flush as a not unpleasant burning sensation spread across her body, as if someone were lightly smearing freshly cut hot peppers across her skin. Then a thought dawned on her: "Ah, that must be it. He wants me all hot and bothered before the main event. Well, who am I to stand in the way of such *wonderful* plans?"

Jumbling her suit and slacks into a pile at the edge of the bed (Jacob was the tidy one in their relationship), she quickly stripped down to her bra and panties, reaching to toss everything else into the hamper. That's when she saw Jake's clothes, and his wallet on the bureau just behind the hamper. "Hmm... maybe he did go for a run on one of the trails." She picked up Jake's wallet to look at his picture, and smiled broadly when she remembered how tightly he controlled his rage at the impossibly slow elderly man running the counter at the DMV. "He was practically – wait, what's this?" She noticed something, or rather, the lack of something: his name wasn't there. It was the same old license as always, with all the other info exactly where it should be and saying what it should be, but his name was missing. Even the spot for that crappy electronic signature was empty! It couldn't be a new ID, either; it had the same issue and expiration date, the same crumpled corner from when tried (and failed) to use it to get into the house after losing his keys, and the same crummy aging yellow plastic holographs. "Weird... did I just never notice it before? Wow, how the hell could have gone all this time with a license that doesn't have his name on it?! HA!" Placing the wallet back where it was, she made a mental note to ask him about it later, though she could have sworn that it *did* have that information on it before. If she had looked a bit more, she would have found that

his name was also missing from all the credit cards in the wallet, too... and his diplomas, photos, facebook page, the fencepost where they carved their names in college, the tattoo on his first girlfriend's psychotic ass, and even his birth certificate. Jake didn't cease to exist, but his name did. No one but Mei even knew of it anymore, and that held special implications.

Walking back over to the bed, she picked up the horns and turned them in her hands until they seemed to be oriented the right way for a left/right symmetry. "No straps or anything? Heh, what do you do, hold them to your head and shout abracadabra?" she laughed the sentence out as she placed them to her head, the magical musk she'd been soaking in all this time telling her subconscious where and at exactly what angle to place them. Her face went slack for a moment as the the bone of the horns began to burrow its way past her skin and into her skull. Before she had the chance to panic or flail at the unforgiving intruders, the magic-imbued material had found its target and began fusing into place. Her eyes glazed over, and her hands fell to her side as her mind went totally blank for the duration of this event. The bone of each horn threaded through her skull, thickening it in just the right places so as to ensure a permanent connection, cementing itself into a 4-inch section of space on either side of her head. While the bones worked on physical permanence, the magic pressed deeper in, past the barrier of the skull, and made the horns "permanent" in a different way. Permanent in a way only possible for something which had *a/ways* been there, and always would be. As it worked through her skull, just like Jake's name, it pressed into her "reality," and changed it. Her own license now showed the same proud set of horns. And all her family photos. And baby pictures. And even her own memories. And the memories of everyone she had ever met, save for Jacob.

Once the magic had completed its course, Mei was the proud owner of a pair of 17-inch long, black as night wicked draconic horns that swept back and curved upward ever so slightly at the tips. Her eyes started to come back to life as she idly reached a hand up to scratch the skin at the base of her left horn. "What... what was I just doing?" She couldn't quite remember at first... she was handling something that wasn't in the room anymore. Something to do with this... gigantic dragon cock sitting on the bed before her. As the memory of placing the horns to her head started to surface, it was snatched away by her own reasoning. That was just silly: she couldn't place her own horns on her head as if they hadn't been there before! Where did that thought come from? Her eyes darted around the room, seeking out a hint for what she had just been doing a moment before, but nothing obvious stood out. She caught herself in the mirror, and absently hoped that she didn't have to get the tips of her horns filed again. Too sharp and her boss would complain that they "presented a workplace hazard."

The scent resumed its assault on her senses. Somehow, it smelled better than before, and made her wildly horny almost immediately. "Damn, Jake! Where the hell did you find this stuff?" Her eyes settled on the dragon cock again.

Unbeknownst to her, the "new" horns which had always been there allowed the magic a much more direct link to her mind. Knowledge which she had now business knowing was slowly starting to plug itself into her brain in a similar manner to the horns: as if she had always known it. Bestial knowledge. Primal. This was not a "dragon" cock, but a wyvern's. And other things crept their way into her mind, like how to sniff out a mate. Or how to "name"

a mate in the way of her species... wait, what species? She was human, right? She shook her head and rubbed her hands at the base of each horn, like she had every other time something in life bugged her.

Before she got the chance to untie the knot forming around that part of her identity, Mei's bra and panties found themselves on the floor. An incessant need for sex was growing by the second as that SCENT truly hammered away at her mind. Mei's snatch was sopping wet, dripping her need down her legs, though something felt off about it, as if it were not the particular organ she was supposed to be satisfying. She picked the *Wyvern Condom* up, instinctively drawn toward it as a solution for her current state. She began to think of how to use it. "Mmmm... would fit great inside the owner of that scent..." her mind drawled out, not even aware of the direction it was taking. As the magical mind-fog thickened across her cognition, she hungrily placed its tapered tip against her pussy, running her fingers across the soft fleshy barbs long the side in anticipation of how they would feel inside her, then frowned. No, that wasn't right. She flipped it around and pressed the bulbous base flush against her crotch, smothering her vagina beneath it as her hips slowly gyrated forward and back. Mei started thinking of Jacob. "Hooo, Jake... yeah... give it to me." The gyration of her hips started to take on the motion of thrusting, as, one magically filtered mental image at a time, her identity shifted. The idea of being filled by Jake was slowly being replaced with the need to fill a *mate*. *Her* mate. The one which she now knew as the owner of that delicious scent.

Soon enough, she was no longer holding the Wyvern Condom against her pussy while her hips softly thrust forward into her imaginary mate, but instead pumping her hands along its length in time with her thrusts. The base had already begun to fuse with her skin, seemingly eager to finally have a host and rid it of such unnecessary organs as a vagina. Her eyes had glazed over again as the magic grabbed hold of her womb and ovaries, each thrust of Mei's hips drawing them closer to their inevitable fate. And the thrusts were coming faster as the wyvern cock-flesh rapidly became *her* cock-flesh, disintegrating the unwanted vagina and reconnecting all the plumbing into a configuration proper for a dominant wyvern male. Her new cock tingled as the nerves connected to where they ought to be, and slowly began to harden as her blood flowed through it.

"Nnngh, yeah Jake... haaAAAAaahh... take it.. " she practically drooled the words out without realizing it, some unconscious part of her mind replacing the images of filling a mate with filling Jacob. But that couldn't be right; Jacob was a guy. He didn't get filled, her mate did. Wait, *mate*? Didn't she only have one 'mate,' her lovely hubby Jake? The primal knowledge plugging itself into her mind and slowly pushing its way to the surface made it very clear that the owner of that scent was her *mate*, as it always had been. Her mind struggled to resolve the conflict of two things which seemed to hold the same position in her life: her "mate," and her husband Jacob. They couldn't be the same thing, could they? Jake was a guy... no, that wasn't right... Mei had a cock. She wasn't a she. And she filled her... *his* mate. Who was Jake. "No... no that – "

It was becoming almost impossible to focus on resolving this logical conflict, in no small part because the magic was playing a heavy hand in "resolving" it for her, but also because her monstrous wyvern cock was nearing the completion of it's transformation. Thrusting and pumping faster and faster, ropes of pre were flying through the air and polluting the bed

infront of her. “HrrrrnnnnngaAAAAHHH! C’mom, Jake – nNNG – suck it faster! Oh God, I have to COME! Why can’t I come?!” She imagined Jake bent over the bed, thrusting into his... *her* wyvern pussy. But Jake couldn’t be her mate... could h – she? Was Jake a “she?” She... was Jake a wyvern? “No, he – “ This drifting and rebounding effect of her mind attempting to resolve Jake’s identity from two different, and seemingly conflicting, truths into one screeched to a stop in the next moment.

The womb had finally reached the end of its journey, as it contacted the skin below his –her?– cock and transformed it into a scaly patch, waiting on the ovaries following a split second behind. Once the ovaries caught up, both they and the womb pushed out. Her ovaries rapidly expanded and changed into grapefruit-sized testes, while her –his?– useless womb found new purpose in becoming the sack of softly scaled flesh needed to contain *HIS* seed. The proper pronoun asserted itself on Mei’s conscience for now, as his filling balls took every last thought of womanhood and railed it down the length of his wyvern dick... plastering the wall behind the bed ten feet away. Mei’s eyes rolled back into his head as his cock pumped more and more seed out, each pulse expelling a bit more of her identity as Mei’s ‘wife.’ The wyvern magic worked furiously to replace the void left by that identity with the properly dominant role of being Jacob’s life-mate.

This lasted a full half-minute or so, leaving the magic’s work on *her* identity unfinished. Mei collapsed into a pile on the ground, breathing, gasping, and sweating like someone who wanted to re-define what the word “exercise” meant. Her head swam, her ears rang, her body was too sensitive and numb to move, and her eyes refused to focus on anything for a while, but the magic had also *temporarily* relaxed its hold on her. Her mind was free to re-assess everything that just happened without the magic’s influence pushing its way through her thoughts. At first, she was horribly confused. There were two things which her own mind told her had to be true. That scent of a *female* wyvern in heat? It belonged to *his* mate. Meaning that HE had a female mate, *not* a male husband. But SHE did have a husband, and HIS name was Jacob. Somehow, these two facts were both *true*, while simultaneously screaming at each other that the other was false. Her own rational mind was tracing the dangerous precipice of rationalizing the two by sacrificing some aspect of either, the easiest being Jacob as a “he,” or herself as a “he.” Without the magic’s influence, however, her cognition just would not take that step. Through half-lidded eyes, Mei looked to her own body for an answer. She saw the familiar sight of *his* wyvern cock between his legs where it belonged, and *her* boobs, hips and body shaped just as she remembered. Her eyes snapped wide open as her body flooded with cognition-fueled adrenaline over a single fact it managed to resurrect from a memory. One which the wyvern magic’s mind-fog failed to dissolve out of existence with a new reality. She didn’t have that monstrous thing between her legs when she glanced herself in the mirror only a few minutes ago.

Panic forced her numb and strained body to move again. She stood, and looked in the mirror. She was a *WOMAN*. With a 26-inch (That’s the final size it’s settled on after becoming a part of its host... probably. Maybe.) wyvern *COCK* hanging between her legs. And a large scaly sack hanging behind it, bulging with its already re-filled gonads. These two things did not go together, and they didn’t just a little while ago. Pictures... PICTURES! She ran out of the room... or at least tried to. It wasn’t exactly possible to run comfortably with her over-sized male package, so she settled on walking “with purpose.” Never in her life would she have

thought that those nude pics she sometimes shot off to Jake during work hours (just to tease him, mostly) would actually have some sort of “record” value to them. Holding it up and loading her photo album, she immediately felt vindicated. Short punk-spiked, magenta-accented hair? Check! Smart ass facial expression? Check! Fit body from running mountain trails with Jake all the time? CHECK! Gorgeous, matte-black Wyvern horns polished at the tips? Check and check! Enormous wyvern cock between her legs? NOPE, not there! Scaly happy-sack? NOPE, not there either! So the “truth” that it had always been a part of her was false. And yet... it was solidified in her mind as a “fact,” *without* the support of memory. As if it was part of some alternate version of reality. Or this reality had not yet changed to contain it.

She shuddered a bit at that last thought. If something could change reality to that extent, then what else – her mind rebounded. “Wait. Backup a second. *Wyvern* horns. *Wyvern* dick.” she muttered out loud. *Wyvern horns* had no business on top of a *human* head. In spite of making this connection, though, she just couldn’t see herself as not having those horns. They had a place in her memory as a human (and even her nudie pics), while that... *thing* between her legs did not. Her mind was trying to tell itself that the wyvern penis was *supposed* to be there, and that her gender was male, even though she had no memories which supported either. However, there was no such thing going on with the horns. She even had memories specific to just the horns, too, meaning that they were not just being tailored into pre-existing memories. She had memories unique only to them. Like when Bobby Meir tried to tie balloons to them when she was in 6th grade, and she punched him the face. Her mother made her wear a balloon on each horn for a whole week after that. Everyone she had ever met accepted the *fact* that she had horns as if it were perfectly normal, even though it was a *fact* that humans did NOT have horns. There was only one way to check if this was isolated to herself: call her parents.

One conversation later, her mother informed her of a great place to get the horn polish and conditioner Mei claimed to have run out of (they actually were still in the downstairs bathroom medicine cabinet where she *remembered* leaving them). Throughout the conversation, the panic had ebbed from her psyche, and the adrenaline was quickly draining away with it. She had to cut her off from “another” lecture about keeping the bone at the tips from splitting and needing to be filed down again like when she was a teenager; that’s why polish and conditioner was so important in dry climates! Now she was starting to relax with what felt like a perfectly normal conversation. Without the powerful influence of the scent of *his* mate, the magic was slow to stir, but the horns still allowed a far more direct channel into... *her*... mind. When asked about what her own mother thought about humans with horns, she again had to cut her off from “another” lecture about being herself and how perfectly normal it was for Mei to have horns, even if that wasn’t so for humans. Promising to visit them when she had more time, she said goodbye and thanks, then slapped her phone down on the couch pillow next to her in victory... feeling, but not realizing, that her other hand was slowly stroking her flaccid wyvern cock, teasing the fleshy barbs along the way.

That confirmed it. Two incongruous facts (humans did not have horns and it was normal for her, a human, to have horns) managed to fuse together and make reality its bitch. Getting up from the couch, she walked over to the downstairs bathroom, and opened the medicine cabinet. “Yup. Best-quality polish and horn conditioner I could find at a decent price. Just like how I remember it.” She sighed out the last part. Not just memories and pictures, but

objects, too, had been changed to fit this new reality. Still naked, she walked to the closet to check her hats, the sensation of cool air moving across her firming draconic member brewing arousal within her. Her hats all had custom-sewn and reinforced holes in them. She even remembered the mistake which forced her to double-stitch her favorite knit running cap, and how happy she was to find some cotton which let her horns “breathe” better at their base, where blood still circulated. From about halfway down her horns’ length and onward was “dead” bone without blood circulation. It was easier for a crack to form at the tips, and then migrate to the living part. Facts like these, about how her horns functioned and behaved, didn’t “flow” into her; they simply had always been there. There were no conflicting memories in which her horns, or every little detail about them, did *not* exist. Somehow, she just couldn’t feel bad or alarmed over this issue. She really liked her horns, after all; they made her feel special and powerful. But what could have done this? And where was her Jacob?!

Her mind retraced to when this all started: the trash bags of styrofoam peanuts and empty Fed-Ex packages. As she turned to begin her investigation from there, she realized, for the first time that her left hand was stroking along the length of her hardening shaft, playing with the fleshy little barbs along the way. She snapped her hand away, suddenly becoming *very* aware of the sensations her wyvern penis was screaming into her brain. “Whelp. Looks like *that* shit has returned. I’d better hurry.” she said out loud, not sure what to call the “*that*” which managed to warp reality and distort her thoughts so thoroughly.

But as she went to take her first step toward the garbage in search of answers, her knees buckled. “Wha – what the – hell...” she gasped. That unwanted member between her legs suddenly came to full attention and slapped against the ground as she collapsed to her knees. Her skin flushed hot and *need* dominated her thoughts. Both her hands shot out in front of her and grabbed hold of the veritable tower of sensation, bending forward a bit to bring its tip to her lips as it immediately started leaking pre-cum down its shaft and onto her hands, the lubricant aiding their fevered work. Her eyes glazed over again as all thought processes vacated her while the magic took control. The only reason Mei’s mind was able to worm its way out of the identity shift was because the magic had not finished its job the last time. This did not bode well for Mei, as the magic now had to remove the “flaws” which spread across its unfinished work through her “tampering.” It did this by clamping down on her mind like the jaws of some great devourer of worlds. Hard.

The tip of her cock popped out of her mouth as her head rolled back and she stared blankly at the ceiling. Her eyes began to glow purple, leaking faint wisps of arcane power, the powerful magic fully suffusing her head and hammering down the groundwork for permanent arcane conduits. The kind only suitable for the rarest and most powerful beasts of magic, as any proud male wyvern should have. The bestial knowledge fed by the wyvern magic hungrily resumed its work on her naked conscience. It had no interest in gently pushing itself into place as it had before. Instead, it tried to violently devour everything its host was not supposed to be, leaving gaping holes for the mind of a wyvern to quickly ooze in.

Her hands still pumping away at her lubricated cock, she began to drool rapidly as her knowledge of the human language was raped into ruin. She moaned as every aspect of “woman” was *permanently* wiped from her mind and reality. *HE* started to buck *his* hips as “Jake” forever became “mate,” *her* name now truly lost, and his need to fill her growing by the

moment. He growled as his hips cracked and spilled him forward, his spine stretching out and his legs reconfiguring into a quadrupedal stance, forcing him on his hands and misshapen feet. He hissed as armored plates marched their way across his body, stopping at his knees and stomach. The magic took a different approach to coloring his armored plates than it did for his mate, donning the color pattern of his hair: onyx-black, with magenta accents at the tips. And finally, he screeched as torrents of cum splattered across the ground, cementing some parts of the transformation into permanence.

Mei panted as his mind slowly cleared, the magical mind-vice relaxing a little at a time. For a while, he just stared blankly at the river of cum streaked across the floor before him, his head looking downward from his new quadrupedal position. As he tried to think about what he was doing or what happened, confusion started to ebb its way in. He couldn't frame his thoughts in words. At least, not any kind of words he was used to. "Shhhheethkal arl lak – ssslikishrrnal?! ZZENKRAF KKKKRSSHRRKAA!" he screeched through vocal cords no longer designed to utter human words. His head whipped from side to side as he huffed, churred, and chirped low tones of annoyance. He knew he had just changed again, and he wanted to find what the extent of the damage was. He needed a – what the hell was it called? "Kkkkrannnz kzzzrrrensh." He meant to say "mirror," but that word was gone from his mind, replaced with sounds and thoughts which vaguely translated to "self-looking thingy." "Ssslksh..." uttering some vague equivalent of "where is it," his mind and eyes searched for the mirror she had retrieved while speaking with her mother. He had already given up on retrieving words from his mind. He didn't quite know what those were anymore, but rage and frustration continued to boil quietly in the back of his mind, because he at least knew what they were used for. He was a paralegal expert! YEARS of college, study, and experience honing his power over *words*! All gone. You see, wyvern 'speech' is not entirely auditory. There are traces of magic upon which it rides, lending it a nature almost like spoken telepathy. It doesn't use discrete sounds to contain specific meaning, so the very concept of a "word," or "syntax," or any *rule/concept* upon which *basic spoken language* relied simply didn't carry through. No matter how hard he tried, it was impossible to regain something which now had *never* been there before. If he wanted to know human speech, he would first have to learn the very concepts of *language* from scratch. Somehow, he knew what that meant (as if he had always known it). Speaking *at* others was not a problem, since the nature of wyvern "speech" made up for that. On the other hand, unless he was close enough for his magic to do the same for someone else's words, he'd never understand anything said *to* him (conversations in a room are fine, but youtube videos and phonecalls are pointless). But there was something which bothered him even more: reading and writing. Documentation, regulation, law, and record. The very *core* of his craft.

"RRRSSSHHHIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!" He screeched out some draconic version of "FUCK!" chirping out several more sharp notes to express his frustration. The fact that he wasn't even able to form expletives (or even the concept of one) within his own mind in order to vent his anger just frustrated him more. The messy way in which it was eaten out of his memories made it as if he'd never even done this "word" thing before, while leaving behind the habit of trying to form one... without knowing *how*. He stopped looking around for the mirror as his anger had forced enough of the magic's mind-fog back to remember how he had discovered some of the discrepancies the last time. His phone. He had left it on the couch.

And his mind clicked: that couch, and everything else in this house, was *not* designed for one who walked on all fours. *Humans do not walk on all fours. I'm a human (I think?) and I'm walking on all fours.* Thankfully, cognition can still function without words; ideas and concepts just didn't have little discrete containers for them anymore. He knew that a similar logical conflict had allowed him to identify where the magic had changed things, but he just couldn't remember what it was. Sitting back on his haunches, he rubbed his hands against the base of his horns, and decided to try standing. He failed miserably, slapping back down onto his palms.

As his rage seethed at a low boil, he finally noticed the river of cum before him. Glancing down between his legs, his proud member had already retreated into its sheath. Right where it ought to be, with his glorious ballsack dangling just behind it. He idly thought about ramming it into his mate later. Just to vent some of his frustration... wait. His "mate" had a "name," didn't she? No... no, he hadn't performed that ritual yet. A sound... there was some human sound which represented who she was. Something different from the soul-names of wyverns. He had a name like that! It was... uh oh. *Mei is not a man's name.* His thoughts roughly translated this way. He couldn't even remember the concept of "names" in the traditional human sense, how a 'word' worked, or how to form such awkward sound-things anymore. But there it was: his flat, untextured, blunt human "name" sitting right there in his mind. His eyes lit up for a second as he tried to use it to figure out what words were again, but it didn't work. Somehow, he knew it was a name for a woman, and it was his. These two facts didn't go well together, but some part of his mind decided to ignore the former detail. Mei "decided" that he was a "he," plain and simple, no matter what name he had. The magic's deep-rooted work ensured that. He wasn't even able to notice his still-feminine torso, or the breasts that hung down with his quadrupedal gait. Even if he remembered where he left that mirror, he would just see his face as "pretty-boy" instead of "woman." His self-identity was so firmly locked as "male" that it was a miracle he even recognized "Mei" as a female name. Still, like everything else, it just added to the pile of things which irritated him.

"Mei's" glowing magenta eyes were now leaking arcane vapor out of their corners, like steam from a pair of teapots, fueled by his ire ticking up a couple of notches. He plodded awkwardly across the floor on all fours to his original destination: the door to the back entry hall where he originally spotted that... stuff. Opening the door, he peered at the bags. There were 12 of them— OH HEY HE CAN COUNT! He chortled happily to himself at this revelation. At least the loss of language didn't rob him of *that*. Numbers, as concepts, could easily be divorced from their language counterparts. He didn't have to remember the *word* "twelve" in order to remember the *concept* "twelve!" Or addition! Or division! Or calculus! He shook his head. He needed to focus and move before the magic did. While he couldn't make any sense of things written on the boxes, he could somehow sense something... he had never sensed before, but always had. He snorted. "Ssssskkkklllll..." Translation: "*Yup. Another logical conflict. Just like how I'm walking.*" He was experiencing a "new" sensory perception, which had "always been there," for the first time. He could sense the magic traces from the things sealed in the boxes; six different kinds, two of each. His head looked back, and he had a pretty clear picture of where it came from: his mate had opened them in the bedroom, and tossed the boxes away down here. He moved as quickly as his awkward gait allowed him, rushing up the stairs and to the bedroom. He put his right hand on the doorknob, opened it...

... and a fraction of a second too late, remembered the scent which was still saturating the room. It punched him in the face like a freight train, but instead of knocking him senseless on the hallway floor, it seemed to pull him into the room. The door closed behind him, sealing him into a prison built by his mate's scent. The mind-fog returned in force, the wyvern magic gearing up to finish its work. He... he had come here to... find his mate. Yes. The "naming" was tonight... Where was she?

As he sniffed the intoxicating air in search of his mate, the magic took that as a cue for where to start. His skull and neck cracked and slid past each other for a very uncomfortable moment, rearranging in a way more appropriate for a quadruped. With his neck now attached to the back of his skull instead of the bottom (his face would look forward when at rest, instead of down at the floor), he craned his head up to sniff the air more deeply. The more he inhaled, the more his face pushed into the blunted triangular shape of a wyvern alpha male, and the deeper his mate's scent sank into him. With each twitching erasure of his human face, the wyvern magic fixed the mess left behind by the primal knowledge, punching the corrections down into him... *crick!* His impulse to form words or expletives disappeared. Why would he he ever want to contain his thoughts in something so unnatural?... *crack!* The odd word-name "Mei" ceased to have ever existed... *snap!* Reality was poured into the mental "hole" where the concept of a "word" used to sit, the knowledge no longer having ever existed before... *pop!* Any part of his history which relied on the existence of words corrected itself: he worked in law by talking to others, while laws ... *krik-krik-crunch!* became abstractions of rules and boundaries, instead of discrete concepts; all his hard work in college... *snap-pop!* was through oral examination, heavy debate, and open forum with his professors; any reason or motivation to learn the strange human sound-things has always never been there. As a *wyvern*, he has always been quadrupedal. He just found odd, creative, and often intentionally satirical ways to use bipedal furniture, save for the over-sized bed he and his mate shared, and his special couch... *krrrrack!* Finally, the magic reached past him and into reality again with one last correction which would fix everything and anything it had missed: his existence as a wyvern was a *fact*... **CRRRREEEEAAAAKK-CRUNCH!**

As his jaws stretched and creaked with the rest of his skull, new razor-sharp triangular teeth wedged their way in through his gums, forming the same scissoring pattern her mate held in her true form and pushing his useless human teeth out. The sound of his old teeth clattering to the floor backdropped the loud cracking of his skull reaching its correct size and shape, his nose the last piece to flatten itself into place. Scales and armored plates folded themselves out from the tip of his nose, and quickly spread across the rest his head. Armored plates on top, and finer scales bellow, they came into being like some living form of metal origami, each scale seeming to fold out and flatten into place below the previous, while the largest plates simply ate his skin as they covered the top of his head, replacing his silly human hair with more appropriate flat segments of armor. From the top of the front of his nose to the crown of his skull, the heavier armored plates formed a sleek aerodynamic pattern from the top of his nose the the top of. Both seemed eager to venture out across his body and complete the work abandoned by the other scales from before. From the back of his , onyx-black plates formed a ridge where bright magenta almost seemed to glow against the onyx background of his scales and plates. But starting from the lip of his lower jaw and rushing along his underside were finer scales a lighter metallic shade of nickel, with occasional splashes of white and black scales forming a broken mottled pattern here and there.

The intricate pattern of scales worked their way across his neck as it began to thicken and lengthen. The vertebrae popped and groaned as new ones worked their way to fill the demand placed by a head that was three times as large and more than twice as heavy as it had been mere seconds ago. That same head drooped and his vision tunneled while his arteries expanded, lengthened, chambered, and wormed their way across his neck, their structure changing to suit the needs of a creature which still needed to turn its head while darting from one altitude and air pressure to another at great speed. The plates along the top pushed into a spiked ridge, causing the bright magenta-accented tips to practically glow against the onyx backdrop provided to them. A moment later, and they actually *did* begin to glow, seeming to ooze a wispy stain of magenta light into the air as arcane energy began to form the necessary channels along his spine to connect to the rest of his body. He coughed as his vocal cords shifted and deepened, gaining a tone more proper for their host.

As the neck finished its transformation, the changes calmly flowed over his shoulders and back... until they reached his arms and hands. These were assaulted with a kind of malice from the wyvern magic. Such *things* occupying the space where wings ought to be were an affront to all things wyvern! His fingers ripped themselves apart as the bones suddenly decided there was somewhere *else* they should be, and shot out to find this "somewhere" without waiting for the skin to catch up. "SsskkkRRRRLLLLLZRAAA!" he spat a rough equivalent to "What the FUUUUCK!" as the magic didn't even *try* to shield his mind from the pain. Naked bloody bones of the pinky, ring, and middle fingers stretched, thickened, and re-jointed into their *correct* locations, while the index and thumb snapped and twisted until they were a pair of densely skinned and muscled digits. Tipped with thick short glossy-black claws, and thickly padded on the bottom, his old index finger pointed forward while the thumb pointed backward, making them perfect for walking, gripping prey or cliffs... and carrying stacks of legal papers that some human could read to him. Distracted from the search for his mate by all the pain, he was about to look back before the mind-fog caught up and wiped the pain and its memory from his thoughts. He blinked a few times, wondering what had distracted him, as leathery skin threaded itself between the elongated bones of his former fingers to create the membrane of a wyvern wing. Small talons caped the ends of those bones, while skin and scale rushed to catch-up. When the leathery tissue arrived, it wrapped those poor bloody sticks of pain in the especially tough and hot blooded tissue and scales used to keep the host's wings functional, no matter the weather or temperature. His arms cracked and groaned as the bones thickened and stretched to carry the two-ton payload of a wyvern. A small complement of armored plates folded themselves into place along the leading edge of his arms, leaving finer scales to fill in everywhere else, heralding the completion of his wings, and forever banishing a key piece of humanity from their host. The completion of his wings caused his magenta accents to surge briefly, the "fact" of him being a wyvern finally gaining true permanence in reality. Now, he has always walked on fours, and flown through the sky.

The rest of the membrane stitched itself to his sides when the magic turned its attention to the torso, where the last hints of a human female remained. The ribcage stretched and strained as the powerful chest muscles needed for flight bulged into existence, stretching the skin out and flattening the breasts into nothingness as the lighter scale pattern stamped them and their nipples out of existence. The chest finished barreling out while the abdomen

retreated from it, stretching into the tightly muscled aerodynamic shape needed to shift weight and momentum through the legs and tail. No traces were left of the human abdomen it had never been. For a brief moment, his wyvern cock slid out of its sheath as it settled on its final (no, really, I mean it this time!) size of 30-inches, matching the proportions of the rest of his body. The scales along the bottom of his abdomen completed their work at the edge of his legs by drawing his enormously un-aerodynamic ballsack up into his body, marking their new abode with a set of heavier scale wedges. The work outside of the torso complete, the wyvern magic began to pool into its host's organs.

It was at this point where the lag between a physical change and reality catching up to make sure it "has always been that way" became *very* apparent. First, he grew dizzy, his brain flooded with more oxygen than it had ever been used to, as his lungs expanding into vast bellows. Reality caught up to make the dizziness go away just in time for him to become nauseated, his stomach and intestines expanding and shifting to accommodate the omnivorous (though very meaty) diet of a wyvern. Finally, he blacked out when his heart suddenly became the correct size of a wyvern, the magic no longer having to compensate for massive differences in supply and demand throughout his circulatory system, a task it held since the changes had begun. He came to a second later, the magic already finishing his legs off with a set of wicked claws and powerful corded muscles. The ridge of armored scales marching down his back was just about to meet the very last part of his transformation.

Without ceremony, his spine rapidly popped its way out to form the tail, flattening out vertically into a shape better-suited to fine levels of air control and ending in a spaded club. The armored ridge of plates began tapering before reaching the tail, trailing into a smaller series of spikes until they terminated about a quarter of the way down the tail's length. The lighter colored scales stippled their way down, continuing the same pattern as they had before, until they reached the tip, where the black and white scales spread out to create a short barred pattern across the top and bottom. "Ceremony" came when the magical conduits completed their journey down his spine to the end of his tail, brightly flaring up the magenta accents across his body as they completed a circulatory system comprised entirely of arcane energy across his whole body. Their light poured into the air as the wyvern magic which had started this transformation some hours ago left him a complete 100% all-natural wyvern alpha male. Its influence no longer needed, the spent magic faded out of existence. Now the only magic present was his own, and it roared through his body as his existence as a wyvern was stamped solidly into the bedrock of reality. Although... there was one thing which could question the solidity of this magic. Something meant to act as a pair with the magic that changed him. And he unwittingly resumed searching for it.

"Wwwrrrrkkkkkkshhh..." *Now, where is that mate of mine...?* he rumbled out. Forever free of a mind-fog, he quickly picked out where her scent led to. He tread over to the bathroom door and opened it. His head and neck wound their way inside. There she was! Just as beautiful as ever. But why is she sleeping on the shower floor? "Kkkkkkkk Tkkkkk?" the deep rumbling notes lightly shook the floor and stall with his concern. And his mate heard them.

In his sleep, someone called to him. “Kkkkkkkk Tkkkk?” *Are you alright, mate?* He knew he was still asleep; somehow, he just heard “Kkkkkkkk Tkkkk?” but thought *Are you alright, mate?* Only in the nonsensical world of sleep could that ever- OWE! His eyes snapped open as a talon poked him in the foot. He rolled over slightly and sat up sharply to find the culprit, then froze. There, right in front of him, was death. “Ssssklllkkk rrrssshhhk. Zzzrrrrth.” It rumbled out something that... meant... *You seem to be fine. For someone sleeping in such an odd place.* This was pretty trippy: his ears heard “Ssssklllkkk rrrssshhhk. Zzzrrrrth.” but his brain heard something else entirely. The oddness of it managed to erode some of the raw terror that spiked through his heart a moment ago. And that voice...

“Rrrrrssshkkkkk. Lkkkkkkzzriiinnn.” *Well, you’re alright. Let’s begin.* If chocolate could be converted to a sound, it would be this creature’s voice. It was thick, deep, soothing... and somehow familiar. Somehow enticing. Just hearing it put him at ease. Even the absence of his own name didn’t seem to bother him while he was around it. The creature pulled itself out of the bathroom, and he followed it. He felt compelled to.

In the bedroom, he was smacked by the powerful odor of his own sex from a few hours earlier. “Sorry about the smell.” he said underneath a blushing face. “Kk Kk Kk! Razzzrrrrraakkk sshzzzzttktktktk frrrrsshkrrrr.” It was... laughing? *Ha ha ha! You must have been waiting for too long my mate.* “Mate?! Uh oh...” his mind tried to be very very afraid of the creature again, but it didn’t seem able to. It just... *wasn’t* a threat? No, it was more than that. It was as if...

His mind put things together in a flash of terrible insight when he saw the creature’s cock extending from its sheath. It was the Dragon Condom. His heart froze into a tiny little lump in his chest. “Mei...? Honey, is that you?”

“Zzzzkllltt? Rrrllk. Rrrllkkeke” *Odd. Are you giving me a human sound-name? You know we don’t use those.* Despite what it just said, he knew, deep in his bones, that this was Mei. His Mei. His wife of eight years. And... he had no idea what to do. But grief wasn’t able to hold his mind still. When it- Mei, said “we don’t use those,” he knew that meant himself as well. But he wasn’t a- ok, he wasn’t *completely* a wyvern And he knew “wyvern” was the correct noun because its concept was entangled in the “we.” So... he had been wrong this whole time about anything being “dragon.” He cursed himself: CLEARLY he didn’t read the product descriptions as well as he should have.

“Rrrllltth kkkazzzzk.” *Let’s begin by bringing you to your true form.* What true form? What was Mei on about- His thought processes halted as Mei’s glowing eyes surged brighter. In one very long and queasy instant, he changed into the first shape he had taken, becoming a full fox-wyvern hybrid. The one carved into his soul as his true form. And the magic Mei just flooded him with was enough to finish what the previous warring magics had killed each other too soon to accomplish: it became *permanent*. Every record and memory and photo, and every aspect of reality changed to reflect this new reality. Except for his own mind. He didn’t even know the transformation had gone beyond his physical state. Nor did Mei; as far as he was concerned, he was just pulling his mate’s form forward and filling it with the magic necessary to stay where it was supposed to be. “Krkrr... zllrrsh.” *Mmmm, good. Now, look into my eyes.*

As his mate's eyes looked up into his, he allowed his magic to bore down into her. Her tension and fear started to ease its way out of her physique and posture. Her hands drifted to her sides, her tail curled on the floor, her ears flopped sideways. Even her eye lids drifted down a bit. He didn't much like doing this to her, but she needed to be compliant and relaxed for the naming ritual to complete successfully. He moved around his mate for a final inspection, trying not to prance in joy. An exotic blend of wyvern and spirit fox, she was so small compared to him, yet regally elegant in her own way. Slim, powerful, toned muscles on a tight frame, the rich red-orange of her fur beautifully complemented the gunmetal gray armored plates which adorned her body in just the right places. Never an excess or shortage of either, fur, scales, and armor worked to make her body want for nothing without giving her too much. Perfection.

"Kkkttt..." he trilled out his approval. He was so proud to be the one to name her, and grant her a true wyvern form! It was sad that she had only lived as a half-wyvern to this point. But in a way, she was also lucky, since it meant she'd get to have *two* true forms. Only through a naming, with a *natural* wyvern (like himself), could a hybrid acquire a wyvern form as their true form. In turn, she would take the magical power of his naming, and name him. Then they would be bound to each other. It was similar to the sharing of rings and exchanging of vows at human weddings, or drinking from the same cup. Except it was a lot more fun for wyverns. They did it with sex.

In his final pass, he brushed his side against her, wafting the scent of his mounting excitement. And oh boy did he have a lot of 'excitement' to go around! He had been stuck in a room filled with his mate's "fuck me" smell for the past half-hour, and could barely contain himself! So he was quite delighted when she responded almost instantly. Her face seemed to flush red across its scales and beneath its fur. Walking up and practically shoving his member in her face, her wyvern cunt responded with "yes please" by dripping its arousal down her legs. He folded his wings around her and pulled her onto his stomach as he laid himself back onto their over-sized (and heavily reinforced) bed. Straddling his stomach, she stared back at the flagging wyvern penis behind her. "Zzzsk." *Lick it* he commanded, and in her magically-drugged state, she was happy to comply. She flipped herself around to look down at his member, while her long tail brushed along the side of his head, teasing his nose with some of its fur. Soon enough, lewd wet sounds filled the room as she started slurping the length of her mate's cock, it's pre plastering her face and fur, while her hands massaged the base, working its bulbous shape out of its sheath. She greedily popped the tip into her mouth for a moment, and he put a wing-claw across the back of her head, pushing her down a bit further. She screwed her eyes shut as he forced more of himself in, stuffing her mouth and a bit of her throat before pulling back, filling her with his scent and taste. Now that her tension was gone, he slowly pulled his magic out of her mind.

Awareness had begun to creep back into his mind. He was sucking on some... *heavenly* delicious thing. He sucked a little harder to get more of its flavor, wrapping his long

tongue around its sleek texture as the soft fleshy barbs rubbed across the insides of his cheeks. It filled all the way to his throat, but not quite enough to block his airway. He inhaled the smell of it; a muskier version of the flavor in his mouth, rich with tones of skin and... something else. Something powerful. He swallowed more of the rich slick fluid coming out of it. Describing the taste was a hopeless task. It was unique in the way that oranges are unique from tomato sauce: it had no equivalent to compare with. It wasn't salty, or bitter, or sweet. It was just Goddamn wonderful, and it made him hopelessly horny in ways he wasn't used to.

As awareness from the rest of his body slowly trickled in, it became impossible not to notice a growing ache in his gut. His pussy drooled desire into the fur of his legs and across the scales capping his knees. His eyes still shut as he bobbed his head more on the thing in his mouth, he wrinkled his brow over what to do about this very unfamiliar sensation, this need to be... filled. The ache grew as his heart beat a bit faster, blood rushing through his ears and blushing them red beneath the white fur that coated their insides. It was like a really tender itch. Then there was the hot pulsing throb of his engorged pussy lips. He reached a clawed hand down and carefully placed a pad against his opening, drenching his fingers in his own fluid. But rubbing the outside was all he could do! He dared not push one of those claws in amongst his sensitive flesh. Sure, it was tough and durable (he wasn't sure how he knew that), so it's not going to tear or rip, but cutting or scratching it? Nope, not happening! Just rubbing the outer lips, the ache of his womb grew and connected itself to the throbbing need of his pussy. His wrist unwittingly brushed across the sensitive clit at the top, and he squealed his rush of pleasure around the thing in his mouth.

"Kk k k k sssshrrleeeiii?" *Need some help?* A voice chuckled into his mind. His eyes finally unscrewed themselves as awareness of his surroundings snapped into focus. He was staring at the crotch and ass of a wyvern, the tail happily swaying back and forth... Mei's tail. Panic, disgust, terror, disbelief, shock and fear all started clamoring for the front row seat to his mind's theater of "What in the world is going on here?" as he realized what he was sucking on. Some unnamed and overly horny part of his mind was trying to shoo the other customers out of the theater so that the "Fuckit, this tastes/feels too good to stop and it's Mei's anyway so why not?" *matinée* could start instead. Before he could do anything, though, his body and brain lit up like a fire cracker when something warm and wet plunged itself into his pussy.

His heart beat harder, his body growing hot. His womb demanded seed, his vagina twitched and clamped on the slippery intruder, the slightly canine spaded shape to it puffing out the little bit that it could. He crushed his padded palm against the button of pleasure at the top of his pussy while his fingers frantically rubbed up and down the lips. Oh God, he... he needed to be FILLED! He didn't really feel like a "he" anymore and he didn't care. He just needed to cuuuUUUUUUUU – !!

With one last flicking twist of his tongue coiled inside his mate's cunt, she finally climaxed. Love juices splashed across his snout as her body convulsed and her head snapped back, his raging hard cock popping lewdly out of her mouth and throat. She screeched at the ceiling as she arched her back. Her tail thrashed about in short sporadic

motions, occasionally slapping him along the left side of the face. He playfully nipped at it, amused at how that sent an extra twitch of muscle rippling its way across her tail and up her back to join the a sea of small spasms. As his mate's orgasm-fueled mini-seizure came to a close, she fell forward again in a heap. Her head slid past his wyvern cock and slapped against the inside of his tail, her tail lifting up and shifting away, once again giving him a clear view of her still-twitching lips.

He could NOT wait any longer. The foreplay over, he rolled his body and gently deposited her on the bed, while he stood up and turned around. She was spread-eagle, face down, huffing into the bed sheets. He walked over her, his wing-claws positioned above her arms and his hind legs below hers. "Zzzzzllisssk." *It's time* "Mmmph? Huuuh?" his mate mumbled out as she turned her head to the side and looked at him with one quizzical eye. Then she looked down at the 30-inch (There, you see? I told you that was its final length) rock-hard wyvern cock saluting her from between his legs. Still in a glow of pleasure, his mate rolled onto her back and reached her arms around his head, hugging herself closer. "Mei, sweetie, I don't think that's going to fit." she said with a soft smile and closed eyes. Again with the human sound-name! He snorted, getting a bit irritated. Why was she behaving so oddly? It's not like this was their first time pleasing each other! Still, for her, he kept that bottled away. "Krrrrllsk Tunnnddddd." *It will when we're done*, he chortled through a smiling toothy grin. She pulled back and looked him in both eyes, as if searching for something. A moment later, she seemed to have found it, and relaxed a bit more. "You always were a bit of a dominatrix, weren't you? I remember when you got that black leather setup and – " Cutting his mate off from further delaying *their* planned event of the evening (they had agreed upon this years ago), he spoke again "Taaaaannrrrrrrkkk rukkkkk KrKrKrrrrkkkksssszzz Rrrff." *That was **your** leather gear, as I remember it, to teach you how to have a little more fun. Now, shut up and relax, love.* He chuckled out the first part, and chirped and huffed out the last, as his magenta glowing eyes surged brighter.

As the light once again seeped into his mate's consciousness, she released her embrace around his head and lay back onto the bed, her half-lidded eyes still staring deeply into his own. The control this time was much lighter... mostly, it lowered inhibitions and increased libido, with an extra kick to sensitivity. But he really could not afford to have her panic in the middle of the ritual, especially since she seemed to be having cold feet tonight, so it still carried some small domination with it. He breathed magenta-stained arcane energy out into the room. Its world-space shifted, bent, and expanded, carrying the bed with it. The bed reshaped and moved until his wing-claws were on top of the bed, his feet were on the solid stonework below it, and his mate was positioned directly below him on the floor.

"Zzzzzlllllssskaaa." *Turn around onto the bed and present yourself to me.* She pulled herself up and bent across the bed, lifting her tail to the side. Literally dripping with anticipation, he took a couple of shuddering steps closer, and eased the tip of his rod up to her entrance. With one final huff, his arcane energy drew itself upon her, weaving through fur and scale until it had been completely absorbed into her body. She was finally ready.

She squealed as her lips were slowly pried open, and he hissed out his own pleasure at finally penetrating his mate. Hours of ever-building sexual hunger were finally being given their proper outlet! He almost couldn't control himself, but this was a special one-time event,

and he was determined to savor every bit of it. At the first four inches, she squirmed and arched her back while making small gasps; at the next three, she gripped the sheets and began to moan her own wanton lust into the bed while wriggling her hips around him. Her half-wyvern anatomy allowed another three inches before his tip kissed the face of her cervix, where she let out a low growling moan only a hybrid slut could ever make.

“MMMmmnnnggggggrrraaaaAAAHHHHH!!! Oh... mo... mo-re... mooorrrre...!” she panted out, tears rolling down her cheeks over her the incredible sensations. He smiled in satisfaction. It was not the first time he’d caused his dear hybrid make that whorish, bestial sound. And tonight, she would finally get to taste *all* of him. “ZzzKKllaaaa” *As you wish, dear.*

He continued to push in, and she let out a loud gasp. Craning his neck down to watch, each inch he sunk into her brought forth change. And the way he wove his magic, each change would bring pleasure. Pushing her cervix an inch further inward, her spine popped a few times, new vertebrae working their way into place as her body lengthened.

“NNNNNNGAAAA!!” she yelled, an orgasm rolling through her, her muscles squeezing and gripping around his member. “Kk Kk Krrrkkkk!” *Good! Enjoy it! Let it become you!* He paused and watched for an amused moment as his mate writhed and squirmed against him, trying to grind more of his cock into her like a hungry animal. But that would not work; the magic only responded to *him* pushing into *her*, not the other way around.

Smiling wickedly, he pulled away, her well lubricated snatch desperately trying to pull him back in, and rammed himself up against her cervix, pushing it in another inch. She screamed in pleasure as her hips cracked and split loudly, locking her current bent-over position as her new permanent one... appropriate for a mate that likes to be fucked into submission. Thanks to the already digitgrade bone structure, little had to change in order to assume a full quadrupedal anatomy. Still, the bones groaned and creaked as they gained more density and volume. Her scales and fur seemed to vibrate as the muscles beneath bulged and grew, while her changing feet clawed and scrabbled for purchase against the stonework floor, the much larger talons scoring deep grooves in her excitement. With a resounding **snap**, the bones in her legs and hips had finished settling into their new contour, fully prepared to support the weight of a complete wyvern. Her tail thrashed wildly behind her in the throws of orgasm, the base where it connected to her ass corded with a lot more muscle than before, spraying tiny droplets of herself across the room.

With his mate’s legs so much stronger than before, he was able to rest himself on top of her rump, pinning her to the edge of the bed without having to worry about crushing her. Her newly powerful feet and legs were still clawing at the ground, pushing herself up against him with such force that she was actually able to lift him off the ground a little bit.

“Hkhkhkhkkkkrrrrzzzl frkkkksshhhhhrrriiii!” *Well, if you’re so eager, then allow me oblige!* Again he pulled back an inch and rammed into her still orgasming body.

Her tail sprouted out to a greater length and corded itself with extra muscle, fur, and plate, reaching its full length and completing the change from before. She shoved her face into a pillow as she screeched her delight. Her scent had also subtly changed, having a stronger wyvern musk to it as her fluids continued to drip around his length and down her legs, staining her fur with the smell of her need.

Blood was rushing to his head and his heart was pounding in his ears as he slowly pulled back toward the very edge of his mate's entrance this time, a wet sucking noise following his cock as her muscles tugged and pulled on him along the way in a vain attempt to milk her prize... and she *growled* at him. He responded by ramming harder than before, pushing much further this time. He knew he was at the edge of his self control and needed escalate the changes quickly. She let out a shuddering gasp as her abdomen pulled in tightly and stretched along with her back, pulling her tunnel, womb, cervix and organs with it... and away from her lover's cock. His mate's lengthening back shoved her face across the sheets. She howled in ecstasy, and tore ribbons out those same sheets, as her ribcage barreled and deformed, her breasts disappearing as her chest stretched to contain the ever growing muscle tissues needed for flight. The ivory-colored fur of what was now her undercarriage bubbled with activity as muscles re-knit themselves into different places, and new ones threaded into place. In only a few seconds, his mate's entire torso and back had become that of a wyvern's. He rumbled proudly over how seamlessly his magic was able to completely re-work her internal organs without a single complication. The euphoric look plastered on her panting face was a testament to that. The same scale and fur patterns were still there, exactly the same as before, just with a few extra plates along the top. But more importantly, she now had the capacity for her to experience *all* of him.

He thrilled in delight despite the buzzing in his head. He'd never mated with another wyvern before, so this would be a first for him! Laying himself across the rest of her body, he eased the rest of his length all the way into her, and his mate let out a gasping orgasmic screech into the air. He grunted and huffed, trying desperately to hold out a little longer. A difficult task, since her now fully wyvern vaginal canal was equipped with powerful muscles which gripped and rippled around him the entire way, greedily pulling him in and clamping down hard. Her bucking hips, thrashing tail, clawing feet, and writhing cunt all danced together in a discord of pure bliss. As he slowly pushed his way in, one of his mate's most important changes took place. Her arms bulked and twisted while her hands seemed to pull themselves apart, the pinky, ring, and middle fingers stretching out to grasp the air behind her, poking the undersides of his own wings. "nnnNNNNGGGAAAAAHHHHHH!! HaaaaaAAHHH! AAAAaaaahhhhh!" she yelled from beneath him. With several clicks and pops, her fingers finished stabbing the air (and scraping his wings). Her "hands" were now just the two clawed digits of a wyvern's wing-claws, the same as his. Her arms had already finished becoming the powerful wings and sometime forelegs of her new true form. Although the same color pattern remained as before, the wings were no place for fur. So, her red fur smoothly transitioned to red scales at the shoulders, with gunmetal scales along the leading edge. His mate folded her new wings in along her torso as the flight membrane grew into place, filling the void between her "fingers" with ivory-colored skin which blackened as it reached the taloned tips, a nod to her original fox-glove pattern.

As the last piece of membrane attached itself to her torso, his mate's wings were complete. But he was not able to appreciate his own handiwork. His own mind was nearly blanking with pleasure. The dominating will of his magic was losing its grip over his mate's mind as, for the first time in his life, he was finally able to fill another being *completely*. He growled as his knot kissed the wet, spasming entrance of his lover. With a short piping screech, he gave one final shove, and the lust-addled eyes of his mate sprung open in alarm.

“HNNNGGAAaa... waaait, nnnNNOOOO— hrk!” As the still forming knot spread her wide, she tried to scream out something other than pleasure, but her voice split when her vocal cords ceased functioning. She gasped as her neck shot forward and her skull cracked, swiveling up and back into a new position. Her neck thickened and bulged with new muscles, forever robbing the true form he was pistoning into her of human speech. As the final vertebrae worked their way in, the muscles stopped shifting about, allowing her new vocal cords to form and un-mute her voice. “SssskkkKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” His mate rent the atmosphere with a bone-jarring screech, blasting her first sounds as a wyvern with the air gushing out of her powerful lungs and through her still changing mouth. The glass in the room shattered and his ears rang from the close proximity. She gained more teeth as her face stretched out into the elongated triangular muzzle of a female wyvern, her fox teeth extending and thickening a little bit to accommodate the new loads they would need to bear. Curiously, she kept the back molars of a fox, a possible indicator to a different dietary preference from other wyverns, though probably still covering the same range of foods. Her horns thickened and lengthened, gracefully sweeping toward the back of her growing skull as two more smaller ones pushed out from just below to join them.

Forcing himself to spare a moment for something so important, he shifted his neck and watched as the final changes of his mate settled in. An elegant, regal nature seemed to etch its way into her face, screaming “female” at every angle. He knew the changes were complete when fire-colored eyes snapped open to stare into his... and began to eek a rusty-gold light out at their corners, her own magical conduits having forged a very different sort of pathway than is normal. A rarity amongst wyverns, he stared in bewilderment for a long moment while his lust and desire grew.

After that, he could force himself to stop no more. She HAD to become his! Now fully inside of her, thoughts seemed to fly away as he began to rut her mercilessly. The loud, wet, squelching sounds of his still expanding knot moving in and out of his mate filled the room. The massive bed buckled and bounced under the weight of two wyverns fucking, his mate screeching nonsensically into the air and writhing below him in a panic-tinged pleasure. On instinct, he clamped his jaws over her neck to hold her still and inform her of her position. Her head pressed down in submission, but her hips continued to squirm up against his own. His knot was now too large to pull out, locking them together, and eliciting an annoyed squawk from her any time he pulled too far back. Faster and faster, he pummeled away at his prize, his full weight crashing down upon his pinned mate. Writhing in unmitigated pleasure, her passage continued to betray her, clamping down and milking away at the rod stuck within, begging for his seed. He released his hold on her neck and grunted as he forced wits back into his brain for the quintessential moment. That same magenta light began to wrinkle itself into complex strands of power...

“SKLLLRrrkkkkKKRAAAF! Kr.. RRRAAASHSSSS ZEEETTHHHARRAAA!!! **I CLAIM YOU! You are *MINE!* And will forever be! I name you **ZETHARA!**** He grunted and growled the first part into his mate’s ears before his back and neck arched in climax. As his seed surged down down his cock and flooded her ready womb, he roared her new name out into the world... and her soul.

Zethara’s whole body quaked in one giant rolling orgasm as she was finally **stuffed** to

full capacity, in the truest meaning of the word. The seemingly endless river of cum distended her stomach slightly, her womb working overtime to contain all of his gift. He fell down atop of her, utterly spent and satisfied beyond anything he had ever experienced. “Grkkkk...” *My compliments to the chef* he rumbled out in a low chortle. Laying his neck alongside hers, he watched as her own orgasm came to a close. Before she could relax, her eyes went wide as the name started to work its way into her mind. Her maw hung open and she gasped. He knew, then, that the name had rooted itself where it ought to be.

As the absurd sensation of a wyvern’s vagina being filled from end-to-end coupled itself with an ever-filling womb, Zethara’s psyche cracked. She wanted to cry; any semblance of feeling like a man was pounded out of him by... *her* mate. The final rolling climactic orgasm of the night forced acceptance of the new pronoun. Somehow, that didn’t bother her as much as it should. Not when sex felt this like **THIS**. Still, though, she was used to referring to herself with a male pronoun, and that male self-image was firmly glued into his memories. Before *h-she* could think any further on this conflict, the name that was clawing its way around her head needed attention. Besides, Zethara... was... mate...

Her eyes went wide as all the meaning and emotions her mate had attached to that name nailed their way into her mind. *Ah. That’s what Mei thinks of me. And that’s how HE remembers me... oh Mei...* she didn’t quite realize that she was thinking in ‘wyvern’ now, her mind defaulting to it amidst the slurry of emotions so ill-defined that human words simply were not appropriate. Not that she lost her knowledge of human word-craft: she never had to deal with some rude magic ripping it out of her reality. But the name carried with it a sort of primal knowledge. The instinctive things any wyvern should know, but she did not. *And not just that...* many of Mei’s fondest memories of her gently tumbled in.

In Mei’s reality, they still ran mountain trails, and she still mocked him with smart ass “Hurry up, Speedy Gonzales! I thought you were good at this!” ... except he was flying above and sometimes between the trees, dropping to the ground on occasion to slap his tongue against the back of her head while loping along like some cartoonish rabbit-serpent. He always made fun of her for not flying, and she always laughed at how he ‘ran’ on the ground. Her laugh was the high point of his day.

In Mei’s reality, he was still paralegal. Just without the words. He was a demon of debate, and used arcane knowledge-prisms to hold extremely precise memories... a trick he learned in college after learning to better control his nature as a nether wyvern. One she had helped him figure out. In between some sheets.

In Mei’s reality, he remembered getting home after a very long week of working through a case that wanted to be a headache to everyone who worked on it... finding rose petals and perfume “Ssslrkklll...” *Lilac... my favorite...* He smiled as he followed the smell and petals up to the bedroom. He blinked a few times at what he saw: a MASSIVE bed, reinforced and padded everywhere that counted. The wooden floor tiling was replaced with stonework tiles that could be replaced more easily. He remembered when his mate asked him to bend the bedroom’s world-space for her, but he had NO IDEA that she had this in mind. She was on the bed waiting for him. He scrabbled across the stonework floor and tackled her. They danced

together on the new bed a few times before going to the shower so she could clean off his back and wings. Then they got to the bed and snuggled to sleep... completely forgetting about sex. I just wasn't important that time.

There were more. So many more. A lifetime of them. Some entirely unique, many a mirror reflection of the reality she remembered. Zethara's soul felt heavy. This was still her Mei. Even when all of reality turned itself inside out, Mei was still the same sunny, smart assed, sassy person from California she had married when she was a he, and Mei was a she. If not... a LOT more dominant in bed, and more so in life. She could not justifiably wish to undo all of this. And she hated being unable to explain everything to Mei. How could she? It would be like explaining how the blue sky has always been green, or that downward gravity has always pulled up.

The name carried other weight, too: Zethara *belonged* to him. *Huh. Yeah, Mei's always been a bit like that. She was more jokey about it in my reality, though...* (this time, she knew she was thinking in 'wyvern,' but didn't care). Furthermore, her name was permanently tagged to her "recognized existence." Pretend you looked at some complex machine for the first time in your life, unrelated to anything you've ever known, and just seeing the thing told you what it was and exactly how it worked. No instructions, symbols, or explanations required; the knowledge *about* the machine is built into the knowledge *of* the machine. The name Zethara was built into her reality... as was the fact that she belonged to him. So, anyone who met her would know that "She belongs to Mei" right alongside "Her name is Zethara." That's just the nature of the magic. *Real classy, Mei. 'I'm Mei's bitch' written in big bold letters right across my forehe-* Just as she finished the thought, she got reminded of the gigantic cock still stuffed and knotted inside of her when Mei shifted his weight slightly. This drew a cute, completely unsolicited, and joyful little squeak from her. *Then again...* the nature of the name (and the delightfully rough fucking over the past couple of hours) had hammered that home. She was *his*. She was *Zethara*, and she was *his*. Her acceptance of the name meant accepting his claim over her. And being a "she." She *belonged* to him now; that was *fact*. The last slivers of male identity dissolved away as that part of the name nailed into place.

Then Zethara's name, still flowing into her, ran into a small problem. A human sound-name doesn't anchor itself into reality like a wyvern name does. Normally, this meant it would pose no issue; the human name was an artificial and insubstantial thing which the new wyvern name simply wrote out of existence from the point of naming onward. The naming doesn't mesh itself into reality as forcefully as the magic of the Animal Condoms. It doesn't re-write reality such that what is *now* true has *always* been true. You, everyone else, and reality would remember your old name, but couldn't use it anymore to address you. It also did not have the power to completely re-write your personality. What would be the point? A wyvern's name could only be given if there was deep love involved, so why would you want to destroy that? But therein lay the problem. The Animal Condoms left a big gaping hole in reality where his name used to be. That hole in reality started to be filled with Zethara's new name.

Cold panic began to descend upon her. That time when *he* ran *his* bicycle in front of a moving car when *he* was twelve? She could *feel* "Zethara" fill the gap in her mother's voice as she yelled at her little girl, later chiding her "Why aren't you with your mate, Zeth?" Long before she had ever met Mei. Flaws and Contradictions started to pile up in reality, kinking it

into ugly patterns. Everything she had ever been was being filled with “Zethara,” in all the wrong ways and quickly extending to places it ought not be! She knew that was not Mei’s intention: that’s not how wyvern names work! How could she stop this from screwing up the current reality...

As the rest of the missing primal knowledge gently clicked into place, an idea presented itself to her: the name he had given her was only *half* the ritual. She could absorb the rest of her name later. She had to act *now*!

He waited patiently for Zethara to finish absorbing her new name. He was still inside of her, knot hard as a rock, and it felt *wonderful*. Every other time they had fun between the sheets? That wasn’t sex. **THIS** was sex. He shifted his weight slightly, causing a pleased squeak to push its way out of her mouth. He felt positively giddy despite his exhaustion. Their futures held so much more now! They could do this every night! They could fly across the mountains together, instead of hugging the mountain trails! They could catch fish from the lake with their mouths while flying! He could share his treasured arcane mind-prisms with her! They could explore their magic together! He could teach her how to make her own mind-prisms! They could –

Zethara’s eyes glowed and sparked. He cocked his head. *That was fast*. Then they glowed a bit brighter. “SssshhhsssZzzzzllkkssiiii?” *Uh, dear?* He chirped out some slightly concerned notes. The return name is supposed to be with the energy left over from the first name, and only a little of your own magic attached to it. Then her eyes became great burning goutts of rust-gold magic, lighting up the room like warm lanterns. “SSHKRKRKKK?!” *What the HELL?!* A short croaking screech of alarm echoed across the room. Did she intend to *blast* his new name into him?! And how in the world did she access **THAT** much magic all at once? Were Rust-Golds *that* powerful?! Then she turned to look at him and he couldn’t help but feel a little knot in his stomach. “Ssssskkkklllllr?” *Darling?* Zethara spoke to him. He felt like a kid that was about to get spanked. “KrrzzllllkksssssZzzzeetharrrrrraaakiii frrrrrk?” *Yes... Zethara... dear...?* He warbled his increasing worry out in a voice that got smaller toward the end. He wasn’t sure he was going to like his new name. “Krkrkrlll **MEI**.” *I name you **MEI**.*

The room lit up like a miniature super nova as the name descended upon him like a meteor. *Oh... this is going to suck*. Was his mate trying to get back at him for using mind magic? *She never seemed to mind befo* –

They were running. Two humans on a mountain trail. She was lagging behind a bit as... he... chided her. “Hurry up, Speedy Gonzales! I thought you were good at this!” She waited until they were almost at the end, then sprinted past and slapped his ass “HA! Your turn to make dinner tonight!” He didn’t mind losing too much: the view of her tight and athletic Chinese-American backside was always a sight to behold. Besides, her cooking sucked.

-re... *What? What the hell was* –

Study hall at the co-ed dorms. She was dead asleep at a desk, her face glued to an open book with drool. Her right hand still curled around the pen that turned a word into a long line across the page of her notebook, while her left pointed comically at the air where the book had been before sliding sideways, the arm resting on the pages opposite where her face was. With a smile on his face, he took cellphone pics of the scene before him for posterity before setting down their coffees. Midterms were just around the corner, and a large part of the study of law was remembering its word.

– *that... words? I don't even know human lang* –

The rest of the memories bulldozed their way in. A lifetime of them, like what he had given to her, but not a carefully curated selection of the best or fondest. ALL of them. And she even managed to attach knowledge to it. Refined comprehension, divorced from memory or instinct. One giant package of such knowledge rolled its way into his mind unbidden.

– *uage. How... so much knowledge built into a name! What's this...*
EEEEWWWWWW!!!

The unpalatable word-things rolled their way into the courtyard of his mind, and he stared at it. It was like some overly cute little puppy ran in to give him a “prize,” took a shit in the middle of the floor, and then sat next to it looking up at him, expecting a reward. *Human language*. He didn't WANT to know it. It just... tasted bad in his mind. It felt wrong and disgusting to put his thoughts into little packages meant to become sounds. Fortunately for him, it was brushed aside as the deluge of thought was interrupted by a message.

“Help me!” The message was a bit late filtering through with all the other stuff attached to the name. It earmarked three memories, and one meaning. The meaning was clear: it was the same one stamped into the meaning of the name Zethara had just given him. “Mei,” whether his wife, mate, or lover, was someone who she trusted and loved. “Loved and Trusted by Zethara” was built into the name “Mei.” The memories, however, were much less clear.

It was their anniversary. He had gotten something online. She was a closet furry. *Wait, “she?” I'm not a-* the things he had gotten were Animal Condoms. Sex toys. Certainly Mei would love this! He tried one. It changed him. He became a she. It attacked reality and mind. He tried another to cancel out the first by using another. It worked... sort of.

“You've got to be fucking kidding me.” The unpleasant human words happily made their first appearance in the formation of thought for this *special* occasion: a situation which was *perfectly* contained by such neat little packages!

She received her name. She was Zethara. It plugged a hole that had been burning her mind ever since the final transformation to her. It soothed her: she accepted it, Mei's ownership, and her new gender with gratitude. Zethara still remembered everything she had been before, that she had been a he, but for the time being it didn't matter much. The fact that Mei was still very much Mei, even in this reality, and Zethara at least remembered who she *was*, was all that mattered to... *her*.

Well. I'll be damned. Mei felt his heart strain a bit. It's impossible to lie through the naming process. Everything piling into him was true. Just a different sort of truth. But she was doing this for a reason. There was a reason why she blasted all this into him and yelled "Help me!" through it. He found it in the third memory.

Zethara could feel the name slip into the hole rent out of reality by the previous magic. A hole that should not have been there. What was supposed to be a sublime and special experience quickly started to go awry. Panic seized her. Mei's gift to her was being twisted in ways that made no sense. Such magic was never meant to tread through these areas of reality. Then a plan formed: she could safely seal away reality as it currently is inside her name and send it to Mei before it could be corrupted. After all, he just LOVED those mind-prisms, right?

He huffed and grunted, righting himself up. Rage and purpose washed off his fatigue. He was still knotted inside of her, and couldn't move around much, but he didn't need to. Nothing threatened Zethara's existence and got away with it. NOTHING. Even if that thing was, itself, a literal nothing. "SrrrrlllaggmmmmaaAAKAKKK! KKKKRRRSHHZZZZIIIIII GRRRAAAKKKKK!!" *Oh, I'll do more than build you a mind prism, dear! I'll build you a MIND FORTRESS!* He roared this announcement out as he flapped his wings a couple times to get his blood flowing. "Kkkkkkggzzkkk fraAAAILLLLllssskkk rrrrrssshhkklll kkKKRREEEEEEE!" *And I'll even fix those holes... perhaps do something about that old reality of yours. You underestimate a NETHER WYVERN! I'm a master of the arcane!* While not really a master, he would certainly try to be one. Just for tonight. Just for her.

It was Saturday. Daylight forced its way in through the blinds and onto Zethara's eyelids. Wakefulness knocked on her skull. She put a hand over her face to push it away... but that had the opposite effect. She shot wide awake as her eyes forced themselves open to stare... at her hand. *His* hand. His old *human* hand. *Was* he a "he?" He tried to get up, but an arm was tightly wrapped across his chest. He looked over: Mei was curled up on his left side, using him like a body pillow. Her face was burried under a pillow. "Mmm..." she pulled him a bit closer in her sleep.

Before that stupid "Was it all a dream" phrase even had a chance to form in his head, he saw the rest of the room. Goddamn huge room, *much* larger than the part of the house it occupied. And they were on top of a Goddamn huge bed. Torn sheets. Cold air was blowing in through the broken windows. The lingering smell of their sex... still strong enough he could almost taste it. Broken, claw-marked stone tiles were scattered across the floor, and their dried fluids were *everywhere*. Really, *everywhere*: the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the curtains, the blankets and sheets, even under the door to the bathroom. There was an especially large patch that was still wet where... he was bent over the bed and fucked into a wyvern.

His face blushed a furious red with that memory. Best. Sex. Ever. And the naming. And Mei. He... belonged to him. To her. His wife. He had to see her face. He carefully peeled the pillow back. There she was, her face just as he remembered. Except... for the horns. She

was dead asleep, but she seemed alright. The horns were an odd touch, though. After gazing at her for a few more moments, he silently let the pillow back into place. Then he turned his attention inward.

Checking his own mind, the name “Zethara” now had two parts to it. Before the naming, it simply filled in reality as his spoken, mundane human name, without changing anything else. Bland, without any meaning attached to it, a flat untextured patch over the damage that had been done. He guessed Mei had made that fix. She probably could have used any name, but she stuck with the one she had given him. *After* the naming, it became a full-fledged wyvern name. Replete with all its built-in meaning, it had depth and embossed its unique texture into reality. He became Mei’s mate. He became Zethara.

He became a HER. He had even accepted that when it happened, so why – ? From where he was, he *looked* like his old male self. But he didn’t *feel* like a *he*; the pronoun formed out of habit upon seeing his old male body. He needed a better look. Leaning over, he kissed his wife’s head and whispered “Thanks sweetie, rest well.” He had no idea how much effort it may have taken, but she must be exhausted. Tossing the blankets off of him, he tried to sit all the way up, and winced at a tugging sensation from his groin. Looking down, the problem was self-evident.

“Oh. My wife’s cock is still plugged inside of me.” two mental CPU cycles later, the thought repeated with the correct emphasis. “My WIFE’S COCK is still PLUGGED INSIDE of ME!” A wyvern cock. In his... hybrid wyvern pussy. Between his two old male human legs. Verrrry carefully, he slowly pulled himself up and... Oh GOD... tenderly tugged it the rest of the way out of him. He quietly grunted and panted with the effort, fighting the pleasure and taking it as slow as possible to avoid orgasming over the act or waking Mei. Zethara’s slightly deformed stomach clenched and spasmed involuntarily, his sore and overly sensitive passage twitching at the sensation of its partner being removed. Those damned fleshy barbs didn’t help much either; deflated as they were, they still tickled him as he dragged it out. With a soft lewd PLOP, the tip finally came free, a small fountain of cum following it. He pressed a hand on his stomach and pushed. He could FEEL the cum being squeezed out. “Hnnnnngggg...” his womb was tingling as it finally relaxed. He needed to take a shower...

Mei stirred next to him. “Mmmmm... mornin’ Zethy...” Well, so much for not waking her. She rubbed her eyes with her left hand, the right one stretching out. “How d’you like the new shellforms...?” she slurred the words out.

“Shellforms?” Zethara responded. He could guess what she meant, but he needed to hear it and confirm.

Mei nodded and yawned. “Can’t make whole new realities or re-write old ones, and can’t make new true forms outta’ thin air. Shellforms are like... baaaah. I need that coffee stuff you used to make for me in your old reality. Goo’ thing fer this shellform, it kin ‘njoy that at least.” she shoved her face into a pillow during the last sentence, slurring her words further. Yeah. She should probably stay in bed. “Ohyeah, by th’ way... ‘ur old name was ‘Jake.’” Pulling her face out of the pillow, she looked up at him. “I was able to find that.” she shrugged. “But I fixed the holes with Zethara. Cuz’ I like it more.” Zethara cocked an eyebrow at her. She

closed her eyes and smiled, resting her head on top of the pillow this time. “Imma NETHER wyvern, baby. If anyone can find discarded pieces of reality, it’s me.” She seemed very proud and satisfied with that statement. And his new instincts told him it was true; nether wyverns had a special connection to that nothingness between everything. Zethara guessed that it must have been a titanic effort just to find that one *particular* shard. He had no idea how right he was about that. Once a piece of reality is cast into the nether, it quickly begins to dissolve into everything it *could* have been, and then everything it *never* was.

“....kay. But why the... parts?” He’ll go make some coffee while she slept, but he couldn’t help asking that little question. She grinned with mischief, and forced herself to sit upright. “Because...” she pressed herself against his back and draped her arms across his shoulders. Her boobs were squishing against him. “... you’re my mate.” Now smiling wildly, magenta light ebbed from her eyes as she breathed into his neck. “I get to fuck you. And you...” she leaned forward and hissed a whisper into his ear: “SSsskkkrrrrssshhhkkkk” *get to lay our eggs*. Oh dear.

End Chapter One

I hope you enjoyed it! No idea when the next one will come out; I’m new to this whole erotic transformation story business. Still, you’re sure to find out what these “shellforms” are as Mei and Zethara explore their new relationship. Besides, there’s still stuff left in those first four cases, including one unused Spirit-Fox Condom... and a whole other 8 to go! I haven’t figured out where it’ll all go, but definitely somewhere with plenty of transformations and sex. Lots of sex.