

# A Dragon Coin

Foxgamer01

Content warning: Transformation, Muscle growth, Brainwashing,  
fight

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.

The sunlight caused Eisen's smartphone screen to glare out, preventing its images from being viewable. He attempted to adjust the screen's position so the glaring light would not land on it, but nothing worked. So, he sighed and pocketed his smartphone before continuing his walk home.

It had been another busy day at the deli store. Customers screamed out their orders, with Eisen and a couple of his coworkers barely able to complete them on time. Once done and handed over, they received a huff and a stomp rather than a mere thanks. Plus, just when they thought they could get a break, clean up the work area, or even get their stocks filled, another group would demand sandwiches. It was enough that Eisen had sworn off eating sandwiches until he found another job.

He had been searching for one for months with no luck at all.

Eisen adjusted his plaid brown and black button-up shirt, which hung unbuttoned over his plain white shirt. His tan jeans lay loose on him, tied against his waist thanks to his black belt. He pushed back his brown hair, which only touched his eyebrows. With them out of the way, his light blue eyes could focus on the street before him. His black sneakers stepped on a newspaper, which he could not

shake off. So, he ripped it off and glanced at it for a moment. The most he saw on it before he crumbled it was an image of a muscular winged figure.

"Another exhausting day done," Eisen said to himself. He tossed the newspaper toward a green trashcan, which bounced off from the rim. He kept on walking, pretending not to notice his missed shot. Instead, he thought about how he worked in that exhausting deli for two years. Despite the length of time, he doubted he made more than a dollar extra per hour of work since he started. He thought about the crew he began with, who all left or got fired one by one until he remained with new people. At least they found a new path while he remained aimless. "This is the pits."

"Well, now," another voice said beside Eisen. He flinched in response as the voice continued, "Another soul who is lost? How many did I encounter in *my* lifetime? Fefehehe."

Eisen turned to his right, where that voice came from. He saw a figure hidden in the shadows, with only his green eyes shining in the darkness. He felt intimidated, mainly because of how high those eyes were compared to his. The figure chuckled, one that felt so icy and fiery simultaneously.

"Wh-who are you?" Eisen asked. Part of him wished he had something like a knife. "What do you want?"

"Ah, two of the most important questions in life." The shadowy figure's voice held mild amusement. "After all, who are *you*?"

"I-My name's Eisen," Eisen responded.

"Eisen?" The figure laughed again as though he recognized that name. "That did little to answer my question, though. After all, what is a name other than a title humans give to others? Does a name tell someone their personality? Their character? Their beliefs? Does that tell if someone would do great things or terrible things? Or maybe tell you're one of the countless figures who faded from history, just one of the mere cogs in a greater whole?"

Eisen felt annoyed by such questions. "I'm not here to debate philosophy with you. Especially if you're just going to hang out where I can't see you."

"Who knows? Maybe the shadows are where I truly live." His green eyes narrowed. "Still, if you wish for me to enter the light."

The figure took two steps into the afternoon light, causing Eisen to gasp.

Eisen expected to see another human being like him; he did not expect to see some kind of anthro creature. He wore no shirt over his muscular torso, only wearing a purple cape over his shoulders. Red fur covered his torso up to his acute muzzle. His five tails swayed behind him, each with a slight dark shade of blue and tipped with bright red, with black fuzzy rings separating the two. The same slight dark-blue fur color dominated much of his body, from the tip of his muzzle to his shoulders and back, reaching past his knees and elbows. His long, bright red hair-fur lay back, touching the back of his cape.

This being smirked at Eisen, even letting a fang poke out between his lips. "Surprised? Fefehehe."

Eisen took a couple of steps back, with his eyes widening. Before he could say anything, this being unfolded a pair of massive feathery wings from underneath his cape. They were blue, which turned red halfway down his wings. He flexed his right hand-paw's fingers, jet black like his feet-paws and other hand-paws. A staff of ash gray formed on that hand-paw as tall as him and ended with a cluster of large green gems.

"Wh-what are you?!" Eisen said through his stammering teeth. His heart slammed against his chest as though it begged him to run as fast as possible. He stayed

in place, perhaps out of curiosity and likely out of fear. “No games, here!”

“That’s a shame.” This winged creature shrugged. “You can call me Fëanor. I’m a winged kitsune mage with powers beyond any this world has seen!”

This Fëanor grinned wider and approached Eisen. Without another word, he curled his fuzzy arm around Eisen’s shoulders and half-dragged him into the alleyway. The buildings between prevented any light from flowing in. Eisen felt this was stupid and should have run when Fëanor said anything to him. At the same time, he wondered if that would have changed anything.

“Now, then.” Fëanor winked one of his eyes. There, Eisen realized that the sclera was dark gray instead of white. In fact, they were so dark gray that he wondered if they were black rather. Fëanor chuckled again and released Eisen. “Let’s get down to business.”

Eisen blinked. “Business? What are you—”

“I can see it in your heart, my dear *friend*,” Fëanor said. When he said ‘friend,’ it dripped with oily amusement. “You feel lost and empty in your life in general. You find yourself in a job that you despise, with customers who barely give you the slightest respect and management

who only tolerates you. You try to escape, yet your attempts feel futile because you are not achieving a new job. As a result, you find yourself left behind despite how capable you prove to be. Am I wrong?"

Eisen hesitated for a few seconds. He would not use those exact terms, but Fëanor was not wrong. He wondered how Fëanor figured this out since they just met. Perhaps he somehow read his mind and heart and saw the truth as plain as day. Or maybe he had secretly stalked him for days, even weeks, and waited for this moment. That second thought only made him a lot more afraid.

Still, there was no use lying to him.

Eisen shook his head before turning away from the glowing green eyes' gaze.

"Fefehehe. You see?" Fëanor grinned. "You're a lost soul looking for a new path. Luckily, I have just the solution."

Fëanor reached into his brown pants and dug in one of the pockets. After a few seconds of searching, he laughed and pulled it out. He held his fist closed before Eisen and waited a few seconds. As soon as Eisen approached by an inch, Fëanor splayed his hand-paw out



in half a second. Eisen took a couple of steps back as his heart skipped a beat.

As Eisen gasped for breath, he stared at the object Fëanor held. It glittered gold despite the lack of light landing on its flat disk. As he approached closer, he realized that it was a gold coin. On its exposed side lay the face of a dragon breathing fire at the edges. He could not help but be impressed by that design.

"You can put it through any kind of testing, like biting or dropping it, and you'll find out what it is." Fëanor grinned, which did little to hide the smugness behind it. "There are two paths before you, my dear *friend*. You can take this coin, which will take you off your current path and set you on a completely different one. It'll be one few would decline if one was given openly, I might add."

Eisen wondered what he meant by that last part.

"The second path is where you try to leave me and this behind. I can assure you that you'll have no memory of me ever again in your current mind." A glint reflected in Fëanor's eyes. "Know that, by trying to leave, that meant returning to that horrible workplace tomorrow, doing the same thing over and over again. But I know just as much as you do that accepting my offer would be a far easier path."

Eisen thought about it for several seconds. On one hand, he did not trust this Fëanor person at all. He felt too slimy and shady, despite how it felt he tried to reign those in. Plus, something felt off about 'trying' to leave. Perhaps he should 'try' but 'do.'

On the other hand, nothing that Fëanor said felt like a lie. He doubted it was the complete truth, but nothing here suggested the slightest hint of a lie. In fact, it felt like the one chance he had been waiting for since he started work at the deli shop. Whatever that path might lead, it should be better than this one.

Eisen reached out and picked up the coin. It felt colder than expected like it had come from a fridge. He flipped the coin to its other side, where a dragon's tail curled in a spiral. He raised an eyebrow before turning to Fëanor, who grinned wider.

"So, uh, what does this do? Am I meant to sell—"

The gold coin glowed golden with a shade of green.

Eisen flinched, wondering what happened or how it was glowing. He knew that Fëanor mentioned that he was a mage along with winged and kitsune, but he had never seen magic before. Was this how it looked like when in effect? If so, what would it do?

As though in response to his questioning thoughts, brown scaly fur sprouted on his fingers. It spread down to his hands, thickening his palms into black leather. Eisen gasped in shock, noticing how his middle and ring fingers fused into one. His nails grew longer while whitening, turning into hard claws. His hand, from his fingertips to his wrists, was swollen to at least double.

At the same time, ripping sounds came from underneath him. Once fitted well on him, his sneakers felt tighter until they ripped apart from his growing feet near the front. His toes fused together until he was left with three on each foot. Claws sprouted from each toe, each as white as his finger's claws, but they grew much longer and larger until they outsized his toes. His feet also stretched longer, ripping apart more of his shoes until they slid off, leaving him with what remained of his socks. He stumbled until he adjusted his stance so he stood on the front of his feet. Brown fur also grew, which spread up his feet and reached past his ankles.

"Wh-what's going on?!" Eisen demanded. As he asked this, a cluster of white horns grew on his head in a V shape. They grew longer than his hair, which fell in clumps. Plus, fur grew on his face as though he was growing out a beard. "How is this happening?!"

"I told you. I'm a kitsune mage." Fëanor's expression turned smug, no longer bothering to hide it. He curled both hand-paws over his staff's head. "With a great love for transformation, especially turning others into monsters. Why else would I turn you into a dragon?"

"A dragon!?" Eisen widened his eyes in shock. He dropped the gold coin, which landed with a slight thump instead of a tang. Eisen raised an eyebrow and pressed it with one of his toe claws. At once, chocolate slipped through the coin's edges, with the aluminum pierced through. "A *chocolate* coin!?"

"Why, yes. Why would I use real gold?" Fëanor grinned wider before patting Eisen's arms. "And look at you. You're already developing so well."

Eisen tilted his head and turned to Fëanor, wondering what he meant by that. He found his answer when he realized he stood taller, with Fëanor only reaching his shoulders. His clothes also grew tight on him, with his belt snapping off and his pants' button popping. His shirts rolled up, coming down the topmost side of his stomach and near his shoulders. Holes ripped open all over his clothing, though that did little to alleviate how tight they became.

Fëanor rubbed more of his arm, which grew fuzzy with brown fur with another extra change. His arms thickened with muscles, with them bulging out without flexing them. It was at a thickness that any bodybuilder would dream of, though Eisen felt not as appreciative.

“OK, wise guy! Why are you doing this!?” Eisen growled, feeling a slight pain in his back. There, a pair of appendages grew on his shoulder blades. They stretched longer until they ripped through both shirts. They were shaped like hands, though with the fingers longer than usual and a leathery membrane between each ‘finger.’ Eisen wiggled them, with them flapping like wings, but they were too small to lift him up by a bit. “What’s this joke all about!?”

“Ah, my dear *friend*, this is only part of it.” Fëanor chuckled again, dripping with far more oil at the word ‘friend.’

Eisen felt a tugging feeling at his rear, much like his back. A new series of bones, muscles, nerves, flesh, and fur grew there. It pressed against his tan pants’ reach until it broke through. From there, it stretched out longer with the topside brown and the bottom white. His new tail smacked against a steel trashcan, causing it to dent on its side.

“Part of it?!” Eisen snarled, feeling his anger brewing. During that, his ears stretched out longer and changed shape. It became long and pointy, much like a fox. His ears moved up his head, meeting with the V-pattern horns. “What are you talking about?!”

Fëanor only chuckled and leaned against Eisen’s leg like a wall.

Eisen gritted his teeth as the pavement crumbled underneath his growing weight. His pants ripped more, becoming mere tatters against his thickening thighs and calves. The brown fur spread up his torso, side, and back, where more changes happened. His belly and chest gained white fur instead of brown. His chest broadened, gaining larger muscles. His height increased enough that Fëanor could fit into one of his legs. His tail grew longer and more prominent, with white spikes growing on the topside and spreading up his spine. His wings grew faster than he grew taller, so he folded them so they did not crash against the walls.

As the fur spread up Eisen’s neck, it grew longer and thicker, enough to rival his chest at the base. What remained of his hair fell on the ground as though he shed it off. The white V-shaped horns grew longer and pointier, enough to pierce through steel. His mouth and nose

morphed forward, with his nose shrinking into mere dots. His teeth grew longer and sharper as though he could chew on steel. His tongue grew thick in his mouth while ending with a fork. Brow fur spread over his face, covering every bit of his skin.

Eisen felt his anger boiling over. While he guessed that Fëanor was a snake of some sort, he never expected any of this. The most he thought it would be was some kind of Faustian deal, but this was beyond that. Plus, seeing that winged kitsune mage remained smug deepened his anger.

Eisen reached down and picked Fëanor up to eye level. "Change. Me. Back."

"Fefehehe," Fëanor responded.

Eisen kept changing, like a young dragon growing into an adult in seconds. The pavement below him shattered so much under his massive weight that they reached one building side to the next. His muscles grew and defined, with abs showing through the fur and skin. His chest broadened as well, becoming a triangular shape with his body. His arms and legs grew large and thick, enough to crumble a diamond with a mere flex. What remained of his clothes popped out from his body. His tail grew as long as his body, with thick spikes at the tip. His wings, even when folded in, lay massive against his back. He kept on

growing until he reached an incredible twenty-five feet height.

“My, my, don’t you look like a sexy dragon?” Fëanor said. He licked his lips. “I’m sure you won’t have any trouble getting a date anymore.”

“Shut it and change me back!” Eisen folded his ears back.

“Now, then. Didn’t I tell you that you’ll have a new path before you?” Fëanor leaned forward. “Becoming a dragon *is* that new path. I can make you a dragon king, much like the last one. I can make the whole world your oyster. Nothing, not even the most powerful nukes, could cause even the weakest part of your fur to singe. Doesn’t that sound like a good path?”

Eisen hesitated for a moment. What he offered sounded tempting, especially after dealing with entitled customers almost every day. They seemed to enjoy poking at the smallest of flaws he and the others at his workplace did and making a massive fuss about it. They whined, begged, and moaned if the tomato he placed was off by a bit, the lettuce was not fresh enough, or the bread was just a bit too hard. He could show them all what it meant to have a hard life.



But then, he would not be him.

“No,” Eisen said. Fëanor lifted his head in surprise. “No. I’ll not be some kind of king or monster. People can be entitled, rude, or evil. I know that from personal experience. But people can be kind, decent, and good. And it wouldn’t matter my excuse; they would lump me with the first if I give into my rage.” Eisen pulled Fëanor closer to his face. “Now, then. You can either change me back now, or I can pluck out your feathers until you do.”

Fëanor narrowed his eyes before he laughed. “My, my. We can’t have that, can we?”

He reached up and booped Eisen’s nose.

“What are you—”

At once, Eisen froze in place. His mind turned blank, as though every bit of it was grabbed and strapped onto a couch. His light blue eyes grew unfocused, unable to see the winged kitsune mage before him. He stood like some kind of statue.

“Fefehehe. You just had to do it the hard way.” Fëanor shook his head. “They all do in the end if given the chance.”

Fëanor lifted his hand-paw up, generating a purple orb with pure black at the center. He tossed it toward Eisen’s

head, with it fusing together. Eisen's eyes glowed purple, with his expression becoming neutral.

"Now then, my *minion*." Fëanor's voice dripped with poisonous honey. "Let me go this instant."

Eisen uncurled his fingers, letting Fëanor slip away.

"Excellent." Fëanor hopped onto Eisen's shoulder. "Now then, do you remember that deli shop you worked at as a human?" Eisen nodded. Fëanor continued, "Good. Let's pay it a visit, shall we?"

"Yes, master," Eisen said in an emotionless voice.

"Very good. You have my permission to cause whatever destruction that, well, does the most damage." Fëanor grinned wide, with every bit of his teeth seemingly becoming pointy.

Eisen nodded again and walked out of the alleyway. His wings scraped against the walls, causing chunks of bricks to fall. His chest pressed against an electrical line, which snapped off with the smallest of force. The box the line was connected to exploded. Each step caused a minor earthquake, crushing craters into the pavements. Without any issue at all, he stepped out onto the street.

Despite being able to fly, Eisen walked toward the deli store instead. He stepped toward a parked gray car, which

he breathed fire on. The steel, rubber, and plastic melted, and the engine exploded. This caused people to come out of the street in confusion. When they spotted a giant, muscular dragon dominating the street, they all fled in the opposite direction while screaming.

Fëamor laughed with pure glee. Already, panic seeped through the town with an alarm blaring out. If this continued, it would snowball into a riot. The thought of people fighting and backstabbing each other filled him with joy.

Eisen made the occasional swipe at a building beside him. He would breathe fire into the opening he created, spreading it all around. Soon, he left behind a massive, thick cloud, which grew. Another car zipped by but stopped as soon as the driver saw Eisen. She hopped out and fled seconds before Eisen stomped on it, letting gasoline and oil flow from the engine. With a huff of flames, they ignited and caused the car to explode. Despite being near it, he was unharmed by the debris crashing against him.

Along the way, when crossing an intersection, a couple of police cars came with the sirens screeching. They stopped twenty feet from Eisen, jumped out, and fired their pistols. Each bullet crumbled against Eisen's body without

piercing through, with each one ticklish. Even so, the officers kept firing until they ran out of bullets. They stepped back a couple of steps and only fled when Eisen crumbled up one of the cars by stepping on it. He set aflame the other car, letting the flames spread to the first one.

Eisen narrowed his eyes at the interception lights. He grabbed it and, with a twist, snapped it off from the sidewalk. He tossed it aside, letting it pierce through a burning building. Such things were little more than petty distractions, but as long as destruction made Fëanor happy, he would continue to do so.

After several minutes of walking, he stood in front of the deli shop. Fëanor ordered Eisen to stop before hopping off and gazing inside. Though the lights remained on, no one stayed within the open shop. Likely, they heard the sounds of screaming and discovered that a dragon was headed this way. That made Fëanor disappointed; he enjoyed the sound of screaming.

Still, he must make do with what he has.

"Now, then." Fëanor turned up to Eisen. "I'm sure you know how much you hated working here, yes?" Eisen nodded, though no flicker of anger came to his face. "Good. Now, since you have a bit of my power, I suggest that you smash it up. Do it, my *minion*."

Eisen nodded and stepped toward the deli shop. He curled his toes before kicking the wall above the door, causing it to cave open. He kicked and punched until it became wide enough to step inside. He stomped on chairs and tables, with them turning into twisted steel and splinters. He ripped one bolted-down chair with a foot-paw and kicked it to the front desk.

Fëanor laughed while leaning against his staff. The destruction, noises, and smell all felt good to him. The thought of ordering Eisen to spread such destruction throughout the town greatly amused him. He already imagined this town as a smoldering ruin, with them standing in the middle. And what would not be better timing than to release Eisen from his control then? The despair—

A sharp sound came from above.

A thunderous boom came before Fëanor, with the deli shop exploding.

Fëanor's instincts reacted at once, raising his staff forward. A purple energy shield formed around him, protecting him from the smoke, dust, and debris. He stared forward in confusion, wondering how and why it exploded. There should not be any chemicals or machinery that could cause it. With that disproven, that meant something landed

from the sky, but what? A missile or a bomb? The military should not react this soon.

Within the smoke and dust, he saw a muscular, dragonish figure. At first, he thought he was Eisen until he realized this one stood only eighteen feet tall. Shorter than Eisen but no less muscular; in a way, even hidden behind the smoke, they showed much more power.

So, this being must be another anthro dragon.

"Impossible." Fëanor shook his head. "I checked through this world. There shouldn't be anything—"

The smoke and dust cleared out, making the figure visible to Fëanor. Once he saw clear enough, he gasped in shock and horror. For one of the few times in his life, he felt fear and bafflement, something not even some of the greatest deities managed.

This figure stood there with red fur-like scales dominating his body. Black fur-like scales covered his arms and legs below the elbows and knees, his triangular ears, and most of his wings. White horns hung between his ears, each one long and sharp. Black spikes went from the top of his tail, red with a white tip, and up his spine. Unlike Eisen, this figure wore blue torn-up shorts. None of those brought in fear.

It was the white A on this being's back.

"This cannot be," Fëanor whispered. Before this weredraox lay Eisen, though more confused than anything. This weredraox turned to Fëanor, showing off his sea blue eyes. That almost made Fëanor's heart jump out of his throat. "No. NO! You shouldn't be here!" Fëanor gritted his teeth. "There shouldn't be a Daren like you in this universe! WHO ARE YOU!?"

The weredraox stared at Fëanor for a few seconds. "You know of this 'Daren?'"

"Don't play tricks with me, beast!"

Fëanor fired out a black lightning bolt at the weredraox's chest.

It bounced off, leaving no mark on him.

Fëanor grunted and took a step back. "What is it that, whenever my fun gets interrupted and my day's ruined, you're always at the heart of it?! WHY DO YOU EXIST!?"

The weredraox, rather than attacking Fëanor, thought for a few seconds. "I was not originally a 'Daren' that you speak of. I was known as Jason until a week ago. But I carry the Daren the weredraox's memories with them dominate over Jason's memories. Call me Daren or Jason or whatever. But whatever it is you're doing, stop it."

“J-Jason?”

Fëanor gasped for air, calming himself down. After a bit, he let out a chuckle. That chuckle morphed into laughter, which grew madder. He sprung his head toward the sky, laughing even harder. Daren, the former Jason, stared at the winged kitsune in confusion. Once he stopped laughing, he glared at Daren.

“I see. So, fate or luck brought you into existence in this world. To stop me, I bet.” Fëanor let out another mad chuckle. “Ah, life is full of ironies. I would fight you, but even I know better. Besides, given that you’re a mock-up, I doubt you have it.”

Daren raised an eyebrow and flexed his fingers. “What are you talking about?”

“No more. No more.” Fëanor shook his head. He turned to Eisen and commanded. “My *minion*! Change in plans! Destroy this Daren! Rip his head off his neck if you have to. Don’t stop until he’s dead!”

Eisen nodded and stood, brushing aside any debris from him. Daren spun around, only for the much larger Eisen to pounce him to the ground. He curled his arms around Daren and squeezed as hard as possible. Daren grunted but fought back with his arms. Sensing the change,



Eisen spread his wings and took to the sky, carrying Daren with him.

Fëanor turned upward before collapsing onto the ground. "Oh, I don't want a fourth round with another Daren. Not this time." He shook his head. "Even as a mock-up, he's still dangerous. Time to go." He stood back up with his knees shaking. "Ah, Eisen, my *minion*. It's a shame that I have to end it far too quickly. Whether you win or lose, I don't care. I'm leaving."

So, with his tails between his legs, Fëanor swung his staff against the ground. Once it made contact, a series of pure black spirals and squares formed underneath him, as long and wide as five feet. Giant, shadowy pedals grew from the ground, engulfing Fëanor's entire body. They curled several times before sinking into the ground. By the time they and the lines disappeared, Fëanor left this reality through the darkness between universes.

#   #   #

In a field, two anthro dragons fought for five hours. The grass burned beneath them for hundreds of feet. When they punched each other, it was hard enough to cause wind storms powerful enough to topple trees. The ground gave away from the force, forming a crater seventy feet wide and thirty feet deep.

Eisen let out an emotionless roar and punched Daren in the face.

Daren took the punch and swung his foot-paw at Eisen's side.

"You're tough, I'll admit that," Daren said between breaths. "But no match for me."

Eisen stood there; his bruises healed though slower than before. He panted, gasping for breath harder than Daren. Despite that, he remained firm and shook his fist.

Daren nodded and bent his knees, shaking his fist as well.

The two charged at each other and punched against each other's chests.

The force of such attacks triggered a tornado, which tossed around trees and sucked in the flames.

When the tornado faded, Eisen stumbled and fell onto his back with a massive thud. Daren remained standing and approached his opponent with caution. Eisen lifted his head a few feet when the purple glowing lights faded from his eyes. His light blue eyes returned, with them full of exhaustion. Emotions flooded his body, and he wept, to Daren's surprise.

"Oh, God," Eisen said. "I could see myself doing it but couldn't stop myself. I-I'm sorry."

Daren blinked before he nodded in complete understanding and realization. He bent down and lifted Eisen back onto his feet-paws. By that point, his bruises had faded away. Daren asked, "You were under that monster's control, weren't you?" Eisen nodded, and Daren continued. "It's over."

"I, well, how can I live on?" Eisen shook his head. "I-I wanted him to change me back, but now I'm stuck like this. What can I do?"

Daren thought about it and responded, "If you want to, you could come with me. I like traveling around and helping people. I'm sure you will, too."

"Really?" Eisen blushed in shame. "Even after all of that destruction?"

"As I said, you were under the control of that monster." Daren smiled. "Call me Daren. What's your name?"

"Er, Eisen," the other, more enormous dragon responded.

A sparkle came from Daren's eyes. "Eisen? Heh." He grinned wider. "Maybe this is fate. Maybe this is why he turned me into this."

Eisen tilted his head. "Uh, what are you talking about?"

Daren patted Eisen's side. "I'll explain later. For now, let's go to a place to rest."

"Uh, sure."

Daren spread his wings and flew off, with Eisen following behind. For a moment, Eisen wondered how Daren could overpower someone much larger than him, but he dismissed that thought. He decided that it did not matter in the slightest. Besides, if this Daren was not strong enough— he could not finish that thought.

He wondered how to continue living, especially as a giant dragon. He could not dare return to that deli shop if he somehow returned to his human shape. He may hate working there, but the shame of destroying it would be even worse.

Regardless of his future, at least he would have a friend.

# 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](mailto: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!