

It has been a day since Ryan first experienced the change that took hold of him. He felt that something was wrong with him. Why did something that would freak anyone out feel good for him? He was in equal parts scared and excited to see what would happen next.

As he takes a step into the daunting shower, he hesitates. A loud ringing sound reverberates through the apartment and his heart skips a beat. In all the excitement, he forgot that his friend Judy was coming to grab him for breakfast. He grabs the clothes that are strewn about and hastily puts them on again, rushing to the door in the process. Button pressed, the intercom springs to life and he blurts out "Hello? Who's there?", knowing it's a futile effort. After a small pause, Judy responds, with a clearly noticeable sarcastic undertone "You didn't forget about me, did you?".

Without another word, he opens the door, waiting for her to ascend the flight of stairs, greeting her with an upbeat "Heeeeey!".

"Good old Ryan, you definitely forgot about me.", she replies with a grin on her face, adding "You're lucky you helped me with my move or I might've been angry!".

Ryan hangs his head in shame, muttering "Yeah, I'm very sorry but something happened and it kinda threw me for a loop...". As Judy furrows her brow, he hastily appends "It's nothing bad, *I think*. I'll tell you about it another time".

Being content with that explanation for the time being, she beckons him to get ready and they head off.

Judy is a 24 year old woman, with long brown hair flowing freely down her back, green eyes, and a laid back attitude. She's a long time friend of Ryan, having known him for about 10 years now. He doesn't realize it, but she recently developed a crush on him.

After spending some time together and having a grand feast, both Ryan and Judy went home. Ryan spent the entire time thinking about his condition, and was therefore a bit distracted. Judy noticed, but didn't remark on it, presuming it must be related to what "happened".

Ryan sighs as he plunks down on his sofa all alone again, noticing his exhaustion.

Grabbing a glass and bottle of water, he quickly pours himself some, immediately gulping it all down.

"Man, I'm parched", he thinks, pouring in some more and downing it all in one go. But some of the water spills and soaks his shirt and shorts.

"Oh shit-", he blurts out, immediately regretting his greedy guzzling, when a familiar tingling sensation grabs his attention. He continues grumbling while hastily getting rid of his shirt and shorts, exposing the scaly patch in the process of expanding below the now healed cut. He stumbles back to the sofa, the bottle of water in hand. While rubbing over the patch of scales, the same feeling of bliss taking hold of him once more...

On the way back to his sofa, he gets rid of the wet clothes, leaving him only in his boxer shorts. Looking down, he notices the patch has expanded, now covering almost his entire underbelly, not yet reaching down to his private parts. Despite that, he doesn't panic, and is oddly at ease. He sits back down on the sofa, taking some more sips out of his bottle and spilling some of it on the scales. The sensation of cold water on his scales is exhilarating.

"His scales" - he didn't think much of it, but he has already accepted the change and is content with what was still to come. Emptying the bottle completely, he relaxes, closing his eyes and letting the unfamiliar sensations wash over him.

In this trance-like state, he doesn't notice his hands taking on a more purple-ish hue, as scales were also growing on a few spots on his forearms. Minutes pass, and he catches a glimpse of some of his new scales. Holding his arm up before him, he notices the scales growing on his forearm, up to his elbow, but not on his hands. His hands were completely tinted the same purple color, however, and it felt like they were... wet? It seems they were secreting some sort of fluid, which he confirmed by sliding his palms over his belly-scales. They were sparkling as if he'd put water on them, but they were way more slippery. Still in awe over what is happening to him, the skin between his thumbs and index fingers stings sharply, as if it were somehow pierced, signaling the beginning of even more change. Looking closely, he could see thin, slightly turquoise but also translucent webbing expand between his fingers, outward to just before the tips of his fingers. At first only between two fingers, but in time also affecting all others, until, within the span of a minute, he had fully webbed hands.

He extends his arm outwards, spreading his purple tinted fingers as far from each other as he could, seeing light shimmering through the webbing, making it seem almost as if they glowed.

Both forearms were now covered with countless shimmering purple scales.

If it wasn't happening to him, Ryan might have called it beautiful, but here he was, sitting in silence as his body was taken over by this strange transformation.

Being caught off guard by more stinging pain, he watches in awe as three purple spines of cartilage each burst out from the back of his forearms, thick at the base but pointy at the end. Within seconds, the same turquoise webbing connects them all, leaving him with what one could only describe as fins. He touches some of the webbing on one of the arm fins, flinches and shudders, noting that they are extremely sensitive.

Looking at the rest of his body, he can't spot any more changes setting in, and sure enough, after a few minutes he concludes that this must be all for now. As he relaxes, letting his body drop on the sofa, he feels very fatigued. Drifting off into sleep, images of him floating through water, weightlessly and without worries, flash through his mind.