Revenge is a dish served cold.

Heavy raindrops drummed on the roof of the reasonably modern four-star hotel.

The batteries didn't work in Ethan's private room, which he'd specifically requested from the receptionist, but the hot blood, now all magma, warmed him well.

«Who am I now?» Brown examined his face in the reflection, marvelling at the physical metamorphosis. "What am I?"

The once-pale, expressionless face with the white eye had turned into a bright, toned face with the same dark-red lava-coloured eyes. Two small pointed teeth just barely peeked out from under the man's lips.

The vertical pupils stared intently at Ethan's new body: the brighter skin, through which the veins and the hot fluid flowing through them could be seen, the inflated muscles, the small round crystal that should have been after the transformation, had evaporated as if it had never existed.

Today's transformation sucked a lot of strength out of his body, so by dragon standards, he would now have to recover in about two days.

Sighing heavily, the young man did not wash his already dirty body, quickly put on a white t-shirt with short sleeves and blacklight shorts, flopping on the soft bed. Even in total darkness, the veins glowed brightly and shimmered, and the eyes saw a completely different world, not like a human.

The pain that had plagued the convert all along was gone as if it had never existed: the poison had simply been "burned" by the incredibly high temperature.

"Has Peter been the dragon-god's soul bearer all this time?" deep thought hybrid, turning over on the other side. «I read that Wyraach-Ur hates people for what they did to him and his dragon born many centuries ago. There was no aggression in any of his words».

The boy's eyes slowly began to close under the weight of the coming sleep.

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Darkness surrounded Ethan — nothing, not even his hands.

«Uh, is there someone here?!» the boy shouted into the void but received only his echo in reply. «I'm in a dream, right? But this looks too realistic, even too».

In his nightclothes, Ethan walked only forward, not even seeing his own hands in front of him.

After a few minutes of wandering around the black space with the same dark floor, eventually, the boy found a kind of small mountain, standing out strongly among the emptiness.

The following picture is not a joke scared him, even forced to retreat a few steps back: titanium chained with magical chains, muzzle and shackles, there was an impressive size blood-the yellow dragon.

His powerful sixteen-foot body pulsed with the same heated blood that coursed through his veins.

Lava eyes glared at the standing man, and every movement caused incredible pain, causing the reptile could only growl softly to himself.

A jaw with incredibly sharp teeth could easily slice a person in half without even straining, and erupting magma could make a dying person scream in agony, quickly burning unreliable flesh.

Two huge iridescent red-yellow wings completed the great and powerful figure of the dragon.

Brown was trying to convince the dragon that he wasn't dangerous.

«I didn't come here to fight or hurt you, only to help you. I promise I won't hurt you».

But as soon as the person a little closer to the prisoner, he tried to rush at him and tear up defenceless in small pieces, but the chains did not think so, and magic dragon fixed in place, not allowing you to move a single muscle.

«Don't hurt yourself!» Brown still did not understand why the dragon is so aggressive it responds to it. «Please don't hurt yourself! I'm just trying to help you»…

The dragon was finally resigned: there was no way to tear this insignificant man apart, but the rage was so strong that the magical chains began to melt. The boy continued to move slowly toward the chained dragon, oblivious to the dangerous trap the lizard had already prepared.

«Hey, not need to cry» trusting young man saw, as from eye reptiles began to fall not very notable tears. «Now I will release you and all will be well!»

The dragon reacted instantly when the boy reached the desired point, grasping the body of the unfortunate stranglehold.

«No, wait, what are you doing?!» the harder the dragon pounded his fist, the stronger the cries and pleas for mercy became. «Don't stop!" It ... hurts! Please stop!»

But the fire-lizard liked human suffering too much — the grip tightened even more, and the bones, not designed for such pressure, cracked like dry twigs, digging deeper into the fragile human organs — blood slowly but surely filled the mouth, preventing normal breathing.

Further only the darkness…

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«Ethan, Ethan, Wake up!» some unknown guy, some inexplicably trapped in his room, shaking him. «Hey, man, it's okay — I'm here!»

«Peter?» Watery eyes the young man looked at the white-haired guy. «How? What are you...?»

«Calm down, I'll explain everything to you» Peter advised in a calm voice. "Take a deep breath and you'll feel much better."

«Why didn't you tell me before?» — Oh, " he said, gasping for breath at the sharp pain in his chest. Everything you wrote before is true! Just tell me why.

«You were too young to know,» Pendragon said. «Besides, what's the point? You wouldn't believe me anyway. But, as the dragon God foretold, you are now the bearer of another dragon whose soul migrated to the subject many centuries ago.

«But why, then, spoke to me Wyraach-Ur?» Ethan asked. «The owner of the dragon soul shouldn't be the one to speak!" What are you doing in my room anyway?»

«I was going to get here a little ahead of you, but the flight was delayed by a day because I didn't want to lose money, so I had to wait,» Peter said. «I'm sorry, but you didn't close the window, and your torment... tormented my brain, so I had to wake you abruptly. Yes, about a dragon: this died the most the first, desperately fighting for his life, and anger of the from-for betrayal people made his... as would this say... feral, not able normally to speak or think».

«But I saw fear instead of anger» Brown recalled those terrible events. «He was scared and ... crying. I couldn't help but help him»…

«A simple simulation of emotions to soften a person,” The boy said, leaning back in his chair. «If you don't feel anything in your mind-well, I don't mean anything special it’s probably a simulation. But the real emotions, the dragon only shows those trusts».

«Then he doesn't trust me,» The man said, taking a deep breath. «He tried to crush me and»…

Before Ethan could pull the covers away from the body, he almost cried out in horror: the once-white shirt was completely covered in still-wet blood, which was not only on the bed but also on the floor.

«WH... What... WH ... what is it?!!!» Not a little frightened the young man, shockingly crouched in the wall. «Why am I covered in blood? What's happening?!»

«Ethan, it's okay, just don't panic»…

Peter reached out and touched the boy's sweaty forehead, and the boy fell back into a dead sleep.

Pendragon was most afraid of that inner dragon, as said Wyraach-Ur, simply crush the weak young man and sow such chaos that the whole world will turn into boiling lava.

The Blaze had been his best friend and mentor... once upon a time. But the dragon God after the brutal murder of a fellow still hoped for the favour of the people — that they come to their senses.

If Peter hadn't arrived in time, his friend would probably have been dead by now, and the hotel would have been on fire with its occupants and staff.

A special form of healing magic, it had an analgesic effect, and it healed wounds quickly enough that Ethan didn't feel any pain from the spell.

But there was one other thing that bothered the dragon: blaze and the great power within him.

The first dragon, dying in front of laughing and rejoicing people, could no longer contain the all-consuming rage and threw it out when the body began to "melt" and exploded with tons of lava.

Joyful and make fun people quickly turned into a screaming pile of dying corpses.

Putting aside all thoughts of his past life, Peter set to work to heal the boy's sleeping body, mending and repairing every shattered bone, every drop of blood spilt.

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After an hour of diligent treatment, brown's body was completely restored, and his breathing returned to normal and no longer bled.

«Peter» Normal green eyes once again looked at the white-haired guy. «I feel so bad — I can't move a muscle»...

Pendragon laid a cold hand on the boy's forehead.

«You lost enough blood — I managed to recover some of it, but it was only enough to keep you alive».

«W-Why was it blood and not molten magma?» His voice trembled. «It's going to burn, isn't it?»

«I severed the link between you and the dragon just as he began to kill you» The white-haired man explained. «Don't worry: he more you not will disturb, and can even and will get used to you and will calm down»

«Peter, can I ask you something?» Ethan grabbed his arm. «Stay with me for a while. Just sit next to me, please!»

Ethan could no longer hold back the tears that were about to roll from his eyes. His breathing was ragged and his hands were shaking.

Peter, who was about to go back to the room, simply sat down next to the unfortunate man and hugged him tightly, saying: "Hey, it's okay, I'm here. No one's gonna hurt you anymore.".

Pendragon decided to ask brown why he was so unhappy. After all, when they bit in the last time, then all was normal, more accurately, simply perfect.

A boy only kept silent in the answer and continued even more to roar — now right reduce leverage young human was wet from bitter tears.

«Ethan, I know you're not in the best mood to talk right now but tell me why you feel so alone,» Peter asked carefully, trying not to touch the boy any more. «I will help you: I will protect you from all dangers».

«M-My father tried to kill me several times, but he always gets away with it,» He said, his voice still trembling. «I was literally on the verge of life and death. I did survive, as you can see, but I was blind in one eye, my body was constantly aching because of the residue of the poison in the body».

«What about law enforcement»…

«He is the businessman, the person who has very much and a lot of money, so — to fight against it law enforcement agencies, it is a useless invention — the father will bribe them» Brown heavily sighed. «My mom took his word for it, so I didn't have anyone left: dad bribed everyone to stay away from me and make fun of me».

«Wyraach-Ur says that he is very sympathetic to you and willing to help in the destruction of all nobodies» Smiled Peter. «He'll give you all the strength you need, but you'll have to kill him yourself — blaze wants his blood badly»

«What?» The boy looked horrified. «B-But I can't!»

«What do you mean — he's ruined your life!» Pendragon's eyes glowed blood and narrowed. «Is not vengeance in your blood?! Aren't you ready to get back at him?!»

He cut short Peter's epic speech with a terse denial.

«Yeah, he did a lot of bad things. Yes, the thirst for revenge boils in my blood... But I cannot kill! In all my life, even under the incredible veil of rage, I could only hit a pillow. I can't raise my hand to any living creature, I just can't!»

«Ethan, I'm trying to help you» The young man explained. «Death is the only way to stop this madman. You just have to drop your "tender qualities" to allow yourself to kill someone. Such freaks don't deserve a place on this earth!»

«Okay, I'll try,» Ethan said. «If I have to, I'll kill him».

«It will be hard, I know on itself, but then will come relief» Again tackled it’s a boy. But most importantly do not let anger overwhelm you completely control, then you can no longer return».

« I'll try Peter, I'll try»…

With all his willpower, the dragon got out of bed, putting on new beige sneakers, grey pants, a red t-shirt, and a swamp jacket, completing the task with black sunglasses.

The eyes under the sunglasses were lava-coloured again, and the pupils had narrowed. Veins began to gurgle and sparkle from yellow to orange blood drop which was similar to the magma and the touch was truly burning: able to burn anything she touched.

Now it was his revenge, and no one could stop him.

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"Dad" sat quietly next to the bed, his dark hair hanging down, not washed, blocking the view. Black eyes gave to know the last night the man slept.

Under the bed lay Hatsan Escort MPA calibre 12/76. The day had come when a bullet would finally shoot through his son's heart and be done with him forever.

The sharp footsteps alerted the man as he reflexively reached for the shotgun: whether he killed the boy now or tomorrow, he would, and the court would let him go.

He thought I was like a lead bullet smear on the wall is not only the heart but also his brain…

As the door opened and the young man's body came into view, a deafening shot rang out.

Ethan didn't know what it was at first, but when the slow-flowing lava from his chest began to reach the floor and instantly burn its way through, he instantly went into a rage and hurled himself at his father.

«What?! You should have died!» The shocked father fired again, but the bullets just melted, flying into the body of the young man. «How?!»

«You never know when the little man's going to shoot you with metal,»

Brown said, his voice now split in two, Ethan's teenage voice on one side and blaze's deep bass on the other. «You think dad's too smart? You bastard! I am a completely different being now, far more powerful than any man! We're Blaze!»

How much would a man not trying to hurt her son — it did not give any results: now the bullets simply could not reach the body, and just melted from the unrealistically high temperature.

Ethan leapt at the man, grabbing him. Dad screamed from the agony in the facial area.

Ethan, without fear of being killed or wounded, just threw the bastard out the window: the one with the heart-rending cries rapidly flew out of the window — a few seconds spread his father's body lay on the soft red grass, crimson from the huge amount of blood spilt.

Brown let out a deep breath — whoever had ruined his life was finally dead and would never disturb his life or sleep again.

The boy sat down on the bed, taking off his sunglasses. — My vengeance is done, and my heart is wonderfully light that I can now fly where I please in peace.

«Ethan,» Said Peter, not the usual Peter, but a big red dragon that looked like something out of a painting: three tails, two rows of wings, eyes with slitted pupils. «You did it! Although I did not doubt that you could do it».

«It's still hard for me,» The boy said. «Even though he was a moral freak - it's still hard for me».

«It will soon pass» Said Pendragon. «Come on, pack up and let's get out of here».

«Things?» Ethan smiled contentedly. «Dragons don't want human things, only gold. Where are we going with you?»

«Where no one will disturb us — in the mountains» greedily grinned Wyraach-Ur.

«This, of course, all very well, but here is bad luck — I do not know as will morph into a dragon» Said Brown. «I've never even really flown».

«My friend, imagine, how does your dragon — imagine it and then, most likely, you will do it» Good-naturedly smiled at the dragon. «Come on, try — you will succeed».

Ethan dug deep into his memories, trying to remember the image of the dragon: blood-yellow, a powerful sixteen-foot body pulsing with red-hot blood, lava eyes glaring at him, a jaw with incredibly sharp teeth, and two huge iridescent red-and-yellow wings.

The red dragon held his hands out in front of him, creating a ball of energy.

Sphere, colour the boy's eyes shot in his chest — brown could not resist such a powerful blow and flew to the window where his father.

Time seemed to slow down several times: all life, all the bad and good moments flashed before his eyes. And so, the shock... but no pain and a quick death followed.

Ethan just lay on the surface of the grass, looking at the amazing blue cloudless sky.

«Oh my God!» Peter landed beside him, dazed. «Ethan. Ethan! You alive?!»

«It's all right, Peter,» He said. «Just something in my chest hurts»…

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through the previously mentioned rib cage — the boy arched from an incredible agony that he did not even feel while being compressed by the inner beast.

Bright yellow magma sprayed from her expanding chest, igniting everything she touched.

Pain gripped his body as his skin began to tear under the pressure of new, growing muscles, and his bones began to break — they slowly grew, causing even more pain.

The face began to stretch, slowly taking shape muzzle. Teeth fell out of the growing mouth, replaced by more reliable and deadly sharp fangs.

The roar of pain and suffering continued as his dragon form continued to grow: fingernails and toenails peeling off, and bones twisting, taking the form of clawed paws.

The spine cracked and elongated, forming a tail section.

Pain surged through the changing man even more as a pair of powerful lava wings as beautiful as an erupting volcano erupted from his upper back.

Slowly, as the transformation began, it also stopped: the pain did not want to dissipate.

Ethan, now in dragon form, lay unconscious on the ground, his chest slowly rising and falling as the ground around the boy was flooded with magma not yet completely congealed.

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Two hours later

«Is it... over?» brown asked in a deeper, hissing, authoritative voice.

«Yes, it's over» Wyraach-Ur managed to transform into his true form.

You have no family except your mother, who still doesn't know that you killed her husband. She may forgive you, but you won't forgive her.

The twenty-five-foot dragon sighed heavily.

«Let them think we died falling out of a window».

His dragon side wanted to eat the corpse of "Papa" and the remains of his human body, just as the human side loathed entrails and human flesh in General.

The combined minds of man and dragon agreed to hunt other prey: fresher and larger.

«And so, my friend, to the mountains,» Said Peter, spreading his blood-red wings.

«The portal I created there will take us to my Kingdom, where men and dragons live side by side, where there is no enmity, no violence, no plunder».

«Um, I read that you hate people and consider them food» Pendragon recalled. «And very, very strongly»…

«Yes, once was, but then I radically revised their views» Has sighed dragon. “Most of the time, I spared them, flew in and let them become dragons if they wanted to. Or just move to my realm, where dragons are considered gods, where magic is in the air. By the way, I'll teach you some magic soon».

Nodding for the first time in his life, Ethan held his breath and flapped his wings, lifting off the ground. Delight and admiration: these wonderful emotions had no end.

Peter just looked at Ethan's retreating silhouette with satisfaction and soared into the sky after him.

Ethan was over the moon now, not only with a new family and friend in the form of Peter the dragon god but with a new home where he would be respected and loved.

THE END.