

Draytex's Wings Part 1

Written by Draythix

Morghus gets a chance to wear Draytex, a living dragon suit, to a furry convention. Draytex does his best to make sure it is an unforgettable experience while also playfully pressing his new host's buttons!

You can find me at these sites!

[Furaffinity](#) | [Deviantart](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Bluesky](#) | [Character.ai](#) | [Ko-fi](#)

This story was inspired by a sequence that I commissioned from [Danilokumriolu](#) and features [Morghus](#) as Draytex's temporary wearer. You can find the original image submission here: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/51244106/>



The convention was only a few days away, and Morghus still hadn't found anyone to split his hotel room with. In fact, none of his usual furry or scaly friends were going to be able to make it this time.

Letting out a depressed sigh, Morghus wondered if he should just skip it this year. Even though he had been looking forward to the convention for months, he couldn't help but feel like it wasn't worth going there alone. Sure, seeing fursuiters and visiting the artist alley was fun, but the best part about going to a convention was meeting friends whom he usually only got to interact with online.

A ping, signaling the arrival of a new message, drew Morghus out of his ruminations. Unable to resist the hope that a friend might have changed plans, he quickly read the notification.

- **Darion:** Hey Morghus, you're going to a convention in a few days right? I have a proposal for you.

Morghus stared at the message with a perplexed expression, because Darion was one of the last people he would have expected to ask him about this. Trying to imagine what in the world his friend was about to suggest to him, Morghus typed a response.

- **Morghus:** Yep! I would ask if you want to split a room, but you live really far away from me, right?
- **Darion:** I won't be able to make it, but Draytex has been begging for a chance to go to another convention. Would you be interested in pairing up with him? He would have a much easier time getting to the convention than I would.

"Pair up... with Draytex? No way." Morghus stared at the screen as his stunned brain tried to process the implications of what Darion was suggesting. Draytex wasn't a person that you simply split a room with! He, or perhaps 'it', was more akin to a life-changing experience than a roommate, if even half of what Darion had told Morghus was true.

- **Morghus:** Wait, are you serious? Draytex wants to go to a convention with me?

After mashing send with a shaking hand, Morghus leaned back in his chair as he tried to calm himself down. Although he wasn't aware of the exact details since he wasn't well versed in the supernatural, he knew that Draytex was some kind of living dragon suit. Draytex looked like an anthropomorphic dragon with shiny red skin, except he was made of latex and had a zipper on his chest that allowed people to climb inside and wear him like a suit. In essence, Morghus was being given a chance to go to a convention with someone who was both a dragon costume and a potential friendly companion in a single package.

Sure, Draytex was just a 'friend of a friend' to Morghus, but even so, spending a weekend with the living suit would be a dream come true. At least, it was close enough to a dream come true for Morghus: Draytex was a western dragon suit while Morghus was more of a fan of Wyverns, but he wasn't going to miss this chance over such a minor detail. He was still going to get to experience what it was like to have dragon wings!

Another ping signaled that Darion had replied, and Morghus quickly read the next message.

- **Darion:** Hey, this is Draytex! Darion was beating around the bush too much, so I've taken over for the moment. I'll just ask you outright: would you like to be the host of a sexy living dragon suit while you're at that convention? ;)

"So he really can take over his wearer," Morghus muttered as he realized what had just happened, though he couldn't help but grin at how Draytex had called himself 'sexy'. However, this did highlight the one major issue with wearing a living suit; the suit's host was essentially subject to varying degrees of control depending on how strong the suit was. The way Draytex had suddenly taken control from Darion in mid-conversation was a prime example of what could happen when wearing one.

Draytex seemed to be mischievous rather than dangerous, but that still meant that the living suit would inevitably mess with Morghus at the convention. Was it really worth wearing one of the best costumes in the world if the costume was going to take control and maybe even put you in embarrassing situations?

- **Darion:** Btw I've heard that you like winghugs. I'll gladly trade them for a temporary wearer!

"Oh no..." Morghus groaned; Draytex knew his weakness. As a fan of wyverns, he often had fantasies about how nice it would feel to be hugged by dragon wings. Now there was no way he was going to be able to turn this down regardless of what the living dragon suit intended to do to him afterward.

"Here's your package! I hope that you have an excellent stay!"

"Uh, thanks!" Morghus did his best to keep a straight face as he accepted the box. It was hard to believe that Draytex could be contained in such a small space, not to mention that the living suit had allowed itself to be mailed across the world in the first place.

After depositing the parcel on his baggage cart with his luggage, Morghus made his way up to his room. The excitement of both being at the convention and meeting up with an unusual friend had him moving as fast as he could.

As he walked, a part of his mind couldn't help but wonder what the other furies around him would think if they knew he would be wearing a living costume around the convention. Would they be jealous or weirded out? Knowing furies, many of them would probably be jealous. After all, what kind of furry wouldn't want a magical fursuit? Though, Draytex was probably more form-fitting and self-aware than what they had in mind.

When he finally reached his room, Morghus pushed his luggage cart inside as fast as his travel-weary body could manage. He barely remembered to close the door behind him before practically throwing Draytex's package on top of his bed.

Not daring to open the box with a sharp object that could harm its occupant, Morghus began ripping layers of tape off as quickly as his fingers allowed him. The package had been thoroughly sealed because it had been shipped internationally, but he was able to steadily make progress towards opening it.

As the last bit of tape came off, the box's lid suddenly burst open when something pushed it from within. Morghus, who had not been expecting Draytex to come flying out of the box, reflexively gasped and jumped back as folds of red and black latex spilled out onto the bed. Stories about living suits forcibly engulfing unwary victims flashed through his mind as he began fearing that Draytex had gone crazy from being stuck in a box for too long.

Thankfully, Draytex's initial burst of motion ended relatively quickly, and now the living suit seemed to just be slowly extracting itself from the confines of its cardboard container. A pair of red gloves tipped with white rubbery claws eventually emerged from the mass of latex, gripped the bed sheets, and then began pulling the rest of its body free. Morghus found himself simply staring in wide-eyed amazement as he watched the living dragon suit drag itself onto the bed under its own power and then begin unfurling itself.

The living suit's draconic face mask finally rose out of the mess. Though it looked partially deflated, its two horns, pointed ears, and a large black crest were still clearly visible. Draytex showed obvious relief on his mask's impossibly expressive face before his eyes focused on Morghus. "Well, hello there!" The living suit said with a grin, obviously amused by Morghus' shocked expression.

"Uh, hello Draytex! It is nice to finally meet you..." Morghus replied as he mentally grappled with the absurd situation. Belatedly, he realized that he was being rude and stepped closer to Draytex. "Sorry, do you need help?"

"A little," Draytex admitted before opening his maw and sucking in air as if he was taking a deep breath. The air flooded into his empty latex body and began inflating it into its proper shape almost like he was a balloon. After partially filling himself, he reached a hand towards Morghus.

Grabbing Draytex's hand, Morghus pulled the latex dragon up so that it could get off the bed and stand on the floor. The living dragon suit continued filling itself with air, and its full body slowly became visible. The red latex dragon had a creamy white underbelly and a long black stripe pattern running down its back. In addition, it had a very large tail with a black tip that looked like it would drag on the floor if Draytex didn't put effort into holding it up. Draytex's best feature, in Morghus' admittedly biased opinion, was its large bat-like wings which had red fingers and black membranes.

Suddenly, Draytex stepped towards Morghus and closed his wings around the surprised human. A delighted gasp escaped Morghus as he found himself in a tight hug which pulled him into Draytex's chest.

"I told you I would give you wing hugs," Draytex said teasingly, obviously enjoying the mix of surprise and happiness that appeared on the human's face.

For his part, Morghus squirmed only for a moment before letting himself relax and take in the embrace. Bat-like wings had been a fixation of his for most of his life, and he had often wondered what it would be like to be hugged by them. This was the first time he had gotten to experience a wing hug, and it somehow felt even better than he had imagined it would.

"You look delicious," Draytex unexpectedly whispered into Morghus's ear with a predatory grin. "Maybe I should make you into my host right now..."

Morghus yelped and squirmed within the tight hug. Even though he did want to try wearing Draytex, he hadn't mentally prepared for it yet! Mercifully, before Morghus could even try to protest, Draytex released the hug and stepped back. The living suit was grinning widely, a sign that it was pleased with the reaction it had gotten.

"Hah, don't worry, I'm just teasing," Draytex said reassuringly. "I know this is new to you, so don't let yourself feel pressured to wear me before you're ready. Plus, we've both traveled a long distance, so let's take some time to... decompress." The latex dragon smiled at its joke as it used a hand to try and smooth out one of the creases it had developed from being stuck in a box for several days.

"Right, uh, I think I need some time to get ready..." Morghus' words trailed off as he spoke because his mind was still reeling as he tried to process everything that had just happened. No one had ever managed to press so many of his buttons at once before! He couldn't help but feel relieved that Draytex was having some mercy on him.

Since he hadn't even gotten a chance to unpack yet, Morghus spent the next fifteen minutes arranging his belongings and returning the luggage cart. Meanwhile, Draytex lounged on the hotel room's bed and flipped through the cable channels as he attended to his creases. Morghus couldn't help but be surprised by how normal Draytex seemed as he watched television; it was as if he was just another person despite being both a dragon and a living latex suit.

"So, how should we do this?" Morghus asked when he finally felt ready. "Wearing you, I mean."

"Well, I could just jump on you and engulf you, but I think I've messed with you enough for now," Draytex replied with a smile as he turned away from the TV. "More seriously though, if

you intend to wear me for more than half an hour, you'll probably be more comfortable if you take a shower first and only wear light clothes at most."

The words 'light clothes at most' made Morghus blush a bit when he thought of some of the implications, but he understood what Draytex was explaining. Technically, Morghus was going to be wearing a latex suit, and that meant it would be form-fitting. Something like jeans would just be uncomfortable to wear inside something like that.

After taking a quick shower, Morghus found Draytex sitting on the edge of the bed with his inflated tail twitching with barely contained energy. The realization that he wasn't the only one who was looking forward to this made Morghus feel a little less embarrassed by his own excitement.

"Alright, I'm as ready as I'll ever be," Morghus said as he took deep breaths to calm himself.

"Excellent!" Draytex said with a smile before grabbing the metal zipper tab that was hanging from his neck. He then slowly pulled the tab downwards, revealing the shiny black latex that lined his interior. "Don't worry, I'll be gentle since you're new to this. Just sit next to me, and start by sliding in your feet like I'm a pair of pants."

"Gentle?" Morghus asked hesitantly as he sat next to Draytex.

"Well, I mean that I'll let you have control for the first hour or so," Draytex explained with a reassuring smile. "I figure that we can take turns being in control and deciding what to do."

"That makes sense," Morghus replied as he wondered what this was going to be like. Still, even though the idea of taking turns being in control sounded a little scary, it sounded fair. Draytex was a person as well after all. After taking a deep breath, Morghus lifted his legs over and slid them inside Draytex's waiting zipper.

Much to Morghus' surprise, Draytex's rubbery body didn't grip his skin or pull on his hair like he expected it to. Instead, the latex felt silky and allowed him to slide in with no resistance whatsoever. Once his feet reached the bottom of Draytex's paws, the dragon suit gently tightened around his legs and stuck to his skin. The sensation of feeling the skin-tight suit hugging his legs felt surprisingly nice.

"Alright, now you'll want to stand up," Draytex said as he draped his arms over his new host's shoulders. Morghus felt relieved that the latex dragon was acting so supportive and gentle now, instead of being an excited trickster like it had been earlier. It appeared that even though Draytex loved messing with people, he knew better than to be a troll all the time.

Following Draytex's directions, Morghus stood up from the bed. Draytex pushed on Morghus' shoulders to pull his leggings upward until the human's skin was completely engulfed

up to the waist. Then, Draytex leaned forward, resting his mask on Morghus' shoulder while spreading his zippered entry wide so that the human could easily get his arms inside.

Sliding his hands into Draytex's clawed gloves was surprisingly easy. The living suit twisted and adjusted itself to make sure every finger slipped into its proper place on the first try. Once everything was in place, the gloves shrunk down to perfectly conform to Morghus' hands, and then a progressive squeezing sensation traveled upwards as the living latex adjusted to the rest of his arms.

"Whoa..." Morghus was practically speechless as he experimentally opened and closed his fingers within the living latex gloves. They moved so perfectly that their claws practically felt like a part of his body.

"If you think that feels nice, then just wait until you don my mask and pull my zipper closed..." Draytex said playfully with his face still lying on Morghus' shoulder. Despite being unable to resist teasing him a little, the living suit patiently waited for Morghus to progress at his own pace.

"R...right," Morghus stuttered for a moment before taking a deep breath to steel himself. Then he carefully lifted Draytex's mask and pulled it over his head. The latex seemed to stretch and retract with unnatural ease that hinted at just how much control the living suit had over itself. Once his face was finally engulfed, it only took a moment for Draytex's semi-transparent eyes to line up with Morghus' face. Seeing the dragon suit's false eyes move with a life of their own was both startling and fascinating; they were a continual reminder that he was in fact wearing a living costume.

The living latex suit continued adjusting itself to perfectly fit Morghus' body. The mask's jaw perfectly fit itself to his chin, its neck gently contracted to fit him, and its torso shrunk down until it became snug. A few of Draytex's parts, especially within the mask, seemed to inflate with air so that they would embrace its wearer while maintaining his draconic shape.

With a shaky hand, Morghus reached for Draytex's zipper slider and slowly began pulling it upwards. As the zipper closed with a trailing 'zzz' sound, the living suit was pulled even tighter against his skin than before, which made him feel both worried and excited as he realized he was only moments from being completely inside of another living being. Finally, the zipper pull reached the end of the track with a click, and the last of Morghus' human skin was hidden away.

At first, the sensation of being completely encased within Draytex was almost overwhelming for Morghus. The living latex suit gently squeezed his body from every conceivable angle and moved with him like a second skin instead of restricting his movement. Somehow, feeling the latex touching almost every inch of his skin felt calming despite how stimulating it felt. It blocked out all other sensations so that the rubbery suit was the only thing he could feel. It was like he was in an all-encompassing hug.

“Go ahead, take a minute to get used to the sensations,” Draytex said encouragingly. As he spoke, the living suit’s jaw moved separately from Morghus’ jaw. “You don’t have to worry about hurting me, so stretch and move as much as you want!”

Morghus did as Draytex suggested, and began walking around the room while stretching and twisting their shared body. After that, he walked over to the bathroom mirror and practiced poses and moving the suit’s jaw. Even though he couldn’t directly control the dragon suit’s tail and wings, Morghus found himself feeling like he had actually become Draytex. It was a strangely euphoric thought for him.

“Alright, I think it is time...” Draytex suddenly said with a mischievous grin on his mask.

“Uh, time for what?”

“More winghugs!” Suddenly, the dragon suit’s wings sprung to life and closed around the front of their body and squeezed. Morghus yelped as he suddenly found his arms nearly pinned by the large bat-like wings. Despite how unexpected the hug was, however, he soon found himself appreciating just how nice it felt to be squeezed by the layers of soft latex. He closed his eyes, let out a contented sigh, and maneuvered his arms to hug their chest as well.

“This is part of my thanks for being my host for the convention,” Draytex said happily as the hug continued.

“I really should be thanking you...” Morghus quietly replied as he continued to appreciate just how nice it felt.

“Well, keep in mind that I’m going to want to be in control later,” Draytex explained as he slowly released the winghug. “Not everyone enjoys the sensation of becoming a passenger in my body no matter how well I treat them, so I’m just hoping that it at least feels like an even trade in the end.”

“Huh, I see,” Morghus’ reply was a bit hesitant because truthfully he wasn’t sure how well he was going to take it when the time for Draytex’s turn arrived.

“Allow me to let you in on a secret that may alleviate your worries about letting me control you,” Draytex said with a smile. “I have an incentive to make sure you enjoy wearing me.”

“An incentive?”

“I may be able to move on my own without a wearer, but I have abilities that require a power source,” Draytex began to explain. “I’m fueled by my wearer’s emotions. The happier my wearer is, the more energy I get. Don’t worry, feeding on emotions won’t harm or affect you in any way, I just need you to experience them.”

“Really?!” Morghus said in surprise as he considered what Draytex was saying. Darion had mentioned to him on occasion that Draytex had supernatural abilities, but had never gone into much detail about them. “Does any emotion work?”

“Well, the strength is technically what matters, but I only like positive emotions,” Draytex explained. “Sure, I could be edgy and try to feed on fear by being an evil jerk to my host, but only a really messed up being would actually enjoy the taste of fear. I assure you that I am not one of those!”

“Wait a minute!” Morghus paused as he began to connect this revelation to Draytex’s behavior. “Do you power yourself by being a troll and pressing people’s buttons?”

“Troll? Now that’s just hurtful!” Draytex said with mock indignation. “I was planning on giving you more wing hugs later, but now...”

“Alright, I’ll take it back!” Morghus laughed, while also feeling relieved that he was starting to feel more relaxed while talking to Draytex. “I guess I should appreciate that you at least try to press buttons that people like having pressed.”

“Of course, I am a benevolent dragon who takes care of his subjects,” Draytex said proudly, before smirking. “More seriously though, I need to use some of that delicious energy that I just got from you to make a few adjustments before we go outside.”

Before Morghus could ask what Draytex meant, the living suit’s reflection in the mirror began to change. Draytex’s chest smoothed out, hiding any sign of Morghus’ pecs or belly button. Several other parts of the suit shifted as well, making slight changes to Draytex’s overall look. After a few moments of watching, Morghus realized that Draytex was making himself look more like a costume rather than a skin-tight latex suit by giving himself a more reptilian shape. He was still skin-tight on the inside, so Morghus assumed that some areas were thickening while others had been filled with air.

“There, as a benevolent dragon I have to think of the children who wouldn’t be able to handle how sexy I normally look,” Draytex said with mock haughtiness before smiling.

“Wouldn’t clothes work better for that?” Morghus asked while shaking his head a little at Draytex’s antics. “And... it isn’t like anything was showing anyway, since you’re not anatomically correct.”

“I’m better than clothes!” Draytex said indignantly while flexing his wings behind his back. “Truthfully though, Darion lectured me about making sure that I don’t break convention rules or cause a scene, even though I always make sure to look... mostly presentable in public.”

Morghus laughed as he tried to picture Darion lecturing an unwilling Draytex about following rules, before moving on to another question that came to mind. "So, what else can you do with those abilities of yours?"

"Well, I've reshaped myself into a full-sized dragon on occasion, and sometimes I even transform Darion to have a full draconic shape while wearing me," Draytex replied with obvious pride. "I can't promise I'll be able to do anything like during the convention though; Darion and I have high compatibility, so he supplies me with a lot of energy that I can use for things like transformations. Well, it isn't just compatibility I suppose; Darion is just well 'suited' for being a host in general. I'm probably going to have to free him from some other symbiote when I get back, knowing him..."

Morghus barely heard Draytex talking about Darion because he was so distracted by the revelation that the living suit could actually transform people. Even though the supernatural was becoming increasingly common and accepted in the world, controlled transformations were rare. On top of that, he had been under the impression that Draytex could only make its host feel like they had become a dragon rather than causing full transformations!

Even though Morghus was more of a fan of wyverns than western dragons, he suddenly felt like he needed to find some way to get Draytex to transform him. "Is there something I can do to help you get more energy?" Morgus hesitantly asked after a moment of consideration.

"Oh ho, someone is hoping for a dragon transformation," Draytex said with a mischievous gleam in his eyes. "I had been planning on just linking your senses up with mine to make you feel like a dragon, but I could transform you if I somehow gathered enough energy. I don't think pressing your buttons with just wing hugs will produce strong enough emotions though, so do I have your permission to get a bit... creative?"

"Uhhhhh," Morghus stopped and bit his lip as he considered just what he was signing himself up for. So far, Draytex's teasing had been fun and harmless, but what would it be like if the trollish dragon suit got more serious? Unfortunately, he knew that he had no choice unless he wanted to miss the chance of a lifetime, so he nodded and gave his consent, "If it means I might get to experience a dragon transformation? Sure, do whatever you need to."

Draytex chuckled but didn't immediately do anything to mess with Morghus. "Excellent! I think this is going to be a lot of fun for both of us once come up with some ideas..."

"I'm not sure if I should feel reassured or terrified, but thank you for giving me the chance."

"Oh, don't worry, I'm pretty sensitive to emotions," Draytex tried to assuage Morghus's fears. "I'll do my best to have some fun with you without going too far." Despite the living suit's words, Morghus couldn't help but notice how much it was grinning.

After taking a moment to collect himself and take one last look in the mirror, Morghus prepared to head down to the convention hall. For a moment he wondered how he was going to carry the room key without pants but Draytex helpfully produced some hidden pockets for his host's belongings.

As they finally stepped out of the room, Morghus couldn't help but feel a bit anxious as he wondered if people were going to realize that he was wearing a living suit. What were they going to think of him? Sure, there were many furies who were into this sort of thing, but was everyone else going to think that he was some sort of weirdo?

Seemingly sensing Morghus' anxiety, the dragon suit unexpectedly gave its host a gentle squeeze. "Don't worry, no one can see you while you're wearing me," Draytex whispered reassuringly into Morghus' ears without moving the jaw of his mask. "All the attention will be on me, so you don't have to worry about what other people think. Just have fun being a dragon!"

Morghus sighed in relief as the combination of Draytex's words and its hugging latex helped calm him down. The living suit was right; no one could see his face right now, so why worry? Besides, he looked like a dragon right now, so maybe he should just act like one!

Feeling emboldened, Morghus strode out of their room and headed for the elevator. They received immediate attention as they encountered their first group of people, with some of them staring and complimenting the costume on the elevator before they even made it to the convention hall. The number of people drawn in by Draytex only increased as they walked out into the convention hall.

"That suit's shape is so life-like!"

"Those wings are amazing!"

"Whoa... is that tail moving on its own?"

At first, Morghus felt a bit overwhelmed despite his original intention of not letting anything get to him, but additional comforting squeezes from Draytex helped calm him down again. The reminder that he wasn't alone did wonders for his nerves.

It didn't take long for Morghus to start letting loose. Pretending to be a dragon, he boldly tried to attract attention by roaring and posing for cameras. He hugged people who asked for them, and let other people hug him in return.

Wearing Draytex's mask felt liberating, and allowed him to become more open and energetic. At first, he thought he had been just having fun playing the role of a dragon, but after a while, he began to wonder if having his face hidden was allowing him to be bolder, or perhaps the anonymity was simply helping him be himself for the first time in ages.

“Ready for my turn?” Draytex suddenly asked in a whisper. “Your hour is almost up...”

“What, already?” Morghus replied in surprise, unable to believe that time had flown by so quickly.

“Yep, it is! You might want to hide from the crowd for a bit because I have a fun thing I want to try. Hopefully, it’ll help me gather even more energy from you.”

Despite feeling a little worried as he wondered what Draytex might have in mind, Morghus did as he was asked and managed to get into an empty hallway. “So, how is this going to work?” He asked when he was sure they were alone. “I know that you’re going to take the driver’s seat for a bit, but do I have to relax and let you move me or something?”

“Relaxing will make it easier,” Draytex replied, using his mask to talk again instead of whispering in Morghus’ ears. “I’ll be massaging and stimulating your muscles so that they naturally move with me. If you fight me, then we’ll both be expending more energy than we need to, and it’ll be less likely that I’ll eventually be able to give you that dragon transformation that you’re hoping for.”

“I see...” Morghus replied a bit uneasily. His trust in Draytex had been steadily increasing as the evening went by, but the idea of letting his body be puppeteered by the living suit was still a bit worrying.

“Don’t worry, there are two things that I’m going to do to make this easier on you,” Draytex said reassuringly. “First, stick out your arms like you’re t-posing.”

“Like this?” Morghus did as Draytex asked, even though it made him feel silly.

“Yep, now just hold them there,” Draytex moved his wings forward to touch their arms as he spoke.

Before Morghus could ask Draytex what it was doing, he felt the latex around his outstretched arms suddenly become softer, almost as if it was melting. Turning his head to see what was going on, Morghus’ jaw dropped when he saw that his arms were being transferred from the dragon suit’s arms to its wings. Within moments Draytex’s limbs solidified again, and Morghus found that his fingers had been placed inside the suit’s wing digits as if they were oversized gloves.

“There we go!” Draytex said triumphantly as he suddenly moved his now empty arms independently from Morghus. “This way I can move as a person while you get to be my wings! I figure this will you have fun, and you’ll also not be totally under my control for the next hour. It should make adjusting to this easier.”

Suddenly speechless, Morghus experimentally moved his trapped arms and fingers within the wings. The living latex was subtly pulling on his arms to encourage him to stick to natural-looking wing poses while the wing fingers moved perfectly in sync with his own digits. It wasn't quite the same as having real wings, but Morghus couldn't help but feel strangely emotional as he experimented with the living suit's facsimile of them.

"I think he likes it..." Draytex said teasingly while licking his lips, apparently already tasting Morghus' emotional energy.

Instead of replying, Morghus decided to suddenly hug their combined bodies in a giant winghug.

"Oooof!" Draytex gasped in surprise. "I guess I deserved that after surprising you earlier!"

"You might regret giving me these!" Morghus said happily while squeezing them both as tight as he could without hurting himself.

"Nope! I don't think I will." Draytex said with a smile. "This might give me the energy that I need for at least a bit of a transformation at this rate. Oh, but first, there's one other thing I wanted to mention before I take over."

"Oh?"

"I'm going to be nearly in full control, and that will make it hard for you to speak," Draytex explained. "Use those wings to tap me on the side if you need to have control back, alright? Sure, I'll be able to sense it if you feel distressed, but it is good to have a backup plan just in case I get distracted. Anyway, I'll get started when I feel you relax."

Morghus tried to relax the best he could. Despite the fact he was willingly letting Draytex do this for the sake of fairness, he couldn't stop his heart from racing at the thought that this could be terrifying.

First, Draytex's latex stiffened around Morghus, almost freezing him like a statue aside from his wing arms. Then, gentle ripples began coursing through the living latex suit, sending shivers through Morghus' body. It felt as if his muscles were being massaged, encouraging them to relax. The sensation grew so intense that after a moment, Morghus couldn't help but try to tense up because he felt as though the relaxation would make him fall over.

"Don't worry; I'm strong enough to hold you," Draytex said as he realized what Morghus was worried about. "Just let yourself go limp. Think of yourself as just floating inside of me..."

Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, Morghus tried just to let Draytex hold him up. After a few moments, when their combined efforts made his muscles relax enough, Draytex very slowly began moving their legs. They took one step, then another.

The sensation of his body beginning to move according to Draytex's will rather than his own was initially terrifying. Morghus couldn't help but tense up a few times and even wildly flap their wing arms on occasion when he was worried that he was going to lose balance.

"Hey, if you can't behave you might lose your wing privileges..." Draytex teasingly threatened. Much to Morghus' surprise, his human jaw moved with the living suit as it spoke.

The thought of losing control of Draytex's beautiful wings was enough motivation to get Morghus to stay still, and before long they were starting to walk more naturally. Letting the living dragon suit pilot his body started to feel strangely good because of the combination of tightness and gentle rubbing that it was using to control Morghus' muscles.

A sense of helplessness did come hand-in-hand with losing control, but Draytex was being so gentle that Morghus didn't feel as afraid as he would have expected. Instead, he felt an increasing sense of peace and relaxation, as if he was just sitting back and watching a movie while being massaged at the same time.

"Alright, I think we've both settled in, so let's go have some fun!" Draytex said eagerly before turning to head back to the lobby. The squeaking sounds of the latex dragon's movements seemed much louder now that it was the one in control.

Walking back into the crowd as a passenger within Draytex's rubbery body was a surreal experience. Morghus felt like he was just a pair of eyes and wings attached to the shiny dragon. Luckily, he loved wings, so there was no chance that he was going to become bored. He intended to make sure that Draytex thought of him as the best set of wings the living suit had ever possessed.

It didn't take very long for Draytex to eagerly begin greeting and mingling with the people. Just like Morghus, the living dragon suit seemed to love the attention that they could get at a furry convention.

At first, Morghus had intended to just make nice wing poses while Draytex did the walking and talking. However, when a person asked the red dragon for a hug, Morghus knew that his moment had come. As soon as Draytex and his fan embraced, Morghus eagerly gave them a wing hug as well.

A few nearby people gasped when they saw the wing hug, because the motion made it much more obvious that Draytex's wings were somehow moving on their own. A flurry of questions and pictures followed. For a moment, Morghus worried that he had attracted too much attention, but relaxed as he remembered how much Draytex loved being in the spotlight.

“It’s magic!” Draytex vaguely explained with a smile without letting anyone know what he actually was. Moments later, Morghus heard Draytex whisper in his ear, “Don’t worry, have all the fun you want! You’re my wings now, and my wings aren’t allowed to worry about anything.”

Morghus certainly didn’t need any more encouragement after that and proceeded to spend every moment trying to think of ways to pose, emote, and hug people like the good pair of dragon wings he had become.

The rest of the evening passed in a blur. Morghus and Draytex hung out, attended events, and showed off at every opportunity. They swapped control two more times after the evening turned to nighttime, though Morghus insisted that he keep his arms inside of Draytex’s wings the entire time.

They only stopped when Morghus became so tired and hungry that he needed to take a break. Draytex, who was currently in control, walked his exhausted companion back to their room and then opened its zipper. Once again, the advantage of wearing a living latex suit instead of a normal one became apparent as Draytex loosened his body so that Morghus could slip out with little effort.

“Aww, now I’m stuck with just hands again,” Morghus said dejectedly as he freed himself from the living suit.

“You really do like wings...” Draytex said with a thoughtful expression. “I think I have an idea for tomorrow that you’ll like.”

“What kind of idea?” Morghus looked at Draytex with a mixture of worry and eagerness. “Did you get enough energy for a transformation?”

“You’ll just have to find out when the time comes,” the living dragon suit mischievously replied. “Just take care of yourself for now. I can’t allow my host to die from exhaustion after all.”

Despite some protests, Morghus did as Draytex suggested. This was just the first day of the convention after all, so he needed to make sure he had enough energy to last through the rest of it.

Still, considering how much fun the last few hours had been, he could hardly wait to wear Draytex again tomorrow. Just what did the sly dragon have planned?

Thank you for reading!

This is a multi-part story, and you will be able to find parts 2 and 3 on [Furaffinity](#) and [Deviantart](#) when they are finished. [The first draft of part 2 and a Draytex AI chatbot are available for my Ko-fi supporters!](#)

[Ko-Fi supporters get early access to my stories!](#) 