

Hollow Dragon

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After months of preparation, Anthony is finally ready to transform himself into his dragonsona. Sure, he doesn't have an actual dragon pelt to use as a focus, but substituting in a latex suit based on his character should work fine... right?

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"Alright, it should be ready," Anthony muttered as he looked at the spell circle he had painstakingly painted on his basement floor. Even after spending months preparing for this moment, he couldn't help but worry that his design could still have a flaw. There were so many ways that untested magic could go wrong. However, in his opinion, the rewards outweighed the risks.

After triple-checking the circle, he inspected the various glowing crystals, candles, and tools scattered around the room. Before he could start the ritual, everything needed to be clean and free from magical contamination. Eventually, his eyes landed on the most crucial part of the ritual: a red and yellow latex dragon suit. He couldn't help but laugh at how out of place it looked compared to everything else.

It felt ridiculous to use something made of latex in a spell. Unfortunately, these incongruencies were inevitable since magic had been rediscovered only a few years ago, so objects from the modern world would get mixed in when the correct component wasn't available. In this case, the ritual technically required the skin of an actual dragon, but how in the world was he supposed to get that? At least this moment of embarrassment wouldn't matter once he successfully transformed himself into a dragon!

After finally deciding that he was as ready as he could be, Anthony began lighting the candles and spreading them around the basement. Once the lighting was satisfactory, he walked over to his home's circuit breaker and flipped the main switch. Everything went dark, making it much less likely that electrical interference would ruin the spell. The fact that the candle lighting set the perfect mood for casting the spell was just a nice bonus.

Now that the stage was set, he began spreading most of the mana crystals at specific points among the painted runes. This part was necessary because he was not one of the lucky people who could produce or control mana. Instead, he had to spend a ridiculous amount of money buying and charging these things to supply the magic for him.

The runic circle began to glow softly with golden light as it absorbed the mana. Eventually, the light strengthened and reached a stable glow that signified it was time to place the dragon suit in the circle. This was the likely point where things could go wrong since the original spell specifically required the pelt of a living creature. According to Anthony's research, the costume would work as a good enough substitute since it was made of natural latex, which technically came from a living thing. The draconic shape, some careful modifications to the ritual, and his intentions would hopefully allow the magic to fill the gaps.

Taking great care not to disturb the crystals, he laid the costume across the circle. Its body was in the center, while its limbs, tail, and wings splayed outward. Anthony couldn't help but smile as he gazed at the laid-out costume since it was actually modeled after his 'dragonsona' Murrpy. This character represented his true self, and the idea that he was on the verge of transforming into his sona filled him with almost enough excitement to overcome his worries about the ritual.

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, Anthony looked around the room to verify that everything was ready. Not for the first time, he wondered if he should call his friend Kali for help. After all, this ritual was based on the spell that Kali had used to transform into an anthropomorphic wolf, so he had enough experience to point out any mistakes. However, Anthony once again discarded that idea. It was too late, and he wanted to surprise Kali with his new form!

Resolving to push forward, he picked up the printout he had prepared with the incantation. Taking a moment to ignore how out of place the paper seemed since it didn't make a difference anyway, he began reciting the spell. "Mana, I command you to infuse my new hide..." Technically, the words weren't necessary for the spell. It just needed willpower, but that wasn't something Anthony was particularly gifted with, so he needed the words to help him focus his thoughts on the magic circle. Occasional worries about the silly latex dragon suit crept into his mind, but he pressed forward and continued chanting the spell to the best of his ability.

As he finished the incantation, golden light enveloped the suit when mana finally flowed into it. It was working! He couldn't help but laugh as this sign of success drained the tension from his body. Some part of him noted that cackling while casting a ritual in a candle-lit basement made him seem like a madman, but he didn't care. It really looked like all of his work would come to fruition!

Knowing the suit would take a few minutes to be thoroughly enchanted, he hurriedly prepared for the next step. He needed to follow a few rules to ensure the transformation went smoothly and was permanent, as he wanted it to be. The first rule was to not wear anything

artificial during the transformation, so he began stripping naked and leaving everything in a pile away from the spell circle.

A hum reverberated through the room soon after he finished disrobing, which was a sign that the costume was fully charged. However, it had happened faster than he had expected, and having something unexpected happen during a dangerous ritual could be a sign that something was going wrong. Doubts momentarily flooded his mind as he tried to think of what could have caused this, but he quickly decided he didn't have the time. After all, this was only a minor deviation from what he had calculated, so it should be fine. Quickly and carefully, he approached the costume and opened its zipper.

A golden glow flowed out of the opening, showing the incredible amount of magic infusing the latex garment. For a brief moment, he recalled some horror stories he had heard about the unintended consequences of failed spells just like the one he was using. However, Anthony shook his head to push his doubts away and quickly began donning the suit. He didn't have time for misgivings because the suit's magic would fade if he didn't put it on quickly enough.

The latex suit felt strangely warm as he pushed his legs into it, and instead of gripping his skin like latex should have, it felt as if it was sucking his feet into place. It only took moments for his toes to reach the end of the suit's clawed feet. Getting his hands into the suit's clawed gloves was even easier than dealing with the legs. It almost felt like the suit was flowing onto him, as it wanted to be a part of him. The thought that his dragonsona wanted this transformation to happen as badly as he did made him feel giddy, and he was grinning from ear to ear when he finally pulled the mask over his head.

The glow from the magic circle was lighting up the entire room now, signifying that the spell was almost at its climax. After taking a deep breath to calm himself, Anthony reached down with a gloved hand and pulled the zipper up.

As soon as the suit was sealed, the magic in the room seemed to gravitate toward him until it engulfed his entire body. The suit warmed up even more as it absorbed the magic, and its latex seemed to tighten around him from every angle in response. When Anthony felt his face pushing forward into the mask, he couldn't help but gasp. He was really transforming into a dragon... no, into Murpby!

An unexpected searing pain along his chest drew him out of his euphoria. It felt as if something was burning him. Glancing down to see what was wrong, could only stare in horror when he saw that the zipper was white hot and crackling with absorbed magic. This wasn't supposed to happen! His mind raced as he tried to think about what was going wrong and what he could do. The answer hit him like a bucket of freezing water: the zipper was made of refined metal. It was precisely the kind of unnatural material he was supposed to keep away from this magic! How had he not thought of this?

"Fuck, no, no, no!" he began crying out in a panic as he realized that his stupid mistake wouldn't just ruin the spell; it could easily cripple him or cost him his life. He quickly tried to pull the zipper open to escape the suit, but a wave of nausea kept his gloved fingers from grasping it. The sickening sensations rapidly got worse, and within moments, he could scarcely keep himself from toppling face-first onto the floor. Meanwhile, the metal zipper continued to burn into him like a brand.

The enchanted latex suit, which had previously felt pleasantly tight, now felt as if it hungrily pulled at his skin. Alien sensations began overwhelming his body as a strange empty feeling formed in his chest. He began to fear that his life was being sucked out of him by his own creation, but there didn't seem to be anything he could do to stop it.

Anthony dropped to his knees as the strength left his body. In a final attempt to save himself, he tried reaching for one of the mana crystals, but the limb felt strangely limp and weightless. His sight began to fail him, but one of the last things he saw was that his suit looked as if it was collapsing in on itself. Was it consuming him, or was something even weirder happening?

Finally unable to keep fighting, Anthony collapsed to the floor. Or had he collapsed in on himself? He couldn't tell, and the last thing he thought of as everything went black was that he should have asked Kali for help...

Emptiness. That was Anthony's first sensation as consciousness gradually returned to him. Groggily, he tried to roll over and sleep a bit longer, but his body didn't respond like it should have. He felt unexpectedly weak, so he began wondering if he was sick. He next noticed that he was sleeping in a bizarre position and that his bed felt highly uncomfortable. Nothing felt right.

Also, why did he feel so empty? Was he hungry, or...?

Terrifying memories about the ritual surged back, jolting Anthony awake. He was lying on the bare concrete of his basement floor, and the red latex of his dragon suit filled his peripheral vision. Panic rose as he realized this wasn't a nightmare. He was alive, but what had the magic done to him?

The sensations he was getting from his body didn't make any sense. He could feel the floor, and he could feel the dragon suit's material. If the suit was still there, that should have meant that the transformation had failed, but he could swear that he had more limbs than he was supposed to. Adding to the confusion, he didn't feel like he was wearing anything. Had the suit fallen off somehow? And what was this strange, empty feeling?

Desperate to figure out what was happening, Anthony tried getting up to look at himself. However, no matter what he tried, his body didn't seem to move like it was supposed to. It was as if he had forgotten how to control his muscles. This was far worse than he had expected to deal with after the transformation.

After several attempts, he managed to turn his head to the left a little. It was a small victory, but he would take it. However, he was quickly distracted from his efforts by a golden glow that was emanating a meter or two away from him. It was one of the mana crystals he hadn't used in the ritual. He had been saving it just in case the spell had needed more power, and now its glow seemed oddly enticing.

An unfamiliar hunger he hadn't been fully aware of suddenly welled up inside him. The emptiness that he had felt before suddenly felt more like a hole that he wanted to, no, *needed* to fill. He felt as if he would die if he didn't have that crystal right now.

Driven by these alien urges, he began fighting to move with every fiber of his being. Some part of his brain realized that his body was tangled up, which made no sense, but the knowledge triggered some strange instinct that allowed him to free an arm. At least, he had thought it was his arm, but when he reached for the crystal, one of the dragon suit's empty limbs moved instead. A moment of confusion once again gripped him as he tried to understand what he was seeing, but this train of thought was quickly derailed by his hunger.

Slowly and with what felt like a gargantuan effort, he dragged himself closer and closer until he finally managed to grab the crystal. A small amount of warmth began to infuse his limb, invigorating him, but it wasn't enough to satisfy the hunger. Without thinking about what he was doing, he slid the glowing object into his maw and swallowed it.

Mana from the crystal immediately began to flow through his body. He started to feel stronger and slightly less empty. Within moments, the ravenous hunger began to clear from his mind, allowing Anthony to wonder what he had just done and what was happening to him. A crystal of that size should have gotten stuck in his throat, but somehow, there had been more than enough space for him to swallow it. On top of that, why did he keep seeing the dragon suit moving with him, even though he felt naked?

Had the transformation actually succeeded? If that was the case, his body wouldn't be made of latex or look so deflated. Or perhaps... this really was his body, and the spell had done something horrible to him.

"Oh... oh no, no, no..." Anthony chanted weakly in denial as he finally realized what had happened to him. Even though he was dealing with a magical accident, he couldn't believe it had gone this wrong. Hoping to disprove his theory, he pulled his hand towards his snout, hoping to prove he was just wearing a mask and gloves. However, when the latex touched, he felt both objects as if he had touched his skin. The latex really was part of him now.

Suddenly, the strange sensations he had felt this whole time made much more sense. Or rather, it explained what he was feeling because no part of this made any sense. How was he even functioning right now?

For a while, he simply lay there as his brain, or rather whatever was left of it, tried to process what the ritual had done to him. Wild magic could do seemingly impossible things to people, but he had never heard of anything as remotely weird as this. Was any of his body left, or was there only the costume now? Also, how had he known that eating the mana crystal would revive him? The ritual was supposed to imbue him with instincts appropriate for his new body, but this was far too strange.

Slowly, he tried to stand up but only managed to push himself a few inches off the ground before collapsing again. Even though eating the mana crystal had revived him, the issue now was figuring out how to control his body again rather than a lack of strength.

After some careful movements, he began to get a better sense of his body's shape. Like a human, he had a head, two legs, and two arms. Unlike a human, he also had two wings, a tail, and a snout. Despite his predicament, he couldn't help but grin as he became aware of his draconic traits. Even if the transformation had been a disaster, it appeared that his wish had been partially granted.

"A mirror. I need to look in a mirror," Anthony muttered to himself to focus on the one good thing he may have gained from this nightmare. He might be some sort of eldritch monstrosity now, but it might be worth it if he looked like a dragon. Maybe.

A little more experimentation helped him realize why he was having so much trouble moving. Since his body was just an empty costume, he had no bones to hold himself up. With that in mind, he experimentally tried tensing an entire arm before bending it upwards, and this time it stayed up! It still looked like an empty piece of clothing, but at least he was progressing. Unfortunately, his elation led to his concentration breaking, and his arm flopped down like it belonged to a puppet whose strings had been cut.

Grumbling in annoyance, Anthony began trying to lift himself up in earnest. Focusing on his arms and upper torso to keep things simple, he lifted himself off the ground but still felt incredibly unstable. It was like holding himself up with a pair of thin sticks.

"If only my body was thicker," he wished aloud, then froze as an idea occurred to him. Perhaps ridiculous situations called for ridiculous solutions...

Anthony's jaws parted as he tried to take a deep breath, only to abruptly realize that he didn't have any lungs. Apparently, he had not been breathing this entire time, a fact that he tried to not think too deeply about.

"Wait, how can I speak if I don't have lungs?" he asked aloud while trying to pay attention to how his body was moving. Sure enough, it seemed he had been unknowingly sucking air in and out of his maw by puffing up and squeezing his chest. Momentarily tossing aside the question of how he had been doing that without even realizing it, he tried mimicking those movements on a larger scale.

Much to his surprise, the attempt worked perfectly, almost as if he was tapping into more of his body's mysterious instincts. He pushed his chest outwards until he felt his body stretching, then applied tension so he didn't have to hold his breath like a cartoon character. The squeaks of latex filled the room as his strange body filled out to its full size.

Feeling giddy with his success, Anthony immediately tried to stand up. The motion felt awkward, partly because he hadn't figured out where his joints should be. Or perhaps he was making things more difficult by trying to move like he had joints? After trying various methods to support himself and several stumbles, he finally stood on his feet by leaning against a wall for support.

Standing on his two legs with a fully inflated body finally allowed Anthony to look himself over. Sure enough, instead of his natural body, he saw the red dragon suit he had worn during the ritual. Aside from some dust, there were no signs of damage to it. Even the zipper, which he vividly remembered burning him like a brand, was intact. He pondered pulling the zipper open, but hesitated because he couldn't help but worry about what he would find.

Just what would be inside of the suit? The charred remains of his human body? Or would he be filled with magical energy? It was hard to take these possibilities seriously because he still had trouble believing this was real despite everything he had just gone through. On top of seeming impossible, accepting that this was real meant that he would have to start thinking about what the rest of his life would be like. Would he be stuck like this forever?

Pausing to look around the room, Anthony realized that quite some time had passed since he blacked out. Considering that the candles were burnt out and daylight was coming in through the basement windows, it seemed hours had passed since the fateful ritual... assuming that he hadn't been unconscious for days.

Whatever the case was, he didn't have time to mope about. First, he needed more light. After carefully shuffling over to his home's circuit breaker, Anthony tried to flip the power back on. At first, his finger simply deformed when he tried to apply pressure to the switch, but he flipped it after adding more tension to his material. The lights flickered back to life. Feeling relieved that he hadn't been unconscious so long that the power had been cut, he began walking toward the nearest bathroom mirror.

Getting up the stairs and walking halfway across the house took a lot of effort. Moving his altered body still felt unnatural, and he had to think about every movement to avoid falling

over. On top of that, holding himself up without support proved surprisingly tricky. By the time he made it to the mirror, he began to fear that he would never be able to walk properly again.

However, all those concerns were forgotten when Anthony saw his reflection. Despite already knowing what to expect, seeing the red and yellow form of his dragonsona Murpby staring back at him was startling. Aside from the odd way his boneless limbs were bending, he looked like a person wearing a costume, but this clashed with the fact that he didn't feel like he was wearing anything at all. The stark reality of his transformation finally began to crash down on him.

As he gazed in the mirror, Anthony felt something was off about his reflection. The suit's eyes looked alive! They were supposed to be semi-transparent latex that the wearer could see through while looking like eyes, but now the pupils moved with a life of their own despite still being two-dimensional. On top of that, he had working eyelids, and when he opened his mouth, he had fully functional, if soft, teeth and a reptilian tongue that could move just like the real thing. Only the unnatural latex shine and the empty blackness at the end of his throat broke the illusion that he was a real dragon.

However, he had various other problems to address before he could even think about trying to pass for a living creature. First, his movements were too stiff and mechanical looking, though he hoped that was just an issue of practice. The next issue was the giant zipper running up his chest, an obvious indicator of his true nature. Finally, there was his featureless crotch, which made him feel more than a little upset.

"Great," he muttered as he pondered the implications of that last issue. Was he even male anymore? His overall shape was still male but lacked the most essential bits. On the plus side, he probably didn't need to use the toilet anymore... right?

Not wanting to dwell on that train of thought, Anthony decided to investigate his zipper instead. This was the only way he could discover if his old body was truly gone. Admittedly, he would feel foolish if he had been inside the suit all along and that all the weird sensations were magic-induced hallucinations, but that would still be better than the current scenario.

Bracing himself up for whatever was about to happen next, he grabbed the zipper and slowly began pulling it down from his neck. As light from the bathroom's bulbs flooded the opening, he peered at the mirror to find... nothing.

"What the heck?" he exclaimed as he stared into the empty cavity within his chest. "How am I even alive? Where did my body even go?!"

Yanking the zipper down further, he confirmed that he could only see the suit's latex inner walls. There was no visible structure or magical effect inside him that explained how he was moving. Strangely, the inside of the suit was black colored now, as if a new layer had been added to cover up the red and yellow that should have been there, but that hardly seemed like it

should be enough to animate his thin, rubbery body. He couldn't help but wonder if his body had been transformed into the black layer and merged with the suit, but if that was the case, then where had the rest of his mass gone?

As impossible as it seemed, he was an actual living suit now. There weren't even any signs of the tricks and shortcuts that plagued the so-called magical items that people were starting to sell online. Transformations were one thing, but this seemed like a rare case of actual reality-breaking magic. How in the world had a random magical accident made this impossible form of his work so flawlessly? Usually, he would have been lucky to escape this sort of event without being crippled for life. He might even be able to live independently without being truly disabled by his new form if he could just get used to moving around.

His positive thoughts were dimmed when he remembered the incident with the mana crystal, which was still rolling around in his left foot like an annoying stone stuck in his shoe. With some effort and an inhuman amount of contortion, he lifted his leg so that it fell out of his zipper and into his waiting claws.

It was immediately apparent that the crystal had dimmed considerably. It probably didn't even have half of its original mana left. Frowning, Anthony realized that this was the kind of drawback that he had feared would come with his new body. As if to confirm his suspicions, he was already starting to feel lethargic now that the crystal wasn't inside of him.

"Great, just great," he muttered before unceremoniously throwing the crystal back inside his chest and zipping the opening closed again. Magic was still relatively new, and mana wasn't a cheap commodity. Mana dependence could get really expensive really quickly. On top of that, he was only barely keeping himself from freaking out over his incredibly botched transformation, which he had only his own stupidity to blame for. He really didn't need concerns about starving to death on top of everything else.

However, despite all of the issues arising from his failed transformation, he couldn't help but feel strangely elated every time he looked at his reflection. Despite being shiny and hollow, it felt like he really had become his dragonsona. Wasn't that something that should make him happy? Maybe it was time to stop thinking of himself as Anthony and call himself Murrpy from now on.

"I'm Murrpy..." he experimentally said to himself in the mirror. Despite how silly he felt, he couldn't help but smile. Even though he had used the name online for quite a while, finally being able to call himself Murrpy in real life felt incredibly satisfying. Perhaps it was time to embrace his dragonsona's name.

Despite feeling slightly better about his new form, he still had much to consider. How would he live from now on, and who should he tell about this? After thinking about things for a while, he decided that his first priority was getting used to his new body. After that, he needed to do something about the madding emptiness that he was feeling...

After several hours of mind-numbing effort, Murppy felt he understood how his new body worked and was even starting to feel happy about his new form. It wasn't what he had in mind, but he was beginning to feel like an actual dragon. An exotic, rubbery dragon, but still a dragon. Mimicking the movements of a living creature had begun to feel natural, and he was starting to feel confident that an onlooker would mistake him for a person wearing a costume.

The secret to learning how to move around as a living suit was to stop trying to move like a human and let his new body's instincts guide him. Though as helpful as the instincts were for moving around, he couldn't help but worry about how they influenced his actions, such as when they pushed him to consume another mama crystal when his reserves got low. Even more worryingly, the hollow feeling in his chest was driving him crazy. No matter what he did, he couldn't stop thinking about it. In a moment of desperation, he had even tried stuffing a pillow inside his chest, though it didn't help at all.

Of course, he had already guessed the real solution to his 'emptiness' problem. His living suit body probably craved a wearer, but he felt incredibly conflicted seeking one out. As a former human, the idea of having another person inside his body weirded him out. However, whenever he imagined what it would feel like to be worn, a strange, alien craving began clawing at the edges of his mind. The idea of having a warm body to embrace felt so appealing...

"Stop thinking about it!" Murppy cried out and shook his head to dispel the strange thoughts. All he wanted was to be a dragon, but his body seemed hellbent on reminding him that he was a costume without a wearer.

Perhaps... he could try to undo the transformation before he did something weird? Transformations were generally reversible, though he wasn't sure that the normal rules applied to his living costume body since it had been created by a magical accident. Plus, he wasn't even sure a new dragon transformation attempt would be as successful as this one...

A chime from Murppy's cell phone snapped him out of his thoughts. Had someone realized he was missing? Sure enough, when he checked his phone, it turned out that his friend Kali had messaged him.

"Kali... maybe he could help me," he mused when he remembered that his friend's transformation had been much more successful than his own. Even if he couldn't fix this somehow, maybe Kali would be willing to wear him!

Murppy froze as he realized that he had just seriously considered being worn by his friend. Shaking his head in denial, Murppy tried to push the thought away. However, the more he tried to avoid thinking about it, the more he craved a wearer. It was almost like his new body was starving, and it would drive him mad with hunger if he kept denying it...

Driven by desperation, he fumbled with his phone for several moments before remembering he couldn't work its touch screen with his latex hands. After pulling out its stylus, he began writing a vague but urgent message to Kali about a magical accident that he needed help with as soon as possible. Though truthfully, he wasn't sure if he wanted Kali's help or desperately wanted a wearer.

Kali quickly replied that he would come while also asking for more information, but Murrpy simply tossed the phone aside as he tried to get ahold of himself. What was wrong with him? Why couldn't he stop thinking about how much he wanted Kali to wear him?

"There's no way Kali will agree to it!" he said to himself as he tried to get the strange urges out of his head. After all, even though he and Kali were close friends, being worn was such a weird request. Who in their right mind would agree to such a thing?

After a long internal struggle, Murrpy smiled as a new thought occurred to him: If Kali wouldn't want to wear him, he would just have to force the wolf to wear him...

Nearly a half hour later, Murrpy licked his teeth as he finally spotted Kali's car approaching. The living dragon suit's tail twitched excitedly as it closed the window blinds so he wouldn't be seen. His prey had finally arrived!

"Wait... prey?" Confusion hit him as he remembered that he was talking about one of his closest friends. What in the world was he doing? However, his thoughts were quickly overwhelmed by the maddening emptiness within his body. One way or another, he needed to be filled!

To ensure he would be strong enough to overwhelm his prey, Murrpy swallowed a fresh mana crystal to fuel himself. Unlike before, this crystal didn't simply drop into his feet; instead, he manipulated his rubbery insides to pull it into his tail for storage. This would keep it out of his main body and away from his future host. After all, Kali might struggle more if he was uncomfortable.

The sound of a car door closing signaled that he had only a few moments to prepare himself. Dropping on all fours, he ran to the front door, ensured it was unlocked, and hid inside the nearby closet. Typically, the closet would not have been large enough for a person to fit inside, but it was easy now that he had a hollow body. Now, all he needed to do was wait...

Much to Murrpy's annoyance, Kali didn't simply barge into the house. The anthropomorphic wolf first rang the doorbell, knocked on the door, and even called Murrpy's discarded cell phone. Meanwhile, the living dragon suit shook with anticipation as he eagerly

awaited his prey. Without consciously thinking about it, his chest zipper began opening on its own, and black liquid latex began dripping out of it.

Finally, Kali opened the door and stepped into the house. The gray and blue wolf apprehensively looked around the empty entryway before calling, "Murrpy? Where are you? Are you alright?"

Watching through the barely cracked open closet door, Murrpy was so focused on waiting for the right moment to strike that his corrupted mind barely registered the worry in his friend's voice. The maddening emptiness nearly drove him to jump out immediately, but his instincts told him that he needed to make sure his prey didn't have any opportunity to escape. Just a few more steps and Kali's body would be his. Shiny black tentacles of latex began snaking out of his open chest zipper, eagerly awaiting a chance to envelop the wolf...

"Anthony!" Kali's mounting concern led him to use Murrpy's real name instead of his screen name. The wolf cautiously walked deeper into the house, searching for his friend.

Sensing his opportunity as Kali stepped past the closet, Murrpy pushed the door open as he prepared to pounce. However, his human name echoed in his mind, making the rubbery dragon hesitate. Anthony... that was him, right? What was he doing?

The anthropomorphic wolf's sensitive ears twitched at the sound of the door opening, and he whipped around to look at the source of the noise. His eyes widened in shock when he saw Murrpy's rubbery form crouching inside the closet. "What the..."

Realizing that he was losing his chance to catch Kali off guard, Murrpy's instincts quickly took hold, and he lept out of the closet with a guttural growl. However, the dragon suit's prey reacted fast enough to jump backward, barely escaping his reach.

"AAAH, what the heck?!" Kali cried in alarm as he stumbled backward, then turned to run deeper into the house. "Anthony! You didn't say your magical accident created a monster! Where the heck are you?!"

Unwilling to let the wolf escape, Murrpy hardened his rubbery claws and dug them into the wooden floor to launch himself forward. His prey was so close! As he gave chase, he also called out after his terrified friend. "I'm right here, Kali... let me embrace you!"

"What?!" Kali cried out in confusion when he heard his name and couldn't help but glance back towards his pursuer. It only took a moment for him to recognize the colors of his friend's red and yellow dragonsona. "Murrpy?!"

Kali's momentary distraction allowed Murrpy to catch up, and the living dragon suit pounced at its prey again. However, his friend's anthropomorphic wolf form had blessed him with impressive reflexes, and he barely managed to dodge the mass of flying rubber again. As

the squeaky dragon's form slid across the floor, Kali darted through the nearest doorway and closed the door behind him.

"Noooo!" Murrpy screamed in dismay and slammed himself into the door. However, his new body was too light to knock it down. By the time he thought to try the doorknob, it was already locked. He began clawing at the wooden obstacle while whining in desperation. "Nooo, I'm so empty! Kali, come back!"

"There is no way I'm coming near you until I figure out this insanity!" The wolf replied while panting for air. "What the heck did you even do to yourself?!"

Too overwhelmed by his body's urges to respond to his friend, Murrpy desperately tried to think of how to get to his prey. What door was this? It took his addled mind a moment to realize that Kali had taken refuge in the basement. Were there any other ways inside?

After a few moments, he remembered that one of his basement windows didn't have a functioning lock. It was so small that a person would have trouble fitting through, but it wouldn't be a problem for a living suit. Grinning manically as a plan formed in his mind, he scratched and slammed against the door several times to draw Kali's focus before stealthily darting out the front door.

Upon finding the right window, Murrpy carefully and quietly slid it open. Sticking his head into the room to check on his prey, he smiled when he saw Kali trying to block the basement door instead of paying attention to the basement itself. Slithering through the window and onto the concrete floor, the latex dragon took cover behind a box and waited for the right moment to strike.

A minute later, Kali seemed to finally become satisfied that Murrpy wasn't coming through the basement door. Breathing a sigh of relief, he finally looked around the room he had found himself in. That's when his eyes finally landed on the spell circle that Murrpy had used for his failed transformation. He began thinking aloud as he stared at it. "Wait, is that the circle that Murrpy transformed himself with?"

As the wolf approached the circle and began studying it from various angles, Murrpy knew his chance to strike was coming. Tensing his body like a spring, he waited for the right moment. Soon, he would have a host...

Totally unaware that he wasn't alone, Kali continued inspecting the circle. However, he still hadn't calmed down from being chased, which led him to keep muttering his thoughts to himself. "It isn't that different from the ritual circle I used, so I might be able to change him back to normal if I modify it a bit. The issue is that I need to power it up and lure him inside..."

The mention of becoming human again partially awoke Anthony from his hunting-obsessed haze. Was turning back to normal actually possible? If that was the case, he didn't need to force Kali to wear him, right? But... could he wait that long?

For several long moments, his conscious mind tried to resist the urges that kept threatening to overwhelm him. He needed to let Kali help him, but he felt so empty! Rubbery muscles tensed and relaxed as he tried to get ahold of himself. He needed to tell Kali to run!

However, when his oblivious friend showed his unprotected back to him, Murrpy couldn't stop himself. The opportunity to finally feel whole made his resolve almost immediately shatter. His rubbery body shot out from behind the box and crashed into Kali.

"AAAH!" Kali cried out while reflexively trying to get the rubbery monster off of himself. However, the gooey tendrils hidden within Murrpy's zipper had already wrapped around his body. "How the heck did you... Anthony, stop!"

"Wrong... I'm Murrpy now," the living suit whispered in a predatory tone. His ravenous body was moving completely on instinct as his latex tendrils restrained his prey, making up for the fact he had never done anything like this before. Any thought of letting his friend cure him had been completely forgotten and replaced with the overwhelming need for a wearer.

"An.. Murrpy, stop!" Kali desperately pleaded as he tried to pull away from his friend's grasp. "This isn't you! I might be able to reverse the spell if you give me time!"

However, these words fell on deaf ears; Murrpy was far past the point where he wanted to be stopped. "No, I need you... I need you to wear me!"

"Wear? Wha...mmmfff!" Kali's question was cut off when a tendril wrapped around his snout, silencing him. The wolf continued trying to struggle, but despite being several times heavier, he couldn't compete against the strength of Murrpy's unnatural form. Bound and gagged by rubbery tentacles, he finally collapsed onto the concrete floor.

With his prey finally subdued, Murrpy quickly opened his zipper wider and retracted his tendrils to pull the wolf in feet first. Kali struggled and squirmed in a final, desperate gambit to escape, but even his adrenalin-fueled panic couldn't compare to the living suit's overwhelming desire to be filled.

As soon as Kali's paws passed the zipper, a strange euphoria began to overtake Murrpy. Even though the wolf was barely inside, the living suit could already feel his future host's warmth. The sensations made him even more eager, and he began undulating and stretching his body like a snake to pull Kali in even faster than before.

Once Kali's legs were fully pulled inside, the living latex snapped around its wearer like a rubber band, making the wolf grunt in surprise. A shiver went through Murrpy's body as he

finally experienced a partial taste of being worn. He was finally gaining a wearer, and it felt so... right. No, it felt amazing! He could finally relax and let his host support him instead of constantly having the strain to hold his shape. He needed to fill the rest of himself!

With renewed vigor, the living dragon suit practically yanked the rest of Kali's body through the rest of the zipper. The wolf's arms were quickly pulled into Murrpy's sleeves, and the latex dragon couldn't help but wiggle his and his host's fingers with glee as they slid into his gloves. Then, the dragon mask slid over Kali's head. Their eyes and ears lined up, just like a proper mask should. The tendril wrapped around Kali's mouth melted back into Murrpy's body, but before the wolf could speak, the living suit stuffed the throat of its mask into his host's maw. Kali reflexively choked and coughed, but he wasn't able to stop the entire inside of his mouth from being lined with latex.

There was only one step remaining. The living suit hijacked Kali's hands to pull the zipper shut. The wolf groaned and squirmed as he tried to resist, but he was unable to stop the zipper from inexorably closing, sealing him inside.

It was finally done. Elation filled Murrpy's mind as he realized he finally had a wearer. He felt so full, so complete! The maddening emptiness was finally gone! On top of that, the heat from his wearer's body seemed to energize him as if he were feeding off a giant mana crystal. No, it felt even better than a mana crystal!

He couldn't help but happily squeeze his wearer's body from all angles for several moments as he reveled in how good he felt, making Kali yelp in surprise. However, Murrpy was so ecstatic that he barely noticed his friend's reactions. Now that he finally had a wearer, host, or whatever he should call Kali, he could do whatever he wanted! Now he could... what did he want to do after this?

Now that his body's needs had been addressed, Murrpy's lucidity slowly returned. He had been so overwhelmed by the need for a wearer that he hadn't even considered what would come afterward, nor had he considered the consequences of his actions.

"Oh no, oh no, Kali!" Murrpy began panicking as he realized what he had done. "I'm so sorry; I couldn't stop myself! Are you alright? Please say... mmf!" The living dragon suit's words were cut off when Kali tried to respond, and they momentarily found themselves trying to control a single mouth simultaneously.

It took a few moments, but eventually, Murrpy calmed down enough to let Kali speak. "Gah... Anthony? Is that really you?" The wolf asked with difficulty since his mouth had been lined with latex.

"Yeah, it is me," the living suit replied after reclaiming their shared mouth. "I'm so sorry; I wasn't planning to do this when I asked you to come here..."

"This is freaking weird, but at least it doesn't seem like you're going to actually hurt me," Kali replied while still panting as he tried to catch his breath. "What the heck did you do to yourself!?"

"I tried to transform myself into Murrpy using a modified version of your spell," he replied, unable to help but squirm around his friend's fur as the wolf started moving within him. "It... kind of went wrong."

"That's a huge understatement!"

Over the next few minutes, Murrpy explained his method to transform himself into his dragonsona. Kali was quickly horrified by the idea of using a latex suit for a transformation ritual, especially one with a zipper. It wasn't long before he began chiding his friend for not trying to find a different ritual or at least asking for help!

"I wanted to surprise you by showing up one day as my dragonsona," Murrpy explained while sulking and feeling incredibly embarrassed by their current predicament. "Though, I guess I halfway succeeded, at least. I've already decided to change my name."

Sighing with incredulity, Kali shook his head. "Are you seriously thinking of staying like this? You kind of went crazy and forced me to wear you!" As he spoke, the latex-coated wolf carefully stood up and began testing his range of motion since the living suit had stopped trying to restrain him.

"I'm feeling better, though!" Murrpy protested. "Being empty drove me crazy, but I'm back to normal now!"

"Uh huh, does that mean you'll let me out now? I'm already a wolfman, so I don't need to wear a dragon costume." As he spoke, Kali emphasized his words by reaching for the zipper.

Panic suddenly shot through Murrpy's mind when he was confronted by the thought of being empty again, and he reflexively yanked his friend's hand away from the zipper's tab. "No, no, no, please! Not yet!"

It took Murrpy a moment to calm down, and once Kali was able to reassume control, he began trying to soothe his friend: "Whoa, it is alright! I can wear you for a bit longer." The wolf's words were sincere, though with a hint of anxiety.

The living suit's ears and wings drooped with embarrassment. "I'm sorry; I guess I still can't quite handle this form's instincts."

"It is alright. I had to spend some time figuring out how to handle my new instincts as well after my transformation," Kali replied. "You'll get used to it. Maybe I should let you take control for a while so you can get used to your new body?"

“You... want me to take control?” Murrpy asked hesitantly. “Why? I forced this on you.”

Kali nodded before continuing. “You did, and honestly, this is still really weird. However... I know what it is like to want to become your sona, and I bet you haven’t had a chance to really try ‘being’ a dragon yet, so I’m fine with taking a back seat for a while so that you can stretch your wings.”

“Are you sure? Aren’t you uncomfortable like this?”

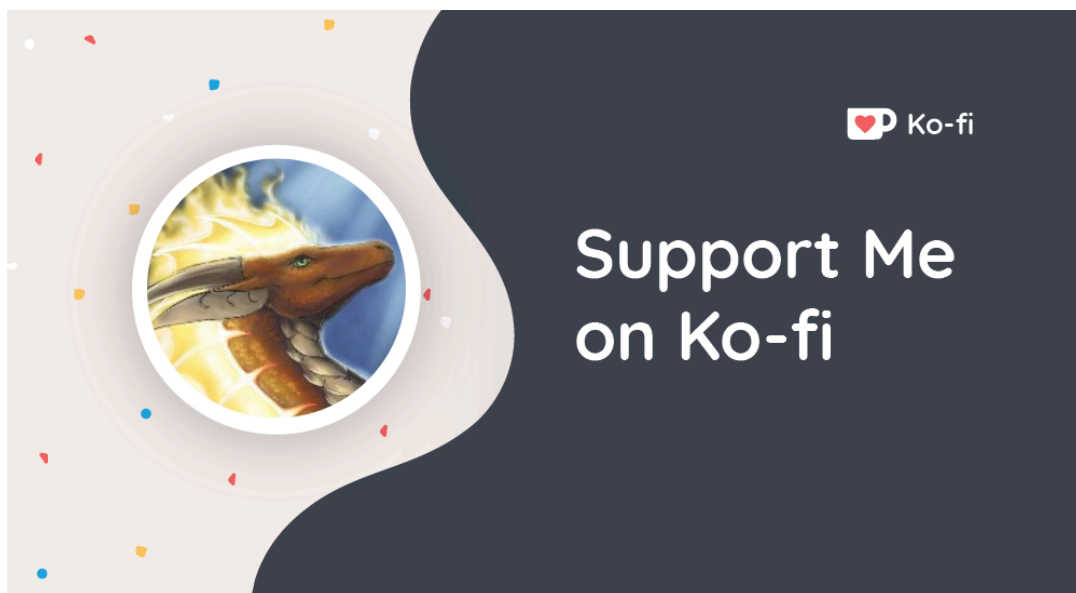
“I could do without the whole mouth and tongue sleeve thing,” Kali said before reflexively trying to push the rubber out of his mouth. “Aside from that, I can’t help but admit that wearing you actually feels kind of nice.”

Hearing this lifted a huge emotional weight off of Murrpy’s shoulders. After stuttering for a moment as he tried to think of a way to respond, he finally chose to hijack Kali’s arms to hug their chest. “Th... thank you so much!”

“Ack!” Kali gasped in surprise and briefly tried to resist the forced hug but found he was helpless against the living dragon suit. Eventually, he sighed and relaxed, allowing the new dragon to express his thanks. After all, it wasn’t like he would have to deal with this forever... he hoped.

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