

Sleepy Magic

OC to Lugia TF

Story Raffle Prize for: [Ihavenoideaforausername](#)

Written by: Zero (RedShadowDragon)



A small flame of a candle was illuminating the vast basement of a certain mage's study. Various crystals, relics, and other religious symbols decorated the room, albeit it was quite hard to see for anyone but the mage. For he has taught himself dark vision years ago, however, learning the arts did cause him to be unable to sleep easily for quite some time.

Silence was one of the various things the certain lone mage loved to have, especially since he was quite the researcher. However, he was one to just hum to himself as he performed his studies. He could not remember for the life of him the last time he actually has spoken on to another soul. Consumed in his studies to discover more about a long forgotten practiced magic of old.

Rake was a white spiky shelled koopa who was currently studying a relatively small ancient scroll. He has been slowly translating the scroll for what seemed to be some weeks at the very least. "Hmmm..." He would lightly start humming to himself, as he continued writing the semi-modern translation of the scroll. He was quite fascinated with the contents of the ancient practices due to their rumored life changing properties. However, he was thinking this was more

about gaining power, money, fame, or anything an ordinary person could possibly want.

“If I master this magic, I will be able to change other people’s lives~ But not in the way they actually want.” Rake would snicker lightly, as he was also known to be a bit of a trickster. While he usually had good intentions with what he studied. He would sometimes go out of his way to show off what he learned in small mischievous ways. Mostly by unsuspecting passersby in the forest, he lived in where his small hut was.

Hours would pass by like it was not even a few minutes to the mage. Rake would yawn lightly, as he would start feeling some drowsiness setting upon him. He would attempt pushing through the growing weariness. He was just about done translating the ancient scroll onto a page of an old notebook he kept around on his desk.

Now he had quite the tendency to forget what time it was due to just how long he spent in the dimly lit room. How long has been up this time he would soberly try to articulate what he was doing. He would slowly deduce that if he were to finish, he would likely be on the brink of passing out from exhaustion. While he went out of his way to take up this challenge, it may not have been the best idea for the sleepy Koopa. “What’s an extra hour going to kill me?” He would mumble to himself, before resuming humming a little tune to himself.

Slowly yet surely the Koppa would reach the end of translating the scroll. Quite the accomplishment for the mage, as this meant if he was correct in translating this he would preserve an ancient magic. Before slowly closing up the scroll, and deciding to read what he had translated quite half haphazardly.

However, for him, this was just the beginning of a small mishap on his part. Due to his drowsiness he has translated the scroll slightly off from what the normal message. However, due to his lack of clarity, it would turn into a rather... potent ritual he was not quite ready to experience.

He had no knowledge of the mishaps. So, he would slowly begin reading the words off the page, as it would slowly turn into a chant. It would appear this page was some kind of ritual of sorts. All the while, he would move to a slightly more empty part of the room to make sure nothing would happen to him or his works.

While Rake would begin to chant the words quite slowly. The letters and symbols on the paper he had written on started to glow in a mysterious light blue. It would seem like he was casting a spell of sorts. It would appear his translating was working, but was it really what he anticipated? Perhaps it could be, but at the same time he was unsure what he was really expecting in the first place.

A small circle encapsulating the mage would start forming with the kind of different hex symbols. As the mage felt an urge to keep reading off the page as he slowly felt something burning desire inside of him. While he would do so the lights would grow brighter and start to blind Rake, however, he would keep chanting the so-called ritual.

Moments would pass by and before long Rake would finish the last of the chant. However, the light blue glows would not cease. The opposite would occur actually, as the light would envelop the mage completely blinding him for a few minutes. It was a miracle his adrenaline was keeping him awake through all this. While the blinding lights would start to fade. Was it over?

“Just what did that do... usually, they produce something... maybe I did something wrong...” Rake would ask himself, as he pondered to himself about what he just did. All the while, as soon as the light would fully fade away he would start to feel a bit of heat building up inside of him. The koppa would pant a bit, as his blood felt like it was heating up inside. Something was definitely about to happen, but he could not have ever guessed what it would be.

Rake would suddenly react to the impending changes coming to him, as he would clench his stomach lightly. All before feeling his stomach bulging out quite significantly as Rake’s shell would slowly start to dissipate. His bulging stomach would slowly have light blue feathers emerge, very similar to the light he was blinded by not moments before. “The scroll when translated was supposed to change lives... is this-” Rake would stammer a tad to himself slowly.

Before he had a chance to complete a thought, his expanding body would suddenly start to envelop in crisp snowy like colored feathers. As his back would develop dark blue protrusions on each of his sides. Easily starting to grow significantly taller, he was at about eight feet now. Luckily his basement was not too small for him to fit quite yet.

“H-How do I stop this??” Rake would question himself in a panic, as he would notice his cloak being completely shredded off from the expansion of his body. As he would suddenly sense a new appendage growing out, a long white tail would start to form. At the end of the long white tail would be two tail spikes on the sides.

In addition to this, his arms would start expanding out quite considerably making his now wingspan about sixteen feet. As the white feathers would envelop them without wasting any haste. All before he would notice his hands starting to grow out into large five wing-like protrusions. It would seem he would be able to still hold and Fortunately he was not becoming a full sized lugia, or he would have completely destroyed his basement!

The transforming soon to be Lugia would suddenly notice his leg structure morphing and contorting. As it would seem most of his height would be coming from his upper body. As well as the rest of his body being enveloped in the white feathers mentioned before, only leaving his head.

He would then suddenly cough lightly, as it would seem his windpipes were expanding along with his neck. It was long and slender in contrast to his mostly bulkier build from the rest of his body. Additionally, he would grunt in discomfort as the top of his head would push back into a pointed spike. As his jaw would contort into that of a rather large sized beak. His hair would be replaced by feathers rather quickly after it enveloped his whole body.

The final changes would occur in around his eyes, as his eyes would form a spiked circle around his eyes. All the while, the rather exhausted Rake eyes would turn red. Finally solidifying the changes into the rather powerful legendary Pokémon Lugia.

On the other hand, while Rake was trying to piece together just how this was physically possible even in the realm of magic. He knew small modifications could be made, but a full figure... heck even internal change was possible! The possibilities were seemingly endless in the lugia's head... just now how was he going to get out of this small place without destroying everything?

However, that wasn't the only thought on his mind. He would suddenly yawn from the adrenaline and was finally waning away from him. As he would

slowly fall asleep in the basement, to figure out what to do later after a good night's sleep as a big bird.