When Wyn woke up once more he found himself still lying on the floor of the enchantment laboratory, though he definitely wasn’t alone. He could hear the sound of several voices murmuring and whispering around him as he slowly came too and when those that had gathered around him saw he was moving he felt himself get picked up. “We were worried sick about you,” the high arcanist said as several of his acolytes brushed off his robes. “When I sensed the wards being attacked in your lab I immediately rushed over to try and help, only to find you in your current state and unconscious. We were about to move you to the medical lab when you came too on your own accord.”

From what it sounded like to the elf he hadn’t been unconscious for long, apparently just enough to have half a dozen other mages surround him. They helped him to a chair and gave him a decanter of water, which he eagerly accepted and drank down the entire flask in one go. When he pulled the glass away from his mouth however he saw something that caused him to drop it, the magically enchanted glass bouncing on the floor as he looked at his scale covered hand. It looked like Zanzibar’s effects had not been completely reversed as he looked down at himself and saw a toned, athletic, very draconic body attached to that hand.

Just as Wyn was about to start freaking out he suddenly felt a calmness wash over him, likely alchemically induced from the water that he drank as his breathing steadied. Once he was calm and composed he told the high alchemist everything from when he received the item to his attempted possession. When he told him what he did in order to stave off the electric dragon the high arcanist congratulated him on his resourcefulness, then told him that if he wanted to go to the infirmary they can start to work on getting his body back to normal.

“While I know that our healers would try their best I think I have a better way of reversing my affliction,” Wyn stated as he shook his head. “If you’ll permit me some time to leave I know someone far better versed in the law of draconic magic.”

Though it was clear that the high arcanist wasn’t keen on letting someone mutated to extent that the former elf was he also knew who Wyn’s contacts were that he spoke of. An hour later he was on a horse riding down the dirt road towards the mountains, getting some distance already despite night having already fallen. Luckily for him the moon was nearly full overhead which provided enough light to get through the plains that surrounded the city. He was able to travel until he reached the edge of the woods where he was forced to make camp for the night before venturing into the shadowy darkness that was the forest.

Still Wyn was pleased at the progress he had made and it gave him a chance to get out of the city… which given what he had been starting to feel since he had opened his eyes he needed to put as much distance as possible. As the draconic creature stared into the fire he slowly felt the consciousness of Zanzibar stir until it was finally completely awake. Naturally the ancient dragon was as confused as he had been when he first woke up, but as he felt his body start to spasm as the spirit possessing him tried to regain control he took out another draft of potion and drank it. It was a concoction similar to the one that he had been given at the sanctum and as soon as the liquid ran down his throat he could feel his lips go numb as he laid back on the bedroll he had prepared.

“What… happened…” the creature growled inside of his skull. “What have you… done to me…”

“Depends on what time you’re talking about,” Wyn replied with a sigh as he felt his entire body start to relax, using a scaled hand to run over his draconic form. “If you’re talking about just now than I took a draft that’s going to numb our body and make it next to impossible to move around until dawn so that I don’t have to worry about you taking me over and venturing back towards town. If we’re going back to the lab incident than I used a potion that was made to purify the area and banish demons that had been accidently unleashed… I was hoping that it would do the same for you but it appears that it only works on demonic entities.”

There was a moment of pause as Wyn could feel the creature possessing him process the information that he had just given him. Even though he knew that Zanzibar was going to rage there was nothing that he could do about it and as he laid there he could hear the dragon let out a slew of obscenities and insults. He also felt his fingers and toes begin to move as Zanzibar tried to take control of them but by this point the draft had taken its full effect and there was little more that the dragon could do than flop around on his bedroll. When it was clear that the dragon was too weak spiritually and the elf drugged physically Zanzibar gave up and grumbled in the corner of his consciousness.

“Giving up so easily?” Wyn taunted as a grin formed on his muzzle.

“You think you’re so clever,” Zanzibar growled. “Stupid elf, thinking you can just contain a dragon like this. All you’re doing is delaying the inevitable and my revenge. If you would just let me have your body then I’m sure we could have a lot of fun together… I’m sure you’ll come around to my way of thinking if you’d just let me show you.”

Though the words that the evil creature said made Wyn’s blood boil it also gave him an idea on how to get a little revenge on the dragon. “You know… maybe you should see about looking into my way of thinking,” the former elf said deviously as he managed to arch his head up enough to look at the flaccid ridged member flopped against him. “Why don’t you let me show you what I mean instead?”

It took a few seconds for Zanzibar to process what the artificer was saying but he quickly became clued in when that hand that been stroking his chest and abs quickly moved lower down towards his groin. Though he could hear the malicious dragon cursing and protesting the elf’s treatment of him he didn’t care, with the initial threat of his body stealing off in the middle of the night he was going to enjoy himself. Even though he had been possessed he couldn’t deny that everything about his new body was sexy as hell and he was going to enjoy it as much as possible. Surprisingly even though the dragon continued to protest such an abuse of his body he found Zanzibar go silent the second his fingers began to wrap around the throbbing flesh.

As much as the elf wanted to taunt the suddenly silent Zanzibar he quickly found himself lost to his own pleasure, groaning as softly as he could to not attract anything while still stroking himself. There were definitely perks to the body he was in as it reacted even better to his ministrations than before, feeling his toes curl and those claws dig into the soft dirt. Even with the potion nearly completely numbing him he still found himself writhing and curling about as he continued to pleasure himself. His mental images turned to the feeling of a silver dragon breeding him, his fingers playing with his tailhole as he imagined that throbbing dragon cock pushing inside of him.

“You’re disgusting,” Zanzibar growled in his mind as Wyn began to tease inside, only to realize that the claws made it hard before he got another idea. “Wait… what are you thinking…” the dragon gasped as the horny elf grabbed onto his tail and guided the tip downwards. “My tail isn’t for that! I demand you stop!”

“Right now it’s my tail,” Wyn growled, hissing as he guided the surprisingly prehensile appendage into him. “So I’m going to enjoy it.”

The second the blunt end of the tail began to push inside of him Wyn almost lost it right there, his back arching slightly as the first inch or so slid inside. At first he needed his hand to guide it in but once his tight anal muscles clamped around it he had enough control he could push it inside himself without needing to keep hold of it. Though he couldn’t get it in too far it was enough to enhance the fantasy as he pushed it in and out of his hole, sliding his hands up and down his throbbing shaft in time with it.

It didn’t take Wyn long with the double stimulation to get to orgasm, the draconic male allowing himself to roar in pure bliss as his hips bucked up in the air. His cock jumped in his hand as several spurts of dragon cum flew over his head with impressive distance and hit the ground, filling the air with its scent. It seemed like ages before his climax finished and when Wyn was done he let out a sigh and let his body completely relax in the afterglow, pulling his tail out of himself before drifting off in a pleasure-filled haze. He noted right before he slipped into sleep that Zanzibar no longer seemed to be protesting either, the dragon silent as darkness enveloped him.

The next morning Wyn found himself still laying there in the bedroll in the same location as before, squinting his eyes as the sun began to rise up over the horizon. He can still smell the musk of the fun that he had from the night before as he looked down at his chest. When he looked at himself he gasped and saw that his chest had been altered once more, his warrior’s physique replaced with something more feral in nature as his gaze traveled up towards his arms that bent in an odd direction. His legs had also thickened as well and his toes, which had already merged into three thick digits, were now even larger as he struggled to right himself. It was clear to the elf that the effects of the purification potion he used were only temporary, and if he didn’t find a way to reverse it soon it’s possible that Zanzibar would be able to take over once more.

“Not so cocky now, are we?” the dragon’s voice said in his head as Wyn lifted up his mutated hands to feel the longer horns that had grown out and curled around his head. “The more dragon you become the more I regain control… you’re never going to see your elven form again and then I will fly free to find some others to show you how to truly rut.”

Even though Wyn could feel the frustration burn in his scaly cheeks there was something that caused him to pause as his mind processed what Zanzibar had just said. “That’s it?” He asked as nonchalantly as possible. “You take over my body completely and you’re going to go out and find some dragons to be mounted by?”

“Of course,” Zanzibar boasted, and Wyn remained quiet to see how long it would take until the dragon realized what he had just agreed to before he heard a string of draconic cursing. “You know what I mean elf… I already told you I’m always on top, and soon you’re going to experience that for yourself.”

“But that’s it?” Wyn replied in earnest, wanting to press the dragon even further. “Just go about spreading your seed across the land? Nothing else?”

“Well there will be time to enjoy the finer things in life,” Zanzibar replied, his tone growing more suspicious by the second. “Why do you ask elf? Trying to figure out what your life is going to be like?”

Though Wyn wanted to continue to question the dragon’s motives he decided not to test his luck, merely saying that he was curious as he packed up his bag and attempted to get the strap around the growing nubs on his back that were his fledgling wings. While he wanted to bring up the fact that up until an hour or so ago he had been obsessed with revenge on the adventuring party that killed him there appeared to be no animosity towards them anymore, at least nothing on the surface. The same was said for the village itself as the opportunity to make some sort of threat of burning it to the ground came and went without the dragon capitalizing on it.

Even with the former elf speculating on the shift in the dragon’s mood he knew that the animosity towards him has still not changed one bit as he packed up his camp. Wyn could feel the entity attempting to move his limbs, dropping something when his fingers flexed or feeling his tail move of its own accord. Zanzibar was getting stronger by the hour and even though the artificer knew he was strong-willed he was no match for the spirit of a dragon. He could only hope that it would be matched by another one as he carefully put his pack on his back and continued his hike forward.

With his enhanced body Wyn found himself making good time into the mountains, even though at one point he had to switch from being just on his legs to going on all fours. Though his body still somewhat anthro in nature he knew that wouldn’t last long as his transformation continued to progress. He could feel his growing wings flap once in a while and he knew that Zanzibar was likely trying to get control of them first, knowing that if he could control their flight than everything the elf had done to this point would be for nothing. Luckily for Wyn they were still rather weak and with the thickening muscle on his body making him heavier it was likely that they wouldn’t be able to lift him until they were fully formed.

The increased speed and stamina of the draconic body allowed Wyn to get to the mountain cave he was traveling to just as night had started to fall. He was extremely grateful he didn’t have to spend another night camping, even with the potion stopping Zanzibar from taking his body somewhere while he slept he wasn’t sure if he’d be in control again when he woke up in the morning. It was a risk he no longer had to take as he began to walk inside the darkness, which made little difference to him with his enhanced eyes. Before he could get too far down he felt a pull on his body so hard that it caused Wyn to lose his balance and fall over onto the stone floor.

“What do you think you’re doing!?” Wyn shouted, though when he formed the words in his muzzle they came out in draconic and his mouth and tongue numb. He tried to speak further but it was no use, Zanzibar had taken control of his muzzle and was now fighting to get control over the rest of his body. The dragon entity must have picked up on what they were about to do and this was likely his last stand, a final fight in order to claim the body as his once and for all. Their scales pushed against the stone floor of the cavern as Zanzibar continued his mental assault on the elf and attempted to wrestle control away while moving their limbs to get back towards the entrance of the cave.

“I will not have you take away this body from me!” Zanzibar screamed mentally, though half of his words actually came out of their shared muzzle as one limb tried to dig into the stone to pull out their body, only to have the other one slap it away as a hindleg kicked out and rolled them deeper in. As the struggle continued though Wyn began to feel his resistance weaken, his will fading with each time he had to retake a limb from the dragon. It was clear that the dragon’s essence had been waiting and building for this moment and he could hear Zanzibar’s growing cries of victory as he lost control of both forelimbs, then a hind leg as the blue dragon began to pick himself up…

…only to be immediately brought down to the ground again with a heavy thud as a silver-sclaed paw pressed against his head. “I don’t know what possessed you to enter my layer,” the bigger silver dragon said with a snarl as Zanzibar looked up to see a very angry face. “But I’m going to give thirty seconds for you to explain yourself before I rip you limb from limb. Speak, you foul creature.”

The presence of the metallic scaled dragon was enough to throw Zanzibar off of his possession and Wyn quickly retook control of his muzzle. “It’s Wyn!” he shouted, causing the other draconic male’s expression to change to shock as his eyes widened. “Help me Aggy, I’ve been poss-“

Zanzibar quickly realized his error and pushed the elf out of control of their shared head, but the message had been given and the nickname that Wyn had given Agrenon made it clear who he was dealing with. Almost immediately the silver dragon’s eyes glowed and Zanzibar let out a mental howl as all the progress he had been making was stripped away from him, pushed back by the other dragon’s magic. The magic coursing through his veins also had an unintended side-effect as Wyn felt his body grow even more, panting and snarling as his already elongated face grew more until it was a proper dragon muzzle and his wings spread out even more. Seeing the muscles and bones pop underneath the thickening scales Agrenon stopped what he was going and helped Wyn as he continued to attempt to catch his breath from the sudden transformation.

“By the platinum scale…” the silver dragon said in shock as he looked into the eyes of the transforming male, seeing only a little of the whites that would have been the elf’s eyes. “Wyn… what happened to you? Wait… let me get you someplace more comfortable and you can tell me everything.”

When Wyn was able to catch his breath again he found himself sighing in relief as he was cradled in the arms of the now only slightly bigger dragon and helped to his lair. The elf had visited Agrenon several times before in order to help learn not only the draconic language but a few secrets of the trade. It was also, as Zanzibar was quick to angrily point out while he recovered from the magical outburst, the object of his most recent lusts. The latter part Wyn was quick to dismiss in order to avoid any potential embarrassment as he laid down on the furs that were normally reserved for the silver dragon himself.

Once Wyn was comfortable he told the dragon everything, from getting the object from the adventurers to getting possessed and then using the purification mist all the way to the most recent possession attempt. The silver dragon had a mixture of awe on the elf’s resourcefulness to the disgust when Zanzibar is mentioned. “It sounds like you’ve been through quite the ordeal,” the silver dragon replied once Wyn had finished. “Leave it to one of their kind to try and cheat death through the means of something so foul as stealing another’s body, if I could I would banish him out of you and put him in a tree to live for all eternity.”

“If you could?” Wyn repeated, the silver dragon looking down. “You mean…”

“I’m afraid that I can’t do anything for you with my magics,” Agrenon admitted with a soft sigh. “Anything I do to extract the dragon is going to accelerate your transformation and the only reason that you’re likely still in control is from the fact that despite your appearance you’re still technically mostly elven. The more draconic you become the stronger he gets, and if what you say is true he could probably overpower me if he really wanted too at that stage.”

“You better believe I could,” Zanzibar’s voice echoed in Wyn’s head with a chuckle. “I would have you on this cave floor in seconds and with my cock buried so deep into your tailhole my seed would come out of your mouth. Have you moaning for me and begging to get off…”

Both Zanzibar and Wyn sat there in shocked silence as the dragon trailed off, something that Agrenon picked up on as he asked what was wrong. “I… don’t know…” Wyn said as he mind tried to process what just happened. “I think… I’m really horny right now…”

“Ummmm… okay.” The silver dragon said in slight surprise.

“No, it’s not like that,” Wyn replied as he began to ramble slightly. “I mean, I think it might be exactly like that. I was never like this before and when Zanzibar spoke just now he mentioned that he wanted to rut you, but before he said he was only interested in females… and he also wanted to murder the adventurers and destroy the whole city but he hasn’t said anything like that recently. I think that even though he’s turning me into a dragon something is happening to us metaphysically, like we’re affecting each other. Like I’m getting his libido and he’s getting my preferences…”

“Well… you did say you used a purification mist,” Agrenon mused as he tapped a claw against his snout while he contemplated. “It’s supposed to be used to purge evil… but instead of traditionally banishing demons it’s cleansing Zanzibar of his evil intentions and in the void its leaving you are affecting him.” Suddenly a realization came to the dragon and for the first time ever Wyn saw a look of slight embarrassment and coyness on the silver dragon’s muzzle. “You said he wanted to rut me and that it was your preferences rubbing off on him… does that mean what I think it means?”

Wyn felt himself blush as he realized he unknowingly admitted the crush he had on the other dragon, looking away before finally turning back and seeing the smirk on Agrenon’s face. “I’m always shocked by how creatures such as yourself always hide such feelings,” he said with a chuckle. “It would be cute if it wasn’t so frustrating in preventing us from getting laid.”

“Uh, wow...” Wyn said as he was taken by surprise. “That’s rather... unexpected.”

“What, you think that we don’t have feelings of lust like other races?” the silver dragon chuckled. “Or is it that you didn’t think there were gay dragons out there? Of course I have to say that had we attempted a relationship with you in your elf form it was probably not going to work out, but with that handsome dragon form you have now we might be able to make something... doable.”

Wyn could hear Zanzibar balk in his mind when the other dragon made the very obvious innuendo but at this point the former elf was far too horny to care as he licked his scaly lips. Even though he could feel his draconic member throbbing with need in the back of his mind he did remember what the repercussion of such a thing could be. Every time he had indulged in his lusts his transformation grew more accelerated, but at the same time it appeared whatever was happening to the blue dragon spirit inside him did the same. Was he really going to gamble losing complete control of his body over a theory and a need to get laid?

That answer was quickly answered as the two dragons nearly slammed into one another as their muzzles met in a fierce kiss. “You… you can’t…” Zanzibar tried to say mentally over the wave of lust from their tongues twining around one another. “I won’t… allow this…”

“Shut up Zan,” Wyn replied mentally, his physical maw stuffed with dragon tongue as their scaly bodies rubbed against one another. “I know you are liking this, just enjoy the ride... or should I say being ridden?” The ancient dragon spirit practically squealed with his gasp as Wyn quickly took his body and turned it so that he was on all fours, raising his tail to the silver dragon who eagerly accepted such an open invitation. The air began to crackle with electricity as ancient magic seeped into the air from the arousal of the two creatures as Agrenon got up and pressed his chest to the other dragon’s back.

The effect of the mounting was quickly becoming apparent as Wyn’s body hit another growth spurt, this one larger than any of the others as his pleasure-fueled transformation quickly reached a tipping point. What little of his plantigrade anatomy disappeared under huge bulging muscles as his spine expanded once more, this time to lengthen his body to accept his new stance. The bones in his wrists and fingers popped as they went into their final configuration as well, but Wyn didn’t even notice anymore as his focus was fixated on the tapered cock that was being pushed underneath his tail. What he was able to witness was Zanzibar finally giving up the façade he had put of not enjoying himself, hearing the moans of the blue dragon in his head as more pleasure radiated from the sensitive walls being spread open by the silver dragon behind him.

Wyn’s own chest was pressed to the ground as he bucked his rear up in order to expedite the process, both dragons letting out a groan of pure pleasure as that ridged member was pushed all the way inside of him. His own cock, which had been pulled up as the scaly skin around it thickened, slid out of its new slit and dripped with pre as the lust between the two dragons grew stronger with every passing second. With their focus on the rhythm of their bodies humping together neither noticed that the blue scales had begun to shift in collar, the shine increasing as they began to turn an oxidized green before finally becoming bronze in nature. With every thrust forward the chromatic shift seemed to spread until it was copper dragon that the silver one was ramming hard into.

The only thing that caused a disruption to their mating was when Wyn’s body outpaced Argrenon in growth, the silver dragon getting lifted up physically from the now bigger male beneath him. For a few seconds Agrenon had to shift his balance so he didn’t fall off and Wyn had to slide completely down to the ground, his cock resting against the smooth floor and rubbing against it from the renewed thrusts. Even though Wyn was bigger now the silver dragon made it clear he was still in control, feeling teeth brush against his neck to assert dominance even though Agrenon had to stretch his neck as far as he could to do it.

Finally Wyn let out a loud roar, partially from his transformation finally completing and mostly because the silver dragon had just orgasmed inside his tailhole and filled him with his draconic seed. The sensation caused him to climax as well, the last of his humanity pouring out of him in the form of his cum before it was quickly replaced with a substance similar to what had been pumped inside of him. As both dragons panted profusely they ended up both falling to their sides with Agrenon still inside Wyn, though eventually he pulled out with a pop as they finally saw what had happened to the former elf.

“That’s something I didn’t expect,” Agrenon huffed as he ran a forepaw down the metallic flanks of the bigger dragon.

“Me neither,” Wyn replied, the new dragon sighing as he shifted to press against Agrenon even more. “At this point though I don’t care…”

The two dragons spent some time cuddling with the silver dragon wrapped around the bigger copper one when Wyn felt his eyes open. A pang of fear ran through him as he realized that his body was being moved without his command, Zanzibar taking advantage of the exhausted state of the former elf in order to take over. It was what he had feared as he found himself as a passenger of his own body for once, only able to watch as Zanzibar gave his muscles a stretch and flex before looking down at the still snoozing silver dragon. Wyn felt his face lean in close and stay only a few inches away as Agrenon slowly opened his eyes and looked up at the creature staring down at him.

“Zanzibar…” Agrenon said as he narrowed his eyes. “Looks like you finally got what you wanted.”

“Not quite…” Zanzibar said as Wyn felt something he didn’t expect from the ancient creature, a tremor running down his spine as he sat back on his hind legs and rubbed his forepaws together. “I was just wondering, if you didn’t mind of course, if maybe I could mount you this time?”

It was clear the request took Agrenon by surprise too, but he quickly recovered as a coy smile appeared on his muzzle. “Well… I suppose I could grant you that request…” he stated before rolling over onto his back and spreading his hind legs, his half-erect member already out of his slit once more. “Of course I expect you to work for it, get me off and I’ll let you get off inside of me.”

Zanzibar quickly nodded and moved forward, Wyn suddenly feeling their shared maw filled with dragon cock as their copper-scaled head bobbed up and down. It appeared that any thoughts the former blue dragon had about conquest and destruction had been replaced with the desire to pleasure his new mate, letting the silver dragon take control. With a little mental prodding he found out that Zanzibar would also share this body and that opened up the option to become an artificer once again when he didn’t have Agrenon’s cock filling one of his orifices. This was definitely an arrangement Wyn could live with, he thought to himself as he mentally encouraged their new role in life.