

# Weredragon

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*Came up with this at 5am this morning, hence why it's a tad on the crap side. \*twitch\**

*I like to write in first person, can you tell? XD*

*P.S: Sorry about any errors. ^^;*

*All characters, locations etc (c) me (Amy)*

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# 1 - Scuffle

Shadow

I can't believe I'm doing this. Everywhere I look, there are humans. When I looked in the mirror this morning in my hotel room, I saw a human staring back. Every shop window on the high street I walk past, I see a pastey white female with short black hair following me. Unfortunately, I have a good reason to be in my human form. Whilst Spirit, Lemur and Kieron are on the other side of the galaxy guarding 'the last child of light' (to put it simply, she's an angel who has to guard an entire planet on her own.), I have to look for the kid's quill. Yeah, you heard right. Quill. It's been stolen by some intergalactic rogue trader. The guy looks like a human but smells like a warthog. So to find him, I'm having to follow my nose, because I'm the unfortunate mug who has to track him because every buggler else is busy. Oh and did I mention, the quill is an angel feather? This could hurt if I go about this the wrong way...

His scent was getting stronger. I knew he was around here somewhere. The only problem was spotting him in the ever growing mass of people. A few minutes later, I finally caught sight of him. He was a thin scruffy looking bloke, who apparently didn't know the meaning of the word 'soap'.

He too caught sight of me and bolted. I didn't want to make any more of a scene than this guy's already done, but today was my last chance to get this damn quill back to it's rightful owner, where it can be used properly and wisely. (It's all powerful apparently...) My body was aching and just begging to shift shape, but I had to get this quill. If I didn't get it soon, I'd fail and my body would force change. I had no choice...

"OI!" I shouted, drawing more than enough attention to myself. My legs propelled me forward and the chase began through the parade crowded streets. I could smell his fear and it was great.

Judy

The mass of people gradually built up behind me and the other cops on either side of the street. OAPs, Teenagers, Adults and children alike were all excited about this parade. It was the town's one hundredth birthday and I was looking forward to getting piss drunk and having a good time with my friends and family. But instead, I'm on duty with nineteen other cops until twelve midnight. The other ten are in the parade. They get to go and get changed and have fun while the rest of us can have 'limited fun' with trying to control the drunken teens who've drank my share of the ale.

The parade got off to a good start. There was cheering, music, colourful floats, costumes and decorations. Five minutes in though, some kid dressed in black with a knee length coat on tears through the crowd in pursuit of a tramp and goes and almost ruins the whole damn thing, before vanishing back into the crowd on my side of the road. Bad mistake... My radio went off, but I knew what was being said and I was running after the two trouble makers, with three other coppers following close behind. We cornered them in an old alley. Me and two of the officers grabbed the girl before she could lay into the tramp who was lay on the floor, curled up around an old khaki bag trying to defend himself. I dunno what this kid did as a hobby or whatever, but by christ she was strong. It took three of us to hold her down while the other checked the tramp for injuries and radioed for help. Something fell out of his bag and the rest was a bit of a blurr. I remember feeling something piercing the skin on my right hand and hearing the sound of bone snapping. After that, I must've passed out because I woke up to see a paramedic and Bently - The copper who was looking after the tramp - leaning over me.

"What happened...?" I croaked.

"You've been attacked." Bently replied.

"No shoot..." I grumbled. "What about the homeless guy?"

"Broken neck. Killed instantly." Said the paramedic.

"Huh..?"

"The teen you were holding down? She kicked him in the head so damn hard when I was helping him up, she snapped his neck." Bently said, as if in awe.

"Where is she?"

"Got away. Damn she was quick. She turned a corner and vanished."

## 2 - Sleeplessness

Shadow

"What's the matter?"

"Huh?" I looked up to see the male doberman still lay in bed.

"You've been like this since you got back from Earth."

"Like what?" I asked him.

"Fidgety. I mean, one minute we're in 'the throws of passion' and the next you're pushing me off you! Did something else happen down there?" He looked concerned.

I started picking up our hastily discarded clothes and put them neatly on the old chair that had been sat in the corner of my room for years. He leaned across the bed and batted playfully at my tail, smiling slightly. I looked down at him, his black, sweat slick fur shining with each move he made.

"Ok. Fine. I bit the female cop's hand..." I started chewing my lip as all kinds of scenarios crossed my mind.

"You what?!" He sat up on his elbows and raised his eyebrows.

"It was an accident!" I wailed. He just started laughing at me.

"It's not funny Chester!" I growled at him, wings flaring. "She doesn't know what I am!"

He rolled over onto his back again and mockingly raised his hands in the air.

"I choose to submit now, before I get lamped." He giggled.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, still knawing at my lip.

"What am I gonna do if she survives long enough and starts killing people at random?"

"Does the general know about this bit?" He leaned over and started kissing the back of my neck. My tail twitched as I felt his lip ring glide over my scales between the kisses.

"I wrote it down in my report..." I murmured. I must've been chewing my lip too hard because I could suddenly taste my own blood.

"Mmm... Another weredragon to annoy..." He paused a moment as if contemplating his next move. "I wonder what colour she'll be..."

"She could be purple like me..." I sighed as he continued. "I'll let you know when I find out."

"So you're gonna go look for her, then?"

"Yup."

He forced me onto my back, lay across me and put his lips to mine and gently moved his tongue across the cut on my lip.

Judy

They let me go home from the hospital early, providing my husband kept an eye on me. Simon brought me some clothes from home so that Bently could take my uniform back to the station. By the time I'd got in and sat down on the couch, my lungs were burning and I was starting to ache all over. The hand that had been bitten was bright red and hurting like hell. The medication I'd been put on wasn't working and the wound had started to weep again. The dressing had been changed twice in the past hour that I was at home.

"What the frack did that dog do to me?" I gasped as I bathed my hand in cold water. Simon put his arm around me and put his free hand onto my forehead.

"My god Judy! You're burning up!"

"I'm fine." I growled.

"You're not. I'm taking you back to the hosp--"

"I said I'm fine!" I snapped. He took a step back and looked at me.

"Look, I'm sorry. I've just had a really shoot day." I dried my hand carefully and put a fresh dressing on it before giving Simon a kiss good night.

Though there was nothing good about that night. I couldn't sleep. I was too damn hot and in blinding pain. I tried to get out of bed, but couldn't. My head was spinning and it felt as if every bone in my body had been broken. I dropped to the floor as my muscles spasmed painfully. I heard Simon say something, but it was muffled and the only thing I could hear clearly, was my own heart, beating rapidly. I felt like I was on fire. My vision blurred then cleared. My back arched painfully and I could feel the skin tearing. I felt a sudden weight on my shoulders. I saw Simon out of the corner of my eye, and he looked worse than I felt. I heard myself roar in agony before blacking out. When I came to, I looked around the bedroom and threw up at the sight and the disgusting smell. A blurred and distorted memory stirred in my mind... I'd killed my husband. I'd torn him apart like a paper doll. I saw some kind of hideous creature in the blood spattered dressing table mirror. It looked like a light purple horned lizard with wings.... A dragon... As I edged toward the mirror, trying to keep my balance, I realised it was me. I'd become this monster that was staring back at me.

### 3 - Back To The Scene Of The Crime

Shadow

It had been two days since the incident at the parade. The weather was miserable and the town was quieter. There were police all over the place, wandering about the streets in pairs. It was risky, but I had to come back because of reports of random murders that had been happening since the parade, and I knew exactly who it was. To be on the safe side, I had to change my style of clothing from my usual black baggy trousers and t-shirts with a knee length black coat, to a pair of tatty old trainers, a black beanie hat, blue jeans with tears all up the legs, a fading black shirt and my old leather jacket. I tucked my hair into my hat and pulled it down as far as it would go. And as much as I hated to, I had to put in blue contacts just incase I got collard by the fuzz. General 's orders. The rain was really coming down now. Umbrellas and hoods went up all around and people were taking cover in shops.

I felt a hand take hold of mine and I looked to my right to see Chester walking alongside me. He insisted on coming with me incase I got into any trouble. He'd give almost any excuse to be involved in a fight. Anything to get the adrenaline pumping. His dark clothes looked wetter than mine and droplets of water formed and dripped off of his nose and short, light brown hair. He was nibbling on his lip ring, possibly pondering something. He entwined his fingers around mine and grinned, showing his sharp incisors. "What?"

"I smell death." He replied quietly.

I drew in a lungful of the wet, warm air and, sure enough, the scent of death was there. And it was getting stronger as we progressed down the high street. We rounded the corner as we followed our noses and were taken by surprise as two police cars raced past us. They screeched to a halt at the end of the road where a large group of people were stood. We took shelter in an old corner shop doorway and watched two cops climb out of each car. They soon got to work ushering the onlookers back from the mess that was in the road.

"Can you see anything interesting?" He asked.

"Just barely..." I shifted position, nearly falling off the step in the process. The wind blew the rain and mixed scents into our faces. The smell of humans, death and another weredragon filled our noses.

"Is that her, 'cos that definately ain't human."

"That's her alright." I grumbled. He put his arm around my waist and we headed back out into the pouring rain and to see if we could figure out a way around the murder scene and find out which way she went.

Judy

In the past few days since I'd been bitten, I've killed five people, one of which was my husband. I keep randomly turning into this monster and losing it. I killed someone else today. I ripped them open in the middle of the road at the edge of the town centre. In broad daylight too. I hated myself for what I'd done. I hated the girl for whatever she's done to me. I'm now sat in an abandoned block of flats on the top floor. I can see the town centre and the surrounding housing estates from here. I can see my ex - work mates trying to control the gathering crowd around the body of my last victim. The rain was getting harder and the leak above the old light got worse. Looks like my ten years of being a police woman are over.

Well, at least I won't have to put up with the paper work. Though I'd rather be doing a mountain of paper work, instead of hiding in an old block of flats that should've been torn down years ago, whilst wearing the blood stained clothes of one of my victims. I can smell and hear things I never could before. I could focus my eyes to see more detail, even from a long distance. I could also jump out of a fifth - floor window and survive the fall with ease. I could run faster too and I was also stronger. Alot stronger. I had no idea what time it was, but it was getting dark and the rain wasn't showing any sign of letting up. I could feel my eyes getting heavy. I felt physically and mentally exhausted because I had been trying desperately to avoid people because of my current situation. And I can't control the changes either. I scooted carefully over to the corner of the room, huddled against the decaying wall and let sleep take me.

## 4 - Jekyll and Hyde

### Shadow

"It's quarter to seven Chaz. I hope you know where this place is."

"Trust me. I booked yesterday. We'll be there by about quarter past. Oh, and don't expect anything too fancy. This motel is practically on the main road. Sorry."

"As long as I can dry my clothes and eat, I'll be fine."

"Then you'll be just peachy." He grinned.

As we walked, our shoes squelched with every step. We were both soaked and the rain wasn't going to give up anytime soon. My stomach also protested at the lack of food it was receiving. I didn't care how crap this place was, as long as it had working radiators, food and a bed, I was fine.

When we got there, we picked up the key and made our way to the room. It looked a bit dingy and the window looked out onto the front car park. The curtains were closed instantly.

Much to Chester's amusement, I headed straight into the kitchen for a nose around and finding nothing but a microwave, a cooker that didn't look safe to use, an old fridge that radiated a strange smell and a sink in the corner with a broken hot tap.

"Find anything interesting?" He called from the other room.

"Nah. Just a microwave, a manky old cooker and sink and an old fridge that I'm too scared to open because it smells funky."

He laughed. "Well, I've just ordered you some food, but I'm afraid they only had chicken soup."

"As long as it ain't as bad as the stuff we got given at the academy when we were younger, I really don't care." He laughed again, remembering how bad the chicken soup back at the Shadow Stalkers' academy was. I walked into the main room and sat down at the small table. Just as I was peeling off my waterlogged socks, someone knocked on the door. Chaz hid in the bathroom, not wanting to bare his backside to the world outside, while I opened the front door a crack to see who it was. I peeked out and opened it fully to receive a warm smile off the little old lady who was stood there.

"There you go, dear." She smiled "Some home made chicken soup and a couple of fresh towels for you and your friend." She handed me the tray with the bowl of steaming soup and a few slices of bread on it. I took the tray in one hand and the towels in the other. I said my thank yous and closed the door with my foot, making sure to not lose balance. I made my way back over to the table as Chester emerged from the bathroom and continued putting his stuff on the hot radiator under the window. I put the tray down and threw one of the towels at him.

The soup actually tasted really good. It warmed me up and filled me so I wasn't hungry anymore. Once I'd finished, my clothes joined Chester's and I joined him on the bed. He rolled onto his side and put his arms around me. This always felt strange. He hated being in his human form as much as I did, and it was weird feeling his skin against mine.

### Judy

I woke up in pain. My body was changing again. I knew exactly what was going to happen, but what made it worse, was the fact that I couldn't stop it. That psycho had cursed me to live as this Jekyll and Hyde esque monster, forever slipping in and out of madness with each change. I wriggled out of my clothes and tried to relax so the change would be easier. It wasn't. It still felt like I was being forced into a knot. I



concentrated on trying to change quickly, but my focus was broken by the sound of footsteps on the old staircase. They were accompanied by two voices. Teenagers. One female. One male. They were giggling in a hushed yet excited way. I'll give you three guesses as to what they were planning on doing. As they got closer, I started to panic. What if they heard me and decided to come and investigate? What if they decided to choose this particular flat for their escapade?

It was still dark and the power and water supply to this entire building had been cut off ten years or so ago, so with any luck, they wouldn't realise that I'm here.

"Thish wun?" The female voice slurred. She sounded about sixteen.

"The doorsh open innit?" The male voice was slightly older, but slurred too.

'Oh shoot... They're comming in here!' I thought, my mind on the brink of blind panic. I couldn't speed the change up. I didn't know how. The last one had taken six minutes. Even afterwards, I was left with little energy to move straight away. I had to concentrate. The door banged against the wall and I heard him growl mockingly before she gasped.

"Ooohh... Shave it fer the bedroom..." She giggled.

I closed my eyes, begging for my body to speed up. When I re-opened them, I saw the two in the narrow hallway. Apparently they couldn't control themselves any longer and were busy clumsily tearing each others clothes off. Though how they managed to keep hold of their bottles, I dunno. They weren't in the best shape. He had a bit of a gut and she looked as if she'd over done it on the fake tan. Unfortunately, I saw and heard everything.

I saw him push into her and I heard her groan as he worked at her. Though how they managed to keep hold of their bottles, I shall never know...

I doubled over in pain and bit back the urge to scream out in pain as my horns pushed through. It was over. It was finally over! The change was complete. I sat in my dark corner with my tail and wings wrapped around myself, trying to silently regain my compusure whilst two drunken teenagers were fracking each other in my gran's old flat. Yeah. My gran used to live here. I always came here when I was in trouble. She didn't like strangers in her flat though. Even though she's been dead for 9 years, I'm gonna continue holding up her no - strangers policy. I silently edged along the wall towards the door, making sure to stick to the shadows. I launched myslef at the boy as he reared up and smacked him in the side. We tumbled into the other room - the bedroom - where I tore him apart so quickly and effortlessly that I didn't get a chance to witness the look on his face. I heard screaming come from behind me. I turned around to see the girl still on the floor, screaming hysterically. I shut her up soon enough though. One hit with my claws and she was spread out across and up the hallway. And surprisingly enough, neither of them were holding their beers anymore.

## 5 - Making the Best of Bad Weather

### Shadow

The light filtered through the old curtains, sending streaks of light across the room. Chester was lay next to me on his stomach, fast asleep. I had only had a few hours of sleep. The time between, I spent pondering about the cop who I'd bitten. She was still alive, we knew that much. But as to her whereabouts, I had no idea. She moved around from place to place which made it difficult to keep up with her. And the strong smell of human mixed with the damp air wasn't helping either.

"Whussa matter...?"

I looked over at Chester, who was now lay on his back, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"If you had just been turned, where would you go?"

"Erm..... Somewhere abandoned, but sheltered." He yawned.

I tried to remember if there was anywhere abandoned in this town that would suit a weredragon... Then it came to me. I remembered something about an old housing estate that had been abandoned in preparation for a massive revamp project some years ago. I swung my legs over the side of the bed and shuffled my way over to the bathroom.

"Are you sure she came this way?"

"Can't you smell her?"

"All I can smell is food!" He whimpered, eyeing up a slender blonde who was walking across the road from us.

"This is nearly over, so stop fretting! I ain't had nothing to eat yet either."

The clouds started coming in lower and thicker, ready to dump a load more water onto everybody. When we reached the decaying housing estate, the rain had started and was getting heavier by the minute. As we proceeded and the population became scarce, the other weredragon's scent was getting stronger and was leading us to an old, decrepit block of flats. The building had been condemned, and with good reason too, by the looks of things. Just looking at the state of the boarded up windows and the metal security doors that were hanging off their hinges, was a sure sign that the numerous warning signs and crumbling masonry hadn't put off any trespassers. And I wasn't about to heed their warnings either, not when she was here, in one of these dingy old flats.

I started carefully navigating the old stairs with Chester following closely behind, in his usual silent manner.

### Judy

It came as no surprise to see the roof leaking again. After all, it had been raining all week and new leaks had appeared in the old flat, some worse than others. I'd made the best of the recent downpours however and had emptied an old fire bucket and used it to catch the rain water that was pouring in through the light fitting in the kitchen to try and clean up the mess I made the previous night. I found an old dust sheet a few doors down and used it to bundle up what was left of the two teenagers and put it in the old bath tub. I'd just settled down into my corner again, when I heard another sound. It was hard to make out at first, because of the heavy rain that was battering the side of the old building. It eventually became clear to me that it was footsteps. Just one set though, but they were growing louder.

"Oh please, not more trouble." I thought to myself in dismay.

Before I knew it, someone was in the flat with me. I slowly got to my feet as they rounded the corner into the living room. I didn't realise who it was at first...

Her short hair became ruffled and spiked as she took her beanie hat off and a few wet spikes of hair clung to her pale face. Then it clicked. She was the one who ruined my life! I started for her, then a man, about her age, height and build suddenly appeared next to her. His dark eyes glittered mischievously from underneath his wet hair. I don't know what it was about him, but I couldn't look away from his pale features. And I soon realised that I couldn't move either. I saw her out of the corner of my eye, and she looked calm as she slowly started to move towards me. He stayed where he was, but he didn't avert his gaze for a second or even blink.

Who the hell was he? More to the point, what the hell was he? He didn't seem human...

## 6 - Last Stand

### Shadow

She just growled at me. I could see that she was trying to move and I was glad that Chester was stronger than she was and was keeping her still with ease.

"I'll say it again. You have a choice: we can kill you, or we can help you."

She just glared. But through that glare I could see that she was thinking.

"Well? It isn't that hard to choose."

A sneeze broke the following moment of silence and she lept at me, knocking me onto my back. The room spun as my brain worked out what was happening. She had me pinned to the floor in an awkward position so that I found it hard to move. She then suddenly vanished from my vision, her weight gone as Chester pulled her off of me.

"Sorry. Sneezed." He grinned sheepishly, his now pupilless glittered as he pulled me to my feet. The shadows in the small, dim room writhed around his feet. She was hunched over just a few feet away, her muscles bulging under scaly skin.

"Apparently she doesn't want to play nicely." Chester said, a small grin playing on his lips. She tore through her clothes as she continued changing.

"I hear sirens," Squeaked a small voice from behind, making us flinch. "and they're coming this way!"

Before me or Ev could say anything, Chester was already over half way to the main doors of the building. The new weredragon took me by surprise and had me pinned to the floor again, snapping at me. I felt my muscles twinge as my own change took hold. I managed to turn the tables on her and pin her down so she was the one who could hardly move. I felt my wings and tail tear through my baggy clothes.

### Judy

The dog had me pinned down so I could just barely move. I was trying to wriggle free, but her nails only dug into my arms as her grip tightend. I was beginning to tire of all this vain wriggling.

"Are you done yet!?" Her voice came out as a harsh growl. I looked up at her only to see that her pale face had been replaced by a dark purple reptilian face. I bared my teeth at her growled as menacingly as I could, but she retaliated by huffing out smoke into my face, making me choke on my growl. I finally managed to wriggle an amr free to hit her, but she snaked her head to one side, and I cut open my hand on one of her smaller horns. I managed to get enough room to kick her off of me and to get to my feet. I charged at her, determined to tear her apart, but she overpowered me with ease and sent me tumbling to the floor again with a swift flick of her tail. I landed awkwardly and heard an immediate snap as intense pain ran the length of my left wing.

I was tired, in agony and my sane side knew I wasn't going to win this fight. She had more experiance than I did, and she could control herself, which is something I can't do. She didn't move for a few moments and the only thing to be heard was the rain beating down on the building and shouts coming from below, in the street.

"You didn't answer my question." She growled again. She walked over to me, grabbed one of my horns and dragged me to my feet. I stood, swaying a little, trying to regain my sanity...

"I'd rather die than be like you." Damn. That came out completely wrong.

She grinned evilly and before I could react, I felt her ripping through my hide. I roared in agony and lashed out at her with all available limbs and she sank her teeth into my throat.

## **Shadow**

Her blood squirted into my mouth as I bit through the tough scales on her neck. She kicked one last time at me, landing a powerful blow on my gut, which sent me reeling backwards. I'd done her more than enough damage over the past few days. I'd sent her mad with just one bite, that was a complete freak accident. She'd killed several people and now I'd killed her.

Her torn, lifeless body lay in the middle of the old flat in a pool of dark blood, her dead, staring eyes looking out of the window and into the rain.

"Well you made a fine mess here." Ev sighed.

"I take it you're here to clean up?"

"Naturally." She replied sarcastically.

"Then I suggest you hurry up and work your magic, because the fuzz are on their way up." Chester panted, as he emerged from a shadowy corner of the flat. With Ev, anything was possible. And for her, cleaning up a mess like this was child's play, so by the time the cops figured out where to look, we'd be long gone and the dingy old flat would be empty and as it used to be. Abandoned and rotting away with the rest of the building