

Not the first time in recent days, Bill found himself browsing the internet, looking at fan art of some of his favorite dragons. There was no shortage of generic dragons, though the subject of his latest interest was a dragon known as Midgardsomir from the series Dragalia Lost. Less art existed of that particular dragon, but Bill was diligent in his searching, looking almost every day. But today, nothing new. It was of little concern in the long run, he reasoned. He would look again, likely tomorrow.

Tonight, he gazed moved toward the open window, the nearly full orb in the sky a sign the full moon was only three days away. Normally such was of little importance, but something about the sight of it prompted him to get up and head outside his house, wanting to view it more clearly. It really was beautiful, save for when the clouds covered it, blown by the wind. Something he could control if he *was* Midgardsomir, something that was not a new idea to him. The notion of physical transformation, becoming another being was powerfully obsessive for Bill to the point of being arousing. And, if it were possible, he would choose a dragon with immense power, like one of the elemental guardians from his favorite game series...

At 5.2 and having been on the chubby side since his youth, the idea of changing into something bigger and stronger like a dragon was a deep-seated yearning, almost from the time the notion had initially occurred to him. Being taller, stronger, and confident, having a demanding presence the envy of his peers was powerfully arousing, and he spent many a night teasing his member at the inclination. Of course, it was never to be, as arousing as the notion became. And though he would never voice it to anyone, besides whatever divine forces might be listening, it was something he desired beyond any inclinations.

Much to Bill's ignorance, that night, something *was* listening, as though a being from an alternate reality that matched whatever designer had come to the awareness of and created Dragalia Lost. A being that, be it a crack in the worlds created by such an intense desire, or some other reason he could hardly fathom, was able to act on Bill's request. Regardless of the reason, the voice was able to creep into the mind and body of the man as he slept, dreams an open gateway for his presence. Though his words of praise for the mortal, his desire to give the man the body he needed to protect the world and instill his presence in this dimension were spoken, Bill was not able to perceive them. But he certainly would, given enough time...

Normally awakening with fatigue and dread for another day in the office, Bill roused from sleep that morning with an odd sense of elation. He felt confident, powerful, even, almost like the day of banal tasks were easy for him. It was nice, all things considered, to have such regard for his life beyond the machinations of his fantasies. There was every chance he'd had a dream of transformation, especially likely with the damp stain on his underwear that signaled such. All the more reason to touch himself that night to some of his favorite artwork!

Getting on his clothes for the day, Bill soon noticed something off, as though they were tighter than usual. Thinking himself to have gained more unwanted weight, Bill was rather pleased to note his belly was, in fact, flatter, as though he'd been doing several crunches or gym workouts for weeks. Something that was not the case, though his delight of the firm flesh under his touch, and the tightness in his clothes more so mimicked a rigorous gym regiment rather than unwanted weight gain. In the end, Bill's confidence could not be quashed, and he rather felt that confidence returning than any despair for the tightness of his clothing.

That self-satisfaction carried over his work day, getting tasks done at almost double the speed, much to the surprise of his superiors. He even got some compliments from management, asking him to keep up the good work. It was welcome, though Bill couldn't help shake the feeling that he was better than this place, destined for something more. Still, he was able to keep up the facade, waiting with some eagerness at what that thing might be.

Not everything that day was perfect, though the feelings of aches and pains across his body were barely noticed with the added energy he seemed to possess that day. In fact, he was even given some compliments on his added muscle mass, making the ever-increasing tightness of his clothes a non-issue. What did seem to bother him was the reddening of the skin around his neck, something that was itching his skin and tempting him to rub it. But that was hardly something that picking up lotion wouldn't cure, even as the skin underneath felt smooth, almost patterned like scales. He couldn't see that section of the back of his neck in the mirror but found in the end that he cared little about it. It was a small price to pay for what he was getting in return!

As well as the work was going that day, the desire to play with his member was at the forefront of his thoughts, to the point he felt he should move toward the bathroom and rub one out right then and there. It was a constant desire, lowering his output toward the end of the day. Though Bill could hardly bring himself to worry about such things, thinking work to be beneath his carnal desires. And the moment the clock hit five, he was out the door, walking home with a skip in his step, as well as a noticeable boner that did not match the one he'd had even the night before.

As he walked him on the crisp, fall day, a slight breeze started up, enough to blow the leaves from the ground and cause them to dance around him. Reminded of his favorite character from the Dragalia Lost series, Bill reflexively raised his hand, pretending he had the ability to move the wind with his thoughts as much as Midgardsomir did. He wasn't sure, of course, but it almost seemed as though the breeze changed direction at his prompting, though there was no way to know. Still, it was fun to think about having such an ability, even if it was most likely a coincidence.

Forgetting about the wind the moment he got home, Bill moved to the bedroom to start jerking off, eager for the release he so desperately craved. Though little artwork existed of his favorite dragon in general, much less lewd ones, there was certainly a market for other dragons in NSFW situations, and those favorites were brought up for him to enjoy himself to. Yet, with the lust he felt over the mental images he had, there was no need for him to use artwork. He wanted, desperately, to get off, to cum, and imaging himself shifting, growing, changing was enough for him to bring himself to full attention, already leaking at the notion of what was to come.

As though the simple action was enough to cause his alterations in real-time, Bill could sense he was growing larger, tingling all over and even tighter in his clothing than he'd been even ten minutes ago. The pressure was starting to get tighter and tighter around his upper arms and chest, exposing his stomach a little and firming the muscles underneath it. The notion that he was changing, becoming more powerful and muscled was a potent attractant, even if such should have been impossible in such a short amount of time. Even the thought it was possible was enough to make him bust a nut, and Bill stroked his member with vigor, wanting the release he'd been craving since work earlier that day!

Not even caring that he was without a tissue or anything else to catch his cum, Bill allowed himself to reach the end as he would, too eager to hold back for even a moment. Despite not allowing himself to edge or prolong his pleasure in any way, the pressure soon built beyond anything he was familiar with to the point he almost whited out from the relief. Even the warm feeling of cum spattering on his bare belly and groin was barely noticed as he reveled in the orgasmic bliss, the burning in his mind finally satisfied after a day spent waiting impatiently.

It took him some moments to realize what had triggered the orgasmic onset, that the notion of growth and change had spurred him on. As impossible as it was, the tightness around his clothes should not have been possible in such short a period. Far from fat, the skin Bill's fingers played over was firm, the muscle underneath solid and toned to a point that he could not imagine it over his frame. Though he was lean, his body proportions were such that did not fit comfortably into his clothing. A far cry from the chubby frame he'd possessed only last night, something that should have been impossible but could not be denied by his eyes all the same.

Yet, no matter how much he tried to drum up worry about the changes, Bill felt only reverence for the body that he was slowly developing into it. He could not stop playing over its contours, feeling every divot and ridge as though it was not his body but rather a sensual model. It was hard not to draw the comparison to the body he wished to possess, or the changes he'd literally wished for the night before. Hell, the notion that he could literally change was enough to bring his member to a semi-erection, and Bill was sure he needed a secondary release to overcome the lust he felt for the muscled physique he was growing into.

Fatigue as he was, the second orgasm was not in the cards, and Bill found himself wondering if some kind of ailment was draining his energy and perhaps deceiving his senses. It mattered little, and Bill chose not to bother cleaning himself off, the energy to do so lacking and the scent of semen rather pleasant besides. Instead, he tore off his clothes, the strength in his body as well as their clinginess to his form enough that they could not leave his frame without some ripping. Bill had no concern for them as he closed his eyes, imaginings of the size he'd gained and the potential it could bring enough to lull him into a deep sleep.

That was not the only thing to enter his mind as he slept, images from the game playing over his mind. Rather than bits of lore he'd read, however, it was more akin to having lived those events himself. He was the being who had fought with the prince against the demon god, paving the way for dragons and humans to coexist together. He was Midgardsomar, seeing the world from the dragon's perspective, able to soar through the sky, bend the wind to his whims, and was revered by humans and his fellow dragons alike. It was everything he'd wanted and more, the dreams diving him deep into what he perceived as a dragon's psyche.

Yet, it was not deep enough for an ache in his groin to rouse him from sleep some hours later, and Bill was prompted to get up and go to the bathroom, hoping it would pass and not have to deal with a kidney stone or some other undesirable condition. Though it was not a painful ache ailing him, but rather a pleasant, if not persistent one. It did cause a wave of nausea to play over him, though not enough for vomit as much as he could tell. Still, he was curious to look down at his junk, wondering if there was something visibly wrong with him.

Yet, a quick examination to his junk revealed something beyond what he could have expected. It was hard to say for certain, but the area of his perineum was smaller, as though his balls and cock had moved backward. The effect made him wonder if he needed to walk bowlegged, but such was not the case, as though his pelvis had widened just slightly with his increase in stature. Part of him wondered if he was simply imagining things, but he was wide awake in his concern by this point, and there was no denying the alterations to his anatomy. As if he needed any further proof, the pants on the floor were clearly for a man smaller than Bill's current stature, not that he was inclined to don them just now.

The whole ordeal left him more than a little concerned. Was he really changing? How was such possible? He'd wanted to be larger, imagining himself powerful like the fictional dragon he held in such reverence. He couldn't be changing like that, into a fictional being. But even the minor growth he'd experienced thus far was, by all accounts, impossible. And that was not the only thing...

The itching across his neck and bag seemed to have grown worse in the interim, and reaching up to touch it, the peeling skin revealed what felt smooth and ridged, almost in an interlocking pattern. He wanted desperately to see it, though it took some effort to orientate his form in the mirror so that his reflection could be studied. Yet, when he did...

As much as the dream and the desires were at the forefront of his mind, there was no way he could have expected the shiny, emerald scales that seemed to pepper the itchy areas, their obvious source. Bill couldn't believe what he was seeing. Rubbing them with reverence, it was impossible to deny their presence on his form, as much of his skin as the rest of it. It should have been terrifying for his skin to be altered in such a way, and, in truth, it was. But Bill couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement, wondering what it would be like to possess more of them. Yet, he couldn't want it, could he? Being a dragon in the real world...it was a fantasy, and nothing more. Right?

In the end, without any real plan to deal with the changes, Bill went back to sleep and roused for work the next morning. The obvious thing to do was to call in sick, though he hardly had the desire to stay at home and wait for further changes. So, with that distraction in order, he managed to fit into some of his formerly more comfortable clothing, tight to manage as he made his way into work.

From the onset of the work day, it was obvious that something had shifted in his mentality, and not for the better. He was still being praised for his work, but the more he reflected on it, the more he had a hard time understanding why. Bill was distracted, after all, and such merger tasks seemed beneath him. Couldn't any of them get the same amount of work done easily? It was harder for him to deny his disdain for his colleagues, feeling they were somehow beneath him, lesser, in some ways. Not only in their work but in their stature, Bill felt his clothes tightening all the while. None of them were nearly as large as he was, or could ever imagine being as such!

With the notion of further growth and the itching that had to be more scales spreading, Bill couldn't help but feel aroused, having not touched himself again last night as he wished he had. He wanted to touch himself right there and then, not caring he was in the presence of what he determined as unworthy beings. But, with a hint of human modesty in his mind, he decided to eventually make his way to the bathroom, sitting on the closed toilet lid and pulling out his member. Even the sound of his zipper being tugged taut, and his jeans tearing in some places was not enough to deter him from rubbing at himself, feeling his cock getting larger and harder until it, too, tore at the stitching in an effort to free itself. Far from human size, Bill could only stare in reverence at the maleness he possessed. Perhaps the tip of the iceberg to the final size he might get if he were to change further....

With the sheer lust he felt over the changes, it did not take long for him to reach his end. Leaking copious amounts of fluid from his cock head down over his hand, underwear, and pants, Bill could feel his arousal growing to its premium, making him groan loud enough that his actions were not hidden from anything else to enter the bathroom. But the presence of others was hardly a deterrent as his legs shook, his balls tensed, and his member let loose with a geyser of cum, falling onto his clothing, his hand, and even on the bathroom floor. He growled, a cadence he wasn't sure he would be able to make otherwise but one that send shivers through his form. It was becoming more draconic with every moment, and with his altered psyche, it was harder to find fault in that reality.

As his testicles continued to pump their burden, a sudden popping sensation drew them within to the point he felt a popping sensation as though they were being pulled inside. First, it was one, and Bill reached down to touch it, knowing it was being pushed within him and confused at the feeling. Rather than being eradicated within him, however, the hidden testicle swelled within his groin almost painfully until it took its place within him. It was of little surprise when the second testicle went the same way, pulling within him and growing larger to support the lust he possessed. It was an odd sensation, though enough to coax more cum from his cock, spilling over the toilet and even the floor. The scent was heavenly, filling Bill's nose with the sweetness that left him a little dizzy.

Another alien alteration was soon made aware to him as his cock deflated, and with it, the remnants of his empty ballsack. It seemed as though the skin was parting, painlessly and without any blood, but enough that a slit of sorts was formed from the remnants of his ballsack around his cock. Till this point, the alterations to his genitals were somewhat explainable, if only from an imagination standpoint. But the slit that opened to take his cock within, the elastic skin pulling tight once he had been spent. It was a little unnerving, though the reptilian anatomy made a certain sort of sense, putting it away until it was needed. And, given the lust he felt, it was certainly something he could see using in due time...

A few people in the bathroom turned to look at him as he walked out, covered with his seed, and not bothering to clean up after himself. Yet, rather than being disgusted, they seemed entranced by him, following him around as though wishing to partake in his essence. Bill was almost tempted to jerk off right then and there once more. And, as the coworkers came up to him, obvious erections in their own pants, Bill did just that, pulling out his erection for their examination. Rather than being frightening, however, the three gathered men started to lap at it, as though it was the most tasty thing in the world.

As though his semen was ambrosia, the trio of them licked at it stained on his pants and shirt, leaking from his rod and sampling it from the source. It was bizarre, though lost in the pleasure and thinking him to be worthy of such worship, Bill allowed it to happen, feeling his

rod being pleased though not as good as playing with himself. It was still pleasant, however, and he had to commend their efforts, seeming to want to serve him as Bill felt he deserved. And that control was more than a little arousing on its own as Bill felt his draconic dick blowing all over all three of their faces, gifting them with the semen they so obviously required. Their faces and clothes were covered with semen, and it took only a little coaxing for their own cocks to blow their loads as well, adding to the pungent stink of semen in the air.

Eventually, however, coming down from the experience, Bill was stunted by the realization of what he had done and what he allowed to happen. He'd partook in an orgy of sorts, and his three suitors had come willingly, thinking nothing was wrong with partaking in the act. It was unnerving from a human perspective that he would not only engage in such an act but like it all the same. With some urgency, he took his leave from work, leaving the three men looking at each other with confused sensations, enjoying it at the time but not really sure why they had sexually pleased a beast of a man and not wanting to acknowledge it in each other's presence while the object of their lust was absent.

Yet, the bizarre events of the day were not quite enough to deter him from his arousal at home, and the sensation of his cock sliding from his sheath was so sensual that it was enough for Bill to cum from that alone. It was hard to fixate on the events of the day when the realization he was changing, truly altering perhaps to his idea form, was more tantalizing than anything he could be prepared for. Part of him had to know if his semen was truly as delicious as the men seemed to make it out to be. Still drying on his pants, Bill was able to scoop up some, the flavor electric on his lips as he did so. Either way, there was no denying the arousal over such an act was at its apex, and he needed to masturbate, to drink down more of his delicious cum.

The moment he entered his bedroom, his cock started to slide from his slit, pulling at the already impossibly tight clothing around him. Not caring about the clothing by this point, stronger arms pulled at their stitches, throwing them to the floor as his cock slid from its slit and began to ache for the need to be touched. He needed to stroke off, needed the release such a change would grant him. Nothing could bring him more arousal than the notion he was truly changing, and no amount of hallucination could account for the efforts that had come over him thus far. And there was so much more to come if the process continued as he assumed it should!

The moment his hands wrapped around his cock was the moment it started to alter, first growing larger than humanly possible, even in regard to his current proportions. As he grew toward what he assumed was his full length, the weight of it was almost such that he equated it to a farm beast. And the more engorged it became, the darker the shade of it, as though it was preparing to alter toward its final form. Yet, rather than reddening as he might have suspected, the shade started to lighten, almost greenish as it started to glow in the low light of the sun streaming through the window. Its head, too, started to point as the skin began to painlessly

segment, interlocking plates of erectile tissue firmer than anything his humanity could have brought on. As the base of his member started to swell, a greenish knot parting the slit sensually, Bill was sure his member had finished its changes and had taken on the form of his dreams.

With such change before him, it was no wonder that it took Bill little time to cum, moaning with a deeper cadence as his draconic member spilled all over his chest and groin. Part of him was thankful that this time there were no humans to drink in his ambrosia, though it was little matter to his altering psyche. They would be so lucky to encounter him in the midst of self-pleasure, after all, and it was not his prerogative to provide it for them. He opened his mouth this time, the force of it enough to enter him and send more of those electrical tinglings through him, more potent this time. It was as though it was entering his body to change him, clinging to his organs and fueling them with a magic that was set to alter the rest of him.

As though the cum itself was enough for him to further his changes, it seemed to seep into the skin on his groin, giving him that same emerald sheen that had taken over his member. Like the scales on his neck, the skin soon parted to make way for the firm, green covering, eradicating any hairs along the way as they did so. The scales on his stretching, muscled belly were larger and firmer than the ones on his neck and groin, and Bill delighted in their formation, wondering what he would look like when the process was finished with him. And, given the speed the changes were taking over him, it was more likely he would find out soon...

As night fell and his member was pleased over and over again, Bill finally felt it prudent to get some sleep. Not that he felt tired, that was hardly the reason. Rather, there was a notion within him the change was tied to the moon, and that if he waited just a few short hours till tomorrow night, he might finally be granted the change he so desperately craved. As much as he expected he would stay awake, Bill eventually did fall asleep, only to be drawn into the same dreams as he had the night before. It was easier to see him as Midguardsomar, the green scales running over him a sign of his eventual shape. There was no denying even a few changes would lead to that outcome, and how it was so specific to his wishes was an afterthought.

Yet, it was more than that, the voice calling to him coming in clearer as the changes took him from his human form. The words themselves were less important than the mentality that came with the being he called Midguardsomar. He was to take over this realm, protect it from forces that could pass through those gaps in the cracks as he did. Though the humans were beneath him, it was better to protect and cultivate that peace with them than to war with both them and outside forces. And it was to be his task going forward, with all the pleasures and privileges that came with it...

Bill saw no reason to go to work the next day, his new job now far more important. It was of more prescience to enjoy his cock, seeing his draconic member slide from his slit the moment

he woke, leaking his fluids. There was little change he could hide away either the lust or the changes by this point, anyway. And those beneath him were not yet worthy to see him in this time of change. He would reveal himself in time once he changed, but for now, this was his and his alone. And, besides, there was a part of him that knew he needed to drink himself down, savoring the flavor and allowing its magic to prepare him for the change to come, like a reservoir of draconic essence.

Naturally, his primary inclination was to masturbate himself into his draconic form, to make the scales spread over his chest. Cumming caused the scutes to run further over his belly, extending his stomach against his chest and causing him to add a few inches to his height. They were firm, thick, and covered his groin in a protective slit now, more vibrant the more precum that leaked over them. The more jism that blew from his rod, the more he rubbed over his chest and arms, spreading the scales and filling the room with his draconic stench. It created a feedback loop of sorts, the scent of his jism spurring his arousal and desire to change, altering his form ever more to the object of his desires.

With the increase in stature and muscles swelling under the skin, there was little chance of him being able to don clothing, even if he was human enough to make it to a clothing store. Bill was rather inclined to remain naked, however, feeling the dull aches of muscles as though his seminal secretions were soaking into the skin and the muscle causing them to tear and expand. By this point, he was well beyond the contours of the human form, something that even bodybuilders could not quite match. No clothing would fit him, and his nudity was a source of reverence and a sign he truly was changing, becoming the powerful visage he longed to be.

Though much of the day was spent masturbating, his stamina seemed to be unending, Bill was still hyper-aware of the subtle changes that were taking over his form. The scales were spreading, of course, and much of his skin was overtaken by them, leaving him with a lovely emerald sheen. The sensation of his spine starting to stretch, a nub forming that twitched when he focused on it. His fingers were firmer, cracking as he flexed them, and the nails were pointed at the tips, the starts of what he was sure would be emerald claws, though they remained translucent for now. And, like what was soon to be his tail, lumps had formed from expanding bone at the apex of his shoulder blades, likely to be the start of wings. That carried with it some anticipation, knowing that Midguardsomar could fly and relishing the fact he was slowly becoming that dragon if only he waited long enough for their changes to reach their inevitable end.

Yet, there was something in his mind that told him tonight was the night, and all the changes to his body would be leading up to the final transition. The fact the moon was almost full was likely to be a coincidence, though it mattered little, Bill simply eager to be able to see the changes under the light of the moon. However, he already found that upon leaving his house,

his eyesight was rather acute even without the light of the moon to guide him. His instincts were to move to the woods, deep within that he might hide himself and draw himself into what he saw as his true form.

As he did so, the wind played around him, as though his mere presence was enough to spur it to respond to his whims. Raising his hand as he had the other day, Bill was sure this time that the wind was shifting to his command, blowing around him enough to billow his clothes should he have bothered to wear any. Perhaps it was the magic that pooled in his chest from the ingestion of cum that allowed his power to manifest as it had. But it mattered little, Bill wanting to show off his changes to the world, even if no human was worthy to bear witness to him.

Eventually, he stopped, the presence in his head assuring him it was time. He was already so large, his belly and sides coated in emerald glory as was to be his final form. His eventual numbs of wings and tail were present, and he was closer to 8 feet tall now, nails green and pointed in preparation for the claws he would soon possess. Of course, most of all was the draconic cock that slid sensually from his slit, bobbing up and down in its eagerness to be touched. And it would be, once the changes had seeped into his form...

It was his hands that started first, crashing and twitching as they grew massive. The white scales spread from below the tips and down toward his hands as they grew massive in relation to his stature. His pinkies were soon robbed from his form, though they were hardly missed as three fingers and thumb grew and expanded, palms swelling with power as he clenched him. Bill was thankful they were to remain in relatively human shape, still functional as he was used to. The white scales started spreading up his arms, thicker plates that ended in points as they moved toward the elbows. Yet, it was the claws tipping the ends of the remaining fingers that drew his attention, however, thickening to the circumference of his larger fingers as they started to push outward, curving into pointed tips. They were rather fetching, though not as much as the pointed ends of his elbows, erupting out into massive spikes, heaving on his form until the muscles within his arm expanded to keep up. Bill wanted to rub at that, feeling their jagged edges and wondering how any force in the universe could make him into the form of Midguardsomar Zero. Yet, it was as true as anything he ever knew and Bill allowed himself to be along for the ride.

Naturally, the changes elicited as much arousal as ever, knowing they would soon complete and he would be his ideal form, perhaps forever. There was no ability to hold back against the desire for pleasure, stroking off with his massive paw hands. Though his hands started out a little too large for his member, it was soon not to be the case as his cock continued to expand in his touch, filling his slit until the aches of growth allowed a reprieve from the uncomfortable pressure. Yet, soon, it was too large to the point its girth should have drawn enough blood to dizzy him. Bill watched the veins draw across the surface under the ridges of his

member, making it larger, and hefty, and giving him a penis beyond anything of his wildest dreams. And it was hard to be the final length as he continued to change!

The sheer lust was enough to bring him in short order, penis not hindered at all from the frequent sessions of masturbation he had partaken in all day. Soon, he shot all over himself, spraying cum even up to his chin and neck. Bill was quick to rub it all over himself, white-plated scales sliding from his skin as though they belonged on his form, that this draconic visage was his truth and not the meek human he had been.

A sensation of the growth within his spine was next to draw his attention, and Bill reached back with his massive paws to touch the growth that was present, feeling it twitch at his prompting. It was growing larger with each passing moment, the white plate-like scales rubbed down the bottom of it as it thickened to the point that he had to squat somewhat from the weight of it. Tingling along the sides of it preceded the formation of emerald jewels adorning the sides of them, all the way down toward the tip. A slight ache formed along the back of them, and spiny, green multi-faceted blades grew to mimic the ones on his shoulders. Though the shape of it was rather integrated, Bill was simply obsessed with running his paw hands over it, feeling it move at multiple points of articulation, elated he possessed one now.

Its growth was followed by the now familiar sensation of expansion all over to the point he was sure it was his seminal secretions fueling it. He was still erect, of course, still leaking pre-cum from his member, and Bill was quick to rub it all over his scales, hoping to fuel further growth. Though patches of human skin were few and far between by this point, any vestiges of their presence were soon erased for the lovely scales and scutes he wished to have covered him. Though his legs were largely devoid of scales thus far, that was soon to change as he wiped his still-drying seed over them, though the white scutes gave way to a series of blades from his knees, sharp though not enough to damage his lovely scales. They swept over from the outside into spines, emerald blades popping up in between. Bulking up with an impossible amount of muscle and tissue, Bill hunched over, feeling the weight of his bulk but able to take it, moving his body and moving how massive and powerful he was. Surely, he was well over 10 ft by now, with much growing to go!

Running down his legs now, his calves seemed to compress slightly in relation to his thighs and the expanding length of his heels, though still not enough to stop them from overall growth. The weight was starting to strain his feet, massive as they had grown already. Having gone without shoes already, nothing human able to fit him, Bill was able to look down at the changes, seeing his small toe being pulled within his stretching lower foot. The three remaining toes grew massive, getting thicker and more flexible as the nails thickened and pressed into the ground, emerald as much as the claws on his hands. Large toes were pulled back along the heel, remembered inert while the remaining three retained their flexibility. Soon, thick scaly pads

adorned the base of his feet, while his heels pushed him upward in a sort of digitigrade stance as he balanced himself, getting used to his new stature.

By now, his tail was so thick that he was standing bowlegged, swishing behind him in long, lazy motions. Scutes had moved up his entire form, though a glow from his chest was a little unnerving, something he could not recall from the game but was taking over his form. It seemed like the scales were cracking for an emerald gem in the center, though it was not painful in the slightest. It seemed as though the source of his power, the ingestion of cum making it possible to form properly. Glowing green lines seemed to play through the scutes, golden down the sides as more jagged green blades burst from his upper arms and shoulders, glinting off the spines that were still moving up his back towards the center as the muscles and joints twitched and tore, preparing for what he knew was coming.

Rather than stretching like a pair of arms from his back, bulges of jagged, exposed bone ripped painlessly out of his shoulders, pushing through and rushing up behind him as a thin series of emerald members held them together. Bill was still aware he could flex them somewhat, though it was a bizarre sensation as they continued to extend into blunt points at the top, more of the webbing mending the bones together. Eventually, the bones did burst downward like fingers, only far too large and thick for what he perceived as a typical dragon, as no finger joints persisted on them. At their apex, more bone-like emerald spurs burst out, accenting the ones that already persisted on his shoulders and knees, a sign of his power and stretching, Bill reasoned. Yet, all he could think about in the moment was the ability that was granted him, that of flight and the ability to reach the heavens. What would that be like? When he had made his presence known to the world, then, it would be time for him to truly take flight, though, for now, he had to bid his time.

Yet, the mere thought of flight seemed to trigger something in his mind, in his being, and Bill felt the now-familiar gust of wind whirling around him as though responding to its master's presence. At first, Bill thought it prudent to raise his hands, moving them around and allowing the wind to blow at his guidance. But eventually, he put his arms down, thinking about where he wanted the wind to go with his mind, and feeling the breeze adjusting itself at his whims. It was powerful, making him feel open to the world and free in a way that defied human understanding. A sense of power, of control, ran through him, thinking himself superior to all other beings he had met. He truly was, in many respects, and as the wind blew at his whims, Bill was given all the proof of such that he required.

As though his control of the wind was a catalyst, it seemed to swirl around him, blowing at the edges of his body as though infusing them with their essence. It seemed as though the edges of his body were growing sharper, more vibrant, even as he continued to grow and expand

all over. 15 ft now and even hitting some branches, Bill was elated, not sure what the endgame would be but feeling worthy of it all the same.

As though a suit of armor, Bill could feel the wind peppering away at his skin to spread the white scales underneath. They moved up his cheeks, removing any semblance of beard no longer needed in his new form. Even his hair was to fall out, though he figured eventually be growing a mane to replace it as befit the character he was to become. Though his head was relatively small compared to his body, it felt right, skull only growing slightly to keep up with what he knew would be the final dimensions of his form. His bald visage was completely covered with the white scales now, and the swept-back patterns of scales were about to give way to the final changes.

A dull ache started in his skull just then, starting from the back of his head as it pushed out into a relatively small horn, one about the length of his jaw. It was soon to be joined by two on either side, each nearly the circumference of his skull at the base, though the plate-like scales pushed them apart enough that his head could support them. Not straight back from his head as he might have expected, their growth curved inward slightly before straightening up again to point upward. These were green, not the brilliant emerald of his spikes but fetching nonetheless as they crowned the top of his head. That was hardly to be the only spine to burst from the top of his head as another pair pushed out below the first two, thickening to the girth of the first two and thickening still, head on his head, but his thicker neck and head were able to support it nonetheless.

Itching at the back of his scalp was indicative of the growth of hair as it started to flow down toward his back, a veritable mane of hair that was poofy beyond the short-cropped brown he possessed normally. It was pointed, forming a series of feathery spikes as it moved down and tickled the scales down his back. Mostly white with emerald highlights, Bill was quick to shake his head, feeling it down his skin and fully enjoying the fact he possessed it now. Almost reminding him of an anime character, Bill's only lament was that he didn't have a method to see his reflection.

All the while, his head was continuing to alter, jaw jutting outward somewhat and forming crests and ridges along the lower side, perfectly symmetrical as he'd seen all artwork of Midgardsomar portrayed as. He had memorized the artwork rather throughout, and rolling his eyes down, he could see those images being brought to realization over his own form, exciting him to the core to realize they were part of him now. With his jaw in its current state, there was little for him to do but feel his teeth falling out, sharpened fangs taking their place. He opened and closed his jaw reflexively, loving how powerful it was enough though it was relatively small compared with the rest of him. The series of spikes along his shin and the slitted eyes he possessed were barely noticed in his self-exploration, eyesight already piercing the dark by this

point. He was fully changed, he was a perfect recreation of Midgardsomar, and nothing in the multiverse could leave him more excited!

By this point, the tingling of change seemed to abate to the point Bill figured he was finished with them was 20ft tall at this point, towering over the tree line and perfectly visible should any humans be in the area. It mattered little to him, however, given that he was alone and his visage would not frighten any humans around. Surely, the creatures of the forest were more in tune with cracks in dimensions, and the sight of a protector creature in their midst was a comforting thing rather than something frightening. He was still growing, the tingling of change and the magics within his grasp would cause his body to swell. But for now, there was something more pressing, and he flapped his wings, rising into the air and hovering there, powerful and free in a way that defied human understanding.

With the power and reverence he felt for his form, there was no controlling the erection that hung heavily from his groin, bobbing up and down and easily several hundred pounds in its own right. He could touch himself, of course, hovering in the air and spraying his semen all over the forest floor. But another idea came to his awareness as the wind was channeled around him and played over his cock with enough pressure that he felt he could cum from that alone. Hovering there with his own strength and the wind to guide him, the idea formed to try using the power to his sexual advantage. And why shouldn't he? Though he would have never expected a being such as Midgardsomar to be as sexual as he was, there was no chalking up his arousal to his love of change alone. And no reason to hold back. Even if someone did come to see him, they would likely be as elated with the gift of his semen as his coworkers were.

At first, Bill tried using the wind like a hand, wrapping it around his rod and feeling the pressure build up as though he was masturbating with a clawed hand. But be it the voice in his head or his own imagination, Bill became aware that his entire body was encompassed by his power, and could use and manipulate the wind all around him, giving him ideas. With that, he moved a breeze to play into his anus, over his chest and back, encasing his entire body in thick gusts in order to discover where his most erogenous zones were. Bill had no idea the physiology of his new form or how best to please it, but given the power he had over the wind, he had every ability to discover every nook and cranny of pleasure his body possessed. In particular, his anus was powerfully sensitive as much as his cock and slit, and Bill's energies were focused there as he reveled in his body.

Surely, he was over 30 feet tall and still growing, but it mattered little, thinking Midgardsomar would be closer to 50 feet in his final form and still likely to get there. But it was impossible to focus on how large he would get with the pleasure he was getting from his cock. It was becoming more and more difficult to hold back, and Bill saw no need to hold back, it being his right to self-pleasure and being able to ejaculate many times besides. With that, the pressure

on his cock and in his anus grew to the point where he was able to blow all over the ground and trees, spraying his spunk and giving back the magic energies to the world as was one of his purposes as a guardian dragon. And it was his sexual pleasure to do so, being only one of many times he would do so under the light of the full moon.

Eventually, dawn came, and with it, Bill felt the changes waning over him, as though he was to return to his human form. Rather than reverting, however, Bill was certain that Midguardsomar was retreating into him, hiding away from the rest of the world until he was needed. It was not a shameful thing, but rather a necessity as the rest of the world was not yet worthy of him. Even as he shrank, his scales wrapped by a thin layer of skin, and his penis still in its draconic state, Bill was sure he could change back at any time. When he was needed to protect, for sure, though it was more than that. He was privy to all the gifts his new identity provided, sexual pleasure at the forefront for him to experience as much as he wanted. Even masturbating at work was not off the table, should he feel the mood to allow lowly mortals to drink of his countenance once more.

Even as he went back to rebuild his human facade, a strange thought occurred to him at that moment, recalling the legendary dragons within the game. Midgardsormr, the being that had shared its identity with Bill now, was only one of five. And, if he was able to connect with the game to the point he could change, then surely, out there, four more humans like him existed. And it was his job to find them, as he once more looked to the fading moon to make his wish...