

Watching his step, Ryan moved his flashlight beam through the dark corridors, the light from outside not quite penetrating the dirty floors of the abandoned mall he was in. Not the first time he had attempted such a feat, Ryan was lucky such a mall existed in a neighboring town, close enough that he could make an afternoon of it. He liked checking out abandoned places like this, aware of the danger but too curious all the same. And a mall that had been abandoned for the better part of a year without any security to stop him? Ryan couldn't help but explore it!

Not that he was there to steal, mind. He was sure there was something to collect worth his time, and Ryan really only needed one item to prove he'd been there. Hell, a slab of concrete would work in a pinch, though he hoped to find something more memorable for his exploration. With the store themselves void of signs and even levels, and the food court removed of chairs and tables, it was looking more and more like he would need something as mundane as that to mark his trip out here.

There was before his flashlight fell upon the statue of something in a corner, out of place and looking like it was placed there. It was purple, orange, and looked all the more like a dragon. The color scheme reminded him of a character from a video game in his use, that of Spyro the dragon if he was certain. Something about it compelled Ryan to move toward it, wanting to take it as his souvenir. He had no idea where it was from or why it had been left here when everything else was either removed or looted, but it was here, and Ryan was compelled to move toward it...

The moment he touched it, an electric surge ran through him, as though he'd stuck his hand in a light socket. The surge was intense enough to make him fall back, seeing something coming from the object. It appeared, for all intents and purposes, like a surge of ghostly purple energy, moving from the object to the space above him. Ryan figured he should run, not wanting to breathe in the stuff, thinking it might be some form of toxin. Even trying to hold his breath was for naught as the purple cloud of miasma descended upon him like it was prepared to envelop him.

<Ah, yes, you will do nicely. A worthy host...> Whispered a voice all around him, though Ryan wasn't sure if it was coming from outside or inside his own head.

He was left with little time to wonder before the purple miasma dissipated, and Ryan was left to wonder what the hell was going on. It looked for all the world like it had gone inside of him, though Ryan was sure that was wrong. Still, he couldn't fight the notion that something had happened, that he was in some danger if he decided to stay here. He got up, feeling woozy as he took a step forward, and then two, feeling a weight in his body that prevented him from running. It was almost as though something had truly entered him, was weighing him down, and...

Sweating profusely from fear and from the potential of something foreign within him, Ryan was hardly aware of a tingling settling into his hands. It was as though the skin was prickling, something within pushing upward to part the dermis and creating a purple hue, almost as though bruised. Yet, it soon went beyond that, the purple becoming bright as the skin instead seemed to harden, dry and patterned and looking almost like...scales? On his form?

The spreading purple seemed to encompass his entire hand, even moving over the other as he stared down in horror at the changes. They were swelling, muscles moving underneath, and altered the bone and structure within. Soon, they weighed almost heavy at the ends of his arms, larger than what his forearms were meant to contain. He watched them swell with fascination, every inch covered with the purple scales as they started to spread up his arms, removing any errant hairs as they did so. They were sparse for now, but if they continued on like this...

Though the same tingling sensation was beginning over his feet, Ryan was intensely focused on the ache in his fingertips, their nails starting to lengthen and push against the skin. While relatively painless it was still unnerving to see the thickened nails tear from his fingers, heavy on the digits as their bases enlarged to the point of being the circumference of his hands. Like the claws of some sort of beast, Ryan could only think of the dragon statue and wondered if he was turning into a...but then that should have been impossible, right?

An ache in his feet was starting to get to him by this point, and Ryan looked down, seeing his toes stretching and wiggling against the inner part of the shoe. They were soon bunched up within the shoe, and Ryan wanted to take them off, though was unable with his hands in their current state. He was forced to stare as the lengthening digits bunched up tighter and tighter, their outline clear in the fabric of the runners. And if they were to change in the same manner as his hands, their final outcome was obvious...

That now familiar sensation against the tips of his toes started, and Ryan could feel their nails thickening, pushing against the inside of the shoes without any place to go. If they were any bit as sharp as the ones on his hands, they would soon pierce the material from the inside, tearing their way out. And with the discomfort he felt from within, Ryan almost found that outcome preferable, despite the overall worth of the new shoes. It was soon to be taken out of his new claws, the pressure of the thickening nails preparing to pierce the material.

Even without his claws to break through, the sheer size of his feet would soon be enough that the shoes could no longer contain them. Heels were being pushed back against the backs, the laces were pulled past popping, and the shoes bulged all around, stretching the glue to the breaking point. The backs of the shoes were pulled ever tighter, leather cracked and bending back from the sheer force of it. Even the sides were flattened out, the glue starting to pop and peel and take the stitches with them.

It was his reptilian claws that burst out first, stabbing the insides of the shoe in four places. Trying to flex the last toe yielded no results, as though it was being robbed from his form entirely. The toes were thicker, fatter as well, and pressing against the sides of the shoes as the tears continued to run down the length of the seam. Trying to keep the rest of the toes rigid was of no help either, their growing size too much for the shoes and preparing to bust out through them. And, soon, the entirety of his foot did just that, with a sharp pop of leather. All that remained of the shoes split horizontally, held precariously by the rest of his swelling feet. But as the base of his foot continued to expand, widening from all sides, even as the broken remnants hung like something found in a dumpster. It continued to tear, toes flexing and pushing off the remnants of his socks that hung around them as well. Even the elastic bands against his heels and ankles were not enough against the force of his massive size, and they popped apart, Ryan tempted to throw them off. Without knowing the size of the being he was to become, he had no basis for when his feet would stop growing. But it seemed at least far too large for the shoes he possessed, treating them all the way and letting them fall to the ground, discarded and useless.

Ryan looked down at what had become of his feet, surprised at their relatively human size. Their bottoms were a little thicker, covered with the same purple scales that adorned his hands and arms. He still maintained a plantigrade stance, though they were wide and spacious for the four toes that remained. His large toes were gone entirely, no trace of them on his anatomy as it was. The feet themselves were far too large for his stature, a frightening prelude to what was likely to come. He could hardly get up and walk on them, even as his calves and thighs continued to thicken to support such expansive appendages.

The massive size of his feet was only a slight indication of his eventual size, and Ryan felt himself growing concerned at the realization. Before he could act on it, however, the sensations of his skin tingling, his body growing, and making his clothes feel a little snug came to the forefront of his awareness. Ryan was sure if he were to try to use his paw hands to remove his organ shirt and camo shorts, he would tear them apart with massive talons. So he was forced to feel it happening, the snugness of his clothes becoming more and more apparent as the minutes ticked by.

By now, the purple scales had spread up his arms, removing any errant hairs from the flesh as they started down his shoulders and belly. The discoloration was yellow, almost brown down his chest, and moving all the way toward his belly that he could see from his pulled-up shirt. The purple coloration was descending his sides, discoloration moving from the skin before the patterns of scaly plates took hold. Never the hairiest of men, it was still disconcerting to feel the hair falling away, reptilian scales replacing his human dermis. The scales down his belly were thicker, more plate-like, resembling the scutes of a reptile. They moved all the way below

the belt of his camo shorts, and Ryan shivered, worried about what the changes would eventually bring.

Not all the changes were unpleasant, however, as the muscles under the scales, writhed and pushed from underneath to the point that it forced the skin to grow around it. It caused no discomfort, like the rest of the changes thus far. Only firm muscle and flawless scaled skin remained in its wake, and despite the ever-growing tightness of his clothing, Ryan couldn't help but feel some pride in the developments, despite the overall changes, their endgame unknown to him. He was easily several times larger than he figured he'd be able to manage from exercise, and the outcome was rather fetching, despite everything else going on around him.

With the tightening of his clothing against his waist, Ryan had no chance of pulling off his camo shorts even had he still his human hands. So the next sensation of change, pulling against his cock, made him shudder out loud, as though it was sinking within him. For a moment, errant thoughts feared for his gender, though his eye was not eradicated, not as it might have been expected from such a drastic alteration. Rather, it felt like a slit was opening around his penis and testicles, drawing them inside his anatomy in some way he was hardly aware his body could manage. He longed to see what was happening, but without his ability to remove his treasured shorts, he decided that such was not ideal for now.

He was soon taken by the changes to his privates as an ache started in his spine, as though something was pushing against the skin of his spine. It began to press against his already impossibly tight camo shorts to the point he was sure it would burst out. Eventually, the tip caught the tightening edge of the shorts, pushing them down rather than bursting out the back. It seemed to grow faster at its exposure, almost twitching of its own accord as it continued to add more spine, meat, and muscle, the skin around it turning purple the more it spread from his backside.

A shiver ran through his body as the hair around his groin fell out, and more of those scutes took their places over it. His testicles felt numb before the moist slit started to open around them, as though preparing to engulf them entirely. Ryan had no idea what a dragon's anatomy might be like, but it was likely it remained internal, as evidenced by the feelings flowing through him. It was unnerving to feel his testicles being pulled inside of him, his ballsack dissolving as his testes were shifted into a new position. Such sent a tremor through his cock, making him slightly erect, and part of him couldn't help, even at the moment, to feel what that might be like. He stifled such notions for now, not able to think about it too much with the changes that were still overtaking him,

Scutes continued around his slit as it closed around his junk, teasing over his anus as his hips started to crack and put his rear on display against the fabric of his underwear. It was

uncomfortable, though hardly the worst thing to come over him since the force had infected him. His anus did clench a little, the surface likely puckered as scales covered it and ran up the underside of his still-growing draconic tail.

Scales continued to relentlessly cover his form, running over his back, covering his legs and thighs under his shorts, and moving up his chest and belly as his shirt continued to rise higher on his chest. Soon, he was covered all over, save for his head, running up to the base of his neck and stopping for the moment. The skin was itchy for a while, though it felt firm enough, as much as the muscles under it were allowed to stretch and grow. He had no idea how much larger he would get, though given the size of his hands and feet, he had much more to go and grow.

He was soon to find out as the aches of muscle growth and the expansion seemed to ramp up, pulling his shirt around his pecs. He was in time to see his nipples receding into his chest, no trace of their presence within the scutes. His belly button was soon to disappear as well, a sign of a more draconic heritage than anything his humanity could hold. At this point, his shirt was pushed against his sides and upper chest, arms pulling at the cuffs and beginning to tear. He wanted to claw at it, though his firmer skin was hardly inconvenienced by the pain. With a series of snaps and a responding ripping sound, the rags of his shirt fell from his form, no longer needed for the dragon he was becoming.

It was obvious his camo shorts were soon to be fated for the same as tears ran down the ass of it, hips widening and pucker pressed precariously against it. Massive thighs were doing in the bottoms of his shorts, tearing up the sides and moving down in equal fashion. He loved those shorts, but they had no place on his form as the thickening of his tail and the expansion of his lower half burst forth and made him wish to rend his shorts with his massive claws, which he proceeded to do. Only his underwear persisted, and the size of his waist and groin were getting to the point to pop the elastic, snapping them off his scales and leaving him functionally naked.

With that, he was given a sight of his slit, something that panicked and enamored him in equal measure. He could not imagine seeing something like him on his form, hips cracking and popping and exposing more of his frame. It seemed as though his enlarging pelvis was starting to snap, cracking painlessly into another shape. He was sure he wouldn't be able to stand upright as he's been used to, though it mattered little in relation to the total loss of his humanity. Hell, he didn't even know what the endgame of the changes was. He was already far too large to be Sypro or at least the video game's equivalent. Then what was his final form to be?

An ache in his shoulders seemed to denote the neck change, and even before the bones in his shoulders separated, Ryan already had a mental image of what was happening next. The skin painlessly parted, forming the basis of what would likely be his draconic wings. A protrusion of

bone and skin pushed upward from his shoulders, looking like an arm reaching up from within the earth. As though to confirm the metaphor, a tingling at the tips signaled the formation of five distinct fingers, pushing out and twitching with the same articulation as his human digits once enjoyed. They seemed to be moving of their own accord, flexing and twitching as though eager to be born. Their bases thickened, forming the basis of what had to be palms. It was bizarre having two sets of arms rotating on his shoulders had different angles, though Ryan was certain the changes were not to end there.

The hands were only to resemble his current draconic equivalents for a few moments, even going so far as to develop their own sets of claws, albeit not as impressive as the ones on his former hands. But the fingers were soon to grow much longer than that, stretching down over his back while thinning all the way. Their orange-brown scaled skin cracked as the flexibility and articulation points multiplied down the length of the digits, and it did not take Ryan to see the formation of webbing between them to understand their purpose. With a greater range of rotation than his upper arms, Ryan was able to flap them up and down. Their muscles in tandem with his hollow bones made it likely he would be able to fly eventually. What would *that* be like?

Yet, Ryan hardly had the time to focus on such things with the ache in his chest, the bones snapping and reorienting in relation to the draconic wings he possessed now. It seemed like his bones were straining to reposition themselves, not only in terms of position but also their sheer size. He was growing impossibly large all the while, to the point his head looked comically out of place on his body. But it was hardly painful, save for the discomfort of having such happening to his body with no way to stop it. His tail, too, was getting ever longer, almost the length of his body and thickening from the base as it extended. Its range of flexibility was incredible, and Ryan was tempted to play with his abilities, feeling the tingling of its growing and working out the kinks in its structure from his efforts. It was bizarre to own such a long, flexible appendage, especially as the tip of it thickened with a scaly crust, curving around it like a spiral of sorts, a cone appearance that ended in a sharpened point.

Ryan hardly had time to get used to his new stature with an ache in his skull, as though something was pushing violently from within. The new developments rippled through his temples and poking their way out of his scalp prompted what remained of his hair to fall away as well. It was hard to miss it with all the other changes going on over his body, and the fetching purple scales encroaching over the back of his head and moving toward his face. With a thickening neck, cracking and popping, and lengthening as well, the weight of the horns was better supported in relation to the size he was growing.

It was a little dizzying to feel his neck thickening, double and triple, and moving skyward as it grew in relation to his body. The scutes running up his chest moved to cover the underside of his neck as well, moving to the base of his chin and stopping just below it. Along the back of

his neck, a series of sharp pricks ran down the span of his back, almost like some sort of reptilian spines. Soon, his growing neck was the length of his chest, noises echoing in his ears as the new flexibility in his spine allowed it to move around. And from the pricks of spine growth, it was obvious they were getting much larger the further they moved toward his head, thickening from the base into golden triangles.

Wincing, Ryan could feel his jaw start to crack forward, thickening around the base of his mouth before stretching out. The bridge of his nose had faded into his skull, head and frontal bones pushing into his growing muzzle as the muscles within his neck and lower jaw thickened to support its mass. It was massive on his head, bulging ever outward and expanding on all sides. The tip of his nose, nostrils flaring, was more blunt and rounded, bulbous and ever-growing toward a draconic visage. With a start, Ryan could feel his teeth sharpening in his gums, which themselves were becoming sturdier in his muzzle, stronger as befit his form. The more jarring change, perhaps, was the lengthening of his tongue, feeling like the muscle was extending out toward his panting muzzle and even longer, rounded at the tip but longer than even his mouth could support. With some focus, he could extend it far past his chin, as flexible as his tail and making him drool a little from the effort.

A tingling in his eyes seemed to be one of the final alterations to overtake him, given the expansion of his skull. His ears, something that had persisted throughout the entirety of the change, were soon sucked inside the ever-spreading scaled visage, leaving only holes in their wake. Eyes strained, and Ryan closed them for a moment, trying to get used to the sensation of expansion within their sockets before the sockets themselves swelled to keep up. Unaware their irises were a deeper violet than his scales, Ryan slowly opened them, viewing the world with a greater clarity than he had ever been used to. He even had a new series of membranes, sliding them over his eyes as though keeping them moist and protected.

All at once, the sensation of change seemed to cease, and with it, Ryan assumed the transformation was done. He was large, not too big to stand in the open food court but likely to have a struggle getting down the halls. Hardly the size of what he'd seen of many fictional dragons, but well beyond his human stature. He was more serpentine, quadrupedal, though could stand on his back legs with some comfort if he tried. And, best of all, the muscle and power in his frame were almost intoxicating, something he'd never been able to fathom but eager to possess all the same.

Yet, no matter how enamored he was with the sight of his body and the power it possessed, there was no denying the reality he was no longer human, and could not persist in the human world. Ryan didn't want to stay a dragon, even a rather fetching one. Yet, even reaching down and picking up the statue yielded no results. There was nothing about it that marked it as

anything other than a toy, something mundane and not able to house the spirit of a dragon. Was that what had happened to him?

<Ah, yes, how wonderful! You can't imagine how good it feels to be out of that stuffy prison and back into a body again! Alas, it's not my original body, that perished long ago in another world. But I was able to make yours into a reasonable facsimile of it. Beautiful, isn't it? Wait, no, not quite. Still missing something important, I think. You're going to love this...> A voice said in his mind, similar to the one that had echoed within as soon as he had been? Possessed? Hadn't something entered him before the changes started? And was that the thing currently talking to him right now?

Ryan hardly had time to reflect on it further as that same purplish energy seemed to move from what he assumed was a void statue, as though his form needed to change before the rest of whatever it was infected his body. Yet, that realization came too late for him to move out of the way as the purple mist enveloped him, this time sinking into his exposed slit before dissipating entirely. Before he could worry about what it would do to him, Ryan felt an intense surge of lust overtaking him, cock on fire as it rose from his slit. And with that, the slit itself started to open up, awakening the only part of his body that Ryan hadn't realized hadn't altered yet.

Yet, that was not the only thing to come to his awareness, a pressure in his mind beyond anything a headache could conceivably feel. It was as though he was being pushed to the side by some unknown force like his psyche was being invaded by something else. Perhaps it was the being that had been speaking to him, though the process was as bizarre and incomprehensible as the change itself. It was as though his body was not his own, some unknown force making his eyes blink and raising his hands to his head as though trying to-

Shocked, Ryan realized his world had gone black, as though he had been rendered unconscious. With that, it seemed his vision had been robbed from him, darkness all around. Yet, the more he forced, the more he needed to possess an awareness of being in a moist, damp tunnel, something he could not quite perceive but something he seemed to be aware of all the same. It was as though he was seeing the world through a single opening, and trying to speak, nothing came out. That single opening moved slightly, and tremors ran through his body, as though he was small, every inch of himself crunched in upon himself. There was no understanding of the body he was in, far removed from the dragon he had turned into. Almost as though his conscience had been transported into something else...

With a start, Ryan blinked, coming back to the real world, as much as his massive dragon form persisted within it. It was like he had been transported elsewhere, blacking out before it occurred. The whiplash made him feel almost alien in his own body, taking a few moments for him to reorientate himself within his changed form. The first thing he noticed was that the



pressure in his head was gone, and for a moment he wondered if he'd imagined the entire thing. He was back in his body once more, and the being told him that he was about to...

With a sensual wave, his slit opened, and within a pointed cock tip rose, almost too large for the slit itself, the elastic tissue spread sensually apart. The pointed tip resembled his own human one, though was far larger than anything he could imagine, even in relation to his new form. The head seemed to compact slightly, pointing the urethra even further, leaking fluids down the shaft as more of it continued to extend outward, a deeper shade of pink than his formerly skin color. Veins traced its surface, and pepperings of what looked like spines started to form in rows all the way down to its surface. Ridges and divots started to form in undulating lines as Ryan felt his member growing even larger, its circumference taking up the entirety of the slit's opening.

<Hmmm, yes. Feels good, doesn't it? It's been so long that I've forgotten. But that's OK. I'll soon have that sensation once more, and you'll be right there to experience it with me! Perhaps not from the perspective, you're used to. Hmmm, I'm feeling rather generous at the moment. Why did you give yourself a little touch? A prelude, as it were. Something to give you a modicum of temptation before you find it even more intimately.> the voice said, and with that, the lust within his cock seemed to increase tenfold.

No matter how much Ryan tried to resist, the ache in his cock and the innate need were at the forefront of his thought. He didn't want to be erect and didn't find anything more erotic about the changes or their hold on him. But it was powerfully tempting for him to reach down and play with his member, to get off with the member that was raging underneath him. The thing was so large he was shocked to possess it in relation to the size of his form, as well hung as anything he could have envisioned. He would have been impressed with the size of his dong, though could hardly manage to know that it was not to be his for much longer. And he could hardly resist the opportunity to touch himself when given permission by the entity that had gifted him with such. So, then, why would he wait to experience what should have been bliss...?

Yet, the moment he reached down to touch it, the moment his mind blacked out, as though it had caused some kind of feedback loop. The moment he awoke, the same sensation of being able to see yet not come over him, though his body was far larger, far more tense than it had been before. Trying to open his mouth resulted in a limited ability to do so, as though the opening was reduced to only a tiny O. Stranger still, he seemed to be drooling viscous fluid, the taste of it somewhat familiar though not in the contact. It was thick, and he couldn't gag it back, no matter how much he tried. Any ability to resist it was gone, almost as though it was being forced through him against his will. Far from bile or spittle, however, it seemed to be coming from deep within him, past what even his stomach could manage. It should have been suffocating, yet with some sense of terror, Ryan realized that he was not breathing, that he had no

lungs or heart or hearing aside from the pervasive voice in his head. And it was something that would not relent, as though taunting him.

<Hmm, yes. That seems like a good use for you. I can't let you possess the body, after all, for it is rightfully mine. But I cannot eliminate you entirely, nor would I want to. You freed my spirit, after all, and gave your body over to me. Perhaps my favorite organ would be a good fit for you, hmmm? At least some physical pleasures for your new life. So sorry about that,> the voice within his head said, making Ryan shiver internally. What was he on about?

It was the sensation of something wrapping around his body that finally lead Ryan to understand his fate. Though he couldn't quite see in the way he was used to, he was well aware of how sensitive the various ridges and creases his body possessed, being rubbed sensually from 4 separate places. His vision seemed to white out at that, the ooze from his mouth thickening in consistency and making it hard to see. The more he was rubbed, the more his entire body started to pulsate all over, as though every inch of him was powerfully sensitive. It was almost like he was a...like the cock he'd longed to touch before the dragon had...how was it possible his entire being was now within a single organ, perhaps one of the worst being his own cock? Ryan had to struggle to maintain his humanity!

<You like that, don't you? You're better off an organ than being in your own body, anyway!> The voice of who he could only think to call Spyro in his head rang out, and Ryan struggled against the sensations, trying with all his will to avoid the pleasure pulsating through his being. It was a Sisphulean task to push his will like a boulder up the hill, but he struggled, trying to place his mind within that of the draconic body he now possessed. His lack of experience within that body compared to his own was a determinant of his efforts. But he couldn't leave himself to being a dragon's dong for the rest of his life!

<I figure once I make you cum, then you'll lose all resistance and be my cock forever. That's a likely premise, I think. Shall we test it?> Said Spyro. To Ryan's disgust, the creature seemed to be delighting in what he was doing to him, not only robbing him of his humanity of his autonomy. What kind of cruel being would condemn him to such a fate?

With some effort, Ryan was able to try to force himself back into his mind, remembering with every ounce of his being what that new body felt like. He blinked a few times, trying to get back into his body, vision blackening several times before viewing the world through the dragon's eyes. Yet, there was hardly enough time for him to become complacent within his mind before the force of draconic willpower pushed him back, and he was sure he would awaken as the dragon's dong once more. He had just enough willpower to maintain his stance. But only just. It felt that even the slightest breeze would push him back into that cursed phallus and an

uncertain fate. He had to stay focused, had to fight, even as a massive force shoved him out of his body before he even had the chance to resist, and he went black once more.

Rather than being annoyed at his persistence, however, Spyro seemed to delight in the challenge the man was providing him. <Ah, a fighter! I'm so glad to have your body, and breaking your spirit will be a special delight! Just a little more, you can't have that much more fight left in you despite how far you've come!>

Coming to some moments later, Ryan was aware he was erect, stuck in his penis body once more. Now that he was aware of what he was, despair came over him. He was more sensitive all over than anything he could imagine, as though every inch of his skin was vibrating with the need to be stimulated. He could only move his mouth, now a urethra as he spit up more and more precum. And as thick padded hands played over his entire body in tandem, he could feel a pressure building up within where his feet and legs would be, as though those had become his testicles. Like they were going to open up and erupt through his insides as much as he seemed to crave. Like he was...no he couldn't let that happen!

Using all his energy, Ryan focused on the head of the dragon, the massive body he possessed that he'd barely had time to acclimate to. Figuring there was no point in thinking his body was human anymore, it was easier to take himself from the phallus he possessed and moved him toward what had been his. Even if it felt amazing, even if his body and mind so desperately craved the contact, he knew he had to get away, couldn't let himself be a...a thing! It went beyond anything he understood, and even being in that dragon's form was far more preferable. Even if it was so hard, impossible to make it back to his head...it was *his*, damnit! And, eventually, the now familiar blacking out occurred, a sign he would wake up in his head and not in his cock head!

Spyro seemed elated over the exchange, as though a cat toying with a mouse before going in for the killing blow. <Back and forth, is it? Well, your weak human mind won't be able to resist forever. I've been waiting for an eternity within that vessel, you know. And in that time I've amassed a focus beyond even my own kind. I was already superior in facilities than any human, even a persistent one like you. Teasing you like this is fun, I must admit. But more than that, I need to get off, you see. It has been so long, and we can both feel those pleasures together, so long as you give in and become my dick!>

Realizing there was such little time before he was forced into the shape of a cock for the rest of the dragon's life, Ryan pushed his body forth, slamming against the wall of the building, shaking it from the force of his strength. <Stop struggling against me and submit!> the dragon said, trying to push against Ryan's mind with the will and experience of a being far older than Ryan could fathom. Using the advantage of catching the dragon unaware, Ryan pushed his

chance, slamming him against the wall once more and creating a crack large enough to know that he could break free. It was a slight chance that getting out and into the air would give Ryan an advantage, but it was better than nothing!

To his surprise, the dragon's response was not just to fight back, but to force his body to expand even more, as though showing Ryan that such was not sufficient for him to gain total control. A soreness played over him as his chest barreled, his arms and legs thickened, his tail and neck grew longer, and his maw and wings expanded, a testament to what was likely his true power. Ryan shoved back with all his might, and the growing beast slammed violently against the wall, bursting through the concrete and having some of it crashing down on him. The weight of the building, however, had little effect on him overall, and Spyro spread his wings, trying to stand his ground against Ryan's mental onslaught.

Hoping the warm air and the sun against his scales would stun the dragon further, Ryan pushed with all his might against the constant pressure on his mind, wondering how he would force the dragon's mind into his cock, like Spyro was trying to do to him. But the moment his focus went from trying to move Syrpo, a shred of his resistance broke through, and the force of Spyro's will pushed him back down into his dong, making Ryan white out. He tried with all his willpower to stay within his own mind, but no matter what he attempted, he could not help but feel his consciousness wiping out, along with any grip he had on his body.

Ryan had no idea how long it took him to come to consciousness once more. Ready to fight the moment he awoke once more, Ryan was instead overcoming with a sensation around his entire body, moist, firm, and teasing the tip of his mouth with some reverence. A smell hit his awareness, though he had no nose, and he was able to perceive he was getting closer and closer toward the maw of the dragon whose cock he had become. He was going to be sucked off by Spyro, and there was nothing he could do unless he could get back inside his own head.

But it was too late. His body was already on a razor's edge of cumming, and in the interim, it took him to get into Sypro's cock, Spyro had already brought him to the edge. His massive tongue was wrapped around Ryan's body, getting in between the ridges and squeezing them in just the way to make Ryan belch up a thick spurt of precum. He was oozing it copiously now, and the sensation against his insides of it welling up was getting to the point he could not resist. The moment the dragon's lips wrapped around his cock was the moment Ryan felt himself go, unable to hold back the tension in his balls and the need to feel his entire body going into orgasm.

With a violent series of spasms, Ryan could feel the dragon's cum shooting through him, opening him up as he spewed a body's worth of semen into Spyro's gullet. It tasted salty, though not unpleasant, had Ryan the cognizance to fully realize the experience. His entire body pulsed

back and forth, every inch of him inside and out to the point he could not take it. It was akin to whitening out once more, though this time Ryan was aware of his body, hyper-sensitive as Spyro's body milked him dry. He was barely aware that his fate was sealed, or that his turgid form was starting to recede, and his purpose had been spent. And Ryan was less so aware that this was to be only one of two purposes he possessed now, something that he would have to learn to live with for the rest of his life.

With that, Spyro said his last words to the former human before Ryan fully deflated and lost consciousness. <It won't be such a bad existence, human. You'll have not a care or a figment of concern for the world around you, and your only job will be to tend to my biological needs. Perhaps some of such might be distasteful, but as you've just experienced, it comes with unfathomable pleasures as well. And I'll be sure to use you for that purpose often. I am a being that loves carnal pleasures, and you'll be privy to all of them for the rest of our existence.>

Yet, with his current state of being, Ryan had no ability to respond, not sure he even could mentally with his current state of being. Feeling himself sinking back into Spyro's slit, Ryan felt a wave of fatigue rushing over him, both from the exertion and the afterglow of the literal body-shaking orgasm. He wanted to fight, he really did. But cumming as a dragon's cock felt so amazing that it was impossible for him to resist it, even if he wasn't sure the dragon's words held true and that he was condemned into this form so long as his dragon master lived. But even if there was a chance of returning to a more preferable existence, Ryan couldn't muster the energy to. The dragon's slit was warm and inviting, and it felt so good to allow his body to soften and sink inside, returning his mind to a state of nothingness until the next time Spyro decided to pleasure his human host-turned-organ.