

You heard about him from old folk tales. It was something about an all-powerful, near-immortal beast living on the edge of reality itself. He was a true dragon, supposedly, the kind with shining scales, massive wings, and an appetite for power. Some said he was psychic and could warp reality to his will. Many believed that he only used these powers for his own amusement, but you knew better. Thanks to those stories you grew up with, you knew what he was really like.

The folk tales made him out to be... something along the lines of a genie. If you could find him, he would grant you a wish, or even two if he were generous. The last person to find him came back with enough money to save the orphanage he grew up in, and when another returned the nearby homeless population all found themselves with enough money to start their lives anew. This godlike being had the power to will such things to existence, and you wanted a piece of that. And all you really wanted was something to give your life meaning; surely, such a powerful being could handle concepts like that, right?

You already knew where and how to find this dragon. As it turned out, said orphanage-saving Samaritan was still alive, albeit clearly past his prime, and gladly gave a fellow man-on-a-mission directions to follow. The location was in a secluded part of the nearby hiking trail, unmarked for the sake of the dragon's privacy. You simply had to look for a suspicious-looking rocky wall with a slant to it. That should not be so hard, should it? In fact, you were already on your way there just as you were thinking about it.

This hiking trail was one you had traversed before. You had a habit of coming out here and seeing how far you could get before you got tired, so you felt like you knew this place fairly well. Once you found the trail, you instantly started walking. It was not long – indeed, only a few steps – before something caught your eye. It was right there, at the bottom of the mountain, a perfectly smooth section of rock on that mountain's face. This had to be it, right?

It was suspicious how little time it took you to find that wall of rock, a perfectly bare sheet of stone hidden away behind some bushes. Perhaps it was destiny that brought him here so quickly; he would never know, surely. The next step involved feeling around for something that felt out of place; the old man described it as feeling cold and metallic. You walked over and felt around the wall, hoping to feel something fitting that description: No luck. You search, and you search, hoping to find something, only to come up with nothing, until...

*Click!*

Just as you started to feel something, you heard something shifting. Then, rumbling... something was moving. You stepped back to see what it was, only to notice the entire rock wall rotating like a door on its hinge. Behind the wall lie an opening, a cavern free to be entered. It was completely dark inside, yet it was clearly beckoning you to enter. Knowing this would be your only way to your goal, you obliged and took the bait.

Stepping inside, you heard the rumbling once more, and soon you found yourself in total darkness. The wall was closed once more, and you were alone. Great, this was just what you wanted; it was what the old man mentioned happening, after all. After this, you were told to simply stand still and call out the dragon's name. That wasn't going to be too hard, right? You just had to remember what it was... whatever it was.

Shit, you forgot his name, didn't you? You had a way of figuring that out, didn't you? You'd check your phone, but you're pretty sure looking up "What is the magical rock wall dragon's name?" won't give you anything. You know that old man said it at some point, but you just can't put your finger on it. You just have to keep thinking, until...

"Smoliin..."

What in the world? Who was that speaking to you? It spoke in a deep, masculine tone; could that be who you were looking for? Was Smoliin the dragon's name? Moreover, why would they simply... give you their name if speaking it was part of some obscure summoning ritual? You suppose it wouldn't hurt to simply repeat what that voice just said; maybe it would get you where you needed to be.

"...Smoliin?"

"Correct."

There was a sudden flash of light, then several flashes. Before you could make sense of anything, you were assaulted by vibrant, colorful rays zooming toward you and hitting your face. There was no pain, as far as you could tell, but it was most certainly disorienting. It felt like you were being transported somewhere; your feet couldn't even feel the ground anymore, and it was almost like you were floating in a confusing, vibrant abyss. Luckily for you, this little display stopped before it could cause irreversible damage to your corneas.

When it stopped, you found yourself somewhere else altogether. It looked like a cave, but unlike the last one you were in, you could almost sense a light source somewhere. You weren't sure how, but you could actually see a few feet in front of you, and with that you took note of the stony floor below you. Not to mention, when you turned around there was no door behind you, just vast nothingness. It was an odd place, foreboding and unnerving; you just hoped this was leading to something worth your time.

“Try turning around again.”

It was that damn voice again. You might have been a tad annoyed at this point, but you still felt compelled to turn around. You turned around, and what you saw was... red. It was all just a mass of crimson right in your face, too large to make out any real details, aside from one thing: It had a shiny, scaled texture. Suffice to say, you were confused by whatever you were supposed to be looking at.

“...ahem. My apologies, I'm rusty. It's been so long since I've had company...”

With another brief flash, the wall of red was gone, and in its place stood an unknown figure. It was unlike anything you'd ever seen before, but it was still familiar somehow. It was bipedal and reptilian, standing tall on muscular legs ending in sharp claws, its arms equally clawed and stocky. Its body was covered in red scales, with its underbelly being a slightly lighter shade of red. Behind it, you could see a pair of folded-up, draconic wings and a long, whip-like tail. On its head, sharp horns grew from its top, and its eyes were dark and aggressive, yet oddly charming. Though more anthropomorphic than you'd anticipated, this was still, unmistakably, a dragon. Its presence left you completely unable to speak, stunned by what you were witnessing.

“Allured by my presence, are you? How perfect. I suppose I should introduce myself... properly.” The dragon, with a wave of his hand, brought a golden throne rising from the void below, which he promptly sat down upon. “I am Smoliin, a being on the edge of reality. I don't bend to the rules of nature, for in my realm, the realm of the dragons, they bend to me.”

Smoliin visibly smirked before looking you up and down. He seemed genuinely interested in your presence, if not simply curious. He pulled a chalice from the darkness behind him, which he promptly drank from. Judging from the drink's red color, you were quick to

assume it was a wine of some sort. More than likely, it was incredibly vintage and thus, incredibly valuable, much like all the gold.

“It’s been too long since someone has visited me. What... fifty years, now? I’ll admit, human, I’m starting to get restless. Perhaps that’s why I simply gave you my name to summon me. Tell me, have your kind forgotten about me?”

You started to shake your head, but then stopped yourself. No, not entirely, but admittedly there was almost no one left alive who knew how to find Smoliin. The last man who saw him was eighty years old now and clearly showing his age. The spot was well-hidden, you had to admit, and perhaps the last man simply thought the dragon would prefer his privacy? As you came up with your response, Smoliin spoke once more before you could vocalize your thoughts.

“Oh, that’s a shame. I’ll have to send out some hints... hmm?” Smoliin picked himself up from his slouched position, placing his drink down on the arm of his throne. “You seem surprised? Is it because I read your thoughts?”

You couldn’t help but be frank with the dragon and nodded at him. No matter how all-powerful he was, and how psychic you knew him to be reading thoughts was still difficult to wrap your head around. It was not because of how unrealistic it was, obviously, but because of how weird it felt for someone to already know exactly what he was thinking before he had a chance to say it.

“Oh, of course I can read your thoughts. I can read your feelings, your desires... humans are open books, and I take joy in reading through them.” Smoliin smirked, spreading his legs as he sat. “And I think I have a faint idea of what you may desire, hmm?”

As he spread his legs, your eyes were instantly drawn to his nethers, and the sight was enough to make you blush. His cock was definitely on the larger side, alongside having an appearance which could only be described as monstrous. Running down its length was a series of ridges, while its tip ended at a rounded-off point. There was a heavy set of balls too, each looking like they could fill out one of your hands. It was amazing to you how completely unashamed Smoliin was of his figure.

“Nothing like you’ve ever seen before, hmm? I can tell you have a soft spot for the fantastical, and lucky for you, so do I.” Smoliin’s tail poked out from behind the throne, resting on the ground behind him. “So, I’ll go ahead and let you explain what you want. You’re here for a wish, right? Go ahead, let me know whatever it is. You don’t even have to say it, simply... think it, and I will understand.”

Well, that made things easier for you. If you had to try your best to explain what you were here for... well, life felt like it had no meaning, no purpose for your entire adult life. What was the point of living if you were just barely getting by on a banal job you found no joy in? Where was the life of success he was promised, instead of this garbage he was living due to having to drop out of university? You just wanted something, literally anything to give your life some sort of meaning, even if it was a bit demeaning or even illegal; at least that would be something!

“...oh my, how unfortunate.” Smoliin shook his head. “You want meaning in your life? I imagine you must be lonely in your position. Humans are odd creatures, always concerned about their status and wealth... though I suppose it’s only weird to me because, well, I can have everything I’d ever want and more right here. Except for one thing.”

You tilted your head. The dragon had limitless power, and yet there was something he was missing? Was it what you thought it was?

“Yes, it’s company. Having no one to interact with for fifty years can make a dragon antsy, even if I am nearly immortal.” Smoliin picked up his chalice and sipped the remaining contents. Once it was empty, the chalice seemed to disintegrate in his hands. “Perhaps we can both get a bit of what we want out of this deal, hmm? There are some things you’ll have to agree to, however.”

Things you’d have to agree to? Was there some sort of catch to all of this? You’d have purpose, and he’d have company. What more could there be to all of this?

“It’s a short list, but here. You’ll have to give up your humanity, a bit of your height, your clothes... essentially anything that made you resemble yourself. And you’ll likely never return home unless I want you to for whatever reason. I have a very specific interest; it’s a sexual one, but it’s an interest nonetheless.” Smoliin paused to take a deep breath, as if for the sake of dropping a shocking revelation. “Tell me, have you heard of kobolds?”

Kobolds? Yeah, you'd heard of those from those fantasy games you'd play as a kid. They were short lizard people, often with a fairly low status in life yet an undying loyalty to dragons. Most often you'd just kill them for easy experience, yet here this dragon was, fantasizing over having one of his own. It was an odd preference, but with that connection, you supposed you couldn't blame him.

"Right, human. They're practically living cocksleeves, the perfect size for my length. Unfortunately, they don't exist naturally; they have to be created from a willing participant." Smoliin tapped his fingers on the chair of his throne, sighing. "Don't get me wrong, plenty of other dragons have them – that's how I figured out how to do this, after all – but I've yet to find a human who desires exactly what you desire. It seems that most people from your vicinity are simply... too happy with their lives for that sort of transformation."

Well, that was quite the explanation. You weren't sure if Smoliin was really lonely or just incredibly horny, but your best guess was somewhere in the middle. Maybe, just a little, you could relate to that feeling. You'd longed for companionship yourself, in a way; those items in your bedroom simply didn't cut it. A dildo can't hug you, and a blanket can't fuck you. Maybe this mutual agreement wouldn't be so bad after all? You couldn't be sure why you were so okay with the idea of being a "living cocksleeve," though. You could only assume that was some hidden desire buried deep away, unable to be enacted upon considering how unrealistic a scenario that would be.

"...oh, good. We've come to an agreement, then. Don't you worry, I'll make this process painless... so, very painless."

Smoliin stared you down, his gaze charming you. He was a compelling individual, the type you could spend, well... the rest of your life with, however long that would be. An image soon found itself invading your thoughts; a small figure, maybe around three feet tall? You could hardly make out any fine details, but there was a general shape of something reptilian, with a tapered tail and clawed digits, yet no wings on its back to make it explicitly a dragon. This was a kobold, and this... was you.

That was the mantra you found yourself repeating in your head. You could feel your mind slowly tricking you into believing what you were saying. You were a kobold, but an insignificant little lizard fellow. It wasn't like you were being hypnotized or anything, but it just

felt... right. Like you were discovering something new about yourself, and you were being offered and opportunity to learn more.

“Hmm, apologies if this feels... weird.” Smoliin sighed. “The only way this will work is if I can convince your brain you’re not human, else it shall reject your body. Then you die.” He pulled out some more wine and drank. “Oh, don’t worry,” he said as he placed his chalice down once more, “it’s non-alcoholic. I want to make sure we can both consent for this encounter.”

There was a very sudden, very sharp pain in your face, which had you gripping it tight. Smoliin, seeming to notice this, waved a hand in your general direction. Instantly, there was a numbing effect, like Novocain for your entire face. It wasn’t long before you could see why you were in so much pain to begin with: Your face seemed to be... stretching? Lengthening? In the simplest terms, your face was forming a snout.

It was odd, being able to look down and see your nose so clearly, even as it slowly merged into the rest of your face. Your nostrils, meanwhile, moved along with your mouth and jaw forward. The near-final result was shorter than your average reptile, but still definitely not human. To hammer home that last point, you could see red, shimmering scales forming over your skin, whether it be like some sort of armor or to replace what was underneath. If your vision wasn’t tricking you, it was just about the same color as Smoliin’s scales, with the same shimmer and everything. You can’t help but vocalize your thoughts, as unnecessary as that was.

“It’s... pretty.”

“Oh?” Smoliin stirs a bit in his seat. “You finally speak up? Thank you, I do prefer holding conversations out loud as opposed to in your head.”

“O-oh...” You suddenly turned sheepish. “Sorry...”

“Hmm... I’ll forgive your transgression for now.” The larger drake could not help but chuckle. “I kid, of course; your actions hardly constitute a transgression. Your behavior’s already growing on me, human, you should consider yourself fortunate.”

You watched on as those scales continued to spread across your face, before soon having your entire snout covered in the shiny little plates. The sensation of them reaching your neck was almost ticklish, just the same as them moving up to cover your head of hair and leaving you effectively bald. In fact, reaching up to touch that area revealed that you couldn't feel anything underneath there aside from your skull; it was a total replacement! This wasn't all your head would be going through however, as soon you could feel something growing from the top. These things grew pointing backward, before quickly ending in a slightly sharp tip; they were horns, like those things growing from the top of Smoliin's head. Granted, yours was shorter, but that was fitting, considering your lower status.

"Smoliin? Could you..." You stumbled through your words. "...please get me a mirror?"

"Hmm? Sure, if you really want to watch, then by all means."

With a wave of the dragon's hand, a simple glass mirror rose up to meet you, giving you a proper view of your changes as they progressed. Your head was unmistakably reptilian, even with those bigger and cuter eyes of yours which shone a golden yellow, but it was taking some time for your other body parts to make the same changes. What was more obvious, however, was your shirt; it looked far looser than it was normally and reached further down. Putting two and two together, you realized you were getting shorter, closer to the ground. Holding up one arm, you could see your hand slowly retreating into the sleeve, your arms clearly joining your legs and torso in the shortening of their lengths.

There was another sharp pain, followed by more numbing. This time, it was concentrated in your lower back, where you could feel something growing just like your snout had earlier. You couldn't see exactly what it was, but judging from the stretching of your pants in that region, you could wager a guess. Your clothes were beginning to tear; whatever this thing was, it was trying desperately to get free. Hoping to give it some help, you attempted to slide your pants down, but this thing was just making it harder for you. You kept pulling, hoping to free that thing from its confines, just pulling, pulling...

"...oh."

The thing's growing length tore through the fabric of your pants and the underwear beneath, rendering them irreparably damaged. It was, unsurprisingly, a tail, not extremely long but thick and tapered enough to be unmistakably a reptile's. You gave it a shake, and it seemed dexterous enough. As your lower garments dropped to the ground, you clumsily stepped out of

them to make yourself feel less encumbered. You could now see that your feet were scaled and now ended in three talons, sharp yet not enough to dig into scales. In fact, they were sharp enough to further rip holes into what was left of your undergarments. Not helping matters was the new shape of your legs, which bent oddly; digitigrade, most likely. Even if you tried to put those pants back on, they wouldn't be able to fit your new form.

That damn shirt was obscuring the rest of you now, so that had to go. The only issue was, it was large and cumbersome on your body, meaning this thing likely wasn't coming off without some damage. To minimize the damages however, you worked on slipping the shirt over your head, which your horns only made more difficult. You grabbed the bottom of your shirt and hoisted it upward over your face, leaving you unable to see your form in the mirror. With a bit of effort you slid the shirt collar over your horns, the process only leaving small holes in the fabric. It only took one hard yank to fling the shirt off your head, letting you see yourself once more. After sliding your arms out of the sleeves, revealing your clawed hands more clearly, you were finally free of your fabric prison, which you promptly threw on the ground.

You couldn't say you recognized the kobold in the mirror, but you couldn't deny his identity. This kobold couldn't have been any taller than four feet, and was covered head to toe in pristine, crimson scales. Your posture was a bit slouched, while your hips were wide enough to support a larger posterior and digitigrade legs. You looked down at your crotch to see, indeed, a set of genitals almost identical to the dragon's own, if scaled down to fit your smaller figure. In fact, from what you could tell your cock was already erect, though you couldn't for the life of you figure out why. Regardless, this was who you were now, but a simple kobold in an endless abyss, with a dragon to keep you company.

"You're looking wonderful, my friend," Smoliin interjected. "A real kobold, you are. Oh, you have no idea how long I've been looking forward to having some actual, permanent company..."

"I'm looking forward to it," you respond. "All of eternity, right...?"

"Right. All of eternity."

You felt something grabbing your shoulders, the sudden sensation making you jump. When you looked to your side, you just saw some clawed hands; looking up, you could see Smoliin looking down at you, smirking a tad.

“I know you’ve been wanting this for a while, so let’s just get this out of the way. Lift your tail for me, will you?”

You nodded up at him, finding within yourself some deep desire to please Smoliin no matter what. Stepping forward and getting used to your new legs, you bent over and lifted your tail; weirdly, the latter seemed so much more effortless than using your new legs. You knew you’d probably have all your life to get used to it, so you weren’t concerned. What you were more interested in, however, was getting that fleshy rod inside of you. You could hear a quick squirt, followed by some lathering sounds, then the sound of clapping.

“Apologies, I forgot the lubricant. Now, we may start.”

It started with his length prodding at your tight pucker, clearly trying to find its way inside. Even just the tip poking inside made you shudder, but you couldn’t help but hope for more. This prodding stopped for a moment, but the break was short-lived. The next thing you knew, Smoliin rammed his cock straight inside you, giving you little time to breathe before you were sent on a one-way ticket to rough, pained ecstasy that was only numbed by the generous coating of lubricant. It wasn’t long before you realized you weren’t even on the ground anymore, and the dragon’s hands were grabbing your own to hold you up. With your legs now off the ground, you were at the perfect cocksleeve height, and Smoliin could be just as rough with you as he wanted.

Smoliin continually thrust inside you, while your insides stretched to fit his length. If you could look down, you’d see your abdomen bulging with the outline of the dragon’s cock. Each ridge rubbing against your insides made it feel like he was constantly entering and exiting you over and over again, or maybe it was like a set of comically-large anal beads making you moan with each bead coming out. Your insides felt like a pocket dimension with how well it fit, yet there was no doubt that Smoliin was filling you out like crazy.

“You love my cock, don’t you?” Smoliin teased you as he kept thrusting. “I bet you’re wondering how it’ll feel when I cum inside you, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes...!” You couldn’t deny what he was saying. You’d never felt quite complete until you felt Smoliin inside you. It was almost like you were an extension of him, of his power, and you wanted to indulge in it. This was what it was like to be a kobold, wasn’t it? Just to be a

plaything for something far more powerful than you, something larger yet equally monstrous and fantastical? It wasn't the calling you anticipated you'd have after dropping out of college, but it was one you were fine with, nonetheless.

There was yet more thrusting, faster and deeper inside you. Your mouth hung agape, you felt like you were seeing stars. Each bit of pain was accompanied by more moaning, no amount of stretching was going to make you enjoy this any less. You could feel him throbbing inside you, the sensation being enough to make you pre-ejaculate. The tension was building up inside of you, like floodgates about to burst open. You were just waiting for Smoliin to be ready, to make sure he was on the same page as you. That time, thankfully, would not be long.

"I hope you're prepared," Smoliin spoke to you, "because I am. Here it comes...!"

There was more throbbing, and before you knew it you were being filled with the dragon's thick stuff. It was enough to send you straight into orgasm, the intensity of it clouding your thoughts on what was going on. You could feel your belly getting heavier, full of his cum no doubt, even as it leaked onto the ground below into a puddle with your own semen. Smoliin thrust one more time to make sure you were as full as could be, a real living cocksleeve if you were anything. Even as his output slowed down, you could feel yourself getting heavier until you started to ache. Soon after, he was done, and even sooner you joined him. There was heavy breathing, no words, for a good five minutes, as you hung there with a body full of dragon cum.

"Hah... hah... kobold. Are you alright? You look to be... on the heavier side now."

"Me?" For the first time in the last several minutes, you looked down at yourself. You definitely looked bigger; walking around was going to be a bit annoying with this extra weight. "I... could you please lift me up?"

"But of course."

Smoliin pulled out, his now-flaccid member wet with cum. He held you vertical and sat down once more on his throne, setting you down in a way so the rest of his cum could get out of your body safely. Your asshole still gaped from his length, so that wasn't going to be too difficult hopefully, perhaps just a little boring to wait for. And so they would sit, and they would wait.

“So, kobold,” Smoliin said, “it shall likely be a while before we see another friendly face. I’m going to send the word out in any way I can, perhaps I can have more of you.”

“Oh, I’d love that greatly,” you admitted. “More people like us around, scaled and sexy and all that, it sounds wonderful.”

“I knew you’d say that, erm...” Smoliin paused. “I... realized I never got your name. Can you remember what it was, or will I have to fish it out of you?”

“My name?” You suddenly realized something: You forgot your own name. That orgasm must’ve knocked the last bit of humanity out of you, or at least stuffed it in a far-back corner of your mind. Damn it, damn it, damn it, it had to be back there somewhere, but you just couldn’t...

“...I’ll help you remember it later.” Smoliin shook his head. “For now, though... tell me, how has the world changed in the last fifty years? I can only conjure up that which I already have a concept up, and most of what I’ve been conjuring is already... far out-of-date, I can imagine.”

“This could take me ages, Smoliin. But we have the time...”

“Yes,” the dragon chuckled as he patted you on the head, “we have the time.”

And so you proceeded to tell him about the previous fifty years of human progress. Governments collapsing, technologies developing, and people overall failing to get their acts together were major components of your lesson. It was a long lesson too, with you two needing to take sleeping breaks just to get through the whole thing, but of course, you had an eternity. Perhaps with what he learned about the modern age, Smoliin could send out a signal to any potential humans who wished to join them? He could develop his own kobold harem, with you at the forefront of it all. You wouldn’t mind that one bit, as long as you still had Smoliin’s company to look forward to at the end of it all.