

Sitting down at his computer, Varghus let himself relax for a moment before booting up his modeling software and getting ready to work. Well, he hardly considered it work, having come home from his job and finally having time to work on his character model, a hobby he thoroughly enjoyed. Not that he had a large fanbase of followers, but he did like posting the results of his efforts, to show off his skills and how much he had improved. And as obvious as it was for most makers of his particular art form, the character he'd made, a latex anthro bat, really turned him on, and the work put into modeling him would likely lead to a masturbatory session or two in the process.

While he lived alone, Varghus could hardly have known that another being had entered the room with him in his absence. There had been a sense of something being off when he'd gotten home, like the static from an old-style TV being on that he could feel. Yet, figuring he had put too many hours in at work lately, Varghus put it out of his mind and moved to focus on his relaxation. He was nearly done with his work by this point, and his cock was starting to get insistent. He needed to rub one out, maybe two by the time he went to bed, given his lack of free time as of late.

*"I could make it so much better for you...give you exactly what you've always wanted..."* A voice echoed in his mind, and Varghus stood up in his chair suddenly, thinking he was hearing things and was far too exhausted to be thinking such. The voice sounded distant, as though calling through a radio or a wall. Yet, part of him was sure the voice was familiar if not one he had ever heard in person. Almost like...

Standing up to scan the room, Varghus could not have expected his foot to touch something slick and warm, a texture he was sure wasn't part of anything he had in the room with him. Yet, looking down, he was shocked by the sight of a suit on the floor, one all too akin to the one he had drawn up in his modeling. Lifting it up, Varghus was stunned by not only the design but the texture as well, all too reminiscent of the superior latex composition used by many such fetishists. Sitting it on the bed, Varghus sat it out, last agape at the attention to detail. Possessing webbing in the gloved hands, a blunt tail at the back, the white chest with black all over. It was clearly the suit used by his character, no one else had such a specific design. A custom piece, though other than it being a gift, Varghus had no idea who would have commissioned it.

*"See? It's all yours! Why don't you try it on? You'll find it fits you perfectly..."* echoed that same voice, and despite the absurdity, Varghus could not deny the excitement the words elicited. The temptation to do it was all-consuming to the point he could not envision doing otherwise.

Yet, before he could do so, the suit seemed to warm in his hands, hot but not entirely unpleasant. He wanted to drop it, though his hesitation was to be his downfall. Rapidly, the suit began to meld into a semi-liquid state, moving over his arms and gripping firmly, even as Varghus tried to wave his arms to fling it away. Panicked now, Varghus tried to grip it with his other hand, though no matter how much he pulled, the suit would not budge, its composition such that could not easily be torn.

As though trying to overtake him, a series of semi-solid tendrils worked their way up his arms. No amount of thrashing could dislodge the substance, and Varghus was left to its whims, feeling it crawling up both of his arms and wrapping around his chest, even as his heart rate raced and his fear of the situation became unbearable.

*“Now, now, don't resist me. Think of how much fun we'll have together...”* Said the voice in his head, louder now as though contact with the suit directly had plugged him into the being within. Yet, rather than relax into the voice, Varghus felt his panic rise, struggling with both hands to try and pull the former suit from his body. No matter how much he stretched it, the former suit snapped back into place, crawling up his flesh and leaving him vulnerable to its whims.

The moment it touched his clothing, however, the fabric seemed to burn, dissolving as though unraveling from within. Varghus could only fear what might happen to his own skin, though other than a persistent warmth, he felt no ill from prolonged contact with the suit.

*“Now, don't worry, you won't need to wear anything else but me from now on...”* The voice cooed, though Varghus could only cry out with a panicked “Let me go!” His words fell on deaf ears, as the latex continued to work its way down his chest, toward his groin and legs, and upward toward his head, threatening to subsume him entirely.

By this point, the melted remains of his former suit had fully absorbed themselves into his hands, leaving thick globs where his fingers once were. He could move them under the latex, though only just, as more of the thin layer of latex crawled over his form. Yet, the formation of light webbing between each as the suit seemed to solidify once more left him to recall what the suit's hands had looked like. His character, too, sported the same webbed digits, and as the latex finished covering his skin and lower arms, there was no denying they had reformed into the suit's original configuration. Touching his fingers against each other, Varghus was shocked to discover the level of sensitivity within his digits was akin to his bare hands, if not enhanced. Running his fingers up his arms reported the same, and Varghus was almost tempted to play it down the parts that had not entirely been covered.

The crawling latex skin continued to work its way down his chest, burning away his shirt as it did so. It soon shifted shades, black along the sides and white over his chest, matching the exact specifications of his character and as the suit had appeared before becoming semi-liquid. Yet, Varghus found it hard to mourn the material, rather curious about wearing the suit as it seemed to tease him to do. It remained far too fascinating to be covered in such that it even served to override his fear of being taken over. As the latex stretched its way down his chest and stomach, playing over the skin, it seemed to tug around the muscles underneath. The more the latex took shape, the more it seemed to stretch his muscles, not too large, though far more toned than he was accustomed to. Smooth flat pecs, bulky sides, and a six-pack were all part of the package, it seemed. The rather fetching look left Varghus wanting more, curious as to the end result given his particular inclinations.

As the latex moved around his legs, burning away the waist of his pants and causing them to fall, a peculiar sensation encroached over the base of his spine. Reaching back to rub at it, his fingers reported a little nub in the otherwise tight suit. The nub served to excite him more than he could recall, as though it was a precursor to owning a real tail. It was unlikely the suit could provide that much, though with how it seemed to be accentuating his muscles, the possibility was still present. It was enough for him to feel a surge of arousal, and soon, his underwear was burned away, leaving the crawling tendrils to wrap around his half-chub. As the warm latex wrapped around his cock, Varghus pounded erect, and he reached down to touch himself, eager to get off. However, as the suit covered his member completely, it did not seem to allow his erection to swell to its proper size. While the bulge of his penis was still present, the latex seemed intent to deny him any further ability to tease his cock. Rubbing the bulge was pleasant, to be sure, but it was such a tease for him to be provided with the most arousing stimulus he could imagine only to be denied, or as he hoped, delayed.

The liquid latex was not to stop there, of course, moving down his legs in deliberate motions as it reached for his feet and toes. Varghus remained rather curious and aroused over the whole endeavor and wanted to see it to its conclusion. It pooled at his feet, some of it touching the floor as it worked its way underneath and completely subsumed his skin. He was left feeling curious as to what it would be like to fully wear the suit, elated as the material began to turn semi-solid once more and cover him with a shiny latex sheen.

At this point, the only part of his body not covered by the latex was his head, though Varghus was ready for it, wondering what such would entail. To his surprise, it was not to move up his head, though what remained of the latex began to pool behind his neck, creating a pleasant weight that was surprisingly familiar. Varghus was inclined to reach back and touch the thing on his neck, almost gasping as he discovered it was a hoodie of some kind. The implication hit him all at once. Instead of covering him all at once, the suit had instead formed a hoodie of its head, one that Varghus was sure he could choose to pull over his head if he was so inclined to do so.

Yet, did he dare? The consequences of doing such did not escape him, wondering where it was the voice was coming from and what goal it had in mind for him. Surely, even if it was the fulfillment of a deep-seated dream, partaking in such would be ill-advised. And yet...

Fuck it. In his mind, given what had happened thus far, there was no reason not to see it through to the end. It took only a moment of hesitation for him to pull the hood over his head, feeling the latex crawling up the skin of his neck as he did so. It felt a little warmer this time as it moved up his skull, though even as he slid it over his head, the hoodie did not cover his skin like the rest of the suit had. It really did function like a hoodie, though Varghus was quickly given the impression that he could not pull it off even if he was inclined to do so.

*“Ah, now we can speak properly...”* Came a voice in his head, and Varghus took a moment to look around the room once more, not really sure what he was hearing. The voice, as it had been all the while, was not coming from the room, or any outside source he could determine. Yet, as it spoke to him now, it was as clear as though a being was talking to him in the room directly, and Varghus could only ask his questions to thin air, hoping the being could understand him.

“Who are you?” Varghus asked, though the more he thought about it, the more he wondered if he already had his answer.

*“Why ask questions you already know the answer to? I’m you! Well, the perfectly tailored fit your desires, one might say,”* came the voice, and Varghus waited for a moment, not fully understanding what the being meant.

*“I’m sure you never thought you’d meet me in reality, so to speak. I’m not the only such being constructed to suit one’s particular needs, of course. One of a select few, to be certain, though I can hardly speak much more on that subject. That would be telling! All you need to know is that I’m the perfect fit for your desires, and I’ve been drawn to you for that reason. All my kind, in turn, exist to seek out their dreamers, in an effort to grant them their deepest desires. All you need to do is embrace me for what I am, and all your dreams will come life.”*

“How is this possible?” Varghus asked, though felt sheepish about doing so. Of course, there was no one in the room with him, and it was deeply alarming to think it was the suit talking to him directly.

*“Don’t ask such silly questions,”* the voice said, as though tired of the hoops required to jump through to explain something it saw as simple while defying Varghus’s understanding of the world. *“Now it’s simply time to enjoy all I offer.”*

Thinking of all the ways that he had imagined using such a suit, Varghus was embarrassed to discover that he was once more aroused through the suit, about to see the outline of his cock now. Getting a boner over his real-life fetish was one thing, but the being within his mind was clearly self-aware, and doing something in front of such a being was a little much for him.

Without needing to say a word, it seemed the entity was well aware of his sense of shame. *“There’s no need to be ashamed of your needs! I am designed to provide for them, after all, especially the sexual ones. Had you not had such an interest, I would not even exist! Allow me to show my gratitude...”* That being said, a flush of arousal burned through Varghus’s being, making him nearly fall to his knees.

His member under the latex suit continued to push outward, as though the suit’s insides had a grip on it and were remolding it in real time. Varghus could only watch as it extended outward, longer than his humanity he was sure from his frequent masturbations. It was sensitive as well, only a gentle caress from his webbed hands enough to send a powerful shiver through his being. And it was only to be the tip of the iceberg as the heat burned through his cock and prepared to change it.

Varghus could only look down as the skin around the outlined head of his cock started to peel backward toward his groin. Thinking the latex would part and expose his penis, he was shocked with the peeling latex revealing more of itself, the two halves separating though just as sensitive as before. It was as though a foreskin was developing from the flesh, pulling back and pooling as the skin bunched up. Yet, it was soon to be more bizarre than that as his penis softened for a moment, retracting into the skin as the head sensually subsumed the tip. With cock cocooned, the second skin continued to fuse with the shiny black latex of his groin, hitching his cock upward though not painfully so. It seemed, as difficult as it was to see on his form, that his latex suit formed a sheath that looked more akin to an animal than even his suit modeling could mangle.

Curious and partially aroused at this point, Varghus reached down to finger his sheath, the pointed tip of his cock poking out at his prompting. It seemed thicker than he was expecting, though covered with the same black shiny latex covering the rest of his body. Yet, the latex seemed to possess even more sensitivity than he could have possibly imagined, and Varghus started fingering it further, cock within swelling against its latex cocoon and sending shivers through his very being. It was almost impossible for him to imagine possessing a sheath like this, and Varghus could only hope it was a prelude to what was to come.

Naturally, Varghus could only finger himself for so long before his cock grew to full erection, pulling on his sheath as it peeled down, no longer needing to hide after his shaft as the

lust overtook him. Reaching a webbed hand to stroke it, Varghus was left to marvel at the size and thickness of it, impressive already even without reaching full erection. Pointed at the tip, its contours matched a more bestial appearance as did his fantasy. And with the pleasure of a webbed hand against his cock was almost too much for him to bear...

“Oh fuck...” Varghus moaned out as his cock went into orgasm. Testicals confined in latex as they were, the tension within them soon grew to the breaking point and shot a load through his bat-like shaft. Without a piss hole, Varghus wasn't sure where his cum was going to go, perhaps creaming the inside of the latex suit. Yet, it seemed as though his cum was able to squelch through the tip, oozing all over his hand and sticking between the webbed digits. The scent was heavenly as well, and Varghus was almost knocked over from the force of it.

*“I'm glad to see how much that did it for you. And that's just the beginning...”* The voice whispered in his head, and Varghus came to, not sure what the being meant but was all the more excited for it. Such a release was far superior to anything he had ever before. And Varghus could only imagine what else would happen to him!

A tingling within his hands brought Varghus's attention to his hand, the one still covered in his sticky cum. Even with how tight the latex was against his skin, the sensation of something pushing against the insides was present enough that Varghus was tempted to rub at it with his other hand, curious as to what was happening. He couldn't be sure without seeing the skin directly, but it felt as though the spaces within each digit were starting to be pulled painlessly by the latex, creating a thin layer of skin that soon moved to fill the spaces between them. It was powerfully sensual, and even with as thin as the gloved webbing was, it seemed the goal was to fill it up with his own flesh. Varghus was able to feel each layer of webbing being pulled between the fingers, sticking between them as though using the glove's webbing as a guide. He was delighted to feel it filling the glove's webbing to the tip and left Varghus a little disappointed for it to stop, as bizarre as it was.

Still, as the pressure of the internal webbing started to intensify, the reality of what was happening hit him all at once. It seemed the latex webbing was stretching with the skin underneath, and would likely subsume his fingers as well. With several pleasant cracks, the fingers started to elongate as well, joints popping out of place momentarily to allow their growth. It was slow enough that he could view the pulsating under the suit, and sight that left Varghus nervous. It was not only the suit's fingers that were expanding but the fingers underneath as well. All save for his pinkie fingers, which seemed to be absorbed into the palms of his hand as the bones within were dissolved. He did not miss them, rather concerned with the rest of the changes and what they would mean going forward.!

“What’s going on?!” Varghus stammered, the reality of his situation a little too much despite how much it seemed to do for him.

*“Why, I’m making you into your ideal shape! Just like you’ve already wanted! It’s my purpose, of course,”* said the entity in his head, matter of fact.

“Why? Stop! I don’t want…” Varghus said, though without any conviction in his voice.

*“But of course you do,”* replied the entity, and as much as Varghus wanted to reject it, there was no denying the kernel of truth in that. *“There’s no point trying to hide it from me. I know everything about you, after all.”*

All the while, Varghus could feel his fingers elongating, hands swelling wider in a slow, gradual way that allowed him to take it all in. His thumbs, too, were larger, though nothing in comparison to the length his other fingers were taking on. Twice their former size, they continued to extend out before him, as though reaching down toward his knees, about the size he would imagine his persona to be. That had to be the end goal as each section of his fingers extended in turn, still as flexible as they had been, though weighing a little heavy on his hand. Their size soon became a little unruly, though a slight swelling within his arms seemed to aid in their support. Even as tight as the suit was, it continued to warp around him, altering the skin underneath as much as it seemed to be alive and self-aware.

The webbing between his hands was soon to keep up as well, spreading up the skin of his fingers and making him wonder what it would be like to take the suit off and see the skin itself. Still, if it was changing his skin, there was an increasing part of him that didn’t want to take it off, to allow his body underneath to surge toward the form of his dreams. And as inch after inch of webbing spread toward the tips of his fingers, Varghus couldn’t help but let out a moan, aroused though apparently not allowed to have his dick move from his sheath. It was the most sensual tease he had ever experienced and Varghus could only tremble from the sensations, left almost desperate for more.

Soon, the webbing had encroached over the entirety of the inside of his fingers, up to the tips as they started to tingle. A popping sensation burst from his thumb first, a black claw curving outward as he flexed his relatively smaller thumb. It had the effect of moving the rest of his fingers, Varghus now aware they were all connected by a layer of webbing that would allow him flight should the changes overtake him. At that notion, a thin layer of webbing started to peel its way out of the skin of his armpits, and Varghus reached up his arm, witnessing the membrane spreading across the latex skin of his arm, pulling toward the other side of his last finger. It was amazing to feel it spreading from the skin of his back, pulling at a layer of dermis under the suit to keep up with the slow, steady increase in webbing in the suit as well. To some

surprise, this connection of webbing seemed to tug at the skin of his ring finger, pulling it toward the side at an angle that would have pained the human him. Yet, the range of motion they seemed to possess caused no additional harm but rather allowed his wing hand to spread even farther, impossibly wide for his experience.

It took several minutes for the webbing to reach all the way to his finger, and Varghus couldn't help but flex the entirety of his wing, marveling at how large it was. His fingers were flexible as well, able to articulate as much as he was used to, albeit at a larger scale. It was amazing to feel the weight of the webbing on his arm, and the semi-restrictiveness was hot as hell, as much as he wasn't allowed to sport a proper erection. Varghus took a few moments to truly appreciate the level of articulation his new fingers possessed, stretching them as wide as possible and then wrapping him around his latex body like a sort of cloak. It was everything he dreamed of and more, and best it all, it was only the beginning...

*"Shall I change the other one?"* The voice whispered huskily in his head, and all Varghus could do was more a weak "Y-yes..."

Before the tingling could even begin, Varghus had his other hand up, waiting to experience the sensations all over again. It was powerfully sensual to feel the skin between his digits swell into a webbing to match what the suit had already provided. But it was simply the first step in a process that left him fascinated and aroused in equal measure. All fear over giving in to what the suit was doing to him was soon eroded as the webbing made from his own skin soon encompassed the gloves of the suit. There was far more to go as the suit's fingers started to expand, taking the fingers within with a comfortable series of pops. All the while, Varghus flexed his fingers, loving how large they were becoming and knowing where they would end up. He couldn't help but raise his fully changed hand to compare them, waiting for them to reach the stature of his fully-formed wing, a desirable outcome. It took several minutes, and even the loss of his little fingers was eagerly expected as his fingers stretched to the length they would need to be to support flight-worthy webbing. A smaller thumb flexed before a claw popped from within, and he moved it a little, as though encouraging the webbing to form.

The rest of the fingers were slow to expand, the joints constantly popping from their flex as each bone within expanded and stretched the skin around each section. Though they felt a little gangly than their human equivalents, Varghus marveled at moving them, so much like his own though carrying with them so much more promise as the webbing filled sensually up between them. It was amazing experiencing the sensations from both angles, the skin underneath the sensual suit skin as well, as though both were one yet separate in their own right. As the digits finally reached the stature of their neighbors, Varghus felt a shiver running through him, a twinge of lust as he watched his literal dream come true before his eyes. And best of all this was only the beginning!



Holding them both up with reverence, Varghus watched as the webbing pulled out around the edge of the fingertips each possessing blunt claws of their own. He loved the sensation of the suit tugging more skin from his underarms, trailing all the way down to his hip as it filled in toward the other side of his finger. They were so large, so magnificent, and twitching his fingers allowed them to expand and compress in a way that kept them protected when not in use but would allow him to fly should he wish to. Varghus was sure he could perceive the skin pulling at the muscles with his arms, leaving them lean though powerful in their own right. With enough muscle to get him off the ground, Varghus was sure, though his body was a far cry from that yet. There was so much more for him to experience!

Naturally, the lust that burned through his being made him long to touch himself, and even with his fingers in their current state, he was able to reach down and tease the expanse of his sheath, willing his cock to poke out so that he might tend it properly. Yet, no matter how much he frantically rubbed at his bulge, he couldn't seem to bring himself to arousal. It was almost maddening, and Varghus barely noticed the chuckling in his mind, as though taunting him for what he was so desperately craving.

*Now, now, let's not bring your fun to an end just yet! There's still so much more to do with you!*" Teased by the presence, Varghus could only moan his frustrations as he fingered his sheath, the sensation pleasant but not sufficient to bring him the relief he so desperately craved.

With his attention on his sheath, Varghus was somewhat ignorant of his spine beginning to extend, as though the latex suit had gripped around the bone, giving it new life to push its way out into the slight bump already present on the back of the suit. Yet, it soon became impossible to ignore, and Varghus moaned, trying to reach back to play with it forgetting his arms were altered in a way that made such difficult. Still, he was able to get to a mirror, turning around and giving him a view of the nub just in time for the skin and bone underneath to fill it up fully as he hoped they would. And the moment it pressed against the very tip, the latex gave way around it, pushing outward and gripping the tail tightly, as though encouraging it to extend into its final form. It still had significant room to grow, the tingling a telling sign as the suit expanded to allow room for the tail to develop properly. Varghus couldn't wait for the end result.

The anticipation of being able to move his tail for the first time left him elated, and as it steadily inched outward, that was soon to be the case. As though reading his thoughts once more, the entity moved the latex above his ass just slightly and allowed it to twitch. Varghus could only moan, the sensation even better than he could have expected, and Varghus reached out to twitch the growth of his own volition, moving it at his prompting. The weight of it was everything he had hoped for and more and was elated to experience more of its articulation as it continued to extend, reaching toward the floor. Thickening at the base, Varghus could feel his ass cheeks

parting just slightly, allowing the smooth transition from his torso into his tail. He continued to experiment with its flexibility, loving the level of articulation it was granted and excited even more to feel its tip to touch the floor. It was proof he possessed it now, as much as the weight of it made it real as well.

Varghus was a little surprised to feel more webbing peeling from his side, the latex tightly wrapped around it as pulled more membrane from his skin. Soon, it merged on the top side with the latex over his sides, affixing it down toward the tip of his tail as he once more flexed his wings, admiring their size. To complete the look, a series of latex spines poked from the back of his tail, running back toward the center from the base and spreading upward with their own membrane. It was exactly as he'd designed his character to be, and Varghus couldn't be happier, being given everything he'd imagined and more. And yet...

*"Yes, isn't it everything you've ever wanted? That's what I am for you, after all. And it can be yours if you so choose. All you have to do is let it happen, allow my influence to work through you..."* The voice promised though Varghus had his doubts. Even over his elation, Varghus couldn't quiet the voice of reason telling him to be cautious about letting this entity in.

"What will happen to me if I do?" Varghus questioned, thinking it was too good to be true. Yet, even if there was a price to be paid, how could he not take that risk? Could he live with himself if he allowed his biggest fantasy to slip away from his membraned fingers?

*"Does that matter?"* The voice said, as though echoing his thoughts, Varghus had to admit, even if the entity was reading his thoughts, the words were coming from his own mind, and it served only as an affirmation of what he wanted to happen.

As though having been given permission, the latex within his legs started to pull at the muscles within, expanding them slightly as they bulked them up with mass. His form was lean, more so than his humanity, and the latex was quick to tighten over his legs, compressing them just slightly, though leaving them with more power than his humanity could manage. It was amazing to feel how tightly it compressed around his skin, yet was able to mold the flesh underneath to suit its needs. Varghus could already perceive the power within them, wanting to use them to jump into the air as he flexed his wings into the air for his first flight.

Latex compressing against his toes now, Varghus flexed them, delighting in their growth. He could feel the tips being pulled by the latex suit, firm tendrils against the skin that took whatever nails persisted and extended them into blunt talons. Only four persisted, the smallest no longer needed as he flexed his new digits eagerly, excited by their gripping power. Thinning, stretched heels accented their abilities, and Varghus took a moment to balance on them, something that would normally have taken some time but came easily with the suit's control.

Thicker white pads adorned the bottoms of them, looking more akin to the bestial form he desired.

By this point, the pressure in his prick was at its apex and Varghus wanted nothing more than to get off. Even if he was inclined to resist the suit's influence, he could do nothing against the waves of pleasure rocking his body. Any consequences were far from his mind as he rubbed his sheath, eager for what was to come.

*"You've given in so easily...almost like this is your true form..."* The voice whispered, and Varghus couldn't deny the truth in that. As his white chest flattened, becoming leaner with muscle, nothing he could imagine could surpass the experience, and he welcomed the changes, wanting to take off the visage of his greatest creation.

At this point, only his face remained under the hoodie, though Varghus was sure it would not stay that way. And he was willing to give up whatever the suit required of him to make the change complete. Even if that meant...

*"You want a more handsome face, don't you? All you need to do is submit to me..."* the voice said, and in his moment of need, Varghus could hardly think of why that was a bad thing. "Yes..." he managed to moan, needing to be complete, if only he might be granted the body of his dreams. Even if he was no longer his, the price was worth this modicum of pleasure!

It was slightly disconcerting to feel the back of the hoodie pulling around his hair and tightening to the point he felt as though it had been removed from him. The skin of his scalp, too, was subsumed, and as his eyes, nose, and mouth were covered, Varghus let out a gasp not realizing there were no holes for him to breathe. Even his eyes were covered and he was left momentarily blind, trusting that the suit wouldn't kill him. Yet, as the rest of the latex stuck to his skin, pulling tightly against every inch, holes opened up within the suit that was perfectly sculpted to his features. In fact, it almost appeared as though his senses, eyesight, in particular, were enhanced if such was possible. Still, it was obvious suit was finished covering him, for whatever that meant for his future.

With that, the fibers of the suit seemed to pull at the back of his neck, creating spiked points that ran down toward his muscled shoulders. The now-familiar sensation of webbing was pulled between each of them, creating a lovely crest of sorts in lieu of any hair he once treasured. And it was only the tip of the iceberg as the latex tugged at the skin of his face, preparing to warp his visage the rest of the way.

First, his ears were tugged outward, latex strings tugging on the edges and warping them upward toward a more pointed configuration. As the insides were stretched and the canals were

widened, Varghus was granted a level of auditory awareness that defied his understanding of the world. Though nothing in the world outside his apartment could match the attention to his changing body, and he was far too eager to let the process complete itself.

All that remained of his face was his jawline, and Varghus welcomed the sensation of his mouth being pulled outward. The latex tugged at his lower face all over at once, rounding into the semblance of a blunt muzzle that delighted him to see in front of his view of the world. It sat comfortably on his jaw as his nose flared and his nostrils expanded to meet the edges of his lips, breathing in deep of the suit and his lust in general. Varghus eagerly opened his jaw, enjoying the new range it possessed and playing a longer, thinner tongue over serrated teeth. As best as he could tell, the changes were done with him, and nothing could surpass the anticipation of what his new body would provide him going forward.

*“Almost done with you now...yes...there’s only one thing left for you to do...cum it out and bond us permanently together...I will absorb your semen and make me a part of you forever. You want that more than anything, do you not?”* The voice taunted and disputed any potential repercussions about doing such, Varghus had no ability to say no in his sex-starved state. It certainly felt right in the moment!

With that, Varghus reached into his sheath with a thick thumb, feeling it open this time as his digit gently traced over the moist rubbery flesh. A surge of blood flowed into his penis, and even as his thumb worked its way into the base of his sheath, the force of his erection could not be stemmed. It rose from its new home, soon larger than he had seen it during its change. And it was all his to play with!

Reaching one of his wing hands around his chest, Varghus was able to work his fingers over it, rubbing his sheath and grinding the tip on the membrane of his wing. Perhaps it was not as stimulating as he might have expected, given he could not quite grip the shaft as he was used to with his humanity. But with the reverence he held toward his new form, even a modicum of pressure was more than sufficient to bring him closer to the edge than he was prepared for. All it would take was a little push and then...

*“Yes...that’s it...take what you want...it can all be yours...”* the voice spoke, and with that, Varghus couldn't muster any regrets. He wanted nothing more than to give in to the release he so desperately craved, and the suit had given him every lustful fantasy he craved, as though tailor-made for his desires.

The stimulation against his cock was more than he could bare, and Varghus cried out with a bestial roar as his cock unloaded all over the white chest of his latex body. Pumping his penis for all he was worth, Varghus felt his mind fluttering shut from the force of it, body enhanced

beyond anything he might have prepared for. And as his eyes closed to revel in the pleasures of his new body, Varghus remained largely ignorant of what implications it had.

*“Yes, now you are complete...now you are mine...”* Whispered the voice, and at that, Varghus felt his body stiffen, as though he was unable to move. Rather his body was moving of its own accord, as though another being had possession of it. Such had not occurred to him as a possibility of allowing the suit to subsume, though now that it seemed his body was not his own, then...

The being within his mind, while eager to take what he had tricked his host into accepting, was confused for a moment, leaving his body still. It seemed that, while there was a slight struggle as he realized his body was not his own, Varghus was willing to stay still, happy he possessed this form and all the pleasure it could grant. Even if it was not his own, Varghus could feel all that the suit could, and however he proceeded to act, it would be to their mutual benefit.

*“It seems you make a far more interesting host than I could have ever imagined...”* Said the voice, and with that, Varghus felt his control returning. It seemed the being was curious to know what Varghus would do with them, now they were combined and would essentially live as one now through their connection. One that Varghus already seemed to cherish.

Varghus took a moment to compose himself, truly feeling his body for the first time. As arousing as it had been to be under another being's control, there was something rewarding about being given total control as well, to be allowed to experience all it meant to possess the form of his dreams. It was everything he'd wanted and more to be merged with a literal living suit, one that had not only tempted him to give in to his lusts but gave a sort of permission, one that did not occur in the mundane world, that would have had him fighting for control until the very end. A symbiosis of sorts was more than ideal, and Varghus was OK with that arrangement, eager to experience all his new companion could offer him.

While part of him was aware he could mold his skin in a variety of ways, there was only one thing he wished to do now that his form had been granted him. At the late hour, there was little chance of him being seen, and the cool air on his latex skin made him shiver with anticipation. Still, with the power and lightness of his body, Varghus was sure he could manage it, reaching out with his arms and letting the webbing between them grow wider. With the ability to shift his body just slightly, Varghus was able to leap up, stretching his arms toward the skin and pulling himself upward. The cool evening air caught his wings, and rising upward, Varghus was, for the first time, given the elation of flight in a bat-like form. With the power and versatility within his suit, the sky was literally the limit as Varghus took to the air, exploring the night in the way only his new body could allow...