Lorkos and Vritrax continued to hike through the mountainous terrain, the sun that they had saw rise up while they walked now setting in the opposite direction. While the two had a map there was no need for it as they were just out exploring the trails. After a rather hectic time at work for both of them the desire to just get away had overtaken them both and before they knew it they had booked themselves a cabin in the middle of some prime mountain trail and for the past few days had just been going out and taking in the sights. It was what they had both been looking for, simply spending time with one another with no goals in mind or work to bring them down.

“So what are you thinking?” Lorkos said as the black-furred wolf sat on a nearby rock and took a drink from his canteen. “We’re going to camp for the night or are we going to try and head back? If it’s the latter we gotta do it now, sun’s already starting to set and that’s before we get further into the shadow of these mountains.”

“I was actually thinking we might try out settling down there,” Vritrax replied, the eastern dragon-greywolf hybrid looking down at a shallow valley that had a small river running through it. “I bet that would look great once the stars out out, not a lot of tree cover either. Plus we brought the tents with us, we may as well use them.”

“Works for me,” Lorkos said with a grin as they started to hike down towards the small valley. Vritrax was excited to make his way down since he didn’t even remember this being on the map, though they had only been looking on it in the first place to see where to go initially. The two hiked through the woods until they got to the clearing and they found that it was just as beautiful as they had seen from the vantage point they had found and as they got to the river the sun was just setting completely over the mountains.

The two started to set up camp and as Lorkos got the tent set up Vritrax went back over towards the woods in order to get some firewood before it got so dark that he couldn’t see. Fortunately without the forest canopy and the moon coming up there was enough light that he could go out without even needing a flashlight. It was almost more fun to walk about in the darkness with only the stars as his guide but he also needed to make sure he got enough wood to last them for the night. Lorkos tended to stoke a rather vigorous fire and while they wouldn’t need to burn it all night he wanted at least enough to cook the dinner they had brought along.

As Vritrax gathered up the first few branches though he stopped as he began to smell something on the breeze that was blowing by. After being in the woods for most of the day he hadn’t even realized that the wind was up, and at first he thought perhaps that Lorkos had perhaps already started to somehow cook up the rations they had but the more he sniffed the air the more he found there was a sweet smell to it. Perhaps there was someone else in the valley, the hybrid thought to himself as he looked about, but with the valley being mostly level ground he should have found if there was someone starting up a fire. But he saw nothing… and as he continued to stand there straining his ears and eyes he still couldn’t figure out what the source of the smell was as he took the large armload of wood back to camp.

When the Greywolf-dragon got back to the camp he saw a shadow move through the sky, briefly crossing the moon. Though Vritrax couldn’t see what it was he got another whiff of that sweet smell again and found himself scanning the sky to try and see it again. It didn’t cross his vision again though but from the direction he thought he saw it fly it looked like it was heading towards camp. Suddenly he felt a bit ill at ease; while there was not supposed to be anyone out there what he was far too big to be an animal, but there was something clearly up in the air and whatever it was had a strange scent to it that he was detecting hints of musk as well as the original smell. There was something oddly enticing about the aroma but he just shook his head and chalked it up to think about the food that he was going to eat once they had gotten things going.

When the hybrid got back to the camp he saw that Lorkos had already set up the tent completely and was just unpacking their gear for dinner. “Say Lorkos, did you see something fly by just a few minutes ago?” Vritrax asked as he dropped the wood next to the small circle of stones that would be their cooking fire. “Would have been something rather large?”

“Mmmm no, though I’ve head my head down making sure everything is set up for tonight,” Lorkos replied as he dusted his hands off by running them through the black fur of his arms. “Like how big are we talking about here? Should we be worried?”

“No… perhaps it was just my imagination after all,” Vritax replied as he teased the whisker on the end of his snout. Though there was another question that he wanted to ask he wasn’t quite sure how he wanted to say it, or if he wanted to ask at all, but eventually just bit the bullet and decided to go for it while he stacked the wood up. “I don’t suppose you smelled anything either, maybe a sweet or earthy and kind of musky order?”

“Nothing but my own odor from all this hiking that we’re doing,” Lorkos replied. “If you’re saying I need to take a jump in the river though I’m all for it, just might be a bit cold.”

Vritrax quickly shook his head and waved his hands about dismissively. “It’s nothing, like I said I probably just imagined things,” Vritrax stated. “Let’s just get dinner going, I’m starving and tired so I would like to get some food in me before I pass out.” Lorkos chuckled at that and the subject was dropped, though more than once Vritrax found himself looking up at the sky to see if he could potentially find what he saw one more time in the backdrop of stars…

But the rest of the night went by rather uneventfully, the two looking up at the stars and having the heat of the crackling fire continue to warm them until finally they decided to call it. They got into the tent and into their respective sleeping rolls before giving one another a good night. As Vritrax laid there and saw the light from the moon shining on their tent however he once more saw it, a shadow that seemed to pass over them. But that could have easily just been a cloud or something else and his body was so tired he ended up passing out even when he caught the faintest whiff of that smell…

The next morning though Vritrax woke up with a very severe case of morning wood as his nostrils flared, getting up as he realized that the tend was filled with the heady aroma that he had only caught glimpses of before. As he heard Lorkos groan he nudged him in the side with his foot and told him to get up before quickly unzipping the tent and looking around. While none of their stuff had been disturbed he could see that there was something that had been roaming around for sure. It was a fact that the wolf concurred once he had managed to get the last cobwebs of sleep out of his mind, though as the eastern dragon-greywolf looked down at his friend wearing only a pair of boxers he saw that he wasn’t the only one that had been an early riser.

When it was clear there was something going on in this valley the two were torn on what to do next; part of them wanted to try and go deeper into the valley and see if they could locate the source of the disturbance, while the other part of them wanted to get out of there. The fact that this creature could potentially fly and they were on what was essentially a flat plain meant that at any point whatever was out there could probably see them. The fact that it hadn’t done anything to them yet was a good sign, but they also couldn’t help but feel strange that they were investigating them. If it was the same thing that Vritrax had seen earlier that night though it meant that it was very possible that they had gotten in the cross-hairs of this thing since they had entered into the valley.

While the two had enough rations to camp out one more day if they had really wanted they decided that they needed to get out of there, though they were still incredibly horny that seemed to make them want to seek the creature out. As the two started to pack things up though both their heads shot up when they caught a whiff of something on the air. It was the unmistakable scent that they had come to recognize and as they looked around in the blue sky above them they finally saw what it was. Both of them gasped as they saw a rather large purple creature gliding through the air, its purple skin shining almost unnaturally in the sun as it turned lazily in the air before heading down towards them.

Lorkos shouted for them to run but as they ran across the grassy plains they both knew that they were in trouble. There was nothing to shield them from this wyvern-like creature and as they went for the woods that bordered the mountainous area it was quickly gaining on them. Even before it got close to them Vritrax had stumbled and nearly fallen forward before the wolf ran over and caught him, but just as they were about to start running again they both looked up just in time to see this creature flying straight at them. There was no time to react and the two suddenly found themselves wrapped up in the semi-translucent membranes as their backs both hit the ground hard enough to knock the wind out of them.

“Oh my, didn’t think I would get two in my net,” the creature chuckled as his wing arms immediately wrapped around their struggling forms; not only was the larger wyvern able to completely envelop them but he was incredibly strong, plus his body was quite stretchy as they tried to push their way out only to have their hands, feet, and even their faces appear in his wings before being pulled back. “Just relax and breathe in deep, we’re going to have ourselves a lot of fun.”

“Get off us!” Lorkos shouted with a snarl, though with the two of them being completely encased he had said it practically in the ear of Vritrax as he continued to try and push out.

“You’re quite loud for this early in the morning,” the wyvern replied as he the two suddenly saw his wing arms that were wrapped around the both of them part enough for his head to push in. “Just bask in my scent and you’ll get in the right mindset soon enough.”

Though the two continued to struggle for a bit the air was getting thick inside their wing prison, one that somehow continued to constrict their movement as the creature was big enough to completely envelop them both to the point their tails and feet were inside as well. As they continued to be confined it was getting harder to think with that sweet but also earthy aroma building up around them, making it hard for both to think as they could feel their bodies starting to drip with sweat from being in such close proximity to this creature and completely pressed against their body. It wasn’t just them though that were starting to get damp as they could feel an almost oily type of liquid building on the skin of the wyvern, one that as it was rubbed on their clothing began to cause it to dissolve away.

For a few brief moments both Lorkos and Vritrax feared that they were about to enter into some type of strange wing-based digestion, but it was quickly clear that while it was putting multiple holes in their outfits the rest of their bodies were still the same… or at least relatively the same as the oil began to seep past their fur. Soon the two were panting and breathing heavily as they both began to feel very strange; both of them saw their cocks begin to push up past the tattered remains of their groins and the shock and terror of the situation was melting away in their minds to be replaced by lust. It was something they were not expecting but with their bodies still trapped and now growing increasingly bare by the second they found their oily forms rubbing against one another every time they tried to even shift their position.

Vritrax found himself attempting to paw at the wing membrane once more as his mind was growing disjointed and fuzzy, but it was clear enough to see that something was happening to his fingers. They were growing thicker by the second and with the light of the sun filtering through the somewhat thin but stretchy skin of the wing he could see that two of his fingers were merging as well. This creature… it was somehow changing him, and as he tried to use his other arm to move around and get Lorkos’ attention he found that it wouldn’t move. Despite being as oily as the rest of his form it was as if it was stuck to the wolf’s back, which from the glazed look in his eyes he was trying to fight off whatever this musky scent was doing to his mind as well.

As the two began to pant and squirm for a different reason Vritrax gasped as he began to feel something slithering around his and Lorkos’ body. Though it was hard for the hybrid to look down he could tell that the tail of the creature had slithered into their confinement, sliding around their naked bodies before the tip seemed to find what it was looking for between the hybrid’s legs. As he tried to look down to see what was happening he tried to push his limbs aside, only to find that one of them was sticking to the wolf next to him and shrinking a bit while the other was starting to grow bigger. They were still mutating, and while it was hard to keep focused as the black and purple fur of their bodies were rubbing together there were places whit stuck as the strands began to melt and congeal.

Suddenly the creature’s wings constricted around them even more as the hug got tighter, which their bodies were responding to by starting to melt into one another! As Vritrax tried to push away he suddenly let out a gasp as the tip of the tail began to penetrate him, and as it started to slide into his tailhole the musk-addled mind was suddenly swimming in pleasure that caused him to gasp loudly. Their bodies were starting to grow bigger as their mass started to fuse in places, the wolf’s arm almost sinking into the chest of the Greywolf-dragon as the fur there turned a similar shade of purple except for becoming slick, smooth skin. It was flesh just like the creature on top of them and as they both began to groan their pleasure addled minds could feel their toes beginning to pop and shift while the arms they had on the opposite side of one another snapped into a new configuration.

With their hands turning to paws even Vritrax realized that they were losing their arms, not just the two that merged into one another but their other ones as he felt his biceps and forearms thickening while losing their definition. With the membranes tightening and their bodies still growing their heads eventually poked out from the confines of the wings. Fresh air once more entered their lungs but as they breathed in they both felt one another’s chest rise up at the same time. With the strong scent continuing to enthrall them both looked down and saw that their chests had fully formed into one another, the contours of their individual muscles smoothed out over light purple flesh that had dominated the skin of their conjoined stomach.

As Vritrax gritted his teeth against the strange sensations that were happening to his mind as well as the tail cock that was thrusting into his tailhole he could continue to feel his muzzle emerging along with Lorkos. As it looked like the wolf was about to say something though he was quickly interrupted by the rather amorous kiss delivered to him by the one that had captured them. For a few brief moments Lorkos was pushed back into the musky prison that they had been confined in and as the hybrid looked at him he could see that thick tongue of the wyvern starting to push down deeper into his muzzle. At first there was a look of shock on his face but the longer it slid into his maw the more his face began to grow passive, then had a pleasured look to it as his green tongue began to coil up around it.

Lorkos let out a muffled grunt as the tongue of the wyvern continued to plunge inside of him, and as it did the face of the wolf began to lose his lupine features. His green nose began to shrink as the black fur was assimilated to the purple flesh that was slowly creeping up both their bodies. As the two of them felt their thick hindleg slide out of the wing binding them the toes had already merged into a thick, three digit foot that was just like the one that was squeezing against their hips and bringing them closer together. Though Vritrax was still able to keep his thoughts even with his tailhole being plunged into, the tingling sensation coming from it spreading through his body and into the one he was merging with, he could almost sense that Lorkos was losing the battle as his tongue stretched and grew longer.

By this point most of their fur was gone, absorbed into their new flesh as they adopted a darker purple on their bodies that was similar to the wyvern but more of a deeper grape then the lavender hue above. Vritrax could feel the hand of the wing arm slowly slide up to his head in order to keep him there, holding him steady as the changes were reaching up his elongating neck. With the tail thrusting into him it was hard to keep focused, especially as the heady aroma was growing stronger by the second. But while it was still a somewhat sweet smell there was a difference to it, his nostrils flaring as he realized that it was coming from their own body.

With the fusion of the two reaching a tipping point Lorkos’s muzzle looked much like the one still kissing it, their tongues reaching each other’s maws as his ears turned to large spikes that would adorn his head. As their shoulders practically melted into one another Vritrax could feel his neck lengthening until eventually the entirety of his head was outside of the grip of the wings that had been transforming him. Without the constant smell of the wyvern clogging his thoughts he looked down to see that his fur was almost completely gone from the neck, which had grown considerably longer, all the way down into his body that was still being molded into one with the mostly transformed wolf. As he gritted his teeth he could see that there was no Lorkos head next to him anymore, as the rubbery skin began to rise up under his chin the last of the other man’s green and black fur disappeared and soon it was two wyvern heads kissing one another.

As their necks grew closer together Vritrax thought maybe they were going to become entirely one creature, only to feel that other than a few new vertebrate being added to give them both the same long, slender version he could feel that their stretching tails were also becoming increasingly separate from one another. But even as the tail inside his tailhole continued to sink deeper into him until he felt like it was stretching out his stomach he found that the rest of their bodies had become one. He hadn’t even realized that their tailholes had merged together until he could hear Lorkos panting at the same time he was as his ears began to transform and his whiskers began to shorten. Vritrax felt his head leaning back as he tried desperately to hold onto himself despite the invasive thoughts taking root in a mind softened by the musk and pleasure, but when he did look back up he found himself staring right into the eyes of the wyvern before his partially transformed muzzle was spread open by a thick tongue.

Even if his mind hadn’t been corrupted by the musk and the tail cock that was in their shared hole Vritrax found his eyes snapping open before going half-lidded as the saliva of the creature soaked directly into his brain. Almost immediately he could feel his tongue stretching and his muzzle becoming even more draconic than before as the rest of his features matched the one next to him. There hadn’t been much left of him that had continued to resist after having his tailhole plowed into by the tail continuing to transform them and as they continued to outgrow the wings that held them he found that as he tried to lift up his own he could feel the flesh stretching.

As the wyvern retracted his head he looked down at the two headed purple wyvern and watched both of their mouths gasping as he pulled out his tail cock from their tailhole. “Quite the interesting changes,” The wyvern said as the two continued to pant heavily, their own tails continuing to mutate as they realized as the creature slid off of them that their own members had disappeared. “Well, you two have fun.”

The two were so shell-shocked at what happened to them that they hardly even realized that they were finally released from their winged prison, seeing their own arms sprawled out on the ground even as the membranes continued to grow out. Though the haze was starting to lift from their minds and they had so many questions that they wanted to get answered the creature just gave them a wink and flew off. Their bodies were still buzzing in pleasure and as they looked down at themselves they realized that their two-headed body was still slick with oily sweat that there was nothing left of their own forms. Well, that wasn’t completely true as their tails waved about with Lorkos able to control the one that had a green cock at the end of the sheath while Vritrax had a similar one in his own style on an identical tail.

“What… what the hell just happened?” Lorkos asked as he shook his head, Vritrax going the same as he brought up his arm to press against his new wyvern muzzle and saw that there was a very large wing arm that he had. As the two managed to get up on their thick legs they found that while they shared the form there was a synchronicity towards their movements that was shared. Though the two were quickly getting used to it they found that like the one that had pounced on them they were producing their own oil and an almost citrusy scent that was similar to the other one.

“I… think that we need to find out where that wyvern went,” Vritrax said, the other head nodding in agreement as the continued to look over their strong form with its shiny, almost rubbery skin that was light purple on their stomachs and darker on the back. “We can’t just let them merge our bodies and then run off like that! Let’s go!”

Vritrax nodded and after a bit of practice in order to get their wing arms working to the point that they could lift off of the ground. It was still strange for the two of them to be inhabiting one form but as they began to soar through the air they found themselves actually enjoying the wind on their bodies. As the former Greywolf-dragon looked down at the valley they were flying over they wondered if there was anyone else down there, and though he hadn’t intended on it he found himself licking his lips with his longer tongue. Though he no longer seemed to have his maleness between their shared groins he knew that it was elsewhere as he looked back and saw his sheathed member in his tail as they flew.

Eventually they got to the mouth of the valley and as the two-headed, two-tailed wyvern looked around he found that there were not only a number of similar creatures that were below them but they were catching all manner of scents. Several were hugging each other with their wings and as they saw their tails buried into the holes and maws of another it was clear they were getting off on just being completely confined within the other’s arms. It reminded Lorkos and Vritrax of their encounter only a few hours ago and if they had the capacity they would have blushed. But there was something else in the air too, something that they hadn’t realized had actually drawn them there instead of looking for the wyvern that had changed him in the first place.

Their master was in the area.

Up until that point they hadn’t even realized that they had a master, but as soon as they got in the proximity it was like the fact was in their brains all along. The one that had actually created them was just on the other side of that cliff face and they needed to go and pay their respects to them. The two flew up and as they did so they found that there was someone that was there, a rubber dragon that was standing there talking to a few of the wyverns that had gathered around him. This was the creature that was so deserving of their respect and after landing they immediately went over and bowed their heads down in front of the slightly shocked dragon.

“Well, you are not someone that I was expecting,” the dragon said as he took his hands and patted them on the head. “Where did you two come from?”

“We were camping in the valley when some creature came down from the sky and pounced on us,” Lorkos said. “We’re not even sure what happened, first we were smelling some sort of sweet, musky odor and the next thing we knew we ended up like this. Are you… are you our master now?”

“It certainly seems so,” the rubber dragon replied with a grin. “My name is Renzyl, and this valley is home to some of my more unusual wyverns, one that really enjoy using those wing arms in order to ensnare their prey. While it’s not supposed to be connected to anything I’m guessing that you two somehow got into my valley when our realms brushed up against one another, and you must be interested enough in what my dear wyverns have to offer in order to be swept up by them.”

The two-headed wyvern found both of their heads grinning sheepishly as Renzyl grinned at them. “So what happens now?” Lorkos asked. “Are you going to be our master forever?”

“Perhaps, if that’s what you want,” Renzyl replied. “Or if you would like I can return you back to your old campsite away from this place if you wish to go back to your old lives. Before you do however why don’t you go ahead and try out those arms of yours on me, I would like to see how well a two-headed wyvern does when it comes to its enthrallment and you smell quite amazing.”

Both heads found their eyes lighting up as they were given permission to encase their master in their wings, something that they found they had been itching to do ever since they started to glide their way to this place. Their tail cocks once more emerged and as Renzyl turned around they pounced on his back, using their arms to wrap around his muscular form. The feel of rubber against rubber was heavenly and though the dragon was bigger than them they were able to fully encase him while they maneuvered their tails to slide into the tailhole presented to them. Both were able to slide inside of him and as they continued to wrap their wing membranes around him they could find that they were starting to oil him up with their sweat.

Both Lorkos and Vritrax knew that they would need to make a decision, but as they felt the dragon squirm in their grasp they could figure it out later as their tongues slithered into their master’s maw.