

Early Morning Dragonhood

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Story done for Wyrachuur of FurAffinity

Bzzzzzzzt. Bzzzzt.

Peter weakly opened his eyes. *What... what the?* He was laying on his side, looking straight over at his nightstand. His phone laid there, shaking away. It would stop and then start right back up again a second later.

He didn't know the time, but he knew it was far too late, or perhaps too early, for whatever this was. Taking his phone and checking, he only confirmed that. *Three... way too early... uuuuugh, why didn't I turn this off?*

Most importantly though, who the hell was setting off his phone at that time?

The answer didn't take long to find out. It was from JD, one of his best friends. Apparently, he had, and still continued to, sent him a series of texts.

Why the hell is he...

Peter blinked a few times and opened his messages. He squinted, mouthing some of the words he was seeing. "Happy birthday." "Hope you're well, bestie!" There were cake, balloon, and dragon emojis as well.

The sight made Peter smile, but only slightly. It was his birthday. It was very early on his birthday. He really didn't need this early of a wakeup call on his special day.

Though, considering his friend, did JD really intend for him to actually be awake right then? Maybe these were for when he was actually supposed to wake up in the morning and not to actually wake him up now.

That didn't really explain why JD was sending him these messages at 3 AM.

Once Peter finished the last text, another one popped in. *Heres your prezzie!* 🎁 !!

Another text followed, but this one had a file. The file slowly downloaded as another word came in: *Enjoy!*

Peter stared at the file. It was slowly, slowly downloading. The longer he looked, the heavier his eyelids felt. He yawned. *I'll check this out when I actually wake up.*

But, just before he could shut his phone off, the file finished. It was a MP3 file. *Weird "prezzie"... what the heck did he send?*

Curiosity getting the best of him, Peter tapped on the file. Immediately, he was hit by the loud sounds of guitar strumming and then foreign vocals. They were very, very familiar to him, even if he didn't know the words.

It was the opening song for Zenshu. That was an anime he, JD, and another buddy watched earlier that year. He recognized it from anywhere, especially as the guitar riffs picked up and the energy of the song kicked off. He loved that tune as much as he loved that anime.

But, why? Why did JD send him the theme song? He didn't get it. Was it meant to mean something? A clue for something bigger?

He was still too half-awake for this. Maybe he needed to be full-awake to understand what was happening. So, he decided to press pause, go back to bed, and give it a listen all the way through then.

At least, that was the plan.

At the moment he decided to do that, Peter's hand suddenly shook. Fingers twitched and throbbed, muscles pulsing. Then, his fingernails grew. They grew longer, sharper, and whiter. They looked like claws, dangerous ones in the gloom of the dark room.

He dropped the phone onto his bed in shock, the screen facing up and bathing the room in a low, hazy white. It allowed Peter to see that it wasn't just his nails, but his hands as a whole. Red scales were sprouting around his nails and spreading down his fingers, onto his hand.

Peter was definitely awake now, immediately sitting up and inspecting his hand, flipping up and over several times. His hand looked so bestial, reptilian-esque with that new skin.

He felt his other hand jerk and cringe, clenching and unclenching. He held it up. It had undergone the same change, red scales already passing onto his wrists.

This... I'm dreaming, right? Gotta... gotta be a dream. Peter felt like he was in a daze and truly out of it. However, he was most certainly awake. It was all real.

The red scales left his wrists and continued traveling down his arms. As they spread over his biceps, muscles began throbbing. They slowly swelled, everything beefing up and stretching the sleeves on his t-shirt. They stretched and stretched, fabric straining under the pressure.

Eventually, they ripped right at the cuff and up to the shoulders as they started expanding. Shoulders broadened with dense musculature and power, red scales appearing over them. All Peter could do was stare in awe, feeling his biceps and shoulders. *Whoa... so dense.*

Then his vision was obscured. Some of his long, white hair fell in front of his eyes for some reason. He went to brush it aside but found that it felt odd. It was thicker, even wavier. And, out of his eyeline, the roots of it were turning dark purple and slowly spreading.

...wait a minute... A thought popped into Peter's head. He needed to confirm it.

The changing man slid out of bed and hurried to his bathroom. He flipped on the light once there and put himself up against the sink, staring deep into the mirror above it. There, he saw sharp, sky blue eyes with an even sharper, fierce gaze looking back at him.

The eyes, the red scales, his hair, now almost fully purple, sent Peter's mind racing. He definitely had a good idea on what this all meant.

That's when two, sharp fangs poked out the bottom of his mouth. The lips and then the rest of his mouth started turning scaly. Light sand orange scales for the bottom jaw while the red, smoother scales covered the top jaw.

Peter cringed and winced, leaning forward and hands gripping the sink. His head throbbed, pulsing with every second and occasionally shaking. Two long, white horns slowly extended from his purple hair, growing longer and longer before pulling and curving back. His ears grew out as well, moving to the top of his head and stretching into long, red points.

"Oh... yeah." Peter blushed, gulping. "I know where... where this is going." His body felt very hot. "I'm... I'm turning into-mrrmph!"

An intense tightness struck him down in his feet, his socks suddenly feeling five sizes too small. It was only momentary as the feeling relented and the sound of tearing filled the room. His socks blew open as long, three-toed feet burst out. They were red as the rest of his scales with thick, raptor-esque claws at the end of each digit. There was even an extra digit and claw on the back of his feet as well.

Peter watched as the red scales continued past his feet and onto his legs, making them look a bit denser and fitter as they passed over. Red invaded every part of him, leaving no trace

of his old skin behind. The only part that wasn't red was his inner thighs, tummy, and chest, coated in the sandy orange scaling of his bottom jaw.

Yeah, Peter thought, shivering pleasantly, *Yeah, I'm becoming Justice. This... this isn't too bad, is it?*

Peter loved Justice, one of the Nine Soldiers from Zenshu. He was a handsome, if moody, dragon. He always had an affinity for dragons to begin with, but this one really clicked with him a lot. Heck, even the main character of the anime even agreed with his assessment in the show: a handsome hot mess.

Peter started to smile. *Heh, guess...* His smile twinged a little, brow furrowing. *Guess JD really knew what I wanted, huh?*

He clenched and thrust his rear back. There was another sharp rip, a long red tail with orange under bottom tore out, ripping the back of his sweatpants. It was almost as long as his legs, light orange ridging running from the mid top center of it down to the tail's tip.

The dragonic man looked over his shoulders at his new addition. *Not bad...* He shook his rear, letting his tail sway. *Hmm, tail... then, what comes next is-*

Yet another tear echoed through the room. This time, the back of his shirt blew open, leaving his top mostly in tatters. Long, wide, dragonic wings had come out, almost as big as his body. Looking at them in the mirror, he pleasantly observed that they weren't scarred like they were in the anime. Perhaps he could fly with them then? That would make him smile even more.

With his clawed hands, he tore off the rest of his ripped shirt and looked himself over. He had gotten so big now. He had such the wide torso; square, bulging pectorals; and an impressive set of abs. Happily, he seemed even swoller than how Justice was in the show.

His smile grew and grew even more. His face stretched forward at long last, taking on the form it was meant to be. His nose pulled up into a sort of horn, nostrils thinning to slits. His mouth stretched into a hard, sharp muzzle with the strength to bend iron. There was nothing human there any longer.

Hell yeah. Peter chuckled. He looked exactly like Justice now, just minus the outfit, the scars on his wings, and- *Oh!* He reached up and felt around his throat. There weren't any scars there. *Can I breathe fire? ...might be a bit too dangerous to try.*

Regardless of whether or not he could, the new dragon took a moment to indulge. He flexed his buff arms, watching his biceps bulge more than they ever had before. He pushed his chest out as he did, making them look even bigger.

“Mmm, this is nice!” Peter could only grin more. Even his voice sounded like Justice's. He was the complete, full, handsome dragon package!

After a few minutes of shameless flaunting, the dragon strolled back into his bedroom with a confident gait. There was no way he could go back to sleep now after turning into this awesome beast. His mind swirled with possibilities, including taking an early morning fly around the city. Gotta try out those killer wings after all, right?

He glanced back towards his bed, spying his phone on it. *Might as well let him know I like his gift.* He smiled, flipping a light on in the room before snatching his phone. He held it up away from him while aiming the camera, flexing his free arm.

Wait until he sees this dragon. Peter snickered, snapping a selfie. It sent it off to JD.

A few minutes passed and no response came. *Hmm... guess I'll hear back later.*

Peter was about to toss the phone back on the bed and take his flight when the device vibrated. A new text popped in. All it had in it was simply the sleepy emoji 😴.

Tch. Peter snorted, rolling his eyes. *He wakes me up in the middle of the night, gets me all looking like this, and that's all he says? What's his deal? It's only 3:30.*

THE END