

Damun woke slowly, feeling sore and... cold, he slowly stirred, the cold dry air caressing all of him. He growled a bit deeply as he felt something between his fingers. He looked down as his vision was clearing up... oh right the night before. He remembered now. The night before he was resting in his own bed room. A black and white male fox, rather tall but skinny all the same. He was resting with his paws up on his coffee table. He hears a loud bang just at his front door. His white ears lean back and he let's out a growl. "Damn neighbors." He said standing up and putting his book down. Then another one this time louder and the splitting of wood ran in his pointed ears. He yelped as several other furs flooded into his house and quickly surrounded him, all holding what looked like stun guns and cuffs, they all looked like special forces that cops would usually employ, though their vests had different letters than VPD... RHI-SF. "W-what's going on? Why are you in my home?!" He shouted at them. They ordered him to come quietly and didn't explain. "No! I didn't do anything." He retorted back in resistance. He let out a little whimper, and his fox tail curling between his legs. One of them went out to grab his arm and then another, he let out a snarl and began to fight back, struggling and kicking, he fought. He was picked up by four men, still struggling he kicked about, his ankle hitting his table, breaking the glass and puncturing his flesh. He let out a yelp and then looked down, eyes wide. "N-no! NOT NOW!" He shouted. It started there, fur began to recede back from the spot, a small drip of blood. From the fur came scales, small yet tough. He growled as the change had started, spreading down his paw, though his toes grew thicker, and claws longer and sharper. Scales spread up his leg as fur was fading away. Spreading to the other side mirroring his leg as they began to look very much like draconic talons. He struggled more and more as the changes moved up past his waist, thick plated scales grew in the center, shiney as silver, while black scales took the sides and back. "LET ME GO!" He shouted his voice sounding more and more bestial.

His size started to increase, making him quite heavier and stronger, the team having a hard time containing him, his pants began to rip a bit as his body was straining them, he roared out in slight pain as his fingers started to grow thick and long, thin yellow webbings took place between them while his thumb had only stopped at a certain length. He squirmed and kicked still as the webbing type stuff spread past his elongating pinkies, going to his elbow and then to his sides, ripping through his shirt as his arms grew longer and the fingers even more so. The webbing becoming something far thicker, more of a smooth thick membrane, in yellow. Thick wide wings took the place of the foxes arms, and the silver scales still traveling up. His snout was blunting and growing longer still his fox ears pinned back but only remained as thick horns began to grow out of his head. His teeth grew more pointed and sharp while his canines were shrinking a bit. He let out a more monstrous scream as he fought the people away, far stronger than they were, he fell to the ground panting as he finished shifting, all but for one thing, his tail growing thick and fuzz only running down the top as it grew longer and more flexible. He was left breathing heavily looking around growing at the people, fighting with his last breath until he passed out...

Now he was here... still in this form. He was cursed, a fox that could turn into a monster... a wyvern. Black scales, silver thick plate scales down his torso, and yellow membranes. The only thing remaining of his fox form was his ears. He was about ten feet tall, he never really measured though. He looked around this room, it was plain and steril... this had to be why they

captured him. He didn't know how long he was out, and he was not sure if he could shift back just yet. He propped himself up on his wings, using his "knuckles" to hold himself up with his feet. "Hello?" He called out still fully capable of speech.

The room was illuminated by narrowband a recessed, full-spectrum lighting which highlighted the starkness around him. Devoid of any equipment or furniture, with off white walls the which extended a good ten feet in every direction. There appeared to be two entrances to the room on opposing walls. One looked about the size of the standard door, while the other was large enough for Damun to duck through in his current form.

Silent footfalls masked the approach of the first person he would see in this place after a few minutes wait. It was Alan, a senior researcher at RHI. Only a soft wrapping at the smaller entrance alerted damun to his visitor. Moments later the hooked doorknob clicked down and allowed the scientist inside.

First peeked in a white furred rabbit's head, lop ears hung to his shoulders. He had a scarcely contained look of excitement on his face as he slipped into the room and close the door behind him. Alan wore a plain looking blue polo shirt and black pants, along with a typical looking white lab coat which hung a few inches from the floor. A small, brown satchel hung at his hip, partially concealed under the coat. In one paw he held a tablet with some sort of attachment on top which gave it the appearance of a clipboard.

"Good, glad to see you awake at last. Sorry for any, you might have experienced when the," he hesitates, "guys pick you up. It was just important that we get you here as soon as possible, before there was an incident." He gives the wyvern a genuine smile as he clasps the tablet to his stomach with both paws gently.

"How are you feeling?"

The large wyvern did look around spotting the two doors, they obviously thought about this before they threw him in there.... almost like it was planned. He thought to himself but then his fox like ears picked up on something, swiveling about until he heard the clicking of the door knob and the latch letting loose and a small lapine padded into the area. He let out a huff and raised his eyebrow as the man explained and apologized. "Incident? This wouldn't have happened if they didn't come after me." he growled a bit leaning forward.

The rabbit's disposition didn't give off any threatening vibes though so he felt like he could relax a bit, though his tail flicked a bit behind him in agitation. "If they would have just explained themselves I would have been fine." he said with a bit of a growl. "How am I? What do you think?" He looks around for any sort of clock but there was none. "What time is it?"

Alan glanced down at his pad and depressed a button on the side. "It's just a little bit after noon

right now." He paused and thought for a moment, "although you may be experiencing a bit of jet lag as well," he added as an afterthought.

"It seemed like it was only a matter of time before you accidentally shifted in the general public, and potentially you could have gotten yourself killed." The rabbit drooped for a moment, looking at the ground. As he spoke up again his expression brightened, "but instead, here you are, safe and sound. A place that can provide you all the help you need to master this."

With one paw slipped into his coat pocket, the scientist took a confident step forward.

The wyvern still glared at the rabbit. "I... I was doing fine.. that was only the fifth time I shifted." he said lowering his ears, it had been years since that incident, where he was caught in an alley, and injected with something by a drake that apparently didn't like his kind.

"I don't know how I can master this, I mean it's any time I bleed." he said seeing the man getting closer. He stepped back a bit and stuck his tongue out a bit. He had a bit of a pained expression for a bit as he bit down on it, until it bled a little bit and it started there, along with his form slowly shrinking, his face shifting back, a black wet nose at the end of the muzzle, fur growing out and horns receding along with the wing membranes. Several pops and snaps of bones shrinking making the canine whine a little bit.

"G-gods... this hurts." he said falling to his hands and knees panting a bit, this reverse transition didn't take near as much out of him as the other does. He looked up with his ears flat. His tongue had completely healed during the transition. "P-*Huff* Please don't tell me you intend to experiment on me."

The scientist looked visibly disappointed for a moment, becoming concerned for the shifter. He mouths 'fascinating' under his breath as he watches Damun's changes, his ruined clothing removed, leaving the fox essentially naked. Alan walked over and crouched beside the vulpine.

"Experiment? Not a chance. Document perhaps, but I would not imagine doing anything harmful." With a shrug, the scientist slipped his coat off and put it over Damun's back. "Honestly, I'm just here to provide the help that you really do need. I only learned about you because of your last change in public. You're just lucky you didn't get caught."

The fox heard that word, and looked up. "You might think it's fascinating... but I can't say I enjoy it." he said panting still as he slowly stood up and the rabbit threw his coat over him. "Uh..thank you." he said using it to cover his front mostly. "Yeah, if I flew it would have been worse... I don't know how to fly really." he said.

The fox sat up a bit and let out a sigh. "Under what authority do you have me here? Can't I just leave?" He said, not wanting this help. Of course being the stubborn fox that he was, he had to really be convinced that he needed this.

Alan's expression brightened a little bit." I do suppose it would be difficult to fly around without causing any trouble. We have space to remedy that, of course. I'm told the exhilaration of supporting yourself in the sky under your own power is unimaginable." A faint shiver flowed through the rabbit's torso, ending with a flutter in his tail.

"I suppose we don't exactly have complete authority to keep you here," he settled his weight on one knee, "but if you leave it may only be a matter of time for you." The lapine took on a serious expression, "and a treasure like you really should not squander such a gift. Perhaps, in time we may even help you find a way to control this better, so that you would not have to worry about it every waking moment." With a gentle touch, he set a paw on Damun's shoulder.

The fox nodded a bit. "Y-yeah I guess I can say I'm quite heavy." he said trying to figure out this person's true intentions, yet he couldn't quite place it once he had it figured out mostly, it would shift. Yet still he didn't feel any threatening vibes from him. He held the coat around his form and nodded to him. "Doing something like that is something I have yet to figure out... and based on what you said... you intend to teach me." He said glaring.

"I don't particularly like shifting by any means. I don't like that form." He flicked his tail in agitation. "It's not a gift... it's a curse." He lowered his head some. "A curse I have to cope with 'cause someone was crazy enough to experiment on me." He looked up as he felt that gentle grasp on his shoulder. "You really do want to help don't you?" He asked, also getting a feeling that he was just excited to see a wyvern of sorts.

With a calm expression, and a genuine smile he replied, "it would not be the first time I've helped someone learn to fly," Alan looked to the side with a nostalgic gaze, "and you really shouldn't think of it as a curse, that will only bring you down." He looked Damun square in the eye, the bases of his ears perked slightly, giving a gentle nod.

"At the very least, I will do everything in my power to help you bring this properly under control, all I ask is that you work with me for a little while. Afterward, if you still want to, then you are free to leave. We'll even cover the expenses for you to get back home. I just feel it would be tragic if you decided to go."

The black and white fox slowly nodded. "Well. I suppose I can stick around for a bit. I mean.. I was almost due on my rent and it's been hard finding work." He said lowering his ears. "I'm just, I guess I wasn't ready for something so sudden." He stood up and looked about. "So uh what can we do here, or do you just have questions for me?"

The room was rather void of anything and he wasn't too sure about staying here with nothing. "Do I get a better place than this to stay cause it seems quite boring." he added to everything.

"This room can be furnished about any way you like, unless you'd rather smaller quarters. We could even retrieve your belongings. I just figured this might be a bit easier for your larger form.

You know, room to stretch out." Alan considered for a moment, "a bit of both. I would like your account on anything you are experiencing, or perhaps have learned about this. Of course, with a bit of work evil not only be fully capable in your wyvern form, and I'm confident we should be able to make the changes much more painless."

The fox smiles a bit. "Well sure if you can get some of my stuff. I would love that." He replied a bit. "Uh I would love some clothes too." He added to that, with a bit of a blush. "Well I guess I could tell you a bit, at least all that I remember." He said finding a spot to sit down. "Turning into the beast.. I guess you could call it a wyvern, as that is what it most resembles." he let out a sigh. "The change itself... it's quite exhilarating, turning into that doesn't hurt at all, but I'm usually quite tired out, to the point of passing out, much like your men witnessed."

"It's shifting back that hurts. I don't know why, but I don't think I was intended to be able to turn back. I just do, all through the same method that triggers it all. That's all I really know."

"Very good," Alan tapped a few things into his tablet once again as he spoke, moving to sit cross legged. "I expect all of your stuff should arrive by tomorrow morning, save perhaps for larger items of furniture. That out of the way though," he leaned forward, "you say there is a trigger? As in, you can choose when you change?" The look of curiosity on his face was unmistakable.

Damun nodded to the lapine and smiled weakly. He slowly sits down on the ground a bit, letting his legs stretch out before him on the ground. "That's good but what should we do until then?" He asked only to get a question in return. "Yes there's a trigger, I don't know the specifics but, when I was the wyvern, you saw my expression of pain right?" He asked. "I bit my tongue really hard, I change when I bleed, and I cannot change back for seven or eight hours."

As he settles in place, the lapine considers. "Well, perhaps we can see about getting you a set of clothing to work with, and generally try to get you settled in." After going through a few menu options on his tablet, he speaks up, "there we are." With that, a soft click sounded from across the room. A drawer slid out from the wall, stretching from the ground to about hip level, containing a simple bed.

"Perhaps the first thing we can do is try to minimize any sort of discomfort, on your part," he moved to kneel, the furnace flat of one paw set on the ground to assist him stand.

"As for what to do, I can either let you rest, or perhaps show you around if you prefer. After all, I would not want you to feel trapped."

The black and white fox perked his ears hearing something going on as a drawer seems to just pop out of the wall. He tilted his head, he was curious. He quickly got up, still holding the coat to him as he pulled open the drawers. He browsed about for something loose, casual, and comfortable. He quickly worked to get them all on with his back turned to Alan. He turns around, wearing what he normally would, a red t-shirt, denim shorts. "Thank you." he said.

"I've been out for several hours, I don't think I need rest, I think tour is in order." He said. "I have one more question though. Is there an outdoor like area I can go to? I sorta like to let grass carress my paws often." He said wiggling his toes a little bit.

A warm smile spread across Alan's face as he saw Damun climb to his feet, a small nervous worry evaporating to see his relatively quick recovery. "You are very welcome, of course." He led the way back to the smaller door, chuckling to himself a little bit. "We have something like that, although you may find the amount of grass there lacking, at least the sort set up as a lawn." Without hesitation he steps just through the opening doorway and motions to follow.

Damun flicked his tail a bit seeing the rabbit's expression change a little bit. He figured he was worried for the fox, apparently about the transition back into a fox. It only really hurt just a bit and left him winded, but nothing more. The other way however... well he couldn't stay conscious for more than a minute at best once it was done.

He perked his ears and padded behind the lapine. "So where are we going first then?" He asked looking around the place, noting how sleek the place was compared to most other places like this.

The facilities looked like they showed very limited traffic, much of it illuminated with the same sorts of track lighting from the previous room. There appeared to be a number of hand-drawn pieces of art on the wall, most done in graphite. All of them seem to have the same subject, a wyvern with a mane. Him in-flight, another with him sleeping, and another with him holding a proud pose. In the last, the wyvern's male gender became clearly apparent, erect and coiled forward from his slit, every last scale and muscle taken down in fine detail.

"First and foremost, I would like to show you The Garden." He leads around just a couple of hallways, stopping at another to step through into a small, drab room similar to the previous, though a fraction of the size.

The fox looked about, though coming to the drawings. He smiled seeing other wyverns. "I take it you have a fascination with these creatures?" He asked, though he intended to put off his own next transition for a long time if he could. He didn't like being that creature, but he did agree to stay so he would likely have to be forced eventually. The last picture he saw really got him curious, he saw everything in detail and even saw his male bits. "Uhh... interesting." He said looking at them noticing the tail tip on them all. It looked like a fox's tail.

"So is there other wyverns?" He asked, referring to the pictures, one they had stopped into a small room. "If so who's that one in all the drawings?"

"Perhaps more than just a passing fascination, yes." The scientist glanced back where they came from. "And indeed, there are a great many more wyverns," he looks sullen for a moment, "although not nearly as many as there should be."

Alan perked up immediately when the topic shifted. "That one is Fox, a wyvern I've been working with for a few years now. Quite a piece of work, although I've never been closer to anyone else." He looked dreamy for a moment before he proceeded to the alternate door and tapped a few buttons beside the door frame, causing it to slide open, rather than the swinging style of door everywhere else.

Set into the side of a small hill, it opened to a sprawling landscape of bizarre plant life, crisscrossed with green paths of lichen. It was particularly bright outside as the overwhelming view of a gas giant hung overhead, entirely illuminated by the sun. Clearly it was a planet Damun had never seen, with storm bands of clouds which reached from horizon to horizon.

"Welcome to The Garden."

Damun tilted his head as Alan answered his questions, hearing about the one, that they called fox. He wondered about that, why did that wyvern have a fox tail and why was he called that. He saw that the lapine was happy to work with that one. "Well don't get your hopes up for me to be as close, I'll say again, I really don't like being that beast." He said

Though once a door came open, and the light from the outside flooded the room, his jaw just dropped, his ears leaning back and his eyes wide. "Oh... oh my god." He said after just staring at the view. The gas planet that hung in the sky wondering if that was just painted on or real.

"W-what is this place?" He asked stepping forward a bit, his paws sinking into the earthy ground. He couldn't really close his mouth at this point it was just all too much.

Alan closed the door behind them. As the distant storms swirled silently. "You know, I think that was my exact reaction," he said with a chuckle. "We are currently standing on a moon some immeasurable distance away from where we were a few minutes ago. Here you will find every facility you could need to develop yourself." The rabbit stood just beside Damun, I'll be happy to answer every question you might have, but come take a walk, the planet glow is wonderful right now."

The fox was just floored, and then hearing that they were on a different planet. "You mean... we just traveled, LIGHT YEARS! Away from Earth? In a matter of a foot step?" He asked, he finally managed to close his mouth, following behind the lapine. He had to agree this place was astounding, and the glow about it was rather comforting. "So are there any special landmarks that we're going to? Any sort of vista?" he said wishing he had a camera of sorts. Then again he'd be coming back here often he figured. Figuring what he meant by developing himself.

"A few hundred million in fact. It's fairly difficult to get an accurate number because of the complexities involved." He turns around and motions into the distance, referring to a tall set of silver cliffs which caught and diffused the light from overhead. "There is a very useful updraft just

off that way, very useful for generally building confidence. Let's see ..."

Damun nodded and grinned. "Well I meant within exploring range, on foot." He chuckled a bit as the rabbit rambled on about it. He looked up as he pointed up at the cuffs. "Building confidence?" he tilted his head. "Updraft? ooh... I see you want to teach me to fly." He said pondering on that. He didn't think they'd really want to train him. But hearing all that, it seemed that was Alan's intent to do so.

"There is a warm water spring which fills the pond nearby. Very good for bathing, or relaxing, among other things. Also, you can find a gazebo just along this path," he motions to a fork in the foot trail. "All over the place are botanical subjects, for the most part they are safe, although better to just avoid them in general."

"I certainly hope to teach you to fly. Speak of the..." the rabbit waves and makes a couple of hand signals as he looks to the sky. They are difficult to see, but a vibrant colored, red and orange wyvern was gliding by. "He's going to be your tutor later. Though, you need to have a little bit of preparation before you meet, if you decide to, of course."

The part-wyvern caught the faintest aroma of something on the wind which sent a delightful tingle along the length of his spine. Although he was as of yet unaware of its source, Smith's aroma had its effect.

Damun nodded a bit. "I would prefer to use some of the facilities showers, so I don't mess up the water here." he said padding along looking at all the exotic flowers. He stopped when Alan had stopped speaking. He looked up as he was looking up. The fox had to follow this. He looked up and gasped, seeing a large wyvern fly by... he looked just like Damun did, aside from a few color differences. "He's going to teach me to fly? He's a natural wyvern and not like me though right?" He pondered on this, looking and following him through the sky. "How can an animal teach me?"

"Showers are available too, of course. Wonderful that you are so mindful, " He smiles, "I certainly don't think I would call him an animal, extremely clever, in fact. Although he can't to speak, he's still perfectly capable of language. Doesn't look like he's too interested in landing, at least not yet." Alan furrows his brow for a moment. "I can only describe the theory behind it, Smith there will help you with the form and follow through."

The fox shivers a bit finally realizing that smell, and what it was doing. He blinked a few times and looked at the lapin. "Uh does... does his scent always do that?" he asked, a bit, shaking his tail all the way to the tip trying to get off that sensation. He nodded though. "Well I'll take your word for it, since you've been working with them for a few years now at least. "He wondered if he'd get to meet the one that he called "Fox" by the looks of that one it wasn't him. Everything seemed non furry about it.