

Shock of Art and Scales

By: Firingwall

The Adventure Begins...

“Okay!” A loud clap echoed through the room. JD picked his controller up and snuggled into the back of his sofa. “The road to one-hundred percent completion begins now!”

The man had a mission, one that should’ve been done sooner. It was time to knock another game off of his backlog, the Reignited version of Spyro the Dragon. Not only that, he was also going to fully complete it and all of its various Skillpoint challenges. He had this game for so long, and frankly, it *needed* to be done.

A familiar tune played as the blackness upon the TV screen faded. The hub area of the Artisans World appeared, Spyro sitting in the center of it and facing the first crystalized dragon.

Here we go. JD moved the purple dragon towards its first rescue. *Start with this and hard turn left to the next dragon... collect gems and defeat enemies.* The wheels of his brain were starting up and turning fast, already planning his optimized route.

KA-BOOOOOOM!

Lightning flashed just outside the window, and the roar of thunder rattled the entire house all at once. Lights flickered in the room as the screen fizzled briefly. JD jumped in his seat, his finger accidentally jerking Spyro off the bridge and to the ground below, facing the dragon he was going after next.

“Damn!” JD looked around, his heart racing. Everything seemed to be fine. No more flickering, no apparent damage or things off now. It was just a loud thunder crash. He leaned back on his couch, trying to calm down.

“Yeessh!” A comforting voice from the hall grumbled, “That was fucking scary.” His boyfriend, Raphael, poked his head into the room. “Everything okay in here?”

“Yeah,” said JD, readjusting his glasses, “Just caught me off guard. Guess you were right about that storm coming.”

“Of course I was right,” the blue-haired man said firmly, folding his arms. “Now, maybe you should actually come downstairs and wait things out now?”

“Awww, but I just got started!” JD nodded towards the screen.

“I know,” Raphael sighed, shaking his head, “But I just checked the weather report on the radio. They’re saying there’s, like, an ionic disturbance in the vicinity of the Van Allen Belt! Everyone needs to be very careful.”

“...do you even know what that means?”

“No, but maybe you shouldn’t be playing right now, ya know?” Raphael glanced at the PS4 his partner was playing. “Maybe just break out your 3DS if you wanna game right now.”

JD sighed. “Look, I’ll keep an eye on the weather and if it gets rougher, I’ll stop.” Raphael gave him a grim frown. “Okay.... how about I just finish up the main world here and then head downstairs to hunker down with you and Melissa?”

“I’ll allow that.” His boyfriend looked at the TV screen. “But just the Artisans World and none of its levels, okay? Don’t try anything else.”

“Come on. The area is small and the enemies don’t even attack. I’ll be done in no time!” JD gave him a reassuring smile. Raphael didn’t smile back, merely nodding before he left.

JD started to return to his game when he glanced out the window. The rain was coming down harder and harder. It almost sounded like hail was mixing in with it. *Maybe he had a point... better be quick.*

Looking back at the screen, remembering where he fell. *Right right...* He moved Spyro towards the crystalized dragon near the fountain. *Heh, probably like the only person to start a game and get a dragon that isn’t Nestor for their first.*

Spyro ran up to the dragon, which began to shake and crack open. JD yawned as a large, orange, buff, painter of a dragon named Delbin appeared on the screen. He began to rattle off about how Sparx worked like he always did. JD had played/replayed/restarted the original game enough to know the words by heart.

Once Delbin flew away and control returned, JD began moving the purple dragon back up the path towards Nestor’s crystal prison. “Okay, Take 2 with this...” Spyro quickly ran up to his destination. “Here we go...”

Spyro hit the dragon pedestal, the crystal shaking and the camera shifting. JD began to stretch a bit when-

KABOOM! There was another flash of lightning that blinded the room, thunder following very close behind it. The roar and rumble of it shook the entire building to its core more than ever before. All the lighting and electronics began flickering on and off.

The static filled the screen's edges. The game itself even seemed to be affected, glitches appearing across the world and colors inverting. Nestor appeared like he should and then disappeared just as quickly. He repeatedly did that appearing and standing noble pose, but the cutscene beyond that refused to play any further.

What the hell?! JD's heart was rapidly beating, feeling like it was skipping at times. A horrid, dreadful feeling hit him, regret following. I-I... I shouldn't have kept playing. Everything is all fu-

The words froze. Electrical currents appeared around the screen, popping out and in. The colors were a dazzling purple and neon green, sparks and cracks emanating with each burst. The screen flickered on and off now, the homeworld in the game emptying of all details and figures.

Then, in a blink of an eye, electricity shot out from the screen. It flew across the room and struck his controller in the center. JD, still gripping it tightly, felt the sharp burst rocket up his arms and across his entire body. Everything went numb, vision and mind flickering themselves.

Eventually, the controller slipped from his hands and crashed to the ground. JD followed suit, though falling onto his side on the sofa. His mind drifted off and all went dark.

"SHIT!" JD sat up. It felt almost like seconds had passed. His breathing was heavy, his heart still racing. Sweat dripped down his forehead, hand gripping his chest. He was alive.

But things were wrong. Almost the second after processing his living status, he realized his surroundings were different. Brilliant green plant life, elegant stonework, a clear blue sky, and the sound of gentle, familiar music playing from somewhere. It was all eerily familiar.

Wait... this can't be!

JD was in the homeworld of the Artisans World, on the right side of where Nestor was rescued. He was sitting on the grass, a gentle breeze passing through his face. The aroma of a warm, spring day filled his nose.

It all felt real, terribly real. The man rubbed his face, shaking his head. *I must be hallucinating. I... being zapped must have fried my brain or something. None of this is really happening!*

...I'm dead and ended up being Isekai-ed! His heart raced. *I'm now stuck in a world of dragons and monsters and...*

He shook his head, even striking it with the palm of his hand. *No... I didn't die. This... this is just a crazy, real feeling dream. I'll wake up soon.*

He slowly got to his feet, his legs wobbly and shaking so much that a strong breeze could've knocked him over. Rubbing his face and giving his cheeks a soft slap, he took a deep breath and released it. He did it several times more until he felt somewhat better or not in as much of a panic.

Okay. He glanced all around him. *Let's think about this. Where am I? Artisans World... that's very empty.* It was true. No one was around. None of the sheep, Gnorks that would run away if they saw him, or even any of the crystalized dragons were around. It all felt too quiet. Perhaps that was good?

All alone... what to do... JD thought about it a bit longer. *Maybe find one of the dragons? Would they help or hurt me though. Hmm...* His pondering turned grayer. *Maybe I, ah, just sit here and ride all of this out until I get a sign?*

He groaned loudly. *Ugggggggggh, Raphael was right. I shouldn't have kept playing. I could be cuddling with him right now. If I come out of this, I'm never playing games at all during any kind of storm. ...if I come out of-*

No. The man quickly composed himself. *Can't just give up here. I need to try.* He looked off into the distance near a stone entrance way at the far far side of the meadow. *Maybe go find the balloonist? Maybe that will hel-*

At that moment, there was a sound. It was loud at first but grew fainter and more off in the distance, a shadow passing overhead briefly. It was heavy and leathery, but also swift. It sounded like the flapping of wings.

JD looked up and around, trying to follow the sound. Eventually his eyes fell downward, over towards where the fountain and its waterfalls were. There, the dark outline of a large figure could be seen. *Wait... is... is that.*

It's a dragon! Focusing closer, JD could make out the finer details of the large beast. He was placing down a familiar easel and pulling out a painting set. *Delbin!*

The orange dragon was humming, facing the water and unaware of the human's existence. He seemed to be in his own world as he began to work on his canvas.

JD stared at the large creature for the longest time. *Well... it's not like I have any idea on what to do here.* Gathering as much courage as he could, he slowly approached the dragon. He carefully moved through the grass, silent as could be so not to startle the, no doubt, fire-breathing behemoth.

Once he considered himself a fair distance away, just enough to retreat in case anything went wrong, JD cleared his throat and called out to him. "Umm... excuse me... Delbin, right?"

The dragon stopped painting and turned around. He looked towards the voice, seeing JD. His expression was muddled, confused even. JD held his breath.

And then Delbin smiled. Not a sinister or mean one, but a warm and caring kind of smile that said everything would be alright. A sense of relief washed over the human.

However, he felt his body also twitch and warm. Getting a good look at the dragon as he faced him now, there were quite a few differences between the game version and this counterpart. In particular, his musculature was far more defined and obvious. His pecs were protruding with an impressive set of abs, somehow visible with even his vest on. His arms and legs bulged incredibly, reeking of power.

But then, JD looked below the belt and his jaw dropped. *HOLY CRAP!*

Delbin had a cock. Delbin had balls. Delbin had LARGE, red, scaly balls and a thick, long dick. His testicles were almost as big as the human's head. *Is... this a porn parody?! What the fuck is going-*

"Ah!" Nestor declared, his smile positively beaming now. "There you are, Nestor! I've been wondering where you've been. Here I thought you were going to make me paint a waterfall or some boring nonsense like that today."

N-Nestor? JD looked around. He didn't see the green dragon around. *What was this painter talking about?*

"I, ah, don't see him." JD awkwardly changed the subject. "L-listen, I need help! I just woke up here in your world, and I don't know what's going on! Can you hel-"

"Hahaha!" Delbin laughed boisterously. "Ha, such a funny dragon. Not only a handsome sculptor, but a handsome storyteller and comedian as well."

Tha-thump. JD felt a shiver go up his spine, his cheeks warming. *Handsome?* The word struck a chord with him. He didn't know why, but it just did. It felt so nice.

Regardless of the compliment, JD had to stay on track. He cleared his throat and spoke again as Delbin began his approach. "N-no! Y-you don't understand! I'm in trouble, and I'm... I'm..."

He began to trail off as Delbin grew near, soon up close in all of his lewd, godly glory. Now that they were beside each other, JD only came up to the dragon's navel at most. The beast's large equipment was closer to his face than he would have liked.

Delbin chuckled, putting a hand on the human's shoulder. The sharp, clawed hand covered the entire shoulder and if clenched into a fist, would've been larger than JD's head.

"Oh Nestor, you're being so odd today," he said coolly, "Now, stop being silly and come over here. You promised you would be my model, and it would be rude to back out on it now."

JD tried to interject again. He tried to move his mouth, utter some words that the dragon would listen to.

However, he couldn't muster up anything. The longer he was beside the dragon, the more... comfortable he grew with him. The orange dragon radiated such a warm, enticing aura that made him feel so relaxing and freeing to be around. His worries felt so small.

Plus, there was that scent. It was strong, rich, and warm, flooding the human's nose and maw. It made his worries feel even smaller now as well. The aroma rose off of the dragon, much of which came from his crotch. It all just made Delbin seem so much more handsome himself.

In the end, it all made JD feel looser. He managed a nod at long last, mumbling, "S-sure... whatever you want." Protesting or arguing with Delbin would be pointless. Perhaps if he just went along with him, all would turn out well.

"Great!" Delbin beamed down a bright smile. JD trembled slightly, his nose twitching. It gave a hearty sniff of the air, taking in a big whiff of that musk.

As the scent greedily was inhaled, his nose grew warmer. Suddenly, his nostrils began to flare. They rose up, growing higher with his nose's tip. His sniffer grew bigger and broader, pushing further out as the very tip turned green and rough. It looked very scaly from a glance.

And it was also stronger. The sense of smell of his snout increased, the musk becoming overwhelmingly intoxicating. JD's cheeks burned, his gaze feeling blurry. Delbin appeared more... girthy.

When the Delbin spoke, JD felt utterly mesmerized by the glorious beast. "Come! Over here near the water. There's much of you I wish to paint."

JD happily complied and followed closely, his eyes locked to the back of the dragon's broad shoulders. He had to look up at them but didn't mind. The view of the powerful creature was nice.

As he gazed, slowly, but surely, his view of the dragon improved. Higher and higher he rose, his legs and then the rest of him growing. His clothing appeared smaller on him, showing more of his ankles and cuffs as he hit over six feet/two-hundred centimeters.

As they approached, JD's walking stiffened. He nearly tripped until he caught himself. He moved quicker to match back with the dragon's pace, trying to act like nothing happened. In it, he missed something new.

His socks had ripped, tearing open as his feet jutted through them one at a time. Out came four large toes, each with golden yellow claws that were triple the size of his old toes. The digits the sharp claws were attached were dirty green, along with the rest of his feet, and were scaly to the touch.

As they approached the water, Delbin separated from JD and returned to his easel nearby. "Stand there for a second..."

The human nodded, watching the dragon walk back to his spot. It wasn't far, but enough for the scent to dissipate briefly. At that moment, JD noticed something. His clothing felt looser than it used to, in particular in the limbs and stomach. In his growth, his body had slimmed and toned, losing any unneeded body fat.

Uuuuh, something is happening. He tugged on his shirt, feeling how loose it was. *I have to be dreaming, right? All of this-*

"There we go!" Delbin declared. He was set up properly in his spot, now getting his paints and brush ready. "That spot is perfect! Just continue standing there and being handsome for now, Nestor."

Handsome. JD felt the warm strike again, his body breaking out into goosebumps. It also broke out into a series of randomly placed, different sized spots. They were dark green, darker than his feet but just as scaly. They were scattered along his arms, legs, and shoulders.

I'm... handsome. He cracked a small smile, his heart beating quicker. He liked it; he really liked it.

It hadn't been the first time he was called that. Raphael called him handsome plenty of times before. The thing was though, coming from a dragon, it somehow felt better.

JD appraised Delbin as the dragon began painting. His balls and cock were still quite the sight, one that he tried his best not to stare at. But it wasn't just that. The rest of him was very appealing as well. That muzzle of his, the warm eyes, his incredibly built body... his hefty equipment too that JD found himself staring at again.

Despite his best effort, JD's eyes locked onto the large balls and cock dangling there. They refused to look away, and his body grew warmer the more he indulged in the lustful sight. The crotch of his pants began to tent.

Then they tented more, bulging further out than they used to. Even below the tip of it, the area seemed to swell, too.

At that, JD shook his head. *God, what am I doing?* He rubbed his face, biting his bottom lips. *If Raphael was here, I could only imagine what he said.*

He's a hot fucker, ain't he? Forget only one, I'd fuck and marry him and then kill anyone who would object! Come on, you know you agree!

He only shook his head further, getting his boyfriend's lewd, and probably accurate, words out of his mind. He needed not to think about them right now. What had to be focused on was figuring out what to do next.

JD looked at Delbin. *Maybe... maybe I just need to listen and do whatever he needs. That... that would be good.*

"Hey, not to sound rude or anything..." Delbin's words drew JD's attention, his eyes locked on his face... his handsome, stunning mug. "...would you mind giving me a smile? Don't know why you're being so strange today, but it's killing the art mood."

While JD had unintentionally smiled before, the mood to do so purposefully wasn't there. Even if he was warming up to his situation, it didn't make him feel any better. Still, he did decide on listening and doing whatever Delbin wanted.

Giving it his best shot, JD gave him a smile. He tried showing his teeth briefly, but closed his mouth and just kept smiling with his lips instead. In that brief moment, his teeth were shown as fangs, sharp, dangerous, and befitting of a dragon's.

Even closing his mouth, they could not be fully contained. Two of his back teeth on his bottom jaw grew. They poked out of his lips, arrow-shaped and thick.

"Much better!" JD's heart fluttered, his lips turning green. "That's the smile I wanted. You're much more attractive with a smile than a frown, handsome." Delbin gave him a wink.

The human's heart beat even faster, JD feeling lightheaded. The words were so wonderful and sweet that it made him wiggle his bottom. While, part of it did at least. Something thick and dense was growing out of his tail bone, grassy green on top and sandy yellow on the bottom. With the scales over it as well, it looked like that of a tail, or the start of one.

JD didn't notice the new protrusion extending out from under his shirt. He just happily spoke without a thought. "Heh, thank you, handsome."

"No, thank you for letting me paint your wonderful self."

"Well, what are bedmates for?"

JD flinched. *Bed... bedmates? What does... oh...* His face tingled, warmth heating his cheeks further. *Does he mean... oh my...*

He raised his hand to face, awkwardly scratching it for a moment. However, there was a very sharp sensation that went across his cheek as he did, nearly making him jump.

What the hell? Where did that come... He trailed off as he looked at his hand. At first, he thought a fingernail broke and was hanging off.

It wasn't remotely close to that. His fingernails had grown into long, narrow, animal-like claws. They were sharpish at the tip, thick, and nearly double their original size. At their base, the skin was green and scaly to the touch.

His head jolted to the left, looking at his other hand. He watched in time to see its fingernails slowly extend and grow to match the former, giving him a set of claws.

Once they were in place, they kept changing. The green began spreading from around the nails and down his digits. Bones popped, and tendons swelled, each finger growing thicker to match its claws. Green poured onto the back of his hands and onto his palms, the area expanding as well, growing dense and monstrous.

JD felt his heart beating faster than ever before. His eyes glued to his hands, looking at the heavy mitts. *What's happening to me?! Why... why am I-*

"Ahem!" A deep voice cut through his panic-fueled mind. JD looked back towards Delbin, the orange dragon staring at him. "If you're done gawking at your hands, perhaps you could pose for me? I'm ready to paint now."

JD felt his tension and panic subside just a little. His breathing and heart slowed as his arms dropped to his side. *Right... I should d-do what he wants. Whatever he needs.*

"S-sure! I'm ready. So, ah... what kind of pose do you want?"

"Oh, something to show your power. Give me something that highlights what a strong beast you are!"

Beast... strong... JD nodded nervously and lifted one of his arms as an idea popped into his mind. Giving Delbin a half-hearted smile, he clenched his green hand and pulled back, giving the arm a flex. *Should... should I be doing this? I feel this isn't-*

His pupils dilated. Goosebumps rose up across his skin as strikingly hot pleasure coursed through his body. It all came at once, hitting like a lightning bolt as soon as he flexed.

Running from his wrist down, things began to grow. His musculature expanded a fair bit, taking the place of any excess fat that was within him. His arms and legs looked bigger and denser. The shoulders were ever so much broader with a wider torso to boot. His clothing looked like it fitted him properly once more.

Mhrrrmhm, goood. JD snorted, feeling a bit woozy.

"Are you not feeling well today?" Delbin sighed, shaking his head. "Where's that energy... that **passion** I see every night?"

That got JD's heart pumping again, his cheeks brightening to a strong red again. *Passion... every night? Is he...*

He froze. In his mind, there were flashes. They went by quickly, but he could make them out. He could make out the large orange dragon, wearing even less clothes now. He was over him, on him, doing what he wanted to him.

JD quivered delightfully, biting his bottom. *Need... need to focus...* He shook his head. *I'm... I'm just out of it. I'll be fine...*

Looking at Delbin and trying not to think about what he just visioned, he spoke. "I'm just.. just out of it. Little woozy is all." That was the best he could muster. It wasn't like he would believe him if he said the truth.

"Is that so? Hmmm..." Delbin left his paints and canvas behind, walking back over to JD. The dragon gave him a once over look, stroking his chin.

Then, the dragon reached out, running his clawed hand across the human's face. It was scaly and rough as it looked, but yet, JD found himself leaning into it. It felt comforting.

Green scales sprouted wherever Delbin stroked, the human complexion leaving the man. Any semblance of facial hair and blemishes simply faded away, his locks also not faring well. Strands were starting to fall out, green beginning to appear beneath his locks.

The painter leaned in and cooed. His voice was gruff but smooth with whatever he said. "Well, does someone need a hug or perhaps a little cuddle? Will that cheer you up?"

JD's pupils dilated, the shakes and trembles growing more. Scales were erupting everywhere, rapidly descending his body. Green was running down the back of his neck and onto his back. However, a sandy yellow with horizontal ridges popped up on the front of his neck, proceeding down his collarbone and further.

"Y-yes..." The "human" moaned.

Delbin chuckled. "Yes, what?"

JD gulped, taking a deep breath before releasing it. The trembles and shakes faded, his heart rate slowing again. He stared deeply into Delbin's eyes. "Yes... I want a hug. I want to be... be held by you."

Delbin grinned, flashing rows of sharp teeth. JD did not flinch or back away. He leaned in as the dragon brought him in for a hug, pushing him deep into his pecs. His cheeks still burned while doing so, but he didn't shy away. He enjoyed it.

The hug was far more pleasant than one might think. Despite the massive muscles and power no doubt teaming in him, Delbin was comfortable. JD could feel the density and toughness of the beast, but he still felt soft to be against.

JD pushed himself more into the dragon, hugging him back. His body quaked, but it wasn't anything lustful. He was growing again. His height quickly put him almost at the same level as Delbin's, his noggin even bumping and knocking away the orange dragon's muzzle.

His body was bulking up fast, getting ever wider with far broader shoulders and a denser frame. His flat chest was springing to life, bulging into pecs. Abs were forming below and being outlined in his shirt. His limbs inflated, giving his biceps and calves some density. The whole while, his clothing tightened further and further.

JD didn't notice or didn't care. He was comfortable in Delbin's embrace. *Mmmm... so good. So good to be... held by such a handsome...* His pants bulged. *...striking dragon.* His pants bulged even further. *Delbin is such an attractive dragon.*

Hmmmm... what did he say before? The crotch of his jeans bulged further than ever, stretched to its limits. *Bedmates...* The top of his jeans finally broke. *Nestor is bedmates with Delbin and...*

I'm bedmates with Delbin. The zipper broke. The heaping bulge protruded out of his pants. It was still contained by his underwear, but just barely. Creamy yellow could be seen in the opening, a far cry from the flesh tones of his equipment before.

That sounds great.

Delbin let go and stepped back. "Better?" JD happily nodded.

"Well, of course you are." The dragon stroked the changing man's face once again, him leaning even more into it. Scales completely covered his face now, his ears stretching. They pulled and shifted, turning into tanish, pointy frills that ran along the sides of his face.

"Now then!" Delbin pulled his hand away. "Think you are ready to give me that pose I want now?"

JD eagerly nodded, flashing a bright smile. More of his hair fell and vanished with the nod, revealing some bumps in his skull. Said bumps grew and stretched, turning ridged and pointy. They pulled out into horns, bending and stretching back.

"Wonderful." Delbin turned and returned to his spot, his subject ogling him without shame.

What a hunk! JD's eyes were glued down below, watching the dragon's rear. It was so firm and tough. He could tell even with a tail partially blocking it. He could see its wonderful shape and especially those large balls that hung between his legs, jiggling and shaking with each step.

The tail nub behind JD wagged eagerly the more he stared. It grew longer and longer, fast becoming as long as his legs and even further beyond. It thickened, growing stronger and developing ridges that ran along the top half of the tail. At the very end, the small tip widened and flattened, turning into a diamond end fluke.

*God, Delbin is **goddamn hot**.* JD panted, his tail swishing about furiously. *I... I... want him...* Flashes of the dragon on top of him appeared again, lasting longer and letting him see more of the passionate encounters. ***I want him.***

A long, reptilian tongue slid out and licked his chops. He couldn't help thinking about these things. He didn't want to stop either. It just felt so right!

"So, ready to give me a proper pose now?" Deblin asked as he got back to his canvas.

"Of **course**," JD chuckled casually, "**Anything for the Artisans' best painter.**" Flashing a full smile this time, he lifted his arm again and gave it another flex.

The power surge came on again, the man letting out a heavy, delighted snort. A puff of smoke blew out of his snout when he did, though he noticed nothing. ***Damn, it feels good to flex!***

The sound of tearing followed. The back of his shirt split right open and pulled far apart. His back bulged even further, confined to two spots before the bumps grew and split. Two large

wings burst open, spiked at the ends and dazzling like Delbin's. They were a deep violet on the inside with green scales on the backs.

The wings stretched almost as wide as JD's body. They gave a hearty, excited flap of freedom, kicking up a huge burst of wind. Even from a distance away, Delbin had to grab his easel and paints to hold them in place from being blown across the field.

Despite that, the painter just laughed. "Someone's excited!"

"**Mmmm, yes! I am.**" JD winked. It felt so natural to do now. "**Do capture my best side.**"

"That's every side, Nestor."

"**Damn straight, it is!**" It felt so natural to talk like that too. All concern and worry was gone. It was as if he had known him all his life now.

"But in all seriousness, perhaps you would do best to disrobe?" Delbin spoke, grinning wide, "If you do want me to get your best side, perhaps you could do with wearing less."

The request didn't even make JD flinch or think. "**But of course!**"

His clawed hands grab ahold of his shirt and pants and, with ease, simply tugged. The clothing broke apart like tissue, freeing most of his body and letting the warm air touch his green and yellow scaled form. JD let out a deep, sensual moan.

It felt like something had been lifted from him and not just most of his humanity. His body freely grew again, climbing higher until he was a head height taller than Delbin. His musculature boomed and bulged, arms and legs bulking once more. His pecs swelled, protruding out and looking squarish on his form.

"**That better?**" JD moaned. His feet stretched forward, fully engulfed in scales and turning dragonic.

"Much better!" Delbin licked his chops and began to paint. "Now I can properly capture the artistic beauty of the horny dragon I fuck every night."

JD shivered. There were no more flashes. He could see it clear as day and in full, graphic detail. Delbin was ramming his cock into his behind over and over. His rear tightened up, getting firm and shapely at the thought.

To be fucked by that massive rod... to be fucked by Delbin every night... what a dream!

He moaned lustfully again, hunching forward and limbs going limp. His underwear, still holding on until now, finally gave out. His equipment surged all at once, swelling larger than humanly possible. His cock was sharp and dragonic like Delbin's, but sandy yellow to match his own chest scales. Balls were massive, his sack nearly the size of a basketball and still churning.

The dragonish man huffed, wiping his brow. He looked down at it and smirked. ***Now that's a fucking dick!***

He grabbed it and gave it a firm pump. He quaked as pre squirted out, dripping onto the grass below. ***Mmmmrmpm, good! That feels fucking good!***

A loud snort came from Delbin, one that sounded rather horny itself. "Easy there. Just keep it together for once so I can actually paint you. I don't need to be... distracted."

"JD" cared little. After that first pump, he went full at it. He was jacking off as fast as he could, his body quaking and quivering from top to bottom.

He grew massive, reaching his full size and potential. The arms and legs were jacked, almost as thick as some tree trunks. His biceps were almost wider than his whole head. His body was broad and wider than ever, neck and trapezius muscles expanding to match his form.

And then, it all came to the end. His head began to fully morph. Smoke huffed out of his nostrils as they flared, turning more reptilian. His brow thickened as hair fully left his head, only his brows having some left. His face stretched on the sides and began creeping forward.

Yeeeeesssss! JD snorted, thicker plumes of dark smoke flowing from his nostrils. He looked down, seeing nothing left of his old self. ***Just dragon...*** The back of his throat burned. ***Nothing but dragon!*** The burning sensation faded, but the intense heat, now just a tickle, remained.

FUCK YES! His face shot forward, completing his transformation and rewarding him with a fine, powerful muzzle. He opened it up and green flames shot from it like a flamethrower.

"Mrrrrmmghhhh! Dammit Nestor! Look at what you did!"

"Nestor" snapped to his senses and looked towards Delbin. The dragon was now standing to the side of his easel, looking down at his cock. It had awakened, long and thick, pre dripping from it like a faucet.

Delbin snorted, looking a bit heated himself. “Now I'm all riled up! I can't paint like this.” He looked squarely at Nestor, a gleam in his eyes. “You're going to help me out here.”

The green dragon chuckled and approached, pushing out his penis and walking with swagger. **“Like you need to ask. I was probably seconds away from mounting you anyway.”**

Nestor came up very close. Their dicks touched, rubbing and pressing against each other. The two dragons moaned, eyes rolling back briefly before staring back into each other's. Their gazes were filled with lust and desire.

“Well,” Nestor cooed, stroking his companion along his frills, “Maybe one of these days I'll finally be able to get you a nice portrait.”

“But not today.” Nestor leaned in and kissed him **“Now, we have some fun.”**

“Damn straight.” Delbin returned the kiss. With that, the two embraced and kissed more. Their bodies pressed tightly against each other. Besides their strong rods mashing against each other, their pecs rubbed together and their hands turned grabby. They groped their sides and felt each other's tight, firm rears.

They went at it for a few minutes before Nestor made his move. He swiftly slipped behind Delbin, pushing his rod against his partner's ass. He ran his cock between the cheeks, teasing and making him moan.

In between the moans, Delbin snorted and groaned. Red flames broke from his maw in between each gasp and pant. “Don't... tease me. Fucking go for it, Nestor!”

Nestor moaned louder than ever, gripping Delbin's hips tightly. With one single motion and with as much power as he could muster, he thrust. He penetrated Delbin's ass, going straight up his tight hole as far as possible.

The two snarled loudly, smoke and flames pouring out of their nostrils and maws. The green beast pulled back a little, letting his rod mostly come out. Then, he thrust back in again, his balls smacking against his partner's. Cum was already dripping out the rear.

Fuuuuuuck me, this is fucking good! Nestor snarled and panted. He kept his pace, pounding him over and over, both shaking and clenching.

This... Nestor's eyes dilated. ***This is the life!***

The limit was reached. With one final pulse from his balls and throb in his cock, he ejaculated into his partner. Nestor roared, blasting out thick bursts of green flame into the air. Delbin erupted himself, hosing the ground and shooting flames out as well.

“JD...”

In the thick of it all, a quiet voice spoke in the back of Nestor's mind. He only barely noticed it, his eyes weakly opening. *Hmm?*

“JD!” The voice boomed louder.

“DRAGON BOY!! Wake the hell up!!”

JD opened his eyes at last. He felt sore, tired, and twitchy. He was back at home, lying on the couch.

It would've almost been like a dream if not for the fact that he was both a dragon and very nude. The scent of sex and musk was in the air. Cum was splattered around, his dick going limp as white substance leaked down its shaft.

And beside him was his boyfriend, Raphael. He stood at the side of the sofa, looking down at him with an annoyed expression. JD could see cum splattered over his t-shirt and on various parts of his exposed body.

He huffed. “Well, you’re okay at least despite making a huge mess.”

JD/Nestor scratched his head, blushing. “Man, I was just having the best dream ever.” He slowly sat up. “I was playing the game, then in the Artisans World, and now-”

“And now you're a big dick dragon, I can see that.” Raphael reached over to the coffee table, taking a tissue that was somehow not coated. “Thanks for that,” he mumbled, wiping his face and part of his shirt.

“Heh... sorry man!” The dragon chuckled, “Guess I shouldn't play games in ionic whatchamacallits, eh?”

Raphael shook his head. “Look... I-”

He stopped. Nestor gave him an odd look. There were trembles coming from his body, and his cheeks were turning red. Was there something wrong besides the fact that a large dragon made a big mess?

Then, a familiar scent came to his nostrils. Nestor breathed in the air, taking a deep whiff. It was coming from Raphael.

Looking at him again, the dragon realized something. Familiar red scales were sprouting on his cheeks and appearing on the backs of his hands. His nose was widening, also turning red and scaly.

Nestor could only grin, his dick twitching. “Hmmm, looks like someone is about to have the same experience I had.”

“Y-yeah...” Raphael held up his hand, noticing the red scaling covering it. He watched as his nails grew out, turning thick and sharp until they were claws. “Guess I’m going dragon now too.”

“Hmm...” Nestor leaned back against the armrest of the sofa, putting his arms behind his head. He puffed out his chest and opened his legs more, giving his dick and balls more room as his rod hardened again. “Whatcha wanna do about it?”

Raphael looked at him and then at the large dragon cock. Annoyance left his face. A small smile was forming, his teeth flashing and showing fangs. “Well, I can think of a few things I want to do.”

THE END