

A Werewolf Apprentice

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Content warning: Transformation, Muscle Growth, Multiverse

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Jason walked down the sidewalk, listening to Breath of the Wild music on his headphones. The music helped him stay awake this early, at 6 AM. He would flop on the sidewalk and sleep on it if he did not. Besides, fantasy music always puts him in a good mood.

The morning sunlight peaked through between houses, shining on his brown hair. His bright blue eyes darted around, but he saw no other person on the sidewalk. He nodded and adjusted his blue polo shirt, tucking it inside his brown jeans. His new black sneakers squeaked sometimes when he stepped on the concrete sidewalk. He hoped that they would not squeak for much longer.

Jason thought about his work and why he was up so early. It was a small shop where he and others made props and costumes. Since it was not Halloween season, they get orders from LARPers these days. They were not too bad, if a bit eccentric. Though Jason thought it was hypocritical of him to believe that since he worked in that store. He also loved working on costumes and making painted or carved symbols on weapons, armor, or staff. That made him just as much of a fan as the LARPers.

It still sucked to wake up so early that the bus did not drive as much.

“Ah, love this part in the soundtrack,” Jason said. The song, Kass’s Theme, filled his ears. The bandoneon felt so natural instead of synthesized. “Feels so good.”

Jason felt more awake than ever, but that made him feel alone. He enjoyed talking with people, learning about their lives, and helping them as much as possible. He would cause even the shyest person to bleed their life’s stories out within five minutes. So, to be alone on the road, with the bus not driving as much at this hour, made him wish his work would restore his previous hours.

“Ah, I should try to convince Anna to push my hours forward like they were under Mal.” Jason rubbed the back of his head, just underneath the headphones. “Then again, maybe she wouldn’t listen.”

Jason sighed again and shrugged. He thought back to when his supervisor, Mal, resigned; since then, he has worked under Anna. For some reason, his new supervisor felt he was more suited to sewing costumes together and molding fake jewels. He was decent but not nearly as skilled in carving and painting. Anna labeled him lower for it, even as he and other coworkers explained what he was good at. From what Jason heard, she did the same with the others, with one resigning because of it.

Either she wanted him and his coworkers to improve on their worse parts, or she got things backward.

"Things weren't the same since Mal left." Jason rolled his right shoulder up and down. "Such a shame. Perhaps I should look around and—"

Jason felt a thud on his head.

He fell onto the sidewalk with a pained grunt.

"Gth! What the!?" Jason rubbed the top of his head, feeling a dent in the headphone's handle. A bit of pain came from pressing the beginning of a bruise there. A part of him wondered what happened; another part was annoyed by the music stuttering from the headphones. He turned off the music player on his smartphone and searched around. "What hit me?"

It did not take long to find what did.

"What's this?" Jason bent down toward a golden-white rock lying on the grassy lawn. He lifted on its side and saw the still living green grass underneath. That alone told him that the rock had landed there recently. Plus, it was not like any natural rock. This one felt smooth and round, as though someone carved and polished it into shape.

He glanced underneath it and saw a black A on it.

"Jeez. My headphones saved my life just then." Jason rubbed the back of his head. "But who threw this at me?"

Jason twisted around for any possible person but saw nobody but himself. Not even a car passed down the road or anyone standing on rooftops. That left only the sky, so he turned upward—

Jason blinked.

"Ah!?" Jason rubbed his eyes and turned upward again. Only a couple of clouds floated above, and there was no airplane. He breathed harder, swearing momentarily that he saw something faded with the blue sky. That one being had the same hue as this rock and had eyes of sea blue. It even flashed a grin at that moment. Jason's brain twisted and turned, rationalizing that moment. "Ah, I must've been seeing things."

Jason huffed and shook his head. He already thought that he must be tired or may not have enough to eat this morning. Perhaps both caused him to imagine such an impossible being that defied any sense of logic. He thought of the supermarket along the way and resolved to get a snack there.

"That sounds like a plan." Jason tossed the stone up and down and blinked, remembering that he picked it up.

Perhaps he should post an image of this online to find its owner. That would be a decent thing to do, especially if the owner contacted him about it. He would return it with no strings attached. "Yup. A good plan."

Jason set the headphones on his shoulders and winced when it brushed against his swelling bruise.

"Ah, maybe one string."

He stepped forward, only to pause when he spotted a glint of light on the lawn. He paused and searched for the reflected light. It glinted again, and he rushed over to that object. Jason widened his eyes in surprise and confusion when he picked it up.

He checked over this odd pair of glasses, which lay almost ten feet away from that rock. The bridge and rim of the glasses felt thick and solid. He tapped a nail against the lens, which was made of solid glass larger than his eyes. The framing was curved in a vague square with soft corners instead of sharp ones. He reached for the glasses' temple tips but realized they did not have those or the temples.

"Ah, the previous owner must've felt it was worth less to repair them." Jason shook his head. "Otherwise, the nose would have to do all the carrying. That would be very annoying."

Jason rushed off the lawn, hoping that he did not cause any damage to the grass or dirt. This owner was particular about maintaining a good lawn and hated it if a single grass blade was bruised. He reached the sidewalk and speedwalked away, getting as far as possible. He should be at work if he did leave any noticeable damages that the owner found.

He only walked fifty yards away before pausing and glancing at the two unusual objects. It felt odd that he found one after the other and with both being near each other. If logic dictates that these came from the sky, there should be a noticeable plane and helicopter. If so, perhaps the owner of this rock came from the same previous owner of these glasses. It seemed ridiculous at first, but he thought of no other answer.

"I'm thinking way too hard on this." Jason rolled his eyes. "I should toss away these glasses in the nearest trash."

Jason glanced forward, noticing a trash can next to a bus stop. He rushed over there and hovered it above the opening before pausing. He hovered the glasses' lens over his eyes and blinked. His vision looked much more precise with these glasses than without.

“Ah, my vision shouldn’t be that bad, right?” Jason lowered the glasses in confusion. He rubbed the right side of his head with his knuckles. “I-I know I can see clearly, but those made my eyes sharper than before.”

Jason lifted those glasses back up while pondering an idea. If he could set the glasses by its nose pad on his nose well enough, perhaps they would not fall off. It sounded ridiculous, especially since it would feel heavy without his ears taking the glasses’ weight off his nose. At the same time, he wanted to give it a try.

“Ah, I bet they’ll look silly on me.” Jason set the glasses on the bridge of his nose, looking through. His vision improved beyond his previous sights, noticing the tiny black ants crawling a dark brown trash bin and little specks of dirt on the bus stop’s seats without trying. It also felt nice on his nose, with him not even noticing the weight. “This felt nice. I wonder why—”

The stone’s black A glowed bright white.

It shot a light toward the sky above, scattering a cloud above.

Jason blinked and covered his eyes from the light. He dropped the rock, but it did not fall onto the ground. Instead, it hovered in the air by about a yard. Below, white

light emitted from the ground, piercing through dirt, sidewalk, and pavement while crawling over trash bins, seats, and canopy. It spread around, forming a pure white square surrounding him at about ten feet from each side. A four-point diamond formed as a pattern, eight feet from two corners and four feet from the other two. A four-arm spiral formed, spinning from the very center of the square and diamond. The arms went through each diamond's corner without touching the others.

When the spiral touched the square's corners, the light engulfed Jason.

"GAH!!" Jason yelled out. The light appeared as fleshy red through his closed eyes. Only when the light faded did he dare to open his eyes. They widened as wide as cannon balls when they took in everything they saw. "What the?!"

Instead of a suburban neighborhood, he saw multicolored spheres containing countless white dots. He also hovered in space, trying to understand this location. He looked at a red outline sphere, the closest one to him, and its white dots. A few seconds later, his mind almost cracked from the realization.

Those dots were galaxies.

The spheres containing them were universes.

The red one was not the closest but the largest.

“O-oh God.” Jason felt his heart pointing at his chest. The place he hovered in must be in the space between universes. Somehow, he left his original universe and was taken here. “I-I—”

Jason glanced around, noticing his body had a pure white outline for some reason. The light pushed away the darkness that surrounded this realm of space. He wondered why he glowed until he noticed the golden-white stone hovering beside him. It blinked three times before it zoomed forward. It carried Jason forward, with him uttering a yell while universes passed by him.

At that point, the glasses on him glowed lime green.

Jason’s fingers cracked, and his nails grew long while blackening. They grew at about a quarter of an inch while thickening. At the same time, silvery-gray fur spread from his fingers and reached his hands. His palms thickened while blackening, becoming leathery pads.

At the same time, his shoes strained to contain his expanding feet. At the front, his feet ripped through with his toes fused into four, each covered in silvery-gray fur. Each toe also held short black claws piercing his socks and shoes with little issue. His feet stretched longer, ripping through

the rest of his shoes and socks. The remains of the shoes and socks fell into the darkness. His feet cracked, adjusting their stance so they stood at the front end of his feet.

“Huh?!” Jason blinked several times in shock.

Jason felt a tingle throughout his body, particularly his muscles. The top button of his polo shirt strained to remain on. It soon popped off, flying outside of the protective border. His sleeves also grew tight, which confused him just as much. When he turned downward, he realized how broad his once narrow chest had become and how thick his once noodle arms were. He also felt a similar tightness on his pants, with the leggings struggling to remain on.

“O-oh jeez!” Jason blushed. He rubbed his teeth, feeling the fangs on them growing longer. “H-how can this be?”

Jason thought about it, but he could not think of any reason for these series of impossible events. For starters, the energy needed to grow fur, change his bone structure, and edit his DNA would be high. What should have happened was that his body died from the stress and starvation before it even reached this point. Even if he was in a hospital bed, with fluids pumping into his body, his body would not survive. Plus, his muscle mass should be shrinking into

nothing rather than swelling to a bodybuilder level of buff. All of this violates basic biology.

He paused his thoughts and thought about it for a moment.

He failed biology at high school, so how did he know this knowledge?

Jason grunted and pressed his leathery palms against his forehead. His brain felt a massive headache, almost as though it was splitting into two. His ears stretched out, becoming pointy while moving up his head. Silvery-gray fur covered them while they took the shape of triangles. The inner part of his ears held a pinkish hue.

His muscles swelled larger beyond any bodybuilder's ability, widening his chest. The remaining polo shirt's buttons popped out and exited this protective border. His abs, once nonexistent, swelled into a six-pack thick enough to grind meat. Each one pressed against his shirt, becoming visible through the straining shirt. The sleeves burst off from his expanding biceps and triceps, with the muscles on each forearm just as thick.

"Gth!" Jason groaned. His hair changed color into a dark gray hue. "Wh-what's going on?"

Jason thought about what could allow this situation to happen. The idea of nanomachines came to mind, but that was impossible. Their energy input would be limited to the body itself, which would sooner kill him than transform him to this degree. Chemicals were also a good option, but he would be doused in such a bath for months to get something like this. Even hacking into his DNA to awaken unused ones would not allow this since it was not like humanity was descended from wolves or dogs.

“This is so improbable!” Jason shook his head.

Jason thought about it more, but no answer came. The only things that came to mind were more science details, especially in science fiction. It felt odd since, while Jason knew some things about the genre, it was minimal at best. He read a little like Foundation and a bit of Dune, but nothing too deep. At this moment, his knowledge of the genre increased, like about 2001: A Space Odyssey, Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, and even The Three-Body Problem. Not to mention all of the scientific details that he took for granted.

“How? Why?” Jason dug his claws into his hair.

The fur spread up his arms and legs, reaching his chest, back, and stomach. His calves swelled, ripping the lower parts of his pants with ease. His thighs and waist

grew, though somehow his pants grew with him, becoming 'shorts.' They remained firm on him but with the confidence that they would not slip off.

His shirt, on the other hand, ripped apart from his bulging chest to his tough stomach. Jason groaned, feeling what remained of his shirt slipping off from him. His muscles swelled up, his chest pumping forward farther than his mouth, and his neck thickening. His arms thickened like they could carry a railroad tie with one hand. His back muscles grew defined, hardening so any spinal injuries became impossible.

When it reached his torso, the fur became silvery instead of silvery-gray. The fur just above his chest fluffed out like a mane. He felt a growing tightness on his rear, with his spine stretching downward. Before he realized it, his 'shorts' ripped on the seat, with bone, muscles, flesh, and fur stretching out from there. It went as far as his ankle, with the new tail fluffing into a silvery hue.

It took Jason a bit to realize that his height doubled from six feet to twelve. That should be impossible under the square-cube law. His body would demand so much oxygen and energy that his heart would give out by eight feet. Not to mention how his shorts somehow stretched far larger

than they should. He wondered where he heard of this law when he suffered another headache.

“GAH!!”

The fur spread up his neck, with it poofing out. His mouth and nose shifted forward, with his nose blackening while flattening, growing moist, and becoming an upside-down triangle. The silvery fur covered his muzzle and surrounded his eyes, with the rest of his face a silvery-gray. The glasses grew and stretched on the bridge of his muzzle, becoming firmer on him. When he opened his eyes, he finished transforming into a werewolf.

“W-what?” Jason whispered. He felt embarrassed and shy suddenly, as though he sensed someone watching him. He curled his arms and legs close to him as though he tried to shrink. He knew this was a silly thing to feel, but he could not help it. “E-eep!”

The bubble he floated in brightened as harshly as the sun.

As soon as the light faded away, he hovered ten feet in the air.

Gravity took hold, dragging him to the ground with a loud thud.

“Owww.” Jason groaned. He pushed himself back up while looking at his right arm. He expected to find bruises there but was surprised to find none. Instead, the grassy ground beneath him took more damage than he did. He bent down and rubbed the crater he created. “W-well, at least it can’t get any worse.”

When Jason looked around, he realized just how wrong he was.

Before him stood what looked like a skirmish, but with both sides pausing to gawk at him.

Jason gulped, noting each combatant weapons and armor. At first glance, it looked like he had landed on some medieval world, like in his original one. Upon closer look, he realized it was only on the surface level. Each spear or sword had a thick glowing outline on each blade, with Jason guessing it could cut even his hardened skin. One had theirs green, while the others had theirs blue. Their armor also had glowing outlines, perhaps to help defend themselves from getting pierced or sliced. However, Jason wondered if the ones with leathery armor could not withstand much blow compared to those with chest-plated armor.

The leathery armor ones aimed their weapons at Jason before he could say anything.

Jason walked backward, his eyes wide from fear and horror. One thrust a spear at his chest, only for the glowing outline to shatter upon contact. Jason grunted, with it like a punch to him. The attacker tossed down his spear and pulled out his sword. It was like a hollow bar until a bladed outline formed around it, glowing green.

Jason yelped and swung his arms up, intending to surrender. Along the way, he broke a spear's shaft without even trying, with the green outline sputtering off. That only got the others riled up, with more attacking him. He blushed, feeling each attack, but with no one getting through to him. This made him reconsider how ineffective his new body was against such attacks.

That did not mean he did not feel these attacks. Nor did that soothe his fear of getting killed.

"S-stop!" Jason curled his tail close to him. "I-I'm not interested in fighting! Please!"

One of the leathery-armor ones swung his curved blade at Jason—

An arrow pierced through his head, stopping him in his tracks.

The leathery ones spun around, realizing their mistake. Rather than join forces on this intruder, the chest-plated

ones waited until much of their weapons lay broken from attacking Jason. With few weapons to defend themselves with, they scattered in multiple directions. Half of the chest-plated ones pursued, killing any of the leathery ones they reached. None of the leathery ones remained outside of their dead within half a minute.

Jason sat down, though he still felt a great deal of fear. The chest-plated ones, the ones who did not pursue, stared at him with a curious expression. Their weapons lost their thick glowing outlines while they sheaved them, but they still spread out in a half-moon around Jason. One of them, the only one who wore a steel helmet, stepped forward. Jason shuddered, wondering what was going on.

The helmet one asked, "Are you from another world?"

Jason hesitated before answering, "Yes."

"Then the Stranger's word has proven true." The helmet one thumped his fist against his chest. "We would be honored if you would come with us, please."

Jason thought about it for a few seconds. Those soldiers, who this helmet one likely commanded, did not seem to want him to leave. However, he doubted that they could stop him from going anywhere. The shattered weapons beneath him proved that.

He wondered what he should do. On one hand (or rather hand-paw), if he came with this helmet, he could be put in some kind of adventure. That excited him since he loved fantasy stories like that and worried since he doubted it would be easy. Even being some vast, muscular werewolf, Jason would rather not fight. On the other hand-paw, Jason knew nothing about this world. He had nowhere to go, nobody who would help him, and might be hunted for his pelt.

It was one thing that adventure stories did not tell: how to survive in the wilderness.

"Sure."

"Very good." The helmet one gave a slight bow to Jason. He and his soldiers waited until Jason stood before escorting him. The helmet one walked by Jason as though attempting to reassure him. Jason, for his part, wanted to shrink about even though he had doubled everyone's heights here. The helmet one gave Jason a slight smile.

"What's your name?"

"My name?" Jason hesitated. He wondered what to answer in response. Knowing a person's name in several fantasy works could allow a magic user to control or banish them. He did not witness any use of magic, though their

weapons' unusual glowing outlines could suggest that. Perhaps it was best to play it safe. "Steve."

"Steve?" The helmet one chuckled. "Rather plain for a hulking beast like you."

"Er, yeah." Steve blushed in response. He felt silly to suggest that name. There were plenty of more fantasy or even science fiction names to choose from. Still, might as well roll with it. "My parents were plain people."

"I see." The helmet one nodded and pointed. "There's the carriage my men and I were escorting before those bandits ambushed us. My boss will want to speak with you."

Steve stared ahead and blinked at the carriage. It was large enough to fit four people, but that did not surprise him. What surprised him was how fancy it looked. It had black paint with golden outlines at each side and room, and an eight-pointed star was on the back. The window had black curtains and a curved door with golden handles. The wheels were wooden but large and painted black. Steve glanced at the steeds pulling the carriage and flinched. Though they looked like horses, they had green scales covering them, fins where their tails and mane should be, and large curved talons. Their red eyes glanced at Steve but remained still.

The helmet one knocked on the carriage door. "We've driven out the bandits, with half my men in pursuit of them. Also, the prophesied one came."

It took a few seconds for the carriage door to open. "He did, Captain March?"

Steve blinked several times at the man who stepped out. He wore no armor unless he hid it underneath those spotless white robes. His black boots landed on the ground with a loud thud. Despite looking older than his mid-forties, a beard struggled to grow on his face. He pushed back his long, blond hair and glanced at Steve.

"Is this the fellow?" the man asked.

"He calls himself Steve," Captain March answered. "He appeared out of nowhere and claimed that he came from another world. This is going as the Stranger predicted."

"Hmm." The robed man raised a finger, producing a white flame. It hovered over Steve and slammed against his chest before he could react. It bounced off and sputtered into nothing. The robed man chuckled. "Clever one, aren't you?"

"Ah, thank you?" Steve blinked.

The robed man gave Steve a wry smile. "What do you know about magic?"

"Magic?" Steve shifted his eyes around, pressing his index fingers together. "Ah, nothing. Nothing outside of our fictional stories. The one I came from had no magic. None at all."

The robed man's dark eyes shone. "What do you know about the Stranger?"

"I, nothing! I know nothing!" Steve took a step back while gulping. "Wh-where am I? Who are you?"

The robed man chuckled. "I'm the grand wizard of the Usmua Courts, Gordon. Master of Magic, Forger of the Pyre Blade, and the Keeper of Knowledge." He lowered his head to Steve. "Don't be afraid, Steve. We're very honored to meet you as the Stranger foretold."

Steve wiggled his knees together. "I, er, who is this 'Stranger' you're referring to? And what does it have to with, well, me?"

"A week ago, the Stranger came to us, just as tall though not nearly as wide as you." Gordon pulled out a flat disk and pressed its center. A three-dimensional image of a man appeared, with robes covering him from head to toe. What he could not hide was nine large tails sprawled

behind. "He foretold a war between us and our neighboring kingdom, Utros. This war, he declared, would spread across all kingdoms and wipe much of us out. However, he told us not to despair, for he said that a great hero, a master mage, would come. He will come out of nowhere and appear not as a man but as a beast. We believe that is you, Steve."

"M-me?" Steve widened his eyes. He could sense Captain March and his men staring at him. Rather than with fear, it was with respect. That somehow made Steve grow uncomfortable. "W-wait! I told you! All of my knowledge of magic comes from fiction!"

"Magic to us comes in symbols." Gordon dispelled the three-dimensional image and pocketed the disk before entering the carriage. To Steve's surprise, Gordon pulled out a staff way longer than the carriage's width. No carvings lay on the twelve-foot pale ash gray staff. Gordon handed it to Steve and explained. "Symbols carry meanings to each user, with ours being the lone star. The more powerful they mean to the holder, the stronger the magic. I should add that each magic user could only use so much magic at once before collapsing."

"The Stranger himself gave this staff to me while explaining that the hero would prove himself by carving

symbols into this staff. He declared that the magic the hero held would be beyond any we had ever seen. But he promised that he wouldn't use it for selfish reasons. The Stranger soon left and, despite my best efforts, I could not find him anywhere.

"So, Steve, prove yourself to us."

"O-OK." Steve looked at the staff while humming. It felt silly to carve out markings to show his magical prowess. Besides, all of his carving tools were back at his work. The thought of work, his coworkers, supervisors, and home made him homesick. He wished he could return home but saw no way to do so. "I, er—"

Steve paused, noting how easily his claw pierced through the wooden staff.

"Give me a moment, please."

Steve sat down and extended one of his claws. He pressed it against the staff, with it going in as easy as a needle through a shirt. He smiled and, letting old work instincts take over, carved out a design for his staff. His tail wagged behind him.

Throughout the carving, he made symbols from his favorite books, TV series, and movies. He added a Triforce carving near the top with a B5 marking beneath it. He

connected each symbol with curved lines with a leaf marking on occasion. The Starfleet badge lay on one end, while the Rebel Alliance symbol was on the opposite. He added a bit of flourish on the hope Aon from Elantris and a dragon carving. He finished it with an Aegis core crystal symbol from Xenoblade Chronicles and a Half-Life Lambda.

Once done, Steve stood up. "Er, now what?"

"Now," Gordon responded, "aim it at the sky. If you're the mage we've been looking for, it'll emit lightning."

"Ah, are-are you sure?" Steve shrunk back. "That sounds dangerous. What about your, er, steeds?"

"They'll be fine. They're trained not to move unless commanded by me," Captain March answered.

"If you're not the one, we'll still let you come. Perhaps we may even figure out a way to get you home." Gordon gave a wry smile as though he knew the outcome. "If you are, you'll be my apprentice. Is that acceptable?"

Steve hesitated and answered, "Y-yeah."

Steve lifted the staff toward the air.

At once, lightning shot out into the sky. The bolts spread out, splitting into dozens while never curving

downward. All over colors within the staff's vicinity got sucked away, leaving black and white. Steve widened his eyes but in wonder instead of fear.

It lasted a few seconds but left a spikey feel in Steve's mouth. "W-woah. Wh-what happened?"

"It's proof." Gordon bowed his head to Steve. "You're the hero the Strange told us about."

Steve blinked and blushed, which worsened when Captain March and the others kneeled. "I, uh, I have no idea how that happened." He squirmed in place. "I still know nothing about magic."

"Oh, dear noble wolf." Gordon raised his head to Steve's face. "You have shown great potential, one that mages like me would give their lives to achieve. All you need now is guidance on controlling that. Take faith! Even if you stumble, I won't let you fall."

Steve glanced around, still blushing bright red that showed through his silvery fur. A huge part of him wished he run away from the group earlier. All he did was carve out a stick, nothing more. Why should he carry all of this respect? He did nothing that deserved it.

A rock fell beside Steve.

He blinked, bent down, and picked it up.

He flinched, realizing it was the golden-white stone with the black A.

Steve thought about it for a few seconds, deep in thought. Everything that happened began when that stone landed on his head, and the glasses he wore landed nearby. In fact, now that he thought about it, he no longer had that bruise, and it healed somehow. It then clicked on him that perhaps those were not accidents but someone choosing him. Why he was chosen out of everyone else in his world, he did not know.

All he knew was that these strange knights and this wizard believed in him.

If so, he should not let them down.

"A-alright." Steve lowered his head. "I-I will learn."

"Excellent." Gordon reached into the carriage and pulled out a small chest, no larger than his fist. He opened it and pulled out gray robes larger than the chest itself. He handed it to Steve, which grew to fit his body size. "This is an apprentice robe. It would take time until you become a grand wizard, but I believe in you."

Steve glanced at the robes, blushed some more, and nodded. He slipped on the black with red lining robes, with it snug on the arms. It repelled any dirt and speck when it

reached down to his feet-paws. Various gold fittings lay on the arms, with him sensing some restriction on him. He could not get the robe to close, leaving his bare chest and stomach exposed.

"What are all these fittings for?" Steve asked, showing them to Gordon.

Gordon chuckled. "Those are meant to act as limiters to your magic. Can't have you blown a temple off when trying to forge a blade, after all. The fittings will fall off as you gain experience, with it turning into my own in time."

"Th-that makes sense." Steve nodded.

"Now, I would invite you into my carriage, but your size would make that difficult. Even if the insides are larger than the outside." Gordon rubbed the door before closing it. "So, I'll stay outside and teach you the basics of magic."

"You sure?" Captain March asked. "I still don't have all of my men back, and those bandits might ambush us."

"Let them try."

Gordon jumped onto the carriage's roof and sat on it. He explained the history of magic in this world, how they discovered it, and more. Steve listened as well as possible, though he thought about what would happen. Perhaps he would not need to do much diplomatic stuff as a wizard,

but then he might need to. That twisted his stomach since his people's skills got lost in science fiction knowledge.

Still, he would make the most of it.

About Author

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

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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!