

It wasn't unusual for Morghus to have his head in the clouds as he walked home, thinking about things that could not exist in the world as he knew it. It happened often, his head in the clouds since he was a child, reading about faraway places and knights and dragons. Specifically, wyverns. He wasn't sure what about their form in particular that did it for him. Be it that it didn't make sense for dragons to have separate wings from their arms, or that many of the major dragons from books were actually wyverns, he couldn't say. But it had to be that particular body type for him, that idea of losing his hands and having that be the form he wished himself to be if only such things were possible in the real world.

Alas, such changes never happened, and Morghus was left to wonder what it would be like with no frame of reference. As he grew older, that wonderment turned into an interest in art, stories, and role-playing, wondering what it would be like to undergo such a change. Of course, the interest was more than a little arousing, and the source of many a masturbation session. He was pent-up about the situation often, not something he confided in with any of his closest friends and family, but a truth all the same. Surely, he wasn't the only one that felt such about transformation, but it was something he was, for the most part, too shy to share.

After a particularly rough day at work, Morghus came home, feeling that pent-up need from a period of daydreaming. It was hardly a guilty pleasure, something that was good for him at least physically, and there was no reason for him not to indulge, being alone at the time. So, with the image of his ideal wyvern self in mind, Morghus collapsed on the couch, unzipping his pants to tease the turgid erection, letting it stay in his underwear for a time as he teased the head, feeling it leaking already. It had been some days since he'd had the energy to indulge, and for some reason, it seemed his focus on transformation and wyverns, in general, was higher than normal, making such action an inevitability.

Yet, no amount of self-pleasure could detract from the fact he could not change in real life, and anything he tried to envision for himself. The idea of changing into a wyvern, to truly *be* one in real life was more tempting a prospect than anything he could imagine, despite the impossibility of such ever coming to fruition. Still, it was fun to think about. And he planned to give into it to the fullest, wishing perhaps to any that might hear with the power to grant such a request. Not that such beings existed, mind, but the thought that maybe, just maybe, it could be possible...

*"I can grant your wish if it is something you truly want..."* a voice in his head seemed to say, as though answering his question. Surely, Morghus was imagining it, as enticing as the idea such a being could give him what he desired more than anything.

"I wish I could turn into a wyvern," Morghus said aloud, not worried about the absurdity of the statement. It was silly, he knew, for him to wish that he could change in real life. But

thinking about the possibility would surely accentuate his masturbation experience, and he was down to go along with it if only it meant making him happier.

*“Perhaps you can. Go ahead and give in...”* Said the voice in his head, and with that, Morghus decided to stroke his cock, figuring he was imagining things. As much as the voice seemed to be coming from inside his head and not his own thoughts, it was surely impossible and he figured it was silly to think otherwise.

With that, Morghus decided there was no point in holding back as he pulled out his cock and started to stroke, feeling the trembles of pleasure that his sensitive rod required. It was nice, almost to the point of leaking already. Surely, it wouldn't take him long to reach orgasm, though if there was any chance he could cum again in short order than night, Morghus was eager to go as many times as he could!

Yet, it did not take more than a few moments of touching himself for Morghus to notice something was off. It was as though he was more erect than at any point in his life, cock getting harder and harder and straining against his perceived maximum size. It was almost like he was getting larger, impossibly turgid, and more so the more he stroked. Morghus was sure he was not more than six inches, but the member he possessed was closer to eight, even nine as he continued to touch himself. And still growing as much as he was able to perceive...

With the growth seemed to come a warmth playing over him, heating up to the point he should be sweating. But somehow his sweat glands remained void of fluid, and he was forced to suffer, panting from the intensity of a temperature he could scarcely understand. All he could do to alleviate any discomfort was to continue to touch himself, jerking his seemingly growing rod and preparing to blow the load that had been brewing in his testicles.

Yet, no matter how much he tried, Morghus couldn't quite make the desired release always out of reach. The lack of release was getting irritating to the point he figured he could not hold on much longer. Grunting his frustrations now, Morghus stoked his rod with gusto, not feeling any pain though confused at what was happening. Was his cock always this big? Morghus was harder than any time he could imagine, but the ache of need was getting worse and worse as the moments went by, as though stroking himself off was bringing further need, not relief. And his cock wasn't to stay in the same configuration for much longer...

The sight of the tip of his cock starting to point, ridges forming around the cleft in some sort of crown made him stare in a mixture of horror and fascination. His penis was impossibly engorged, the skin reddening as his foreskin peeled down, exposing throbbing veins and reddened flesh that was slowly developing uniform ridges down to the base. Strangest, perhaps was the sensation of the skin around his member pulling apart, forming an opening of sorts

around his member comprised of repurposed foreskin. The only word that came to mind was a slit like a reptile or bird might possess, though something no human had ever seen on his groin. It was bizarre as his cock continued to grow, ten inches now and showing no signs of stopping.

In his lust-fueled stupor, Morghus was barely aware of the changes, much less their implication. He couldn't help but imagine his penis as that of a wyvern's, as much as such should never exist. Down to the slit at the base that would hide his member while not in use, it seemed that he was getting his wish, though he could hardly bring himself to care about the repercussions. All he needed to do was keep fapping, hoping to all hope that he wasn't fooling himself in his fantasies to think he was changing. His cock felt too sensitive, too good, impossibly large, and drawing more and more blood to fuel its erectile tissue. It was impossible to think about anything than the need to cum, and the more his penis altered, the more Morghus felt his end approaching. Just a little more...yes!

Nearly whiting out from the pleasure, Morghus felt himself go, draconic cock pulsating as he blew a load all over his chest and groin. The scent was intoxicating, rank, and musky to the point that further globs of ejaculation erupted from his member, accentuating his pleasure. Far from the average seven seconds it took to experience orgasmic bliss, Morghus felt his release go on forever, imagining himself more the wyvern he desired to be and loving it more than he would have ever expected. Even the repercussions were lost on him as he reveled in the pleasure of his new penis and all the promise it gave for the rest of his life going forward.

It wasn't until the sensation of his balls deflating that Morghus started to realize what had happened. It was pleasant, ejecting more of their seminal burden before altering in shape, likely something more suited for an internal position. His penis, too, was starting to recede, the newly formed segments starting to collapse on each other, compressing his member for retraction into his new sheath. It made sense to his post-orgasmic mind that he would return to his flaccid state now that it had completed itself.

Yet, as awareness started to return to him, Morghus gazed down at his halfway-retracted penis with equal parts reverence and shock. It should not have existed on his form, as much as he had fantasized about owning such. Though he should have been terrified that such a change was happening, Morghus couldn't help but feel the arousal building once again, to the point his penis stopped retracting and instead started to leak again, as though he could cum again at a moment's notice. Only momentarily concerned by the possibility of chaffing, Morghus instead found his new member was made of sterner stuff, and stroking it off had no negative effects as he brought it to full mast, even longed than it had been before he had cum, as though the changes were not yet through with him.

Even the sensation of his slit widening and his testicles deflating was not enough to deter him from his release as Morghus stroked with reverence. He needed to get off and wanted the release that surpassed what he had just experienced. And he was close to getting it, better yet that he was perceiving his body altering, changing to the form of his desires. Though a popping sensation resonated from his balls, as though one and then the other were being pulled inside of him, leaving his sack empty and deflating within his groin. Yet, only a momentary concern flowed through his mind just then, thinking with a fleeting insight that he was losing his maleness. Rather, given a swelling sensation somewhere inside of him, settling into his anatomy like the wyvern he held in such reverence. It was only proof that he was changing, that the words in his head rang true.

Strangest of all was a sensation in his tailbone, like the bones within were starting to separate painlessly and forming a bump from the back, pushing at the skin and forcing it to expand around it. The parting bones were soon to enlarge, taking with them calcium deposits within to grow and extend, making the protrusion even larger as it started to press out of his backside, moving over the waistband of his pants and underwear. Morghus needed to adjust himself on his couch to prevent it from being caught under him, a sign the growth was real. There was no denying it had to be the start of his draconic tail!

*“Yess, that’s good, let your true self out...”* Came the voice within his mind, and Morghus growled his contentment, trying to simulate a more bestial tone. He wasn’t afraid of the words, still thinking them to be part of his psyche rather than another entity, one changing him. Either way, there was no denying the changes as he continued to rub with reverence.

All the while, the growth above his ass continued to extend, pressing against the couch now and making Morghus move to adjust it once more, its presence on his form notable if he turned his neck. Still skin covered for now, it was pointed at the tip, even starting to twitch the more he focused on it. Nothing he could imagine seeing firsthand could turn him on so much, and he stroked his rod, feeling the pleasure radiating through his form.

As his tail continued to grow, and his body started to swell all over, a thought occurred to the changing man, one that his masturbation could be a catalyst for. Was his actions causing the changes to come faster? His wyvern form was large, and if he continued changing, he would be soon out of the confines of his meager form. Yet, there was no denying how much the change was granting him the thing he wanted more than anything he could ever conceive of. And, with that realization, could he even imagine slowing down with the desperation to see where the changes would take him? He couldn’t stop, wouldn’t stop, and wanted more than anything to accelerate the process, reveling in ecstasy all the while.

*“Yes, that’s it, give in to your pleasure, it won’t be long...”* said the voice, and Morghus simply couldn’t deny the words as his spine continued to stretch and his body swelled with what could only be change. No matter how strange the voice seemed to be, Morghus could not find any fault with it, wanting to listen to its encouragement as much as it had the ability to change him further.

By this point, his feet started to feel a little tight in his socks, as though his toes were expanding even faster than the rest of him. A dull ache in the tips of them seemed to signal his nails were getting longer, their pointed tips pressing against the fabric. It wasn't painful, though an ache of the nails growing against his toe tips was present as they stretched the fabric of his socks to the point that their blunted nails were soon to pierce the surface. It was exciting, causing Morghus to increase the speed of his masturbation, wanting to explode from his cock at the same time.

By now, a covering of white scales had spread over his slit and groin, causing the hair to fall out in their wake. The same scales coated all the way down to the tip of his still-growing tail, making it twitch from the tingling sensation. The backs of it seemed to prickle strangely as well, and Morghus had enough awareness to look down and see his new growth sporting a series of short spines, ones that were spreading up his back in a row. Not sharp, as Morghus was expecting, given their eventual purpose. They were as black as the scales spreading up his back, moving up in a warm, tingling wave as he masturbated his pleasure with renewed vigor.

Yet, without the ability to reach a much-needed orgasm, Morghus was less inclined to continue touching himself and wanted to take stock of his body, figuring a rest was in order. His groin was coated with white scutes, which ran down toward the base of his pointed tail. His cock was fully draconic, hard as hell, and leaking even though he had cum already. And though he had not changed too much, had not grown toward the proportions he was sure he would eventually reach, the sensations of soreness coming from his muscles made Morghus sure that would happen so long as he jerked off, allowed the black and white scales to coat his form.

*“Such a handsome creature you will become...”* said the phantom voice in his head, and Morghus hissed his reverence, wrapping his fingers around his cock with the hope that such would serve to change him further.

The tingling in his feet caused them to twitch as Morghus flexed them, their white claws starting to piece the material as he felt the socks pulled tight between the extending digits. Three toes per foot seemed to pop with further joints, allowing them a modicum more flexibility as he twitched them to be rid of his socks. Thankful he had taken his shoes off, Morghus looked beyond his cock to see the digits become adorned with black scales, their claws fully developed even as the base of his foot continued to widen and grow toward the scope of his soon-to-be

wyvern body. Smallest toes were pulled into the expanding base of his foot, and his large toes started to move up with the stretching base, still present though leaving them immobile. They were powerful, toes curling against his stretching heels as they continued to expand and resolve the fragments of sock from them.

As his belly started to expand, the scutes moving under his hoodie and shirt, Morghus could feel it pulling upward, exposing more of the lovely white he wished it to be covered by. He wanted it so bad, to change and become a wyvern, that the loss of his belly button or even the sensitivity in his nipples were not missed, lost in the changing color and the thinned belly plates that moved to cover them. Morghus could feel them moving under his shirt and green hoodie, though could not bring himself to take his clothes off, despite his love for them. It was a powerfully arousing prospect to give up his favorite hoodie to experience a change as his body was granted the form he so desperately craved.

The soreness of muscle growth started to play into his calves and thighs, feeling them swell against the confines of his pants and making them tight. The muscles were firm enough that they felt no pain from the confinement, though the fabric was starting to spread a little, the fibers parting and allowing his iridescent black scales to shine through. The entirety of his legs was being covered now, hairy legs steadily converting into powerfully muscled dragon legs, an audible rip music to his ears as his thighs and calves expanded well beyond human confines, his stretching heel moving to match the new circumference of the limb. It made a passing thought run through his head. How big was he going to get? Never having described the exact dimension of his wyvern form, Morghus found himself unsure to the point he didn't think he could stay in his apartment. But with how horny he was for the changes, there was little chance of him getting up and out before they made his dimensions too large for the front door.

*"Soon you will find out, just give in, feel how good it could be..."* the voice came, and Morghus stroked off with renewed vigor, wanting to feel the base slid against his slit, and his cock to erupt over his form, coaxing the wyvern out of his humanity. Repercussions be damned, especially in the face of his wildest dreams coming true!

All the changes thus far were a drop in the bucket to the next change to take him over, a few wet pops from his fingers sign they were to be removed from their humanity. It started as a tingling sensation at the base of them, and Morghus looked down with some excitement to see the skin between each digit stretching, pulling upward with thin skin. The process did not ache but rather created a pleasant heat as the membrane peeled the skin from each side, exposing a layer of black scales that had already developed from them. With his other hand, Morghus traced the layer of webbing, feeling how sticky it was, and how warm as veins peppered its surface, more akin to a bat than anything he could imagine existing in nature. Soon, the shade of the skin lightened toward white as it was drawn up around his fingers, stopping just shy of the tips as

Morghus eagerly flexed them, enjoying the alien sensations and finding them to be everything he'd expected and more.

Soon, the membranous webbing had spread up to the tips of his fingers, making them functionally fused together. That was hardly the last thing to alter in his hands, however, but a drop in the bucket to their eventual form. His middle and index fingers around his cock started first, seeming to extend around his member, wrapping around the circumference and then a little more as the individual sections stretched twice their human length. His ring fingers followed suit, a little longer than the other two as the fingers maintained their circumference if not a little smaller, likely their final size. The webbing continued to spread all the while, keeping up with his growth as though a part of his anatomy now. His only lament was that it was a little harder to masturbate with their added length, but it was a small price to pay to get his deepest wish!

Turned on impossibly by this point, it did not require much contact for him to still feel the consistent pleasure required from undergoing a change in real life. It was for the best with the stretching of his fingers, now too long to wrap around his rod from the size of each joint. Morghus was forced to rub at them from either side, though the rough contact from the still skin-covered hands was hardly a deterrent to the draconic phallus he now possessed. Soon, they were as long as his hand and still growing, closer to the size of his lower arm as the subsequent breaks and repairs to the joints were made to allow them to reach wyvern size. Morghus was almost brought from his self-pleasure to stare at them in reverence as they reached down below his torso, almost to the size of his legs and longer still, the length that would eventually be required for flight.

While his other fingers grew, his thumb remained relatively in the same configuration, looking like his hand was being kept intact, though perhaps missing a bone or two to make them more flexible in the long run. His pinky fingers, like those on his feet, were forfeit, and Morghus wriggled them one last time for good measure. Though he was hard to care for their loss, especially with the promise of what the rest of his changed fingers were to bring for him.

Three fingers on each hand, by this point, were long, spindly appendages, little use for rubbing himself off and leaving Morghus slightly annoyed at their difficulty in use for such a simple task. More points of articulation had formed through them, and it was bizarre to move them in so many places, almost like he imagined were the limbs of an insect. Their tips popped outward into blunt claws, hardly as thick and sharp as the ones on his feet but present nonetheless. They were magnificent, and had Morghus not been in such a need for masturbation, he would be tempted to play with them further. As it stood, he was left to state speechless at them, knowing they would soon allow him flight, his particular fancy for the wyvern form. And now, it was finally to be his!

Even as he pulled off his cock and stared at the changes to his fingers, the tingling he was used to starting to slow, then cease altogether, as though the changes themselves as halted. Panic washed over him for a moment, thinking the transformation to have halted, denying him the change when he was already so close. Morghus wasn't sure what was worse; being trapped as a hybrid being or being denied what he so desperately craved. He needed it desperately, in the moment willing to do almost anything to make the changes come once more. A bestial cry escaped his lips, trying to rub his cock and keep his erection upward in hopes to conclude the changes, he needed it in the worst way!

Powerfully conflicting was how turned on he was by the loss of his hands and his lack of ability to properly masturbate with them. Though he had no way to know for sure, Morghus was certain that it was the act of self-pleasure that was spurring on his changes, having them happen at the whims of the voice encouraging him to do just that. But with his hands in their current state, it was a trying task to see how he could get off. Would it make him stuck like this? Morghus couldn't let that happen!

Working his fingers down over either side of his draconic prick, Morghus did his best to try and squeeze it from either side, not able to put much pressure on it but enough that minute waves of pleasure started to ebb from his rod. It was enough to make him pant, and to Morghus's delight, he realized that his tongue was getting longer in his mouth, a sign the change was beginning anew. He began rubbing with vigor like trying to rub two sticks aflame. He was desperate now, wanting to work his form into a wyvern being before he tired too much to finish the job.

An ache from his hips was almost enough to stop his efforts, though he managed it, the desperation to change spurring on his efforts. They were altering, not to put him onto all fours but enough that his stretching skin and extended belly caused him to hunch over, giving him added flexibility. Bending down to view their formation more intimately, Morpheus soon discovered that his flexibility was enough to allow his pointed cock tip to rub against his belly. Pushing down with his wing hands, the stimulation within slightly better from the multiple angles, sending the tinglings of change to run through him. It was so sublime, no hint of regret entered his mind. There were no thoughts for the future, only the willingness to change and see where the process took him. Such had never occurred to him to happen in the real world, and he would be remiss for not letting it reach its natural conclusion.

Change still playing over his form at its steady pace, Morpheus could feel the muscle in his arm swelling, lean but powerful as it might be needed for flight. Black scales adorned the upper side of his arms, while the bottoms sported white scales, a perfect representation of his wyvern self. How the being in his mind knew to make him the perfect facsimile of his designed



wyvern sona, he had no idea. But he would have it no other way, too enamored to question what was happening.

*“Yes, your desire will change you...”* came that strange voice, one that Morghus was sure wasn't coming from him anyone but rather a separate entity that was changing him. Yet, there was no denying how powerfully arousing the notion was to the point he did not want it to stop and didn't care what the source was so long as he could get his wish.

Along with the powerful stretching of muscle came with it the hollowing of his bones, something that was barely perceived but something he knew would be needed for flight. The same was happening to every bone in his body, hollowing out and growing larger around the muscles as they stretched and thinned, becoming more powerful and enabling him the so-wanted facet of life that was being able to soar through the sky as his wyvern self was apt to do.

The realization he was changing kept his erection at its apex, and Morghus reached down with renewed vigor, wanting more than anything to get off once more. It was easier now with the webbing between the digits, catching the contours of his member where his spindly digits were unable. They were massive, almost as large as his body, and even though they were not meant to be used in such a way as to self-pleasure. Before long he was leaking all over them, their tactile ability just enough that he could feel the warm fluids oozing over them.

Lost in the rapture of his wings taking shape, Morghus had a harder time noticing that the muscles in his neck were starting to pop, his lighter spine pushing upward and giving his neck more flexibility as he looked down, eyeing his member hungrily. His white scutes were already covered with cum from his previous orgasm, and looking at it from this angle gave him ideas as to how to make him cum. He wanted to soak the remnants of his shirt and hoodie in them as they continued to tighten around his growing physique.

Though his frame was becoming overall leaner in relationship to his form, Morghus could tell by the tightness of his clothing as he continued to warp and change. More of his white-scute-covered belly was exposed as his lengthening torso pulled his shirt and favorite hoodie was pulled up around where his nipples once sat. Shoulder blades were widening in relation to his larger wings and thickened upper arms to the point they were pulled taut. And as black iridescent scales peppered the insides of his underarms, that same sensation of webbing formed in the center, making him moan sensually as his arms were to be fused to his body as he wished them to be.

Neck thickening all the while, it was soon obvious that his lean body would run the same width, pushing the collar of his shirt and causing it to tear. The zipper of his hood was pulled down from the force of it, breaking in several places as it popped out of place. It was starting to

get more and more uncomfortable and with some excitement, Morghus let himself push against it, tearing at the collar and the sleeves and forcing his shirt and hoodie off him. The fibers were being pulled apart, and rips rang out as his shirt was rent from his form. And with it, his hoodie, though it was not fully torn, just enough that the mangle of his change was noticeable.

That notion at the forefront of his being, there was no holding back his orgasm as his draconic cock shot spurts of semen like a geyser, coating his bare chest, his shirt rags, and, best of all, his green hoodie, leaving what would be a permanent stain. The thought was so erotic that Morghus almost whited out from the pleasure in his internal testicles. Though he wasn't sure he would ever turn back to wear it again, such was a moot point when he was changing, only a brief reprieve needed before his cock was erect and leaking again in preparation for the next release to come.

His pants, as well, were soon to be torn from his body, tights thicker than what they could allow as they tore from either side, parting all the way down to the cuffs as he twitched his feet again in eagerness to be nude. His thrashing tail, now with a flattened space at the back, thrashed off the couch, reaching back to push at his underwear, as the elastic band of it, too, burst and caused the underwear to wad under his parted hips. His anus, by this point, was hitched up under his tail, and he clenched it eagerly as he continued to stroke himself off with eagerness, eyeing his cock with hunger now that his sexual stamina was made known to him. With the size of him, and the discomfort of the rags that were clinging to him, Morghus finally pushed himself off the couch, falling to the floor with a heavy thicken and wriggling around with his wing arms, careful of his tail but trying to be free of the rags on his body nonetheless.

Body now void of clothing, Morghus was able to see how much of his skin had already converted to iridescent scales. Little skin was left, and as Morghus focused on it, he could tell the black scales were moving over his back, coating it completely as it moved up the sides of his thicker neck. The remnants of his beard started to fall away as they peppered his chin, remedying the awkward visage of a still human head at the top of a wyvern's body. His neck was still thickening, giving him a more serpentine visage as it allowed him to curve his head down toward his cock. And, of course, all the while he was jerking off frantically, figuring it to be the catalyst for further change. And if he could bring himself to cum again, surely the changes would complete with him, and give him the form of his desires...

*"Only a little more...yes...then embrace your true self..."* the voice said as though in affirmation, and Morghus did his best to force his webbed hands to rub his cock, the contact enough to keep his erection aloft and bring for the changes.

With his much larger neck, Morghus was able to take better stock of his body, the sight of him as a larger wyvern more erotic than even his imaginings could bring forth. He was massive,

10ft tall and that wasn't even taking into account his long, thin tail with its spaded tip at the end. His legs, fully formed, glinted in the light of the setting sun, and his cock was rock hard and still out of his slit. And, best of all, his wing hands were nearly fully formed, webbing etching between them and all the way down his sides toward the base of his tail where he figured it would eventually end up when they were formed. He was so close to being complete, so close to being a wyvern, and nothing he could imagine could elate him more.

He was soon to get his wish as his ears started to tingle, the outer ring pulling around and upward as two spines formed from the skin underneath. The inner parts of his ear were pulled within, leaving the canal at the base of the three spines, barely visible through the layer of black scales spreading up his cheeks toward his hair. The tingling of webbing between them was pleasant, thin, veins skin that moved all the way down to his cheeks and kept his new outer ears stationary. Morghus didn't have a way to determine it for sure, given his focus on masturbation, but it seemed his hearing might have been improved, as befit an aerial hunter.

An ache at the back of his skull followed his hair falling away, though he hardly cared to have it on his features regardless. It was as though something bony was forming within and pushing through the skin to erupt in a pair of twin horns, ones that sat almost weight on his head and they moved up and curved behind them. It was at this point Morghus longed for a mirror, though had to make do with feeling the sensation of them growing, not able to reach up and touch them with his wing hands otherwise occupied.

The same webbing welcomingly restricting his arms was moving down along his sides now, working its way toward the base of his tail where it would eventually sit. The same webbing started working its way through each of the spines that had been poking up symmetrically all the way up his back and even started to tingle the back of his head, moving up as a crest of sorts with even spine filling in with that blessed webbing. The layer from his thumb moved back around his shoulders, filling in over the backs of his arms and making him wish he would explore them further. Though with his fingers on his cock as they were, he would have to wait until his release...

At last, his mouth started to press former with a few wet cracks, pushing ever forward and filling his eyes with the sight of it. His nose flattened, nostrils flaring as they moved to the front of what would be his snout as his lips receded, and he barred his teeth experimentally, feeling them start to thicken in his gums. His tongue, too, was thicker, forked on the edge though only extended from his mouth a little bit as his jaw crushed, bone structure altering as his skull sloped into it and extended the overall length. He was almost complete as much as he could tell, save for his eyes, which watered slightly as they altered in their sockets, growing larger to match his form. Morghus figured they were shooting to hold, though was too focused on this form to notice an increase in visual acuity.

Elated now that his form was almost complete, Morghus eyed his erection with eagerness, wondering if he could reach down and suck himself off with the flexibility in his neck. The sensation of webbing on his cock, while exquisite, was enough to bring him quite close, and his draconic maw might be just the thing to do the job. Plus, he was curious as to how he might taste, eager to explore his new maleness and all it entailed...

The moment his mouth wrapped around his cock tip, Morghus was in heaven, the flavor, and texture even better than he expected. It was like ambrosia, tickling the back of his throat and making him murr with pleasure. The pressure on his cock, too, was amazing, bringing him closer this his end than he might have otherwise been. There was something about the process that brought forth the desire to be complete over everything else and with it the knowledge the form would be his if only he reached that final release.

*“Just a little more...finish yourself and embrace your true form...”* Said the mystery voice, and Morghus felt no reason not to comply. The sensations of muscle pumping through his being, made him larger, more powerful, almost touching the wall with his tail and the other with his spine fin. He was larger, more powerful, and most of all, the lean wyvern form of his dream.

In the moment, it was the orgasm he needed more than anything. It was more powerfully erotic to have changed in such a manner, that nothing else mattered, not his future or the consequences of no longer being human. He wanted more than anything to taste his semen, to be the being he held in such reverence. And if he continued with his oral ministrations, surely, then...

Yet, another thought crossed his mind just then, and he pulled his tongue and maw wetly off his member just for a moment. What more appropriate method for getting off would there be than to have him use his wings, the part of his being he held with the most reverence? Still desiring to taste himself, however, Morghus held his mouth ready, using his wings to get him the rest of the way there. Almost...just had to work the webbing into the spines along the rim... Yes!

With even more force than his previous orgasm allowed, Morghus let himself go, feeling his cock's ridges spasming and shooting a thick creamy load within his muzzle, some of it getting on the remnants of his lips, though most of it in his muzzle as he preferred. Morghus was barely aware of the flavor, lost in the riveting sensations moving from his member and pounding his entire body with ecstasy. Even surpassing the pleasure he felt from his previous releases, Morghus was delighted, thankful for everything he had gained. A hiss of excitement escaped his lips, nothing human in the tone, and, most of all, no regrets.

*“Now your changes are locked in...I bet you don’t have any regrets, do you?”* The voice asked, and Morghus couldn’t deny the truth in those words. He was truly grateful for his form, his dream come true. And the voice was asking for nothing in return, save for him to enjoy his new body. Something that he was prepared to do in spades.

Getting up, Morghus was faced with the reality that he was on all fours, his longer body top-heavy and preventing his usual bipedal travel. In his mind, however, that was perfectly fine. Lowering his arms so that the base of his hands rested on the floor, he was able to move, wings folded toward his sides and he walked around like the wyvern he was now. Though his body was large enough to hit the ceiling, he was still able to work his way around the apartment, if only just.

Though it was a little difficult for him to maneuver in his apartment, given his size, Morghus managed it, wanting to get out and free into the world. The door was too small for him to make it through, but his body was strong enough that he could push at the boards and drywall enough to make his way through. He was careful, not wanting to make his presence known from the loud sounds, but figuring the darkening sky would obscure him. And the house, his clothing, and nothing in the human world created desire for his wyvern mind. All he longed for was the sky, and wherever his new wings would take him.

Raising his wings, Morghus allowed himself a moment to feel the warm waning sun on his membranes before flapping them, the instinct present in the back of his mind. It was something that he was concerned about and elated for in equal measure. But there was no time like the present, and if he didn’t try it now he might be caught in doing so. So, rearing up to his full height, Morghus flapped his wings harder, raising his feet closer to his chest before he hovered there, rising rapidly into the evening sky and deciding to raise himself even further. The sounds of gasps and comments from humans on the ground were made known to his better hearing, but they were largely forgotten as he swam through the air, flapping his wings and rising ever higher. Moving to reach new heights for both himself and the rest of his new life. The sky really was the limit...

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From its position in the multiverse, the being that had instituted the change grinned, or at least made an indication with how its body expressed such an emotion. Regardless, it was happy it had given the human being the form of his desires, bringing together beings and forms from across dimensions together, whether or not they belonged in the other’s realm or not. For whether or not the dreamer created the dream or simply discovered the potential of their dreams truly existed, it mattered little when the end result to bring them together was the same. So what if other beings considered what it did chaos? The subjects of its machinations were happy, and in

the end, that's all that mattered to the being as it looked across the worlds for its next target to transform...