Draconic Doppelganger

Farindel cackled evilly to himself as he continued to prepare the spell, mixing the ingredients together while looking through the ancient tome of draconic magic that had been written on the stone monoliths that towered even about the huge dragon. Ever since he had found the ritual side he had been pouring over the runes that were left by his ancestors, or rather the ancestors of his kin. It had been clear as he read into the magic that this was the place of metallic scaled dragons, though the fact that he was using it now put even more of a smile on the black scales of his muzzle. If they didn’t want their magic used for nefarious purposes they shouldn’t have written it down, Farindel thought to himself as he continued to gather things for the ritual.

The one in particular that had caught his eye when first examining the place was a spell that he could use to transfer his essence into another, but not in the typical sense of a dracolich. Farindel wouldn’t expect such good dragons to explore the concept but instead found something much more interesting; whatever dragons had been here previously had managed to figure out how to engage in soul mimicry, or essentially transforming the mind and body of another until it matched the caster. The dragon couldn’t imagine what such creatures would use this magic for but imagined that it would probably be to work together on a task in the most efficient way possible. It would account for the majesty and knowledge that was in this cave, never before had Farindel seen such a horde of arcane information before and the black dragon decided that he was going to make good use of it.

With most of the metallic dragons moving to the north upon request of the kingdoms up there to aid in their rebuilding efforts, a calamity in the region devastating the people there and the metallic dragons naturally being as high and mighty as they were went to help, which only left the chromatics around. While this meant that they could do what they wanted unimpeded several of his kin had gone a little overboard and it resulted in the formation of dragon hunting groups that went out to thin their numbers. Farindel was one of the few that managed to escape a rather brutal massacre of gathered dragons and forced him to flee into the former territory of his metallic-scaled counterparts, which was when he stumbled into the sanctuary that had been well-hidden but otherwise unguarded. With the magic of the ancients in his claws he found the means of revenge, and as the runes on the floor began to glow with bright silver hues he knew that soon he would be joined by someone that had the exact same thoughts in mind…

Meanwhile in one of the nearby elven settlements a scout carefully made his way up the overgrown path, using his blade to clear away the brambles that had pushed their way into the clear area in order to try and get at the sun. With the dragons that lived nearby gone maintenance of the game trails had gone to the communities that were established nearby, and as he carefully moved a thorny branch to the side it was clear just how much they enjoyed the convenience of a dragon’s magic. Their draconic neighbors had been all too happy to help those nearby which was one of the reasons why his elven clan and others chose to settle there in the first place, but with the disaster in the north it had been several weeks since he had seen the gleaming scales of the majestic creatures dot the skies. He knew they would be back eventually but until then the elf merely took off his tunic and wiped the sweat from his face before continuing to cleave away at the invasive plants in the path.

The elf had started in the morning and by the time he reached his goal and looked up at the sky the sun had started to set as he took a couple of deep breaths when he reached the clearing. His destination had been a small lake that was nestled in the forest which was fed from the nearby mountains, making it an ideal location for hunting as many of the animals made this their watering hole. Even if he had the strength to hunt however he knew his thrashing and hacking at the branches in the woods would have scared away any potential game for the day and instead went to the water in order to wash up. As he splashed the liquid onto his face and shoulders to clean himself of the sweat and leech the heat from his body it felt even cooler and more refreshing than usual, to the point where he leaned forward and dunked his entire head under the surface just to enjoy the sensation as his long hair floated around him.

As the elf remained under the water he was unaware that someone was watching him, Farindel all to eager to watch and see if his spell had worked. While the magic was more specific to dragons he believed that these weak-willed elves would be even easier to break then his own kin. He could already imagine corrupting this creature until it looked and thought like him, maybe even luring several others to come up and also enjoy the magic-tainted waters that he had created. While his aim was to just do the spell once to see if it worked his greedy mind imagined taking a group of the rather pathetic creatures; once he had done that it would be all to easy to concentrate the magic further and for himself and his new companions to dunk the squirming elves in and have them emerge fully as black-scaled dragons ready to do his bidding.

But as the dragon plotted he frowned slightly when the elf pulled his head back and squeezed the water out of his hair, apparently no worse for wear as he used his tunic to dry himself off. It seemed there was no compulsion to go further into the waters as well and as Farindel watched the scout leave he was about to go over and forcibly push the elf in the rest of the way before he stopped himself. If the ritual didn’t work then there was no reason to expose himself yet, the black dragon thought to himself, if the spell failed and he had to dispose of the elf then the others would probably be wearier as they went into the woods to find their missing scout. With the sun continuing to drop and the elf leaving the lake there was little that Farindel could do but go back to the dragon sanctum and see if he could find what might have went wrong while hoping that the scout made his trips to the lake a regular occurrence.

By the time the scout had returned down the path and back to his village he was practically running down. His time in the lake had instilled in him a new vigor and vitality that had been drained during his rigorous clear-cutting and even as the stars came out in the darkened sky he felt like he had just woken up. “Hey Daz!” the elf turned as he heard his name called out, looking to see another scout waving him down near the fire pit of his home.

“Oh hey Harlen,” Daz replied as he stopped and turned to walk over to the one that hailed him. “You done with the northern path?”

“Yeah, I already dragged the thistle branches back to be burned,” Harlen replied as he went over and sat down while the other elf handed him a plate. “You?”

“Same here,” Daz stated while he grabbed some of the food that was cooking over the fire. “I really hope that the dragons come back here soon, between clearing out the game paths and helping with the crops I’m not sure that there’s going to be enough time left in the day to sleep, much less get out and hunt like I usually do. It’s amazing to see how much we came to rely on their presence.”

“I think it’s more your presence that this village relies on,” Harlen replied, causing Daz to tilt his head slightly in confusion. “C’mon, you have to see that you’re stretching yourself out too thin, you’re supposed to be a scout and hunter but lately you’ve got your hands in the dirt with the farmers or gathering herbs for the mage. You’re only one person Daz, you can’t help everyone in the community who asks.”

“Yeah, but as long as I can help out I should,” Daz replied with a sheepish grin. The two continued to talk and eat while updating one another on any game migrations they might have seen, though with the additional chores they had keeping the hunting trails clean it was hard for either of them to track anything down, before Daz finished his dinner and stood up. “Oh, did you still want me to stop by later and help you get that roof beam realigned before the fall rains come?”

Harlen chuckled and shook his head, which confused the other elf once more. “You are about as stubborn as you are helpful,” Harlen commented before standing up as well. “Yeah, come by here again in an hour or so, if you’re going to offer I’m not going to refuse your help. Last thing I need is water dripping on my head because of some unexpected storm.”

Daz nodded and went back to his own home in order to change out of his scouting gear and into something more comfortable. He was also glad for the moment to be alone as during the dinner he had begun to feel a bit strange, his vision swimming slightly and his body once more growing warm despite the coolness of the night. It was likely just the result of him working so hard to clear the path, Daz thought to himself as he got inside his own home and closed the door behind him, but he wasn’t exhausted and it didn’t explain the other condition that had started to present itself. As the elf drew the wooden blinds on his windows shut he was thankful that he had wrapped his tunic around his leather pants before he got into the village, otherwise Harlen might have seen the bulge that had pushed out the front of them.

As soon as the elf was sure he was along Daz untied the string of his drawers to let his aching member free. He had never been this aroused before and he let out a huff of relief as he let his half-hard cock spring free from its stifling confines. For a few moments he stood there in the darkness and let himself cool down, hoping to will the erection back to its softened state as he went to go and light a candle to provide some light. That was close, Daz thought to himself as he remembered having to adjust himself several times while sitting at the campfire, if Harlen had seen him it might have caused the other elf to draw conclusions that weren’t exactly wrong…

It had been some time since Daz knew that he was more interested in men, especially when an elven maiden most regarded as beautiful tried to woo the scout and he ended up spurring her advances. While he had merely said that he was more involved in his scouting duties and didn’t want a family the truth was he had gone bathing with Harlen and a few others when they found a hot springs after a particularly long scouting journey to see if the dragons had come back. They had done so naked and as Daz sat there he found himself more than once eyeing up the smooth tan skin, lithe bodies, and the groins of his counterparts, though as soon as he found himself staring too much he quickly adverted his eyes. That night however he had gone off into the woods alone and pleasured himself for the first time to those images, covering his mouth to prevent the others as he gave himself an orgasm that caused his entire body to shudder.

That’s what it felt like at that moment as despite Daz’s best efforts he felt his cock throb hard as he got one of his candles lit so he could actually see inside since he had had shuttered his windows. As the warm glow of the flame lit up the room he sighed as he knew that his erection wasn’t going away anytime soon without his intervention, though as he let his pants fall down the rest of the way and looked at his groin he found something that caught his attention. He had never been the most well-endowed of elves, especially after he saw some of thick shafts of the other scouts including Harlen, but as he looked down at himself he found that he looked bigger than before. Perhaps it was a trick of the light, Dez thought to himself, and as he wrapped his fingers around it to give it a squeeze he nearly buckled at the knees.

It was an even more pleasurable experience than his time in the woods and he found himself eagerly stroking as he stumbled his way over to the bed. Once he had started he couldn’t stop, it was like the floodgates had opened with his touch as he began to stroke more eagerly. As soon as he flopped down onto the covers he started to gasp and groan as he tilted his head back, closing his eyes and letting the pleasure wash over him. Had he continued to look at himself as he masturbated he would have seen his maleness lengthen even more, or the fact that his fingernails started to turn black and stretch out as black scales appeared on his fingers.

As he writhed on the bed from the increasing intensity of his pleasure the images in his mind began to shift about as well. As his feet began to grow larger and fangs poked past the lips he was biting he saw that image at the hot springs again, except instead of timidly sitting to the side he went up to Harlen and kissed him right on the lips. The two elves would make out right there as their cocks pressed up against one another, his being as big as the other man as he took charge of the situation. It was quite the unusual site for Daz to see himself in such an authoritative pose but as his muscles tensed and he was about to blow he couldn’t help but smile as he watched himself push down Harlen’s head and watch those soft lips wrap around his member.

Daz had to quickly bring his hand up to his mouth as he climaxed, the other one still clutched against his member as his hips bucked up into the air. Jet after jet of his seed arched into the air before landing around him with some splattering against his body before his muscles finally relaxed. The elf had to remain lying there for a few minutes to catch his breath before he reached to his already stained bedsheets in order to clean himself off. As he brushed down his chest and stomach though something felt unusual about the way it felt on his skin and as he investigated he found that his normally tan skin had grown lighter on his chest and abs while it darkened outside of it, and as he brought his fingers down to feel it he gasped in shock at seeing his clawed hands.

The sight quickly caused him to stand up and as he did he felt unbalanced, which looking down to his toes he saw that his smallest two had started to merge together and the same dusting of black scales that were on the back of his hands had appeared there as well. What caught his attention more though was that his softening cock had grown even bigger and the flesh had started to turn pink, along with the faint formation of ridges that caused him to jump in pleasure when he rubbed one. Upon further examination of his naked body he saw that there was another patch of black scales on his lower back and a small lump that had formed just above his rear, and as he licked his tongue around his mouth he found that his teeth were considerably sharper than before. Whatever was happening to him seemed to have stopped though, but he wasn’t changing back either as Daz tried to will the new draconic aspects of his body.

How had this happened, Daz thought to himself as he went to a mirror to see that the tips of his blond hair had also turned white. His first thought was maybe he had gone too close to the dragon lands, but he had gone to that particular pond dozens of times and nothing had happened to him. It also didn’t explain why he was turning into a black dragon of all creatures which were typically extremely evil in nature. As he continued to mull over the prospect a thought occurred to him that made him shudder, was it perhaps because he was defying the natural order of things and indulging in the idea of wanting to be with Harlen or another male of his kind that was causing these changes to manifest?

As Daz continued to try and figure out what was happening to him the one who actually knew continued to sift about the runes in the dragon sanctum, though as Farindel sensed dragon magic that wasn’t coming from him it caused his head to perk up. At first he thought the metallic dragons had returned but as he honed his senses to pick up the magical essence his confusion and shock turned into joy. It was the faintest scent of the ritual he had performed on the lake, which at this late hour meant that the elf he had seen before had been corrupted by the magic cast on it. The power must have been diluted by the volume of water, the ritual normally directly casted on someone, but the fact he could sense it meant that it was working. His smirk widened as he imagined what was going on with that creature, thinking how bewildered their simple brain would be with the changes that are happening to them until his psyche took over and made him into a true dragon that could help others…

The growing grin on the dragon fell slightly as the strange thought entered into his mind before he shook his giant head, wondering where that idea came from in the first place. Chromatic dragons don’t help people, Farindel reasoned as he went back to one of the monoliths, if they did bother with such lesser species they would just enslave them and have them do their bidding. If he wasn’t changing that elf into a version of himself that’s what he would do, have that elf at his knees caring for him night and day while he continued to decipher and use this ancient magic. He let out a draconic growl as he imagined that creature rubbing his scales, sliding his handsome form down his body until it reached his throbbing cock…

Suddenly Farindel let out a small roar of disgust as he found his thoughts once more deviating, this time to a place that he would normally consider disgusting. By no means did he find other males sexually arousing and especially not elven creatures such as the ones that were in the nearby settlement, yet he could feel his cock had slid out of its slit and began to throb just from the mental image that he had gotten. Elf men are not handsome, Farindel said to himself, but the more he tried to push the thoughts away the stronger they seemed to get. One image in particular stuck in his mind of two elves in a hot spring, one of them pushing down the other to give him a blowjob before suddenly the dragon had the tremble of an orgasm rush throughout his body.

The black dragon panted heavily as he felt his cock spurt onto the stone ground, the runes glowing even more brightly as the foreign images dissolved from his mind. Even though the strange memories left however he found the idea of being helpful still lingered, a concept which caused Farindel to visibly gag. Something had definitely gone wrong with the spell, the dragon reasoned, and it made him wonder if there was some sort of backfire in the ritual that was causing it to go in reverse. When he looked down at his draconic body he saw that nothing appeared to be changing though and that gave him a sigh of relief before he studied the monoliths even more intently.

Back in the village Daz had struggled to put on his boots over his swollen feet before doing the same with a pair of leather gloves for his hands. While his initial thought was to go to the mage to figure out what was going on he couldn’t risk exposing his deviancies to them, not unless he wanted to scout alone for the rest of his life. His only other lead was the pond that was at the end of the hunting path he had cleared out and despite it starting to get later in the night he had to go and figure out what was happening to him. If he could find some sort of magical artifact or something that was causing it then he could at least go back to the mage and give him a reasonable explanation for the changes that were happening to his body.

Once he had gotten his cloak on and put the hood up to cover the lines of scales along his neck Daz went to the door, only to have it open before he could as he saw Harlen standing there. “Oh hey, you going somewhere?” Harlen asked. “Little late to be going out hunting and a little overdressed to be helping me with my beam.”

Mentally Daz cursed when he remembered that he was supposed to help his fellow scout, and at this point the combination of blowing off his friend plus going into the woods at night would raise more concern than he wished. “Oh, I was just going to go out and see if I could pick some rare mushrooms once I was done with you,” Daz said as he gave the other elf a sheepish grin, being careful not to smile too wide and reveal the fangs hidden behind his lips. “I was just about to go and see you though, so you have perfect timing, let’s going alright?”

Though Daz could see the remnants of both curiosity and confusion on the other elf’s face it seemed that Harlen wouldn’t ask as the two made their way back to his house. Though someone would know that he was going to be out at least if he went missing someone would know, he thought to himself as he kept his head down, although that might be a bad thing if he was turning into some sort of evil dragon. With the changes stopped though he felt like he would be good enough to do a quick repair before heading towards the lake. Once he got inside Harlen’s house however Daz’s eyes widened when he looked at the gaping hole in the roof with one of the structural supports hanging halfway down.

“This is more than just a readjustment,” Daz said as Harlen grabbed a set of tools.

“Yeah, it may have gotten worse as time went on,” Harlen replied with a chuckle. “Great view of the stars though. Seriously though with the two of us he should get it done quickly enough, though you may want to take off the cloak before you start sweltering in here.”

Though Daz wasn’t fond of exposing himself he hoped the darkness of the room lit only by a few flickering candles would provide cover as he took off the cloak and set it aside. As they started to get to work though another problem was quickly revealed, along with Harlen’s upper body as he took off his tunic before getting back to work. Even though he tried not to look Daz found himself more than once distracted by him working, watching those firm muscles of his body moving while they resecured the beam. He was the biggest of the scouts, Daz mused as he felt his own form warming up just by watching him, at least until the elf let out a cry and fell from the ladder as the beam he worked on threatened to fall on top of him.

Without even thinking Daz leapt forward and caught Harlen with one arm to keep him from slamming into the ground while the other reached up and caught the heavy wooden beam. Though his knees buckled slightly he managed to keep it up long enough for the other elf to jump back before he did the same and let the piece of roof fall the rest of the way to the floor. “Daz… that was incredible,” Harlen said as his fear was replaced with relief, hoping over the beam towards Daz. “How did you do that?”

“Stay back!” Daz shouted in response, holding up his hand to keep the other scout at bay. Unbeknownst to him the entire time his lusts for the other man had grown so did his body, and while his clothing had tightened around his frame before the sudden movement had ripped them in several places as he held up a hand where his longer claws had pierced the tip of his gloves. “Something’s wrong with me Daz, I’m turning into a monster...”

“Daz, your hands…” Harlen replied, and though Daz had thought the other elf would run out to tell the first person he could find about the corrupted scout he felt a hand pat him on the shoulder. “Hey, any monster that saves my life isn’t a monster in my book.” The words were like a soothing balm to Daz and despite still trembling from the adrenaline and his most recent transformations he found himself calming as Harlen looked him over. “Damn, you’re almost as big as me now, how did this happen?”

Daz filled in Harlen on what had happened to him when he got back from clearing the hunting trail, letting him know about the lake first before going into detail on the rest. He could feel his cheeks burning as he told him about the memory of the hot springs and how they made him feel, only to be surprised when the other elf laughed. “Why didn’t you come to me about this sooner?” Harlen said. “You know that the entire scouting group has pretty much slept with one another, right?”

“Wait, what?!” Daz practically shouted, only for Harlen to prompt him to keep his voice down. “But… the elder… the rules…”

“The elder is, what, five-hundred years old at this point?” Harlen replied. “Some dragons are considered younglings compared to him, and no one really takes his whole purity talks seriously anyway… or at least most don’t. That’s why we haven’t approached you at all, you being the youngest and all we wanted to make sure you wouldn’t run to the elder if we told you about our fun. But yeah, when you went off to the woods during that hunting trip we actually had some fun of our own.”

Daz still found himself floored by the revelation that had been revealed to him, and as the information that Harlen and the others have had sex with one another caused him to bring his clawed hands to his head. “I just… this is a lot to suddenly find out while I’m also turning into a dragon,” Daz said. “So all the scouts like men?”

“Mostly, though some just do it out of boredom and because they aren’t around any women,” Harlen said with a bigger grin on his face. “I, however, happen to prefer it, and so do a few others. Since that’s the case though then your idea of being cursed doesn’t fit, which means something happened to you up in that lake.”

As Harlen continued to talk Daz found it harder to focus, losing track of the conversation as he found himself staring at the smooth pectorals and washboard abs of the elf. With the fact he didn’t have to hide his affections anymore the idea that had occurred to him previously started to surface in his mind, though with it came more changes as his own muscles twitched and tightened from the idea of Harlen between his legs. Since his pants had already been tight before his encounter with Harlen it caused Daz to gasp and moan slightly when the leather that surrounded his growing bulge grew more restrained by the second. Harlen stopped talking and looked down to see the elf in distress, and when he offered a solution to the problem it was an offer that Daz couldn’t refuse… even though he knew he should as he was led up by the hand and felt the seams of his boots pop in the front to let out the three talons that capped the ends of his black-scaled feet.

Meanwhile Farindel let out a grunt of frustration as he pounded his forepaws into the monolith, the solution to his problem still out of his grasp. The only thing he managed to figure out was the feelings of arousal that he was getting had been built into the ritual itself, using pleasure to help soothe the transformation process. Leave it to a bunch of horny metallic dragons to think of that as a solution, the black dragon thought to himself with a grumble, but the more pressing matter was that the longer the night went on the more he didn’t feel like himself. He was still Farindel, still a dragon too, but the idea of turning the elves into copies of himself in order to besiege the capital and slaughter everyone was becoming less and less appealing to him despite his wanting it to be.

Perhaps it was because he was trying to transform an elf, Farindel thought to himself. He thought having it affect such a weak-willed creature would make it easy for his own personality to subsume it and take over, but what if it was merely being absorbed? It caused him to shudder as he thought about possibly sharing the same personality traits of those creatures, even if they were very handsome… argh! Farindel let out another thunderous roar and decided that he needed to do something about this immediately; he could always start over the ritual if needed, he wasn’t going to fall to the whims of some wishy-washy elf!

Farindel unfurled his wings and quickly made his way to the elven village that was closest to the lake, which didn’t take long for him with his large wings as he made sure to land far enough away to keep out of sight from the sentries posted near the gates. Though it would have been easy enough to demolish the entire village and sort out the rest later he didn’t want to draw any unwanted attention to the area, the last thing he needed was to draw in dragon hunters after finding such a grand hiding spot. When he stared out with his bright green eyes couldn’t sense that the one who the ritual was affecting was even in the village, though there weren’t many people out. As his eyes spotted the nearby fields he noticed that some of the corn was looking rather lean, which he could take care of easily enough with saturating his arcane power into the air for it to rain and increase the yield…

Once more the dragon’s eyes furrowed in rage as he mentally berated himself for thinking such a thing. Who cares if these creatures have enough to eat, Farindel thought to himself, if he turned them all into dragons they wouldn’t have to worry about that anyway. They would have his draconic power, which meant that they could just help themselves, as well as anyone else that might need it. When he realized that he was once more thinking philanthropically it caused him to snort and drag his claws down the nearest trees, stripping down the bark in rage before he caught the scent of the elf with the ritual into the nearby forest.

Perfect, as Farindel moved from his spot and deeper into the woods he wouldn’t have to try and grab the elf somehow from the village. At this point he could sense the magic of the ritual getting stronger and knew next time he wasn’t going to try and do this subtly, he would grab the elf and tie them down before doing the ritual on them. As he slithered his huge body through the trees he tried to ignore the idea that afterwards they could do the same thing to him, trying to retain his draconic dignity even as he admitted his mind was being actively corrupted. Farindel could almost imagine the metallic dragons snickering at him for falling prey to whatever devious magic they had put into their sanctum, though as he reached a clearing his thoughts were soon more occupied by seeing the two naked elves that were standing in the small clearing.

Daz let out a soft moan as Harlen continued to bob his head up and down on the throbbing draconic shaft, unaware that a dragon was staring slack-jawed at them just beyond the trees. The second that the two got into the clearing that Harlen said he and a few others used for their sexual encounters they found their lips pressed against one another. For Daz it felt like he needed his more than anything, even though he could feel his spine stretching slightly and the lump on his backside starting to grow all he could think about was the beautiful elf that stripped himself naked before doing the same to him. Within a matter of minutes there was a pile of discarded clothes as Harlen leaned Daz against the smooth bark of one of the trees and kissed down his increasingly scaly stomach.

Even though Harlen knew at this point that what they were doing was causing Daz to change further both elves found it hard to stop, even as Harlen got to where he saw the throbbing dragon cock surrounded by black and white scales he started to lick and nuzzle against it. There was nothing that Daz could do at that point except for dig his new claws into the bark of the tree and the ground as he felt the mouth of the other man engulf his tip. It was everything he had ever dreamed of and the more Harlen indulged in his dream desires the more he felt his body starting to grow and morph, but at this point it was hard for him to care as he let go of the tree and pressed them against the head of the other elf to spur him on. There was a moment of resistance before Harlen gave control to Daz and even though the other elf was inexperienced he knew enough not to go too deep too fast as he began to thrust his hips into the warm maw.

Even with Daz having orgasmed once just an hour or so ago it didn’t take much for this new experience to cause him to climax again, especially with the expert tongue of the elf licking around his thickening ridges and causing him to tremble in euphoria. Harlen let out a muffled grunt as he was pushed down until he felt his nose bump up against the growing scales of Daz’s groin as he felt the hot jizz of the transforming elf flow down into his throat. That only lasted for a few seconds before Daz could hear the gurgling come from the one between his legs and allowed Harlen to come up for air, though he kept his lips wrapped around the tip of his still spurting dick and drank down the rest of his seed with only a bit of the thicker liquid dripping out of the corner of his lips. As Daz panted heavily he saw that more of his tanned skin was covered in scales his muscles had gotten a bit thicker, though he might still pass for elf except for the inch of tail growing from his backside or the horns that had started to poke out of his increasingly white hair.

Before Daz could tall Harlen how great of an experience that was however he suddenly disappeared, his cock popping out of the mouth of the other elf who saw the briefest glimpse of a scaled paw before they disappeared. Harlen quickly found himself alone, the pile of clothes and his gurgling stomach the only indicators that it even happened. As he looked at the shadows in the woods however he didn’t see where Daz had gone, and even if he got dressed and started after them at that moment he probably wouldn’t be able to find him. Plus his legs felt like rubber as he sat back against the tree he had pushed the other elf up against, pressing his hands to his numbing face as his eyes shifted from blue to green and he felt his facial features shift underneath his palms…

Meanwhile Daz continued to struggle in the grip of the creature that had grabbed his naked body, thankful at least for the patches of scales on his body that kept him from getting cut up as he was practically dragged through the woods. Whatever had him was incredibly strong though and even with his augmented strength he was no match for whoever was holding him. It wasn’t until they had broken through the underbrush and he was tossed into the grass did he see what had captured him, the dragon growling slightly as he saw a pair of bright green eyes staring back at him. As the elf got back up to his feet Farindel began to circle him, the scout suddenly finding himself in the very dangerous situation of facing a chromatic dragon with nothing but his wits.

To Daz’s surprise the dragon went over and dragged something to where they stood before Farindel gestured for him to sit. “I… I don’t know what to say,” Daz replied as he went over to the moss-covered stump and found it to be quite comfortable. “That was very kind of you.”

“That’s the problem!” Farindel shouted so loud that it practically knocked Daz back. “Look at you, you are clearly being affected by the ritual I cast and becoming a black dragon! It was supposed to change you mind and body, but yet I’m the one getting the effects!”

Daz found himself shocked at the chromatic dragon’s declaration, and more still that something that seems to be doing something to him as well. “You’re the one who did this to me,” Daz said softly as he looked at black scales that covered his forearms, seeing little streaks of white that made it look like the black marble he saw in the temples of the city. “How is this spell affecting you though? Not to mention you’re a dragon, can’t you just stop it?”

“Not when the ritual is already been performed,” Farindel explained with a growl. “The thought occurred to me to just kill you, but given the circumstances I’m seeing that wouldn’t be wise. But mark my words elf, you will not get the better of me.”

“I’m not trying to get the better of you!” Daz shouted more forcefully than he intended, standing up from his seat and gesturing to his body. “I’m turning into a dragon and you still look like one, so we’re not swapping bodies or anything, what if you just flew away? Maybe the ritual will end if you-“

To the elf’s surprise the dragon suddenly let loose a vicious snarl and charged him, grabbing him with his forelimbs and pushing close until their faces were only inches from one another. “Stop trying to help!” Farindel sneered. “That’s the problem, you think you’re so much better going out and helping others, trying to be nice to everyone. It’s sickening, and there’s no way that I’m… going to…”

Farindel trailed off as he felt claws on his scales, and when he saw Daz looking down he glanced down as well to see his fingers tracing along the white lines of his otherwise black scales before holding up his forearm to them. “They’re… the same pattern,” Daz stated before looking up again. “You’re not just turning me into a dragon, are you? You’re turning me into you…”

“Yeah, so?” Farindel huffed, his anger turning into a smirk. “Think of it as an upgrade.”

“I could say the same for you,” Daz replied, watching the dragon frown as his own confidence built up. “I think I understand, it may be giving me your body but it seems to be merging our personalities, which is why you’re so angry. Or perhaps the metallic dragons that created the sanctuary you hijacked didn’t like the idea of a chromatic dragon using it for evil and creating clones of themselves, so they made sure that it was put into good hands.”

Farindel was stunned at hearing that the elf knew about the sanctum, which meant their memories were bleeding together as well as their personalities. If what this elf said was true that meant that he would be like Daz, and the worst part was he was finding it harder and harder for it to be a bad thing. There was something else that he was clearing getting from the elf as well as Daz leaned forward and kissed the dragon on the muzzle, finding the sensations to be rather pleasant even though the elf’s blackened lips still weren’t even close to his huge dragon snout. It was enough to stoke the fires of lust that Farindel had been attempting to hold back and he found himself letting go of the elf as it only seemed to corrupt his mind even more.

“This isn’t possible,” Farindel muttered as the desire for the cruel things that he was going to do once he amazed his draconic army slipped from his mind, replaced with ideas for how multiple dragons could help the area instead. “I am a great dragon, you can’t possibly overwhelm my mind like this! You are the one that’s becoming Farindel!”

Daz found a somewhat uncharacteristic smirk forming on his lips as he circled around the flailing dragon, licking his tongue around his mouth as it started to stretch forward as he patted Farindel on the flanks. “You’re right, I am going to become Farindel,” the elf said as he magic influenced his own mind, just in a slightly different direction. “But we’re going to be better versions of you. There is one thing that I’m keeping from your twisted personality though that I’m going to really enjoy, and soon you will too.”

Farindel wasn’t quite sure what to expect at this point, but to his surprise he felt the elf circle around him and slide underneath his wide and heavy tail. His eyes widened as even though Daz had pushed his transformation quite considerably he was still mostly elven in stature, which meant his head just brushed up against the underneath of his tailbase as he felt something prod up against his hole. What humiliation is this, the black dragon thought to himself, but as much as he tried to muster up his anger and resolve to push the elf back and make him pay he found himself unable to do so. While it appeared Daz had tapped into the dragon’s dominance the usual timid nature of the former elf was affecting Farindel, to the point where he let out a slight whimper as he felt the scaled arm of the creature push into his tailhole with ease.

As a surge of pleasure went through Farindel the elf continued to tease his hole, using his arm at first before telling him to lower down enough that he could slide his cock in. Though the growth of Daz’s member had gotten to nearly a foot the huge dragon likely wouldn’t even feel it much, but he knew that the creature would know what he was doing. Having such a powerful creature laying down before him brought a rush of exhilaration to him and began to accentuate the dragon’s personality that was growing within his psyche, but whether it was from the magic of the ritual or from the scout’s force of personality the chromatic dragon’s mind was being tempered. Both creatures were soon finding it hard to think as Daz had Farindel shift his body around so that the elf could stand on the stump that had been brought over, the dragon reluctantly doing so as Farindel began to find himself enjoying the situation that was coming from behind him… not that he would ever admit it.

But as the line between dragon and elf was starting to blur mentally and Farindel remained lying down on his chest with his butt up in the air he saw something coming from the woods that had caught his attention. Even with the elf’s comparatively small cock being pushed into his tailhole the pleasure wasn’t enough for him to lose his focus as a humanoid creature made its way towards the clearing where the two were at. Aside from being mortified that anything would see him in such a position the dragon found his curiosity piqued as he saw that it was a naked elf, though what had really caught his eye was the fact that he could sense the same mystical energy that surrounded him. When they finally stepped into the light of the moon overhead the dragon’s eyes widened and had his jaw not been against the ground it would have been at what he saw.

“Wait, it can’t be,” Farindel said as he saw Daz staring down at him with a smirk on his face. “Twins?”

“Not until you came along,” Daz replied as he moved forward, catching the attention of the one that was behind the dragon to look out and see what was essentially a version of himself but without most of the dragon features staring back at him. “Looks like you got this dragon pretty much tamed, but do you mind if I step in and help? After all I did give you quite the blowjob and was hoping to receive one in turn.”

The real Daz was shocked at seeing himself standing there, and since the other man was identical to him when he was still mostly elven he could only guess that it was actually Harlen. When he asked however he said that his name was Daz and knew things that he had never told anyone, which meant that the magic must have somehow affected him more strongly… or perhaps because it was an elf turning into another elf that it happened much quickly. It was clear though that he wasn’t going to stay that way for long as he could see that the other elf had scales forming on his sides and that his throbbing dick was starting to turn pink. He was fated to be another Farindel, Daz thought as he pulled his own cock out of the dragon’s tailhole and found that it had grown another foot and was girthy enough to rival his legs even with the added muscle on them.

Since it was clear that their fates were sealed with this dragon Daz wanted to make the most of their time where he still had his identity, motioning to his doppleganger that the mouth of the dragon was still free and since it was him by extension it would count as giving him a blowjob. Though Farindel muttered his disapproval it didn’t take much coaxing from the elf in front of him to open up, though with the other increasingly draconic dick growing inside of his tailhole and stretching him open they had to shift position a bit to make it happen. Despite his protests the dragon let out a groan of pleasure at being used by these two elves, even if the one behind him had quickly started to grow in the proximity of the one that had made him that way as he buried his muzzle in the groin of the other.

Behind the dragon Daz let out a low groan that deepened in his chest as every limb in his body stretched and grew, feeling his legs surge with growth as his talons bit into the wood of the stump. Soon he found himself kicking it away entirely as he hugged the black-scaled hips of the creature that created him, landing on the ground with his cock still inside the creature only to feel his legs snap backwards. At first he felt like he had done something horribly wrong but as the transforming creature looked down he saw that they looked somewhat similar to the dragon he was rutting, and that just caused a smile to form on his stretched face as his body bloated with more growth. Though it was slightly disjointed the magic kept the changes from overwhelming any specific part of him, though once in a while it was quite the shift as his breath was taken away when his chest barreled out or his vision shifting when his eyes were pushed more to the sides of his head to accomadate his growing skull.

As the snorts and grunts turned to snarls from the draconic creature behind him the one that was in front of Farindel was quickly catching up, which Daz could see as his spine continued to stretch and grow not only to accommodate his new feral form but also for his rapidly growing tail. What had been mostly his old form when he was still an elf being almost comically small comparatively as the thick tongue of the dragon could practically wrap around him. The same magic that affected him though was also quickly being absorbed into the other man as scales spread like wildfire over his body underneath the coating of saliva. Just like the one in his tailhole as Farindel began to lick against the member between the other Daz’s legs it exploded with growth, causing the still mostly humanoid man to be pushed back as it grew to a foot, then two, and then to a third as it went from almost fitting between the dragon’s teeth to nearly causing him to choke.

It almost made him imagine what his cock looked like, the increasingly draconic creature thought as he leaned forward, guessing by this point the dragon in front of him could tell that he was being thrusted into. There were no more protests coming from the dragon between him and the other Daz… no, just Daz, the dragon thought to himself as he shook his head. He wasn’t quite sure why he thought that he was Daz when he was clearly Farindel just like the one beneath him. Every time the dragon pushed his hips forward, which became even easier as he no longer needed to stand on his toes as he fell forward just as his bulky arms snapped into forelimbs, his elven identity eroded away just like the physical body of the creature whose hips were so big on the otherwise small form of the elf that he almost rolled backwards as his tail grew out.

In fact as the ritual sped towards completion the only the original Farindel knew that he was the real dragon, though he didn’t feel like it as the growing cocks of the other two impaled his muzzle and tailhole. The pleasure was so intense though that he couldn’t find himself drawing the anger to care, the usual rage and evil thoughts that he had replaced with blissful euphoria as the legs of the creature he was bobbing his head up and down on became strong draconic flanks mostly due to the motion of the one behind him. As he looked at the reflection on the water he saw that there was a black dragon behind him giving him a smirk as those green draconic orbs stared into his. The other one was quick to catch up as well, aided by the powerful arcane aura that was building around them as the second Daz quickly became the third Farindel.

With the dragon behind him complete both watched with rapt interest as the changes flowed into the last changing creature like a wave; after having cascaded down his legs which burst into huge dragon paws it went upwards and swelled out his chest and sides while the scales that were already on them thickened. Along with that came the lengthening of his body as the last elf watched the other two get further away from him, though it was actually his own form as the muzzle sucking his dick became tighter and smaller on his cock. As he got closer to orgasm he dug his fingers into the ground and drew furrows that became larger as his hands morphed into heavy paws, matching the ones in the air as he heard the popping of his neck that grew from his bulking shoulders. Whether it was the magic or the timing of the dragon he orgasmed just as his head blew up like a balloon, his hair lengthening and forming into the mane that cascaded down his neck as his guttural cries deepened until they were a loud roar as his jaws cracked and stretched into a tooth-filled maw.

As the other two orgasmed as well the three dragons knew they were probably heard in the nearby elven village plus every other one that was in a ten-mile radius, but as the three laid on top of one another they found it hard to care. They remained like that for some time and even fell asleep, and when the three awoke once more they found that what little of their former identities that had remained were gone, even the one that knew that they were the real Farindel had forgotten which body used to be the original dragon. It didn’t help that all three still had the memories of those that had came before, with the two elves mingled in to the much longer lifespan of the chromatic dragon. One thing that they were sure of though was that the ritual was a success, and as they settled into their new minds they gave each other a large smirk as they knew exactly what they were going to do next…

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A month later a dragon hunter group made their way into the elven village, which bustled with activity as the citizens moved about their daily activities. It was the fourth one that the group had visited after hearing word of a group of chromatic dragons that might be possibly nesting where the metallic ones used to roost, but so far they hadn’t seen any signs of the telltale destruction that usually came with them. It was quite the opposite in fact; many villages have been experiencing upticks in their crop yields, water flows, and forest management. This area seemed to be the most affected by the prosperity phenomenon as they saw several large logs and areas marked for expansion.

“Welcome,” an older voice said that prompted the four adventurers to look back and see the elder standing there with a wide smile on his face. “I apologize for the mess but we’re preparing for another of our northern clans displaced by the calamity up there to move down with us. Is there something we can do to help you?”

“Actually, yes,” the leader of the group, a rather large orc said as he motioned for the other three to look around while he talked. “We had received word of chromatic dragon activity up in the mountains and came to investigate. So far however we have not seen any evidence, and I would also like to ask if the metallic dragons have come back from the north to roost.”

“Oh no, I’m afraid if our kin coming here is any indicator things have not being going well up there,” the elder replied. “But we have been getting quite a bit of help actually, it seems that-“

Before the elder could finish his sentence the human woman that had gone over to the side of the village where the fields are let out a cry of alarm, brandishing her bow as the others rushed over and did the same. As the leader of the group brandished his war axe he ran up and as asked where the dragon was he saw her standing there frozen, then slowly drawing back the arrow she had put on the string. The orc looked at her in confusion before seeing one of the elves had put a sickle up against her throat, and as the others joined up to her they saw that the townspeople had all suddenly grabbed weapons of their own and had started to surround them. The orc shouted at the elves to stand down and let them deal with the threat of the dragons, only for all of them to be confused as they were laughed at.

The four remained in their defensive positions as they were still surrounded, though the orc was unsure of what to do until he saw the elder walk up towards them. “What sorcery is this!?” the orc asked, shouting loudly while still attempting to look intimidating. “Have you been ensorcelled by those creatures?”

“Only if you count the generous acts of kindness that they have given to us,” the elder replied as he gestured out into the field. “As I was about to say before you rushed off, we have quite the unusual situation here as that a number of chromatic dragons have decided to help us. If you don’t believe me see for yourself.”

As the elder gestured to the others to put down their tools the group did the same, though they remained on guard as they looked out to the dragon that their archer had seen. On first glance it looked like it was tearing up the fields but as they watched it was actually creating neat furrows in the dirt, which farmers came up behind it and planted the seeds for their fall crops. “I don’t… I don’t understand,” the orc said as they looked on in befuddlement before turning to the elder. “These creatures are evil, they are clearly tricking you.”

“Then they’ve been tricking us for a month,” the elder replied. “They’ve brought new sources of water, helped with home building, as well as the farming you see.”

“Clearly a ruse,” another in the group retorted. “No chromatic dragon has ever been anything other than selfish and think only of themselves.”

“Is that so?” A new voice joined the mix, the townspeople quickly backing away when a black dragon walked from the fence line and approached the adventurers that drew their weapons once more. “I was just helping with the new fence line and couldn’t help but overhear.”

“Foul beast, how did you sneak up on us like that?” the orc said as he readied his axe, though as he glanced over to the field he saw an identical dragon still in the fields. “Wait… how…”

“It seems that we’re going to have to try a little harder to change your perspective,” Farindel said as another Farindel walked out from behind the housing it was building, a third and fourth coming out from the woods were it had been hauling back lumber for the fence large enough that it could hide them, and a fifth dropping from the sky where it had been watching the group to join the sixth one that came from the field. As the six dragons approached one of them began to mutter in draconic while another created a ball of water that glowed with arcane energy while the first dragon continued to smirk at the shocked group. “I can certainly understand why you might think that we’re selfish, it does seem like all we’re interested in is me, me, me, me, me…”