

A Weredraox Change

Foxgamer01

Content warning: Transformation, Muscle growth, Macro, Mind
change

Copyright © [2024] by [Foxgamer01]

All rights reserved.

No portion of this written work may be reproduced without written permission from the publisher or author except as permitted by U.S. copyright law. This includes but is not limited to, the distribution of Patreon-exclusive content or early access content distributed during the exclusivity period.

Jason huffed, with sweat pouring out from his brow. It got into his blue eyes, but he could not wipe them away. The most he could do was shake his head, though he dared not to. He needed to focus on the steel bar hovering above his chest. One wrong move, and it would slam hard against his chest.

"Eight." Jason pushed the bar, which weighed forty pounds, up fast. He lowered it back down slowly and then moved it back up again. "N-nine."

His arms shook once he reached the bar up high. He wanted to reach ten for his third set of bench presses. He wanted, no, needed to prove that he was making progress in gaining muscles. When he felt his arms wavered a bit, he bit his lip and set the bar on the rack above him. A grunt slipped from his mouth as he rolled forward.

"Darn. Same spot to end on for the third time this week." Jason grabbed a small white towel and wiped away the sweat. "I'm hitting a brick wall."

A few weeks prior, Jason got a gym membership to gain muscles. He always felt envious that some people he knew looked so ripped in muscles that they could bend steel. Rather than let it fester into bitterness, he decided to do something about it and do some lifts. He held out a goal to do an hour of workout five days a week after work.

Despite sticking to his goal, Jason felt he had barely made progress. His strength level remained the same along with his muscle mass; his stamina increased, but that was all. He wondered what else he could do to gain muscles, like changing his diet or working out longer. None of those ideas clicked with him; instead, he focused on the lack of progress.

“OK, Jason. Calm down.” He shook his head. “None of those guys built like a truck achieved it in a month. I bet it took years for them to reach that level.”

Jason pushed himself off from the bench and glanced around. This gym was not huge, but it was loaded with equipment. A row of bars, weights, and dumbbells hung at the side, waiting to be used. A row of treadmills lay at another side of the wall, across from the service desk, with a couple of ladies jogging on them. At the center lay specified equipment like the calf machine and lat pull-down machine.

Within, he felt a great deal of resentment building up despite trying to reassure himself. He used all the machines within, testing his strength with each one. For each gym session, he focused on his upper body for one day and his lower body for the next. It left him sore for the evening but with no success to show for it.

“OK. Stop it.” Jason whispered. “Moping about it won’t get you anywhere.”

Jason glanced at that one dude doing leg press and felt his heart sink.

That dude there pushed only his right leg against the machine’s maximum. Once done, he lowered it and swapped legs, pushing with his left instead. Jason tried to focus on his features, but his brain kept mixing up the details. Sometimes, his hair looked dirty blonde, but other times, it shone golden-white. In fact, he swore that he looked golden-white all over instead of just his gym clothes. Jason also could not measure his height and muscle mass since they always felt larger at a second glance.

The dude’s sea blue eyes were the only consistent thing Jason observed.

Since that dude came in a half hour ago, he tried out every machine on the maximum weight. Jason feared that dude would injure himself, but he did each without any issue. In fact, he seemed almost bored by it instead of struggling a single bit. In a way, it felt like he was waiting instead of training. Jason knew some friends who did weightlifting for a living, but even they could not lift as much.

It was enough to deepen Jason's insecurity about his lack of progress.

"Alright, alright." Jason shook his head. "I think I'll call it early today."

Jason sighed and wiped away more sweat from his brow. He plucked up his water bottle and drank the rest of the water down. It felt good to his dry throat.

He took a few steps away before glancing at that dude and then the rest of the people. Curiosity twanged within, and he raised his eyebrow. Despite that dude showing off his strength, everyone other than Jason ignored his presence. One would think that, with a feat like that, he would get swarmed by everyone. Instead, they all acted as though that dude never existed.

Jason thought about it momentarily before shrugging and heading to the desk.

"I'm checking out for the day," Jason told the clerk.

"OK." The clerk tapped the keyboard and nodded. "Looks like you're leaving early today, aren't you?"

"Yeah." Jason brushed his short brown hair and glanced at that dude. "Yeah."

The clerk followed Jason's gaze before her brown eyes unfocused. She shook her head and typed some more. After a few seconds, she turned to Jason and nodded. "OK. You're checked out. Have a great rest of your day."

Jason nodded and strolled to the right side of the desk, where a pair of doors lay. Above each door held a sign, with the left saying, 'Men's Lockers,' and the right one, 'Women's Lockers.' He pushed the one for men, entering the locker room. Anyone could claim one of the beige lockers, though they needed to bring their own locks. Jason went for the one with the number 18 and turned the lock on it. It clicked open, and he pulled it out before opening the locker.

Within hung his usual clothes, a blue button-up collar shirt and dark green pants. Near the bottom lay an ibuprofen bottle for when his muscles felt like pudding. Jason slipped off his brown sneakers and pulled out his sweatpants. He followed it up by taking off his sweatshirt, showing off his lean body. Jason imagined looking like a twig in a sea of trees.

Jason grabbed his shirt—

A black belt slid off with a clank.

Jason jumped back while flinching. "What the?"

Jason bent down and picked up the belt while blinking in confusion. He did not own or even wear a belt, even when tucking in his shirt. It always felt unnecessary for him to wear. So, how did one get inside his locker?

"Huh?" Jason flipped the belt around and saw a gold A on its buckle. He rubbed it, with it cool to the touch. Part of him wanted to bite it to test if it was gold, but he decided not to. It might damage the belt; even if it did not, it would be rude to bite someone else's belt. "Looks pretty, though."

The A on the buckle seemed to glow with brilliance that no other metal held. He rubbed it again and, to his surprise, that and the previous rubbing left no smudge marks or fingerprints behind. Whoever made this wanted to make it as pristine as possible. In fact, Jason realized that the entire belt held a look only an unworn belt held.

"Could this be a gift?" Jason thought back to when he came in. When he opened this locker to put in his stuff, he knew it was empty. He glanced behind and around but saw no one else. "That would be the only reason why it's here, but how and why?"

Jason felt several burning questions, but no explanation popped up. He set the belt on a bench nearby and grabbed his shirt and pants. He buttoned up his shirt and pulled up his pants, with both snug on him. He hung his

sweatshirt and sweatpants on the hangers and set them aside for the moment. He took out his lock and closed the locker.

Jason sat on the bench, putting his shoes back on. Twice, he stole a glance at the belt beside him. A thought popped up both times, thinking how it would look on him. Each time, he shook his head and glanced away. "Don't think about it."

Once Jason finished putting on his shoes, he stood and picked up his stuff. He took a few steps away before pausing and returning to the belt. It still sat on the bench, alone like an abandoned dog. He hesitated and swallowed.

"OK, Jason," he said. "I might've picked up the belt by mistake when hanging my clothes in that locker. That's not a gift. In fact, if it's real gold, I might get into serious trouble by stealing it."

Though he said the words, it did not convince him at all.

Jason sighed and strolled back to the belt. He set aside his stuff and picked up the belt with half a mind to hand it to the service desk. Rather than handing it over, he slipped the belt around the belt loops of his pants. He winced a bit,

wondering if he ruined its pristine look; it would be valuable to someone.

It hung open around his waist, with the final step of putting it on before him. He stood there, wondering if he was doing the right thing. It would still be rude even if this was to see how it looked on him. After all, he did not ask for permission or even knew who owned it.

Before he pulled it out, some words came to him from nowhere.

It's a gift. Consider yourself blessed with a chance few ever got.

Jason spun around, trying to find the voice's source. Like before, the locker room remained empty outside of him. He sweated, this time out of fear. He always knew when he talked or thought to himself, but this felt different. It almost seemed like someone or something spoke into his mind without his ears hearing them. It was either that or he was going insane.

"Oh, boy." Jason glanced down at the belt hanging before him. It still waited for him to buckle it. "I sure hope I don't regret this."

Jason slid the belt through its loop and snapped it on.

The golden A on it glowed golden-white for a few moments.

Jason blinked at it for a moment. First, he heard something from nowhere, and now he saw the A glowed. If this was not proof that he was going insane, nothing else would. He thought of heading to the mental hospital to check—

Jason grunted, feeling an electrical shock flowing throughout his body. It started from his waist, went down to the tips of his toes, and reached the tip of his hair. His fingers numbed, even when rubbing against his pants. It faded just as fast, and he breathed out.

“Wh-what was that?” Jason asked, even though he expected no answer.

One did come.

The beginning of the gift. Enjoy.

“Huh?” Jason blinked.

His fingernails grew longer and sharper, changing color to pure white. They gained claw-like structures, enough that they looked like they could cut clothes. Black fur sprouted from his fingertips, spreading to the rest of his hands. His palms thickened into thick, leathery paddings

that no knife could cut through. Jason widened his eyes in shock and surprise.

“W-what?” Jason flipped his hands around in shock.

At the same time, his shoes felt uncomfortable on him, as though they shrunk. His feet ripped them and the socks off, with his feet stretching longer. Black fur, much like on his hands, grew on his feet. Thick padding also formed on his feet’s bottom, enough that even spiky rocks could not pierce through. He stumbled a bit before regaining balance by standing on the front of his feet in a digitigrade fashion. Four of his toes fused, leaving him three toes on each foot-paw. Three huge, white claws grew from his toes, much larger than on his hand-paws.

Jason rubbed a bit of the black fur and gasped.

It felt like fur from a mammal, like a fox, but there was something extra to it.

It also felt scaly, like a lizard.

As though in response to his thoughts, thick black plates grew on his forearms. Each place was massive, with three going from his wrist and ending on his elbow. Black fur grew around them, covering the rest of his forearms. It felt ticklish underneath his shirt’s sleeves. Jason took a step forward but slipped. He reached for a locker, but his claws

ripped through the steel like soft butter. He fell on his back with a thud, tearing through three lockers, but felt no pain.

“Gth!” Jason grabbed for the bench and, once secure, pushed himself back up. He huffed and took a couple more steps, this time keeping his balance. “Whew. Getting used to this.”

Jason rubbed one of the lockers he sliced through and winced at the damage. Before he thought about how much it would cost to repair or replace, his shirt felt tight. The buttons strained to remain on. To his surprise, his muscles displayed through the tightening shirt. He gasped, rubbing his stomach, and felt real, thick abs. His pectorals widened and swelled, already popping one of the buttons off.

“W-woah! I-I’m gaining muscles?” Jason blinked at the sight. His arms, once slim, thickened while ripping through the sleeves without flexing. The fur spread past his elbows, transitioning from black to red. Jason pressed his fingers against his bicep and gasped at its firmness. “H-how is this possible?!”

His shirt’s buttons, one by one, popped off. Each crashed against a locker, making a ringing sound throughout the room. In time, his upper body lay exposed just as muscular as a body-builder. What remained of his

shirt fluttered down, showing the fur spreading onto his chest and back.

The pants' legging strained against the swelling calves before ripping apart. His thighs also grew, fighting for space, though for some reason, the now shorts stretched instead of torn to shreds. In fact, it looked less like stretching and more like growing along. It seemed that whatever was causing the change, which might be the belt, also wanted him to look somewhat modest.

Jason twisted to the locker and blinked at it. "Um, wasn't this taller?"

Jason stepped back, caving in a part of the concrete floor. His height increased, reaching a tall seven feet and still growing. He pressed on one of the lockers and caved it in with a bit of pressure. He felt two minds about this, with part of him excited that he finally gained the body he wanted, and the other feared how much this would go.

The scaly fur spread across his chest and stomach, shifting from red to white. His neck thickened with muscles, almost fusing with his chest in some angles. The fur went up his neck, white on the torso and red everywhere else. His back swelled and grew defined with muscles, enough to grind meat with.

He felt a tugging sense on his rear and upper back at that point. Jason grunted, with the lump on his rear stretching out and ripping through his pants. It stretched out longer and broader, with fur growing on top of it. Black curled spikes grew on the upper side, spaced apart, each as tough as his claws. He gasped at his new tail, with it crunching the steel bench with no issue at all. White fur lay on the tip, with red everywhere else.

Black curled spikes also grew on his back with just as much space between them. The swelling on his shoulder blades grew while shifting their forms. Bones grew within, helping it define shape while popping. They stretched out long and thin, reminding him of bat wings. Where no bones lay underneath, the skin thinned with short fur, with the front half gray and the back half black. He rubbed the one on his right shoulder blade and sensed it was tougher than silk. Red fur lay near the back itself, much like his arms. Long, white claws ended where each tip lay, finalizing his massive wings.

One of the wings crashed into a locker, caving it in. Jason yelled not just because of the damage he caused but also from feeling no pain. His body grew, not just with more muscles but also from height. He stood taller than eight feet, with his chest far wider than before. His forearms

thickened, pressing against the biceps for space. The floor caved in more without him moving this time.

“OK, here! What’s making all of these noises!?”

Jason eeped and glanced at the doorway. At this point, he grew so huge that any possibility of hiding became laughable. The door flapped open, and one of the gym employees stepped in. The employee froze misstep, watching Jason, who towered over the lockers and left a series of destruction behind. He screamed and fled the other way.

“W-wait!” Jason rushed forward, following. “I-I’m not a—”

The door, too small for him, broke into splinters once he barged through. His vast body shattered part of the wooden and concrete framing without any problem. The wings ripped at the side while only halfway folded. The door caved in once he finished passing through and entered the lobby. There, everyone turned and spotted Jason.

All of them, employees, gym trainers, and bodybuilders, screamed and fled out the nearest door or window.

Jason gulped. He realized at that point that following that fellow was not a great idea. "O-oh boy!"

His mouth and nose shifted forward, stretching into a blocky snout. His nose shrank, flattening until they became black dots that exhaled steam. His teeth grew in size and amount while sharpening, looking like they could pierce through steel. His lips also changed shape, somewhat hardening into a lizard-like mouth with fang-like shapes extending in front of his fangs.

Meanwhile, fur spread over his head, with white fur sprouting around his mouth and reaching his cheeks. Red fur grew on the sides and back of his thick neck, stretching upward. His brown hair shifted color into red while a pair of bangs grew and parted in the middle.

Jason's ears moved up his head while stretching longer. The earlobes shrank, with the ears taking on a triangular shape. Black fur grew outside while the white sprouted on the inner side. Behind his ears sprouted a pair of large, white, and curved horns. Jason rubbed his face, realizing how much he changed.

"J-jeez!" Jason gasped. "W-what am I?"

Jason glanced around the gym, with him alone, though he still heard some screaming. He thought about that dude

from earlier and wondered what happened to him. Perhaps he fled with the others, but Jason doubted that for some reason. His guts told him that the dude would more likely arm wrestle him than run.

Jason stumbled toward a rack where all kinds of weights lay. A mischievous thought came to him, wanting to show off despite the current issue. He bent down and grabbed the rack at the bottom. He inhaled and lifted the entire rack with its weights up, feeling no issue from lifting it. Instead, it creaked and bent until it caved in.

“Woah! I am strong!” Jason wondered if he should be proud or nervous about this. Before he decided, his horns crashed against the ceiling. “E-eep?”

Jason glanced up and blinked at how close the ceiling become. Though the ceiling stood twelve feet above the floor, his nose was already pressed against it. He still grew taller throughout it all, to his complete shock. Before he could kneel down, his head burst through the ceiling.

“I-I’m getting big!” Jason grunted. His chest and wings joined him above the ceiling. “Very big!”

The building rumbled and shook around him, with ceiling chunks landing next to his feet-paws. His head squeezed against the rook, battling through the concrete.

Rather than popping like a watermelon, his head broke through. Sunlight shone on his face, which he blinked at. Seconds passed, with his chest and wings also breaking through the roof.

Jason felt trapped, not because he could not move but because he did not want to cause more damage. At the same time, he saw no choice since he was still growing in height. He nodded and stepped through toward the wall in front of him. Though concrete, lumber, steel, and even rebar fought against every step, they all caved in. It almost felt as though he slugged through muddy water.

He stood eighteen feet tall when he exited the gym, with much of the roof and ceiling collapsing behind him. His torso lay like an upside-down triangle from how much his chest swelled. A thigh of his could outsize a car without flexing at all.

Jason glanced down at the people around him, with them barely reaching his knees. His steps created craters on the asphalt. The people around him screamed and fled away from him.

"Wait! I-I—" Jason gritted his teeth and pressed his palms against his face. "WHAT IS GOING ON?!"

At once, the silence grew all around.

Jason paused in confusion and widened his eyes when he lowered his arms. The people froze either mid-step in a sprint or hovered over the ground. Debris floated midair along with the dust. Cars parked in the middle of the road, though the wheels showed blurriness. No sound came from anywhere.

"W-what?" Jason picked up one of the concrete debris floating in the air. He raised it a couple of feet higher before dropping it. It remained still where he let it go. "H-how?"

"Oh, sorry. That was me." A new yet familiar voice came from the left. "I froze time, so we can chat."

Jason flinched. Froze time? He twisted over to the left and raised an eyebrow.

An unusual being stood before Jason, having a foxy grin on his acute muzzle. Golden-white fur covered much of his body; the only other fur was his nine tails' orange tips. He stood ripped, though nowhere near as muscular or tall as Jason, with him at twelve feet. His off-white shimmering, sleeveless robes lay open, with the robe sash light green and ending with an A somehow. His sea blue eyes gazed deep into Jason's bright blues.

Jason felt something clicked, though this realization should not be possible. He moved his lips and, without meaning to, said, "You're that dude that showed off how much you can lift, aren't you?"

"Precisely!" The dude chuckled and waved his hand-paws around. They held dark brown paddings. He said, "The name's Daren. I'm a Divine Ninetales."

Jason blinked for a few seconds. "Ninetales? Like from Pokémon? And 'Divine?' What are you talking about?"

Daren clicked his tongue and shook his head. "Oh, dear. That's not what you should be thinking. You should be putting together another revelation."

Jason's cheeks turned red from a brief burst of anger. He calmed down and thought about it, noting his voice's familiarity despite not hearing it before. At least, not without proper lungs and vocal cords forming the words. It clicked, with Jason rubbing the gold A on that black belt.

"You're the one who spoke to me, convincing me to put it on," Jason said. Daren grinned and nodded. Jason thought about it some more and asked, "Wait. Are you the one—"

“—who put it in your locker? Precisely!” Daren rubbed his hand-paws together. “I’m proud that you’re figuring it out on your own.”

“But why?” Jason kneeled in front of Daren. Steam flowed out from his nostrils. His eyes flashed with anger. “Why do all of this? Why changed me into a-a monster?!”

“For fun.” Daren winked at Jason. “I thought you’ll enjoy it.”

“ENJOY IT?!” Jason grabbed Daren around the waist and pulled him against his face. “YOU THINK CHANGING ME INTO A MONSTER WOULD BE ENJOYABLE?!”

Despite the sudden grab, Daren remained calm with an amused expression. “Now, now. Don’t lie to yourself. You’re loving that form more than you admit.”

Jason heaved in and out, curling his eyebrow closer to each other. As the seconds ticked by in this frozen time, his rage felt forced instead of natural. In fact, he realized that he did enjoy becoming like this, especially for the muscles; he was just worried about causing a major panic over it. Jason swallowed what was left of his rage and set Daren down.

“OK. Point taken.” Jason sighed.

“Excellent!” Daren rubbed Jason’s knee. “As for your current form, it has a name. It’s called a weredraox.”

“A were-what now?” Jason blinked.

Daren chuckled for a few seconds. “A weredraox. Think of it like those really buff werewolves from cartoons, but instead of ‘wolf,’ it’s ‘draox.’ That’s my name for a fox/dragon hybrid. In fact,” Daren rubbed the robe’s collar, which lay golden and each held half of an A, “you’re an almost exact duplicate of another me.”

“What? What? What?!” Jason shook his head. “You’re not making any sense! What are you talking about?!”

“Ah. Right. Sometimes, I forget.” Daren swayed his tails behind him. “To begin, we need to relook at the boundary of reality. Rather than a single universe like most believed, there are countless universes with their own space. Some are similar, like alternative timelines, while others are radically different. For example, there are multiple versions of you, sometimes with the name Jason and sometimes Eisen. And booooooooooy, are you susceptible to getting transformed.”

Jason widened his eyes. “You’re talking about a multiverse? It exists? And there are other versions of me!?”

"Yup!" Daren snickered and patted Jason's shoulder. "For example, there's one universe where you turned into an overweight space kitsune. In another, you became a dragon king who dominated and transformed the world into a dragon kingdom. In fact, there's one with two versions of you at the same time, with both turning into dragons and locked into battle."

Though Jason felt he could carry mountains, he felt a heavy weight on his shoulders. "I-I need to sit down."

"Go right ahead." Daren crossed his arms while grinning.

Jason landed his rear on the sidewalk, shattering it into a crater. "OK. OK." Jason breathed in and out. "Sorry. That's a lot to handle."

Daren nodded. "I understand."

"But-but there's one thing I don't understand." Jason glanced at Daren, who stood shorter than Jason even when sitting. "How do you know? Are you some multiverse explorer?"

"Close. I explore the multiverse, cataloging each one and putting data in my house with my wife!" Daren pointed upward while winking. "To remind you, I'm a Divine Ninetales. In fact, the 'Daren' you're talking to isn't the real

me but a duplication. A manifestation. The big one up there is the real me.”

Jason tilted his head before turning it upward.

He regretted it but could not turn away.

Up in the air, past the horizon, floated another Daren who looked exactly like the one in front of him. His palm and fingers curled around and underneath as though holding a ball. At first, Jason thought that Daren must be much larger than a planet, enough that he had it like a baseball. He glanced at the fingers against him and realized they looked just as distant as that massive Daren.

That Daren did not hold this planet.

That Daren held this universe like a baseball.

“O-oh God!” Jason widened his eyes.

“God is a good fellow,” the Daren standing before him said.

Jason finally broke free from that massive Daren to the one before him. “H-how?! That couldn’t be possible!”

“Normally, yes, under the limitations of the speed of light. It would take the heat death of the universe to witness my real self like that.” Daren shrugged. “But I’m able to—”

“Not that! I mean, HOW is all this possible!?” Jason waved his arms and wings around. “Transforming me into a being that violates square-cube law, freezing time, having multiple versions of yourselves at the same time, and being larger than, well, this reality! How!? Are you a god!?”

Daren laughed for several seconds. “I prefer the term ‘Divine Ninetales’ along with my wife. But from your perspective, you’re not wrong.” He leaned against Jason’s knee. “I was mortal once, one who was aimless with life. My wife, then girlfriend, took me to a temple to test something. She asked me to touch the wall’s cavities in the shape of hand-paws. I did so, and the temple filled me with this power, changing me into a Ninetales as well.” He turned to the sky, where the massive Daren disappeared from the horizon. “She joined after a year of waiting.”

Jason opened his jaws in wonder. “Woah. That’s some tale.” He remembered the earlier part of their discussion before shaking his head. “Wait. Back up. You said that you turned me into another version of you?”

Daren nodded. “Precisely. It was a strange universe. It only has one world, which is flat. The sun, rather than orbit around it, brightens or darkens for day and night while changing its angle for different seasons. There is a moon, which only shines as a full one. It only has one continent:

the corpse of a feral-shaped giant. A world tree sprouted from its heart, growing halfway toward the moon. As for that particular Daren, well, that's his story to tell."

Jason blinked and tilted his head. "So, um, why? If you wanted to change me into a weredraox, why not make it more original instead of as a duplicate of another?"

"Because there's one last trick up my sleeve. Well, these robes don't have any sleeves, but whatever." Daren smirked and winked.

"What—" Before Jason could finish asking his question, the A on the belt glowed. The green on his 'shorts' shifted, changing into blue. "Huh?"

"As I said, an almost exact duplicate of me." Daren poked Jason's forehead. "I can completely change you into that particular Daren, but you'll lose your current identity. The one who went by 'Jason' would be mentally dead, replaced by that Daren's thoughts. That's the final part of your change. Or, I can pause it and let you keep your thoughts. This is your decision."

Jason froze, deep in thought about it. At first, he felt terrified at the idea of losing himself. He almost opened his mouth to decline it, but he paused. At this point, he lost his old life, his previous human form, and everything connected

to it. While it would be cool to go around as this weredraox, it would not be him but inspired from another life.

Perhaps that Daren would know better how to live like this.

"Do it," Jason said while closing his eyes.

Daren nodded and pressed harder. At once, a bright white glow emitted from his touch.

Within that glow, everything happened at once. Screams came from all around, with everyone fleeing from the eighteen-foot-tall weredraox. Vehicles zoomed on the streets, with a couple crashing against each other. Daren the Divine Ninetales disappeared, though his outline could be viewed.

"Have a good life, Daren the weredraox," Daren the Divine Ninetales said. "Now, it's time for me to leave. My real self already finished gathering the universe's data with you added to it."

Daren the Divine Ninetales floated to the air before disappearing from view.

The weredraox opened his sea blue eyes. "Huh? How did I end up here?"

Daren the weredraox stood while thinking about previous events. He remembered being in a park, waiting for someone, when the full moon transformed him. At first, he became a werefox, but that being from the moon boosted him further. He changed into a weredraox, where he remembered previous lives starting from the first.

A tear fell from his eye. "Oh, my sweet dragon queen Zelda. What have they done to us?"

Daren glanced around at the commotion and blinked. "I-I don't recall anyplace in my world like this. Did-did I get transported into another world? How?"

Daren glanced around while another memory came to him. It initially confused him since he had no experience being 'human' at all. After examining it some more, he nodded in understanding while lowering his head.

"I see. So, the previous owner of this body sacrificed himself." He lay his hand-paw on his chest. "Foolish, but there's nothing that can be done about it."

Daren thought about it some more, wondering what to do in this world he now inhabited. He wondered if he could turn into his anthro fox or werefox form, like the real one. Then again, given the shining sun from above, he might be locked into this form. As he thought about it,

there's little better than remaining as an eighteen-foot-tall weredraox who could shatter mountains with a punch.

Daren grinned. The humans around him may feel afraid now, but he bet that would change. The best way to prove his character was by acting instead of talking.

Still, he might as well get away before someone thought of firing rockets at him.

Daren spread his wings behind him, with them much longer than his height. He kneeled and leaped into the air, shattering the pavement. Within a few seconds, he had already flown through a cloud, with it dragging along with his body. He zoomed toward the west, already thinking about what to do.

All he knew was that it would be fun as a weredraox.

About Author

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/foxgamer01/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~foxgamer01>

<https://furrynetwork.com/foxgamer01/>

I have a lot of great content there that I think you'll love.

Also, if you're interested in supporting me and my writing, please consider visiting my Ko-Fi and Patreon accounts at:

<https://ko-fi.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.patreon.com/foxgamer01>

Every little bit helps me to keep creating and sharing my stories with the world.

Lastly, if you have any questions or comments, please don't hesitate to contact me at:

foxgamer01@hotmail.com

I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!