

# Draytex's Wings Part 3

A Living Suit Story, written by Draythix

*Morghus gets to wear Draytex, a living dragon suit, to a furry convention. It is the convention's final night, and Draytex has one last surprise for his wearer.*

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This story was inspired by a sequence commissioned from [Danilokumriolu](#). It features [Morghus](#) as Draytex's temporary wearer. You can find the original image submission here:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/51244106/>



Despite spending nearly a full day parading around the furry convention while wearing Draytex, Morghus still felt surprisingly energetic. Wearing the living suit was doing wonders for his stamina, especially since they were taking turns being in control. Perhaps letting Draytex transform him into an anthro wyvern had also strengthened him? Whatever the cause, Morghus was happy that the fun day wouldn't end anytime soon!

Looking around the convention's main hall, Morghus tried to decide what to do next. Although the Artist Alley had closed, there were still late-night events to attend and people to winghug.

"You're never going to get tired of having wings instead of arms, are you?" Draytex asked in an amused whisper, speaking directly into Morghus' ears since it wasn't its turn to be in control.

Morghus chuckled while glancing at the rubbery wing arms the living suit had inflicted upon him. "I'm having far too much fun to get tired of this! Wings are far superior to arms, after all."

"Well, what if the reward I've been promising you all day was to make your transformation permanent?" Draytex asked in a devious tone. "Just think, you could be stuck with those cumbersome wings forever..."

"I... umm, wait a minute!" Morghus stuttered as he considered the implications of Draytex's words. "I thought you said your transformations only lasted while you were worn!"

The living suit began twitching around Morghus with barely contained amusement. "You're right, I can't do that. I just wanted to mess with you."

"Ugh!" Morghus groaned, realizing he had fallen for Draytex's trolling again. It took him a moment to collect enough of his thoughts to reply. "It is just as well; I have my wyvernsona and batsona. I think I'd only want a permanent transformation if I could become one of them."

"Ahh, the black and white creatures that Darion showed me pictures of, right? Yeah, their shape and colors are too different from mine to even temporarily turn you into one." Draytex sounded a bit disappointed as he admitted this.

"Hey, don't worry about it; I've been having a grand time just being an anthro wyvern, and I'm enjoying trying out the latex look!"

"You certainly have! In fact, I would say you've been enjoying more than just the shiny look of my latex; you like the tightness as well, don't you?" The living suit squeezed Morghus' body just a little as it spoke, evoking an 'eep' from its host.

"Draytex!" Morghus hissed, glancing around nervously to see if anyone in the convention hall was staring at them.

The living suit cackled in Morghus' ear for a moment. "Mmmmmm, delicious. With just a little more emotional energy, I'll be ready to give you your prize for lasting so long in this silly anthro wyvern form."

"I've been wondering about that all day. What are you planning?" Morghus asked, even though he was pretty sure that Draytex intended to turn him into a dragon or maybe even a feral wyvern! However, he didn't want to set his hopes too high because the dragon suit had warned him that those types of transformations required a lot of energy.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to ruin the surprise!" Draytex playfully whispered into his host's ears. "I think I'll be ready in less than an hour, so just keep having fun until then."

After making an exaggerated sigh that probably did little to hide his excitement from the empathic dragon suit, Morghus wandered around the convention to find more congoers to interact with. The joy he felt from wing-hugging people had not dimmed since the start of the day, so he figured that would be an excellent way to feed Draytex a bit more energy.

After nearly another hour of fun, Draytex squeezed Morghus to get his attention. "Alright, you've done a wonderful job of lasting all day with those useless wing arms. Relax, close your eyes, and I'll bring you someplace to give you your prize."

"Close my eyes? Isn't that a bit much?" Morghus said with a mix of amusement and hesitation. The living suit had already spent half the day in full control of their shared body, but being blinded was another thing entirely.

"Just think of it as being blindfolded as a friend takes you to a party," Draytex said reassuringly. "I'm sure you've made a few guesses about what might be coming, so I want to surprise you at least a little."

Taking a deep breath to help himself relax, Morghus closed his eyes and surrendered to Draytex. In less than a second, he felt the living latex suit begin manipulating his muscles into walking, and none of the dozens of people around them noticed that anything had changed. Hours of practice had made handing over control to the living suit seem frightfully easy, and Morghus had a sneaking suspicion that Draytex was only asking for his permission as a formality.

The first thing Draytex did after taking control was spin around a few times to make its host lose all sense of direction, and then it began walking. Then, the living suit took things further by filling Morghus' ears with latex to muffle his hearing. He was blind and deaf, had no idea where he was going, and had no control over his body. Morghus couldn't help but feel shocked by how helpless he was, even though Draytex had already demonstrated that it could do all sorts of things to its host.

Thankfully, any instinctual fear that he should have felt was utterly overshadowed by the comforting sensations imparted by Draytex as they walked through the building. The living suit squeezed and massaged his body with every step, sending waves of relaxation through his muscles. On top of that, it also manipulated his breathing to make him take deep, calming breaths. The sensations were so heavenly that Morghus didn't care that he was blind and helpless.

Not for the first time, Morghus felt thankful that Draytex didn't abuse his powers, aside from the occasional trolling. It was easy to imagine how easily the living suit could dominate its hosts, both physically and mentally.

The blissful sensations were interrupted by a sudden chill that unexpectedly flowed through the latex suit. Then, Draytex's eyes suddenly became transparent again, allowing

Morghus to see a beautiful night sky. After a moment, he was shocked to realize that Draytex had brought him all the way up to the hotel's roof.

"I think this is a perfect place for a wyvern to take flight, don't you?" Draytex asked with a wide smile. "A real wyvern, not a half wyvern like we are right now."

Despite the living suit's hold over his body, Morghus' heart skipped a beat. He had been afraid to hope that Draytex would be able to do it, but he really was going to get to become a wyvern!

"I've put a lot of thought into how to do this, but I'm going to need a little help from you," Draytex said as he walked their shared body over to a spot with ample space. "Picture our feral wyvern form in your mind, and focus on what you like about it as hard as possible. Try to guide me with your emotions. I'll need to be in control during the transformation, but I'll let you close your eyes so you can focus."

Not needing to be asked twice, Morghus closed his eyes and envisioned himself as a full wyvern. The long tail, strong legs, powerful body, and most importantly, the wings. Those vast, webbed wings that he loved so much...

Within moments, the familiar heat of Draytex's transformative energy flowed into Morghus' body. A pulse went through their spine, and he felt himself grow just a little. Morghus felt Draytex grunt through their gritted teeth, and another transformative pulse shot went through their body. Morghus felt their wings, tail, and neck grow larger this time.

The realization that the transformation was working threw Morghus' imagination into overdrive, and his mental picture of the shiny red and black wyvern they would become grew more solid. The transformation seemed to speed up in response, and they fell forward as their rapidly shifting body became more feral. Their wings doubled in size, and their wing membranes spread further down their body until they attached to their tail. Bones cracked as vertebrae split and grew to accommodate their rapidly lengthening neck and tail.

Morghus felt his body pushing against Draytex's latex as they transformed. The sounds of stretching rubber filled his ears, and at times, he feared that his growth would damage the living suit. However, the living latex melted into Morghus' human skin instead of tearing. As the living suit merged with him, he began to feel less like a human stretched into a draconic shape and more like an actual wyvern. As Draytex became his skin, Morghus felt ecstatic when he realized he could feel the wing membranes as if they belonged to him now.

It wasn't long before they had reshaped into a proper wyvern, but the transformation didn't stop there. They grew larger and larger until they were nearly ten times their original mass. Morghus and Draytex let out a mighty roar together into the night air as the transformation finally reached its climax.

“This... this is amazing!” Morghus cried out when he found himself back in control after the transformation ended. He quickly stood on his hind legs and stared at his beautiful wings. Or perhaps it was more accurate to consider them ‘their’ wings? After a moment, he began eagerly fooling with them by folding and stretching them to their limits.

“I’m glad you like it!” Draytex smoothly spoke through their draconic maw next without interrupting Morghus’ fun. Their bodies seemed so thoroughly merged that swapping control felt strangely seamless. “Go ahead and have fun. I will rest for a bit before giving you a flying lesson.”

Suddenly feeling concerned for his partner, Morghus paused his wing experiments. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine; I’ve just never shaped myself into something so dramatically different from my usual form before,” Draytex replied with a hint of tiredness. “It stressed me a little, but I’m getting more than enough energy from you to repair myself. Don’t ruin it by getting all worried!”

Morghus snorted in amusement at Draytex’s remark. If being excited was the best way to help the living suit heal, he certainly wouldn’t complain. He immediately went back to exploring their new form and basking in the incredible strength that emanated from their wings, legs, and tail. Their body felt strangely long and serpent-like compared to the human form he was used to, further driving home just how dramatic this transformation had been. Only the sheen of their latex skin gave away that they weren’t a natural wyvern.

Being careful to avoid falling off the tall building, Morghus began moving around to get used to their wyvern body. Every movement felt strangely exhilarating, and more than once, he couldn’t help but tear up because he felt like his lifelong dream had finally come true. He had really become a wyvern!

Within a few minutes, Draytex’s strength returned, so he began guiding their shared body toward the edge of the building. Seeing the massive drop below them, Morghus couldn’t help but tense up. Both fear and excitement grew as he realized he was about to experience his first flight as a wyvern.

“Just relax and let me show you how flying works for the first few minutes,” Draytex suggested with the same wide grin that Morghus had been sporting ever since they transformed. “Feel free to take control once you think you have the general idea. Don’t worry; I’ll take over if you make a mistake.”

Before Morghus could utter a word, Draytex seized control and flung them off the building’s edge. Morghus cried out with fear and joy as he felt their body slice through the air. The city’s lights blurred as they fell, and for a terrifying moment, it seemed as if they would fall to their deaths. However, Draytex expertly adjusted the angle of their wings to catch the air, and they shot upwards into the night sky.

With powerful wingbeats, Draytex propelled them higher and higher into the night sky. It didn't take long before the city's lights began to shrink into tiny specks beneath them.

"I will admit, flying is a bit easier as a wyvern," Draytex said as he settled into a circling glide over the city. "I am not looking forward to landing without forelegs, though."

Hearing Draytex's words broke Morghus out of the trance he had entered soon after the flight had started. "Oh, you can just use the wings as forelegs..." Morghus explained, though his words trailed off as his attention was drawn to the sensation of Draytex's wings again.

Draytex grinned when he realized where Morghus' focus was. "Go ahead and try them out."

With trepidation, Morghus reclaimed control of their shared body. For a few minutes, he just focused on maintaining their glide while trying to learn how to bank and turn with their massive body. Then, after gaining some confidence, he finally tried flapping their wings to gain some height.

"You don't have to be so gentle; the wings can handle our strength even though they are made of latex," Draytex explained after Morghus' initial tentative attempts.

Morghus put as much strength as possible into the next wingbeat and let out a squeal of joy as they shot higher into the sky. "This is amazing! Thank you so much!"

"Thank you for being such a fun host! Now, for the next stage of your flying lesson..."

They flew well into the night until Morghus managed to exhaust himself completely.

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"Hey, it is time to wake up."

"Ugh," Morghus groaned and tried to roll over but found it difficult for some reason. His blankets were strangely tight... and rubbery.

"You have to check out of the hotel room, right?" Draytex's voice echoed around Morghus' head. "Don't give me an excuse to start messing with you to get you up..."

That threat got his attention, and Morghus opened his eyes to find that he was still wearing Draytex. Much to his immediate disappointment, he realized he was back in his boring old human form despite still being inside the living suit. He also felt quite sore from the previous day's events.

After a moment, Morghus blushed when he realized the implications of waking up while wearing the living dragon suit. "Wait, I went to bed while wearing you?!"

"You wore yourself out so much from flying that I had to carry you to bed," Draytex explained, his mask's mouth moving separately from his host's face as he spoke. They had shared the same body for so long that feeling the dragon suit moving on its own felt wrong now. "I decided to stay on you to look after you and give you some aftercare. Don't worry; I'm a responsible living suit. I didn't do anything sexy while you slept..."

Morghus couldn't help but groan at Draytex's teasing and slowly climbed out of bed. "Alright, I guess I should clean up and get my stuff together."

"Here, I'll make it easier for you since you're still sore." As Draytex spoke, Morghus felt the living latex around him split apart and slide away from him as if it had become a liquid, and moments later, Morghus was left entirely naked as Draytex's body stepped away from him. He watched in amazement as the dragon suit's back and wings sealed closed again, leaving no sign that there had ever been openings there in the first place.

"Were you always able to do that?" Morghus asked, staring at Draytex in disbelief while shivering as the cold air touched his skin.

"Liquidshifting takes energy, but you gave me more than enough to spare last night," Draytex said with a smile as he sat on the bed. "I'll let you use the shower first."

Instead of heading straight for the shower or questioning why a shapeshifting suit would need to wash up, Morghus paused and looked at his hands. It had been nearly 24 hours since he had last gotten to use them, and they seemed alien now.

Suddenly, a sickening thought crossed Morghus' mind. Would he ever have wings again? He and Draytex were going to part ways today...

"Are you alright?" Draytex was staring at Morghus with an uncharacteristically concerned expression.

"I... yeah, I'm fine," Morghus said as he tried to believe his own words. Feeling uncharacteristically lethargic, he silently gathered some fresh clothes and headed for the bathroom.

No matter what Morghus did, he couldn't stop wishing he still had wings. Every time he used his hands, he was immediately reminded of how wonderful the last day had been, and it wasn't long before his ruminations began to wear him down. Simple tasks like bathing and brushing his teeth seemed to take incredible effort due to the crushing weight of his thoughts. How could he possibly return to his everyday human life after tasting what it was like to be a wyvern?

Desperate to pull himself out of the downward spiral he was trapped in, Morghus began trying to rein himself in. First, he told himself that this was a stupid train of thought and that there were plenty of things he could do as a human that he couldn't do as a wyvern. When that didn't lessen the sickening pain he was feeling, he tried reasoning that magic was becoming more common in the world and that it would only be a matter of time before he got a chance to regain his wings. Maybe he could become his real wyvernsona next time instead of using a borrowed form!

The problem was, how long would that take? Could he stand being stuck in his dull human body for that long?

Eventually, he managed to drag himself out of the bathroom. Despite cleaning up, he didn't feel refreshed at all.

Draytex suddenly walked up and placed a hand on Morghus' shoulder. The living suit immediately cringed as if tasting something awful; for once, the latex dragon seemed at a loss for words.

"You can feel that, huh?" Morghus sighed, realizing he couldn't hide his mental state from an emotional empath like Draytex.

"Yes, I can," Draytex pulled his hand away. "I'm sorry; you are only the second person I've transformed after Darion, and it didn't cross my mind that it could have this kind of effect on you."

"It... isn't your fault," Morghus said with some effort. "I'm glad that I experienced it. I'm going to grab breakfast, and then I'll come back for my stuff so we can check out."

"Right..." Draytex seemed deep in thought and didn't follow Morghus to the hotel's cafeteria.

Morghus tried eating some of his favorite breakfast foods to cheer himself up, but everything seemed tasteless. He simply couldn't stop thinking about how much fun the last two days at the convention had been, and he simply didn't want to return to his everyday life.

Sighing as he stared at his half-eaten breakfast, Morghus tried to get a hold of himself. Becoming a wyvern or some other wing-armed creature may have been his lifelong fantasy, but he didn't want to fall apart after experiencing it just once. He told himself that if he kept living his life, he would surely get another chance to become a wyvern.

With considerable effort, he finished most of his breakfast and began returning to his hotel room. He was not looking forward to having to help Draytex pack himself back in a box for shipping, but at least he could ask the living suit for one last wing hung.



Despite building up his resolve, Morghus found himself dreading opening the door to his hotel room. Saying goodbye to Draytex was going to be incredibly painful. Some desperate part of himself kept trying to think of some way to convince the living dragon suit to stay with him, but he repeatedly squashed that tempting thought. Trying to do such a thing would be unfair to both Draytex and Darion, and the last thing he needed to do was make things worse by damaging friendships.

Morghus took a deep breath and forced himself to open the door, only to be greeted by a strange sight that made him momentarily forget his inner conflict. Draytex was sitting on a chair while holding what seemed to be an orb of latex. Liquid goo flowed into it from the dragon suit's open chest zipper, making it grow by the second.

"What is that?" Morghus asked as he stared in disbelief.

"Just a second," Draytex said as he focused on whatever he was doing. After a moment, latex stopped streaming out of his zipper, and Draytex seemed to relax. "There, that should do it. I made a farewell gift for you."

Morghus walked up to Draytex to see the ball better. It seemed to be a nearly ten-centimeter-thick sphere made of black latex with a few red and white streaks mixed in. "Is that a piece of you or something?"

"In a manner of speaking," Draytex replied while standing up from the chair. Then he held out one of his hands toward Morghus. "Give me your hand, and I'll show you what this orb can do."

Not knowing what to expect, Morghus did as he was asked. The palm of Draytex's glove felt oddly wet as he grabbed Morghus' hand. Then, much to Morghus' surprise, liquid latex spread from Draytex's hand and traveled partway up his arm. Draytex quickly let go, but the liquid latex continued clinging to Morghus, forming a black and red glove that reached nearly to his elbow.

Before Morghus could say anything about the glove, it suddenly forced his hand to close into a fist. He could open his hand again with considerable effort, but the living latex fought him as if it had a life of its own despite not being attached to Draytex. "Wait, you can control this even though it isn't attached to you?!"

"I'm not controlling it directly right now; I gave it an order before I separated it from me," Draytex explained with a bemused look as he watched Morghus try to deal with the glove. "You can think of it as a simple copy of myself that has a life of its own but isn't as sapient like I am. That glove was ordered to force your hand closed, though I could tell it to do other things as long as I'm near it."

“Uh, I see,” Morghus said before giving up on resisting the latex glove. He then looked at the ball Draytex held as he realized what the latex dragon had done. “Wait, so that ball would create a full living suit clone of you?”

“Normally, yes, it would make a stupid drone-like suit that I could control,” Draytex replied while spinning the ball in his hand. “It is fun for messing with people in theory, but the idea of creating identical clones or drones of myself never appealed to me. However, since I can transform myself into a wyvern, I figured I could try making a similar custom suit for you.”

Relief flooded into Morghus’ mind as he realized what Draytex had done for him. “Thank you so much, you have no idea...”

“Don't set your expectations too high,” Draytex cautioned, though he seemed happy that Morghus was cheering up. “It won't be able to truly transform you, and I'm not sure it would be strong enough to fly in. I'm not even sure how long it will last...”

Morghus interrupted Draytex's explanation with a big hug around his neck. “I don't care; thank you so much! I was afraid I wouldn't be able to have wings ever again.” Tears formed in his eyes as he spoke.

With a sigh of relief, Draytex closed his wings around Morghus to hug him tightly. “I just couldn't stand the thought that your tasty happiness has been replaced with bitter depression. I hope that this helps. Just message me or Darion if the suit acts up or breaks down, alright?”

“I will!” Morghus smiled as he wondered what form Draytex's farewell gift would take. Would it be a wyvern suit, or did it get creative and create a bat this time?

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