

Staring up at the oncoming moon, Colin could help but be filled with a sense of elation. It was that time again to change, to alter from his meek humanity towards the form of his dream. It was one he had wished upon himself and one he would not trade for anything in the entire world. One that he had worked to perfect to his specifications, much to his elation. And, now that it was time, the mental practices he had undertaken would be put to the test. Colin was sure it would work!

The experience he was about to undergo was impossible in its own right. How could he have known that a simple wish upon a star would have any power to manifest in the real world, to make it possible for him to change from his physical form into one that not only did not exist in the real world but was one of his own machinations? He had always been superstitious, and idealistic, and had made the wish with as much conviction as someone whole truly believed it was possible. Whether it be some deity, some cosmic power, or whatever force that existed in this world or another, it seemed to see it fit that Colin was granted his wish to be able to transform back and forth into his anthro dragon form, one of his design!

Last month, to his shock and delight, he had changed into an anthropomorphic dragon, altering from his human form into that of a partial beast, before changing back at his whim. Such a being should not have existed, given his understanding of the world and how things worked within. Yet, no matter his inability to explain it, it seemed to be the case that it was not only possible, had not only happened but that it could happen again for him to change into another, inhuman being. One that he longed to be again, as was to be the case now!

For weeks now, he had been practicing his power to change, to resume the form he had enjoyed last month to the fullest. Not only could he not change all the way, but there was a chance he could influence the form he was to undergo. Not that he wanted a form much different, mind. Just some minor alterations to what was already a perfect form. With the possibility to transform so close to his fingertips, Colin had worked hard to perfect the process. Eventually, the ability to control the order of the change came from the fruits of his labor. Though he could not change all the way so far, that was not to be the case tonight, the full moon above the sky and its power coursing through his veins. Colin was sure, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that he would be able to alter his draconic form from its previous stature so long as he focused with the intensity he had mastered during his training!

Taking deep breaths, Colin cracked his neck, preparing to relax himself and let the change overtake him. With all his practice, it was mere muscle memory for him to get into the motions. And, he hoped to perfect the process if he could, to alter the form even slightly from its previous state in an attempt to understand the powers he had been granted. "OK, let's see how big I can get," he muttered to himself, allowing the tingling to overtake him and take away his human form for something bigger and better.

With that start-up, a familiar sensation of swelling, of clothing starting to get a little tight around his form overtake his awareness. Though it was hardly the first time in past weeks for him to feel such a thing, it was a wonder in and of itself that he could control changing to his degree. And the first thing he desired to have happen was to grow larger, to feel his garments getting closer to the breaking point as he became the beast of his dreams. With that came a rush of exhilaration and pleasure, cock getting around in his pants even as they continued to tighten from the stretching of his tights and calves. It was happening, he was growing all over toward the form of his desires. It was the first change of many to alter his form into something inhuman and welcome.

Next, the ache of his teeth sharpening came to the forefront of his awareness, and Colin grinned, knowing that his dentures were becoming reptilian and menacing. It was something that made him excited, the barest fringes of discoloration forcing around his lips as though preparing him to grow scales. As though willing them into being, Colin could see his skin was drying and flaking towards the beast he was in his dreams. He would soon be covered in lovely scales, and Colin wanted nothing more.

By now, his cock was impossible taut in his pants, the arousal of transformation enough that spur on the process by itself. It would be far larger than his human counterpart for sure, and he wanted it to be one of the first things to grow, to match the body he was altering toward. It was already beyond humanly possible, popping at the seams of his shorts as he continued to grow. Not only that, but his arousal seemed to have an effect on the rate of his overall growth as well, expanding everywhere and leaving him excited. Clothes were already too tight for him to remove safely, though that was not necessary with Colin's desire to burst out of them.

The further his shirt was pulled upward, the more his muscled belly took shape, visible and pulsating with the formation of an eight-pack that the human him could never manage. The muscles were stretching and expanding and tightening all at once, a surprising level of human tone for the inhuman beast he was to become. He loved how his shirt was quickly stretching towards a crop top, spreading across skin that was steadily popping with gray scales along the sides and a light blue peppering over the forming abs.

An ache in his fingers left him to look down towards popping nails that gave way to deadly points that would erupt bloodlessly from the tips. They soon moved to cover the entire tips, growing larger than the fingers themselves, though he was still able to move the fingers with the same dexterity he was used to. The power of such claws was to be ill-supported for long, fingers thickening to match them, fingers and palms far beyond the contours of his human body, though matching the draconic form that he would soon possess.

Though his cock was massively erect at the front of his shorts, it was the faster growth of his tail that was doing them in. It started small and lean, the muscle hardly enough for him to wiggle it with excitement. Though that was hard to remain the cause for long, the minute appendage getting down into his pants and stiffening with the growth that existed on no human. Vertebrae protruded from the top of the protrusion, the bones painlessly breaking apart and reforming to run down all the way to the tip. Muscles and joints filling in the space, Colin could feel it moving of his own volition, making it move from all the points of articulation it now possessed. Despite the alien sensations of shock waves running up his back, Colin was familiar with it from all his practicing throughout the weeks. He could move it if he tried, though that was the least of what he wished to experience. Colin wanted to get it longer, too fat for his frame and larger still, to simply command his body to do so. He wanted a tail to be the size it would manage for the final form he was to take on, a more muscled beast than anything the world had seen!

By now, Colin was panting from the exertion, though in equal parts excitement and fatigue from the changes. He knew very well how large he would become. He had measured himself in every way possible to ensure he had the dimensions of his draconic form down. And he believed that in his new final form, for the first time experienced today, he would be at least twice as big as that first night, a muscled beast out of his wildest dreams!

At this point, his widening grin and thickened tongue made it impossible to properly close his mouth, though that was of little consequence with the size of the grin that spread across his features. His canines were sharp and pointed, pushing the rest of his dentures aside to make room. Drool was dripping from his maw, though he hardly cared about the beast he was becoming. A thickened, writhing tongue grew forked at the end, running over his teeth in eagerness as it grew longer still. Seeing it waving in front of his face had him elated, a sign of things to come and a prelude to his beastly existence.

Feet, too, were soon largely misshapen, gray scales peppering the backs of them. Colin could feel them cracking, joints popping with more flesh and flexibility than he had ever experienced before. Nails thickened from each toe, curving over the edges of his toe tips before clicking over the ground beyond his sandals. It was getting tighter in the cheap footwear, getting ready to part them from the sheer size of his reptilian feet. There were widening and thickening in equal measure, preparing to pop his sandals with the slightest provocation. Tending the muscles as a show of his power, Colin did just that, bursting them off his frame with abandon, kicking them away as the bands were pulled from their sticking. They made a satisfying smack against a tree, no longer needed for the dragon he was becoming.

His feet were left to further change, the meat and muscle peeling apart at the base of his big toe, as the changing man twitched it as it seemed to gain articulation. The base of his foot

swelled outward, heels stretching and giving him a digitigrade stance, making him shift his balance a little. Though Colin was used to it by now, hardly inconvenienced as he hunched over slightly with his altered center of balance. It was hardly to be an issue as the changes continued to wash over him, making him the beast of his dreams!

By now, his cock was powerfully entrenched in his britches, pulling at the stitchings and soaking through the fabric with a thick damp stain. It was getting a little uncomfortable within the garments, though soon not to be an issue as Colin continued to grow and change. His cock, while still in its human state, was 12 inches now and not even a fraction of the size of the dragon that he soon would be. The notion excited him deep down to the point where he figured he could cum into the fabric hands free!

Still, that was not to be the case as the pressure from both sides popped the elastic band, and he was left functionally naked, shirt precarious on his frame at least. Though he had not cum yet, wanting to save that for a time when his form was finalized, his cock stood there, turgid and aching for attention. His tail, too, was longer, thicker, twitching with excitement and nearly moving under his backside close to touching his cock. It was amazing to own such an appendage, something that he had wanted for all of his and now able to own one. Though skin-colored, for now, a blueish shade started to play over its underside, a sign of the scutes to come.

Now free from its confines, his tail continued to grow, several inches now and thickening above his back as it wriggled from the excitement of being freed. His breath steamed into the night air, and he let out a puff of pleasure as his tail did away with the remnants of his shorts. It felt amazing already but was a prelude to the changes he was undergoing as the night went on. Part of him wanted to slow down the process, to revel in the changes. Yet, he was dominated by the part of him that wanted to wait for the change to complete and cum then. He would be bigger, more muscled, and more powerful than ever before, and no experience on earth could match such elation!

Needed to fuel a cock the size of the one he now possessed, Colin could feel his testicles swell, hanging heavily between his legs to the point they were threatened to be crushed by thickening thighs. It was not to be a concern as they started to move backward on his anatomy, following a puckered anus that sat under a widening tail. Though no man could fuck the beast he was becoming, should he stumble upon someone to change as well, he would eagerly submit, raising his tail with a wink and anticipation.

His hands and feet were swelling all the while, pads growing on the underside of fingers and toes, coarse and able to withstand the forest floor easily. Their ends were black, lighter grey scales forming in the backs of them and bringing them towards his final form. Only four of the digits on his feet remained to balance his weight, the fifth being pulled up towards the sides of

his stretching heel until it reached the back, rotating around and bursting out with a claw to adorn the back of his foot. His hands, too, were massive, back pads on fingers and palms that would grip his cock wonderfully as he had experienced once before. Though, even the size of the creature that he was, to begin with, was small in comparison to the one that he hoped to be!

Panting heavily now, his tongue and cock were leaking in equal measure as his muscles grew beyond human proportions, even the dragon he had turned into prior. Already he was as big as he had been before, and it was obvious he still had some growing to do before reaching his final size. By now, to his lament, his balls were drawing up within his perineum, through a moist slit that had formed there. They sat massive inside of him, full of the sperm that he needed to fuel the cock he would possess. It was a powerfully sensual process, almost enough to make him blow out their sperm before moving within him. The effect was enough that left an orgasmic shiver blow through his body, making him moan in a beast baritone that left him close to the edge from sheer elation alone!

But it was the changes to his cock that really had him enamored. The fattening tip still retained an overall human shape, though a crown of skin flared around the edges of the head. Similarly shaped spines ran down the top of the shaft towards the base, and the pulsating cock started to separate into various ridges, firm though flexible to allow his cock to engorge and come to full length. The entire shaft lightened to blue, the color strange in contrast to his former skin shade by exactly the color he wished it to become. To round out its draconic visage, the base swelled with what appeared to be a canine-like knot, twice the diameter of the shaft and swollen far too turgid to return to his body!

By now, his proportions were closer to a dragon than the weak human form he once possessed. His tail was thick, half the diameter of his torso now, and being peppered with gray scales of varying shades. His thickened stomach was longer than his human equivalent, forcing his tearing shirt to stretch to the breaking point. His lower arms were swelling to match his powerful hands, though his upper arms still had some growing to do. Calves were shorter to make room for his heels, though thicker tights were twice their former size to match his powerful torso. A lengthened neck looked comically large compared to a still human-sized head, though it was unlikely to stay that way for long. His canines and tongue were too large for a still human mouth, leaving him to drool with his excitement as he continued to change. Eyes were slitted, bright blue and reptilian to look at, though he could not tell without a reflection.

Feeling a bestial sense of elation, Colin got down on his hands and knees, allowing his spine to stretch and his tail to thrash powerfully behind him. A wild expression on his face, itching of black hair growth played over his cheeks, eyebrows getting bushy as well. Though hair was unusual for a scaly being like himself, it was something he always imagined would accent his features well. Scales were erupting all over himself, stripe-like accents covering his shoulders

and thighs, darker gray than the gray scales coating his body in a wave. His muscles were massive, swelling even larger with each passing second, though but a fraction of the size he would eventually reach.

Rolling over on his back, with a grin of satisfaction, Colin watched as his feet swelled to the final size he hoped they would become, willing them into existence as he clenched the toes eagerly. They were the size of what he assumed a dinosaur's would be, powerful draconic talons covered in black scales that lightened towards his upper legs. Their entire surface was coated in scales by now, thighs massive with muscle and calves thickened to support his eventual weight. The tip of his tail was covered with black and the rest of its surface was coated with a lovely gray shade. The gray scales spread up his back, scales a more appealing covering than anything his humanity could support.

Getting up on his knees, Colin could feel an ache in his temples that was indicative of the start of his horns. Wanting to rub at them, Colin decided it best not to use his massive hands to risk the damage. His claws were massive by this point, talons in their own right, and Colin figured it best to let his horns grow as they would. After all, they would erupt bloodlessly, and he didn't want to pierce the skin in an effort to reveal them sooner!

The power of his haunches, though immense, would only equate to half the growth he had left to do. Now it would be time for his upper body to follow suit, Colin's still-human torso started to lighten to the light blue shade that he longed for it to spread. The muscled abs soon hardened with light blue scutes, running all the way up to his chest, flattened pecs taking them in. They ran all the way to the underside of his tail and were excited to see the fragments of his shirt rip away to fully expose the blue pecs that lay just under them.

Getting up now, Colin was far too aroused to resist the temptation to touch his cock. He took his rod in his massive hand, drawing his organ as the rough texture against his sensitive penile flesh. Though his member was not nearly its proper size, being able to cover its entire surface in his hand, was almost akin to fucking a male's tight rectum. Though no male could take his erection, and it wasn't even finished its growth!

By now, the nubs of his horns had popped out of his forehead, itself getting larger as the changes reached their apex. Expanded nostrils had moved lower on his face, towards a mouth starting to jut outward to fit his sharpened reptilian teeth. A long, forked tongue licked over his dry lips, unable to keep the grin off his face as he felt his maleness leaking into his paw hand. A longer neck allowed his wild hair to create a sort of mane of hair like that of a horse. The scales had spread up towards the base of his chin, skin spreading for the blue scutes all the way upward to the underside of his jutting jaw. Scales covered his entire form by now, human skin eagerly shed for the dragon that he longed to be.

Loving the muscle growth, Colin was sure that though he had grown so much already, he could push it even further. His shirt, while still present, was being pulled away seam by seam until impossibly taut on his frame and ready to burst at any moment. He was already twice his former height and judging by the disproportionate size of his massive hands and powerful talons, he could make himself even larger. Though it would take some concentration, and touching himself distracted from the mental focus it took to force the growth, Colin's eagerness was all it took for him to swell to the proportions he was sure he would eventually reach!

Already, his mental efforts allowed him to stretch even taller, his chest and belly lengthening to match the stature of his lower half. Jerking himself off felt even better, his dragon meat still growing to match the size of the torso he possessed. The frail fragments of his shirt were pulled impossibly tight, popping in some places as his chest expanded further. He rose one inch, two, close to three times the size of his humanity and larger still than the last time he changed. And he still figured he could push it further!

The excitement of his changes prompted him to lick his growing muzzle, the crunches resonating through his face as his jaw jutted outward. Thick sideburns formed from the sides of his face, almost a frill of black hair even as his mane ran all the way down his back, itching irritatedly as it did so. Though it was impossible for him to scratch, not that he cared with his hand on his cock and the attention he needed in his changed body. Eventually, even the back of his tail formed its own ruff, accenting his features well as it thrashed its irritation from the fur growth.

His face continued to warp, nose merging with his upper lip in a semblance of a muzzle, jaw cracking further as it pushed its way outward, an inch and then two. The rest of his feral fangs stretched outward, using new space within blue gums in order to grow. The force of his skull sloped into the muzzle, streamlining his visage and adding another few inches to the muzzle's length. His forehead remained present to allow thickening horns to sprout, a foot high now, midnight black, and still growing as his head reached eventual draconic size. Ears were absent at this stage, having faded into the growing scalp and leaving only ear canals present in their wake.

With the alterations to his head, massive nostrils flared in order to drink in his bestial musk. The world of the forest around him came to light, scents that weakened human senses could barely comprehend. With a muzzle came a massive rostrum, further enhancing his understandings beyond anything a human could ever hope to achieve. It was the scents of his leaking cock tip, in particular, that roused his interest, and it created a feedback loop of sorts as he got into his rhythm, jerking himself off and leaking musky precum down his black and gray hands.

Chest massive and broad, Colin breathed deep from his newer lungs, feeling something burning within. A growl resonated through his chest, the sound deeper and responding, almost like the sound of oncoming thunder. Though it was hardly the only thing to erupt from his throat, a burning sensation that rose from his gullet and threatened to burst from his mouth. And, internal organs having altered, there was no harm in letting loose with a burst of flame and another roar to signal his power.

Further stretching outward, his muzzle took its final shape, larger than his head now as his newly placed cheeks erupted with further bits of thick facial hair. The hair moved across the bottom of his chin as well, giving him a goatee as well. Horns were the circumference of his skull, rounded and enlarged to match the size he had acquired. His head, for all intents and purposes, had completed its transition.

With that, the only thing left to form from his draconic frame started as an eruption from his shoulder blades, the bones separating and stitching back together until the new blades pushed their way out against the skin. Popping out as protrusions from his back, much like the formation of his tail, they started to stretch up along his back, almost like a second set of arms. A series of snaps popped into place what looked like an elbow, and the stretching arms tore the remnant fragments of his shirt, making the rags hang precariously from his frame as they continued to develop.

Almost like a series of bony fingers, four protrusions burst from the apex of the growths, blasting outward and extending and twitching with their newfound ability to do so. The spindly appendages clenched towards his back, though could hardly flex forward with the sheen of webbing spreading down from the base and towards the end. A pressure built up in the tips formed before new claws burst forth. Their scales were grey, though the webbing was the same brilliant blue as his chest and eyes. Eager to have them fully formed, Colin flexed them, wishing to fly under the light of the moon as he had that last time he had changed. Though, first, there was something else he had to deal with first before he could explore all his new body had to offer...

With that, Colin was precariously close to cumming, not able to hold back from the solidification of his draconic form. He stroked his penis fervently, feeling the ridges across the bottom engorge impossibly with blood. A hearty belch erupted from his throat, with it a burst of flame that lit up the dark forest under the light of the moon. It was impossible to hold back, though he had managed to some degree with the changes still encroaching over his form. Though, now that his new body was complete, impossibly large compared to his prior form, there was nothing holding him back from letting loose like the dragon he was. Only a little more, yes...almost there.



“GGRRRRRRRROOOOWWWWWWWW!” Erupted a roar with another burst of flame as his internal testicles spasmed and Colin *came*, the pressure within building to a crescendo as his penis erupted with a spray of semen, covering his massive claws and the forest floor. Pleasurable waves cascaded through his body, making his massive frame vibrate from the intently. It was as though his testicles were pent up with semen, the tension building the entire time that the change was occurring. Now that it had, he was able to release all the force of the beast that he had become. And nothing he could imagine could manage to fill Colin with elation!

Coming down off the heels of an orgasm that surpassed even that first time he had changed, Colin panted, tongue hanging out from the heat of the flame he had produced. Though his tongue was made of sterner stuff, as was the rest of his insides, and aside from the heat, there were no further repercussions to his internal anatomy. How he was able to breathe fire, he had no ability to comprehend. Though, in defense of that, there was no way such a change should have been possible to occur at all. Nothing about the change made any sense in his defense. As far as he knew, there was no way a wish could grant him a form such as this. The rules of the magic, or force, or whichever element changed him in the first place were unknown to him. All he knew was that he could alter his changes and that the light of the moon had some effect on it. Those rules, he could work with!

With the change over, Colin was free to explore his body and all it had to offer. Far too excited, he flexed his muscles, the veins popping put and the biceps, deltoids, and triceps pounding powerful taut, the weight of which enough to match the size of the scrawly human him. His height was triple the size of his humanity, and he towered over the forest, head hitting branches that should not have brushed the human him. With all the power in his scaled body, it was impossible not to rub himself down, exploring all his new form had to offer.

“Get a load of me!” Colin growled, though no one could hear him, given his place in the woods. It did not matter. He was here for himself, to enjoy his form. He would fly through the night sky, and lift trees and logs with the power that persisted in his body. Yet, there was one thing to be down first, the form muscled form triggering a sensation in his slit, cock having retreated within him beside his testicles. Though with the lust he felt for his form, that wouldn’t be the case for long!