

Swatting away a massive beetle as he pushed branches from his face, Jeremy did his best to look past the sweat dripping from his brow. The humidity was doing in his glasses, and it was becoming almost stifling to keep going, but he was determined, and as the larger of the two men, figured it was his job to lead them, even though at this juncture the pair were hopelessly lost. Not that they couldn't make their way back after some hours of searching, but it was still a little unnerving besides.

Behind him was his good friend Dan, another researcher at the university where the two of them had achieved tenure. It was only that extra funding that allowed them to come on this trip in the first place, and even then it felt like pulling teeth. But Jeremy was determined, and as he needed a partner for this trip, Dan was prompted to reluctantly agree, if only so he didn't go on the expedition alone. It had been some time since the two of them had trekked out to a remote site on their own, and their lack of being in shape was soon obvious against the elements of the jungle.

The goal was to find the origin of a peculiar object that came across Jeremy's desk, one that puzzled the archeology professor to the point of almost obsession. It seemed to depict some sort of mythical dragon figure, its wings as arms more akin to a modern wyvern. Dating seemed to indicate the statue was at least thousands of years old. Yet, there was little for its shape that he could discern from the place where it had originally been picked up. Recovered from a small town in South America, it matched none of the designs of any ancient peoples, something that puzzled him to no end as he scoured his wide array of sources.

It soon grew to the point of obsession, Jeremy wanting to travel to the nearest town from its discovery point to discover what he could. And with that, the two of them found themselves several miles out from their base, hoping to find a clue amidst the foliage that might elude to civilization the likes of which they had no other evidence. Their sources were largely unaware of what they were looking for, but all it took was a single tip that led them in this direction, the sight of the statue they possessed invoking some memory of another like it, albeit one they feared to reclaim.

"Hey...shit!" Jeremy called out, nearly tripping over something sturdy in the ground, thinking it to be a branch or some other debris. Looking down, a differently designed statue with a similar color scheme to the object in his backpack caught his attention, having been left in the middle of nowhere. There was nothing around to denote the remnants of human settlement or anything of the like, yet, unlike the object in his backpack, it was pristine, purple, and shiny, a statue of what looked to be some sort of bipedal lizard, as much as he could tell.

Curious, Jeremy reached down to touch it, finding it was rather heavy. Putting down his own pack, Dan reached down to help him, the surface of the pristine statue surprisingly smooth

to his surprise. It was as though the elements of the jungle had no effect on its composition, something just as bizarre as the object's location. The shape and design of it matched the wyvern in Jeremy's backpack, as though copied from that source, too new to be from the same time period. Was it made recently in tribute to the first? Then why was it simply left here for them to find within hours of their trek?

Neither of them had much time to reflect on it when the moment Dan's hands touched the statue, it started to glow, as though some sort of internal device had been triggered. The warmth from its surface prompted Jeremy to drop it, though Dan held firm, not overheating but not able to put his hands away for some reason. A corresponding glow from within his bag prompted Jeremy to pull out the wyvern within. It, too, felt warm to the touch, not painfully so, and Jeremy, like Dan, had a hard time pulling his hands from it. Almost as though it had some sort of hold on him, though Jeremy could hardly rationalize it at the time with the whole bizarre scenario hanging over their heads.

"What the hell..." Jeremy muttered, feeling the warmth seeping into his arms, creating a tingling sensation over his body to the point he was almost vibrating.

"Fuck man, I feel weird..." Dan muttered, unable to pull away and feeling the same vibrations running through his much smaller frame.

Just when it felt as though the pair of them could take no more, it stopped, the statues letting them go and making them fall over on their asses. Though the tingling didn't cease immediately, it was enough that they were able to stand it. Despite their vast academic knowledge, neither could figure out what they had just experienced, let alone justify it was anything beyond some bizarre dehydration-induced hallucination that had come over the two of them in tandem.

Reaching out toward the statue once more, Jeremy was stunned to feel his fingers ache, followed by a bizarre swelling, as though the digits themselves were being pulled toward the statue from the rest of his hand. Thinking it to be more of that bizarre numbing, Jeremy was shocked that it seemed as though the fingers were literally lengthening before him, cracking as the joints were being pulled outward in real time. Struggling to move the fingers, it seemed that whatever was happening left his fingers stiffened, unable to move as they underwent a bizarre transformation before his eyes. They were soon almost as long as his lower arms, not stopped as they seemed to change before his eyes.

That was hardly to be the only alteration as a white shade started to spread from the tip toward the base of each digit, followed by the swelling of skin between each finger until it appeared it was being encroached upon by a layer of tan webbing. It soon stretched to the point

of touching the tips of his growing fingers, feeling like a warm, living membrane of sorts. The nails themselves thickened to the point of wrapping around their ends, pointing into a facsimile of claws. Most bizarre of all was that his thumbs remained relatively in the same configuration, though a spreading for that webbing seemed to be moving to meet his former pointer finger, making it so that moving any fingers required their immediate action as well.

Looking past the still-lengthening digits, Jeremy was shocked to see that Dan was altering too, though hardly going the same way. His body was shrinking, already loose clothes even larger around his form as he lost almost one inch and then two, almost half the size of his former stature. Though it was becoming trying to keep his clothes on to the point he couldn't manage to keep them on with the ache in his fingers, and he was forced to drop them, revealing a rather prominent and likely unwelcome purplish erection. All he could do was to try to put his hands over it, covering his shame as he desperately wished to will his penis down to no avail.

The more he shrank, however, the more bruising of the skin seemed to be spreading over him, as though making up his skin's composition rather than a sign of injury. It soon deepened toward a purple shade, impossible in contrast on human skin, though nothing about the changes was particularly probable. It seemed to be filling in toward a deep violet, lighter on his belly as the skin itself seemed to turn pebbly, as though forming smooth, interlocking patterns. Almost as though he was growing... scales?

The changes coming over him were relentless, Dan feeling a pinprick on each of his fingers as the nails seemed to point outward into short, sharp claws. Flexing his hands while looking up at Jeremy's changing body, Dan was aware that unlike his friend's, Dan's hands and fingers seemed to retain their flexibility, if only just enough that it was obvious they were not becoming the same creature. Not that such wasn't already obvious with the change in their statures. It was bizarre nonetheless to feel his body shifting in such a way, and without really knowing why, save for the bizarre glow emanating from the two artifacts. Wait, he had touched the one with the lizard man, right? So was that to be his fate as much as it was for Jeremy to become the wyvern? Still, it made no sense even as it continued to play out before them in tandem.

Jeremy, all the while, was getting larger, the same white shade of his fingers reaching his arms, removing his hair in the wake of the white scales he, too, was developing. His shirt was starting to tighten around his chest as a surge of growth played through him, powerful swells of muscle and tissue the likes of which the larger man was not privy to. Had he not been changing into some sort of creature, likely akin to the one the stature had been based on, he would surely have been delighted to become more powerful, stronger, taller. But as his clothing pulled taut and raised up on his frame, exposing the white scaled sides and surprisingly blue belly, Jeremy wanted nothing more than to be out of there and not changing into some sort of draconic beast!

Even through the growth and change, Jeremy was soon aware of tingling at the base of his spine, which soon started poking through the back of his pants, forming a twitching bump. Even if Jeremy did not have a clear view of Dan's naked backside, his own nub forming an obvious shape, he might be sure he was developing a new appendage like a tail of sorts. Still, from the growth in his body and the already present tightness, it was not to stay that way for long as with a resounding ripp, the force of the growth pushed its way into the warm jungle air. His ass, too was getting larger, cheeks spreading just enough that the pinkening skin of his anus touched the finally fraying fringes of his underwear before it, too, was popped from his form and left to cling around his massive muscled thighs. As soon as the growth took form behind him, that now familiar tingling of spreading scales was quick to cover it to the point Jeremy was sure he would lose his entire dermis to their relentless onslaught.

An ache in his brows made Jeremy sure that something was to burst bloodily forth, though the lumps that formed simply parted ways for their development. He wanted to reach up and touch them, though there was nothing to be done about it with his hands in their current wing-like state. Still, the weight of them, along with the rest of his draconic visage, gave credence to the fact he was growing horns between his temples, swept back as they started to weigh noticeably on his head. It was another sign he was changing, losing his humanity for features that did not exist on any living creature on this plane of existence. They pushed through his hair, which, to his surprise, was not lost to the spread of scales. Rather, it seemed to be thickening, spreading back down his neck in a sort of mane as the neck itself started to crack and pop with growth in its own right.

Dan, too, raised a hand to rub his temples, now aware of a series of sharp horns bursting bloodlessly through. It ached, though hardly enough to cause him to call out. No longer caring about the state of his penis, Dan was rather focused on the poking of scales around his former beard, creating a spiky frill of sorts. For a moment, he was a little panicked to feel his ear lobes receding, a similar spiky frill subsuming them, though the canal was left relatively the same size. Even as his hair fell out over his scalp, Dan was more focused on the sounds in the jungle, rather surprised at their increased intensity than the loss of his hair for more purple scales.

Even through his own changes, Jeremy was well aware of Dan's ever-shrinking body, a consequence of his own growth and Dan's diminishing stature. But more than that, it was the image of his erection, no less impressive in relation to his body, perhaps even larger. Jeremy had no basis to compare, and would normally not be inclined to consider such things. The more he looked down at Dan's form, however, the more he seemed unable to look away, mesmerized by the erection his friend sported. Almost as though he wanted to...

With some shame, Jeremy was soon to realize his own cock was at fully erection, sticking up from the front of his pants and leaking the moment he was aware he was sporting it. Though human in its configuration for the moment, it was larger than anything he could imagine and growing still, as though stretching to match to physique he was growing into. The skin was redder than his former skin shade, and rather than being coated white as was the rest of him, it continued to turn a bright red, the outer skin peeling away for pulsating veins underneath, engorging his phallus with blood. Had Jeremy not already grown so large, he would have been dizzied by the size of it, though at close to 8ft tall now he was left to stare down as he grew a cock to match, leaking from a tip that was slowly pointed to what he had to assume was a more reptilian visage.

To his surprise and somewhat horror, Dan found he could not quite look away from a cock that was larger than anything he'd seen before. Not too large, something that came to mind the more he started to drool over the growth of the thing. Enough that he could take it inside of him if he was so inclined...wait, where at *that* thought come from? Dan had never been inclined toward men, much less his friend, but the more he pondered it, the more intrusive thoughts burrowed into his mind. He wanted to taste it, thinking that his blunt muzzle and newly forked tongue would find the flavor of precum palatable. Moreover, it would certainly pleasure the larger wyvern, something he was more than eager to do, much to his chagrin...

Before he had a chance to stop himself, Dan was moving to sniff the leaking contours of Jeremy's member before sticking out a changing tongue to sample the fluids within. Jeremy hardly had time to call out before Dan was on him, taking as much as he could of Jeremy's draconic dong within. His face was only just now starting to stretch, and to his surprise and delight, he found he was able to take more of it within, as though his jaw was starting to unhinge slightly, able to slide over the head and move down toward the center, gag reflex not at all deterred by the size of the meat in his mouth.

"Dan, what are you...ohhh...doing..." Jeremy managed to moan, the oral he was getting far more pleasurable than anything he had ever experienced. It was as though Dan's mouth was turning into the perfect vessel for his sexual pleasure, or at least to sexually pleasure the being that Jeremy was warping into...

Dan, for his part, hardly had the energy to stop, obviously wanting to sexually pleasure the larger wyvern as though it was his only lot in life. It was powerfully erotic to do so, turning him on and making his own relatively sizable kobold cock leak. Even as his face further stretched out, or his jaw unhinged like a lizard's to take more of the cock within him, it seemed as though Dan's entire purpose was to pleasure the wyvern's rod. And it was one that he took on gleefully, feeling more satisfied, more fulfilled than at any point in his life. It was all he could do

not to keep sucking that magnificent rode, feeling his skull slope and his muzzle inching to take more of the rod within him.

It seemed as though the leaking fluids within his gullet were changing Dan faster as well, though he was hardly willing to stop his oral escapades. He could feel his tail extend from his spine, able to move eagerly on its own accord as it teased the backs of his naked legs, covered with sensitive scales as they were. He could feel his stance shifting, kicking away boots off smaller feet that were developing clawed toes in their own right. His heels, stretched as they were, forced him up onto the balls of his feet as they took on a more digitigrade stance. His skull was contracting slightly, remnant hair loosening from the top of his head and leaving him bald with the purple scales. Yet, as the dizzying sensation ceased and he was sure he was finished shrinking, Dan could find no fault in his form, all too eager to pleasure the wyvern before him.

It was not only the changes to his body that were making him question things. Not that his intelligence was decreased even as his skull was pressing on his brain to match his new stature. Rather, there was something shifting in his inclinations that made him desire to do what he was doing with enthusiasm. He belonged to this beast, and it was his duty to serve him. Not only that, but it was his sexual pleasure to do so, and it turned him on beyond anything he had experienced in his human life. The more he changed, the more he found Jeremy's wyvern self the sexiest thing he had ever seen. Not even efforts to pull off the wyvern's cock were enough to stop his lusts, craving the flavor back on his tongue the moment he was able to pull it away.

Jeremy, too, wanted to pull away, though it felt too amazing, too sensual to possibly stop. He wanted to cum all over the smaller lizard man, cover him with his stink in some sort of possessive effort. It made little sense in his mind to want to do such a thing, though the more the intrusive thoughts invaded his brain. It was one thing to be changing, to be afraid for his fate as much as for his friend's. Yet, the more they both changed, the more it seemed as though the perfect form to fit their personalities, and then why should he not enjoy it...?

"Yes...suck me...fuck..." Jeremy moaned as his face started to stretch, teeth sharpening in his gums as his neck thickened with meat and muscle. The jaws he was developing were powerful, neck muscles needed to support them, and they were soon heavy on his head before the rest of his head could grow to keep up. His neck, too was starting to lengthen, white scales covered every inch of skin as they itched into existence. He wanted to reach down and kiss the smaller kobold, his servant, his...what was he thinking?! Yet, it felt so tight at the time...

Growing all the while. Jeremy could feel his shirt stretching to the breaking point, bursting off his frame and exposing the light blue scales that were coating his chest and belly. All the fat and muscle from his belly and chest were covered with the massive scutes, uniform in size as even his nipples and belly button were removed as though he'd never been born a mammal.

White scales moved up his sides and back, meeting his neck and the itching of hair growth that seemed to reach down from his already rather luscious length. A tightening in his pants seemed to indicate they were fated to burst from his hips as well, though, in the moment of lust, Jeremy could hardly be bothered to care.

It was only the sensation of his toes twitching, massive nails pushing at the fringes of his boots that could distract him from the gentle attention to his cock. It was almost painful to be confined in such a way, and Jeremy growled a draconic cadence as the boots were rendered apart, the bindings parting for the talons within to the point he was finally able to flex time, digging them into the dirt to prepare for the oncoming orgasm. His claws were the same deep brown as the horns atop his head, and Jeremy growled, kicking away the useless shoes as his heels stretched and he was prompted up toward a more digitigrade stance.

Even the part of him that was hesitant about being treated this way could not deny the ecstasy of being sucked off by the smaller being, objectively sexier than any partner Jeremy had ever been with. No matter how much his human psyche struggled with the notion that such was wrong or that he should try to resist the urges playing over him, Jeremy could hardly bring himself to care, wrapping his wings around the smaller beast as a form of encouragement. He was already so close from their interactions to the point he could not hold back, seeing the kobold as more of a servant than a friend or an equal...even if he had been once, was that the right way to view things? It was powerfully conflicting in his mind as his skull started to compress on his brain and alter his line of thinking. And the more he thought about reasons why he shouldn't treat Dan as his minion, or even his property, it was slowly becoming harder to hold onto those inklings.

Blinking a few times, Jeremy's mind seemed to settle on the notion that Dan was his and pleased by his sexual servitude. With that inclination, there was no need for him to hold back his pleasure. Feeling his internal testicles swelling to the brim, he unloaded their burden and sprayed the kobold's smaller face with his thick wyvern seed. Dan, for his part, loved the shower of semen, the stench making him certain he was owned by this magnificent beast. He was marked now, and any of his fears over the change or his smaller stature were eradicated with the protection the wyvern was providing him. After all, so long as he served the beast, he was sure to be taken in and guarded, in exchange for sexual acts, something that pleased him to do so!

Panting and huffing for a moment, Jeremy looked down at his cum-covered kobold, reaching out with a forked tongue to taste his own secretions. The kobold seemed pleased with himself, grinning and stroking off his own cock as he prepared for release. The lizard man was sexy as hell and had an impressive cock to boot, something that Jeremy felt he wouldn't mind tending to on his own. That was after his new servant tended to Jeremy's own needs, of course. Such a creature was inclined to do so, and it was in both of their best interests to follow the

instincts in their minds. Jeremy was vaguely aware it had been different before, the relationship had altered toward this master and servant narrative that seemed to sit well with his sensibilities. But it mattered little with the bodies they possessed and the future that Jeremy wanted for them.

“Be my servant, little one. And, of course, receive my protection,” Jeremy offered, feeling with confidence that a creature such as himself was dominant even in his true domain. What those words meant was a little perplexing, but it mattered not, Jeremy sitting in their certainty. He would protect the smaller creature, and request only its service, something that Jeremy was sure he would be eager to grant!

“Yes, master,” Dan said, lapping some of the dragon’s cum off his muzzle, loving the salty flavor. It had given him such elation to suck off the sexy wyvern as he had, a feeling that surpassed anything then human him had ever known. Wait, had he ever been human? Surely, he had, but his past mattered little with the safety and security he felt being in the presence of the massive wyvern. He wanted Dan to serve him, and why would he not submit himself to such a magnificent beast? He eagerly would do whatever the wyvern required of him, and given the dragon’s waving erection, it was likely to be sexual in nature. Something Dan’s new inclinations were more than happy to work with!

As though reading the kobold’s desires, Jeremy felt his cock sliding from its new slit, waving in the air impressively, even in relation to his new stature. Though he had just cum a moment before, there was no denying his lust and need to be serviced, and with an obedient kobold before him, there was no reason not to take advantage of it. So, getting down with his massive body and stretching out his wing hands, Jeremy raised his head in a sort of ‘come hither’ look that made the kobold’s mind melt like butter. Never before had Dan seen a sexier sight, to the point he had no choice but to walk over to him, sniffing and licking his cock before getting up on his muscled, scaled belly, and waiting for the order.

“Ride me, my servant,” was Jeremy's command, and Dan looked at the throbbing red erection that seemed to beckon to him, though carried a hint of intimidation, given the sheer size of the thing. He wanted to ride it, but given his stature, there was little chance the thing would fit. Had he never taken a dragon's cock before? Hadn't he always been a subby little kobold? The conflict in his mind and the reality of the situation was maddening indeed!

Still, there was no denying how turned on he was by the wyvern's sexy body, or the cock now leaking copious fluid down the shaft and into Jeremy's slit. Dan’s own erection was at its apex, larger than he could recall on his person and rather dizzying for his smaller stature. He was still eager to serve him as best as he could, and turned around, rubbing his ass on it and feeling the sticky goo dripping over his gaping, needy pucker. It did not take much to feel it running inside of him, lubing him up for the true penetration to come. His pucker seemed further opened



than at any time Dan could recall, and holding the dragon's dong in place, he got on, feeling the pointed tip fit easily into his hole like a puzzle piece. With that, there was little else to do but wedge himself down over it, finding the wyvern's member taut as hell and his own rectal tissues surprisingly elastic and taking more than he dreamed possible.

"Yes, ride me...good ssservant..." Jeremy hissed, loving the view he had of his servant sinking down over his rod, finding his place without pain, and beginning to ride it up and down, getting on his knees in a comfortable position as he found his rhythm. Gone was his respect for the kobold as his human friend and equal, their dynamic changed forever. Though neither saw fault in that, the dichotomy in their new psyches was perfectly suited for this new life together.

Dan did his best to get down over the rod within him, finding it almost too large for him but able to take it to the knot just barely enough. It was so tight to the point that a small bulge pushed his belly outward, not painful with his new physiology but enough he could barely manage it. Once he worked himself down over it and started thrusting up and down, he began to rub Jeremy's chest with reverence, stroking himself off gently with the other. He didn't want to cum lest he ruin his master's fun too soon, but with how turned on he was by the wyvern's growls and hisses of pleasure, it was all he could do to hold back. It was more a turn-on than anything had a right to be, to be taken and used and bred like the fuck toy he was. Nothing he had known in his academic life was more fulfilling than being taken at the moment, and he was easily willing to submit and fridge doubts as he let himself fall over the edge of bliss.

He was not the first to cum, the tightness and elasticity of Dan's rectum were too powerful a stimulant as Jeremy felt his internal testicles churning, blowing their burden like a geyser into Dan's eager bowels. The force of it was almost enough to eject Dan, though his rectal clamp was too tight to allow that. Dan felt himself being impossibly filled with warm cum, the sexual satisfaction much more pleasant than anything Dan could fathom. It was enough to make his smaller purple hand jerk him to completion as well. Though his external testicles were smaller than the wyvern's own, his eruption was still significant, coating the two of them in a spray of warm, rank semen.

The sensation of two massive wing hands covering him made Dan relax, Jeremy basking in the post-orgasmic glow and keeping his kobold servant tight to his chest. It was hard with his hands in such a state to tend to his sexual needs, and having the sexy smaller kobold serve him was a welcome desire. He felt for the being, making sure no harm would come to his smaller, vulnerable body. A powerful wyvern like Jeremy could have had several such creatures to serve him, but be it a remnant of his humanity or a certainly within his wyvern self, Jeremy felt he only needed this one.

It was only the glow of the two statures that could bring them from their post-orgasmic afterglow, Jeremy raising his neck from kissing his kobold to look at the bizarre spectacle. He was hardly concerned, rather interested as one statue and then the other started to glow, moving to either side of them as they floated in the air. For a moment, Jeremy put his wings defensively around Dan's smaller form, and Dan got off his retracting cock with a splash of semen. But it seemed as though their fears would be allayed the moment the glowing energies formed a connection between them, as though a glowing portal with another shimmering world within its borders.

The two had no earthly way to know what was happening before them, though an instinct seemed to resonate through their heads, instilling its knowledge within their minds. It seemed as though the beings they had become were not part of this world, as obvious it was. The idols were a tribute to ancient beings, imbued with their magic and the ability to bring a connection between the two. And that meant, to those it considered worthy, it could grant them access to those forms of beings past, ones that still persisted in the other world. Making them into beings that belonged there, and not only that but allowing them to transport themselves there if they so choose...

It mattered little in the end, Jeremy decided. As much as he could discern, there was room for him to make a life in the other world, a wyvern of his size and stature able to carve out a kingdom. Of course, a worthy wyvern like him would need a kobold to look after his assets and tend to his sexual needs. Thankfully, he had one that would serve him no matter what, and, allowing his smaller kobold to crawl up on his back, Jeremy moved them toward the gate, both eager to leave this world behind and explore the new world beyond...