

All over town, an unusual chorus of barks, moos, whinnies, and a variety of other bestial sounds rang out in unison. A simple wish uttered changed the destiny of the populous forever. Though several had already changed into their new lives, many remained as yet unaware of the changes this night would bring....

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"Hey Kev, two more people called in today, can you stay a few extra hours?"

Kevin sighed as his manager walked away. It was the 3rd time this week he'd been asked to stay past his usual 9 hour scheduled shift. That combined with often six-day workweeks was beginning to take its toll on his physical and mental health. Couldn't they hire more staff? He'd make decent money on his next paycheck at least but that hardly mattered. Bills would eat most of it and besides, what else would he have to spend his money on? He had no time or energy for a social life or hobbies outside of this hellhole that was work.

He spent most of his time alone in the back area, prepping all the items used to make dishes at the chain restaurant where he worked. Always understaffed, he often did the duties of at least three other people, though usually more when fellow employees feigned illness. He often wondered why so many flakey people were allowed to remain on the payroll, but the reality was that so few people were desperate enough to seek employment at this particular establishment, and they needed all the bodies they could keep on their already far too thin roster.

He wanted desperately to find a new job, but even with his degree, the prospects were limited in the current economy. He had applied to many positions worthier of his skill set but never heard the necessary replies. Any new job in his present industry would likely result in a lower position with fewer hours. Better the hell he knew than the one he didn't, or so the saying went.

He felt a bit like a workhorse, working for 10+hour stretches at a time with no break. No, even horses were treated better; they were allowed food breaks in-between their labor. They would be washed and fed and cleaned up afterward. He was not allowed even a morsel of the food in front of him; strict managers kept an ever-vigilant eye on the security monitors, ready to discipline any employee caught "stealing" food from the company. He chuckled a bit at the thought, of how much better he'd be treated as a horse than a human minimum wage worker. At least he'd get fresh air and sunlight. It was sad when the struggle of daily life made him long for the simplicity of being a farm animal. Something to meditate on, he supposed, if the thought ever passed through his mind again

He worked on, noticeably warmer than he normally felt working in the inferno of the kitchen. He paid it no mind. He still had work to do, and his body already stank of sweat from his exertion and unwashed uniform. The skin under his shirt began to writhe and itch, likely another symptom of his unwashed state. He would have to take a nice long bath tonight. Soak himself in

the tub, relieve himself of the tensions of the day, rid his skin of pesky biting insects. Huh? He thought, wondering where that thought had come from.

He began to feel heavy, as though his entire body was growing. Fatigue must really be getting to me, he thought, as he carried on with the carrots he was chopping in front of him. His clothes began to feel tight around his frame, centered around his torso and thighs. He doubted he'd been gaining weight, not with the amount he'd been eating lately. Maybe it was muscle mass from his long hours and heavy exertions. Perhaps his uniform had shrunk in the wash without him noticing.

His forehead, in particular, itched and he realized that his hair had crept down past the hairnet and was beginning to get in his face. He moved his arm to swat it out of the way, briefly aware of how stiff his arm felt and how alien the movement was. He'd have to start bringing hair ties to work to deal with the unruly mop of coarse hair he now sported. He often worked long past any salon's closing time, and besides, wasn't it more natural to have his bangs hanging over his eyes?

He felt an odd sensation in his spine; as though something he couldn't readily identify was slowly pressing up against the back of his work pants. He figured he should really head to the bathroom to check it out, but he somehow couldn't bring himself to move away from the vegetables he was chopping in front of him. The work felt more important than usual somehow, as though it had more meaning to his existence. Shit, he must be getting tired, he thought as he carried on, telling himself he'd take a break once the contents of the table were cleared.

The heavy musk of his body hung even more heavily in the air, though it brought with it a sense of familiarity rather than disgust. This was his place, he belonged here, it smelled of him. He found himself more relaxed than he'd been in a long time, as he carried on with his rhythmic chopping. The fear of urgency that his managers instilled in him slowly faded. He was working at his pace, his job would get done. His managers would be pleased with his diligence. Everything was right with the world.

His feet began to feel numb, as though bunched up in his increasingly tight non-slip shoes. Must be from standing still all day, he thought. This job was hell for his feet and posture, though he never quite had the energy or money for exercise or massages. His back ached from stretching, and he learned himself forward in order to better accommodate the strain. His entire body felt odd, almost tingly. It was as though he'd worked himself well past the point of stress and into disassociation. All that mattered was the task at hand, pleasing his owners, and getting his well-deserved reward at the end. Owners, was that right? He somehow thought it wasn't the word, but couldn't shake the anticipation of seeing their pleased reactions to his work.

His stomach began to rumble and groan as it pressed tightly against the fabric of his work shirt. The carrots in front of him began to smell intoxicating through the widened nostrils that he could now see in his expanded field of vision. He was suddenly aware of more of the room than he'd

remembered being used to, but he paid it little mind. He was more comfortable in the knowledge he'd be better able to spot approaching predators, and his mind eased, allowing him to focus more on the task at hand.

Engulfed in his work, Kevin barely noticed his pace begin to slow as his thickening fingers struggled to maintain their grip on the knife. His middle finger became thick and calloused, hardening and elongating even while his other digits began to shrink back into his palm, thumbs remaining briefly as though through sheer willpower to continue chopping the vegetables before him. He sensed he was slowing down but ignored any concern. He was still staying on task, wasn't he? Surely, he couldn't be expected to keep up such a grueling pace for so long.

With a loud rip, his tightened pants began to tear, freeing his confined tail into the warm kitchen air. His thighs pressed tightly against his work pants, seams tearing in various places, exposing patches of brown fur as it rippled over his thickening flesh. His shoes popped open, though he hardly noticed when his new hooves touched the kitchen floor as they relayed little more sensory information than his feet had within the shoes. He was much more aggravated at the uncomfortable way his torn socks rode up past his developing hocks and irritated the growing fur underneath, though he was unwilling to stop his prep to adjust them.

Buttons popped off his jackets as his expanding chest pressed tightly against it, shoulders rotating forward and ripping at the seams under his sweaty armpits. Kevin felt a brief surge of panic; he'd have to replace his entire uniform. That was his owner's job, however. All he was responsible for was completing his work. Let them come and give him a better fitting uniform when they deemed it necessary.

His now long-pointed ears turned to better hear his coworkers in the front area, running around as they struggled to complete orders and send food out to customers on time. He was back here, working hard for them, filling his role in the herd. It gave him immense satisfaction to know he had a place to belong, his nostrils filled with the smells of his herd mates.

He was so much larger now that he remembered, his massive bulk pressed up against the back wall of the tiny space in which he worked. His clothes hung off him like rags, though he only felt relief at no longer being confined in tight garments. Had he not been so far learned over the table he would have noticed that his back haunches had snapped into new shapes, better adjusted to four-footed travel.

The food in front of him became simply irresistible, and he could no longer hold back as he moved his heavy muzzle towards the table, lipping at the carrots. His hooved hands could not grasp the knife but he no longer cared as he began to gorge, moving on quickly from the carrots to consume the full heads of lettuce he had not had time to cut.

The now completed draft horse stood in mild confusion in the enclosed space, panic eased by his own strong scent and the still familiar smell of his work environment. He could no longer

focus on whatever task had consumed his mind, but that was alright. His owner would be here soon to give him a new task. In the meantime, he was starving, and he had an entire counter of tasty treats in which to sate his appetite. He relaxed immensely and his tail lifted, depositing a large load of greenish manure onto the already grimy kitchen floor. He went back to eating, skillful lips picking up the various prizes before him, as his minded faded into dull contentment.

The two on-duty managers, back from their smoke break, gazed in horror at the sight unfolding through the security camera. "How the hell did a horse get in here!?" The general manager cursed loudly, fears of being shut down by health inspectors or worse, written up by his district manager, played through his mind as he frantically dashed into the back, hoping to rectify the situation as quickly as possible.

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"What the hell are those idiots doing?!" Rebecca yelled as she stared at the camera screens. Her shouts were loud enough that the tables nearest the office could likely overhear, her usual practiced demeanor overridden by the travesty playing out before her eyes. "Who the hell let a horse in here! I want them fired!"

The management team who had gathered in the office scrambled to do something, anything, to appease her wrath. They often worked in fear of her, her demands and expectations never sated, no matter how hard they tried. Yet still, they toiled, fearful of losing even this abusive position in an uncertain economy. They desperately reviewed the footage, prepared to go on the floor to calm the guests and ensure everyone remained oblivious to the strange occurrence in their meager chain restaurant. Anything to make them look remotely competent in the face of their superior's fury.

She stormed out of the office, nearly slamming the door behind her, remembering to keep it quiet lest she made a scene and frighten away the guests. They would surely leave bad reviews if they heard a manager behave in such a manner. She remembered to keep her composure, to save her fury for the kitchen staff who would dare bring such an atrocity upon her.

She was terrified, deep down, at the thought of such a tarnish on her spotless resume. Be it for allowing a barn animal into their food prep area, or being upset at the unprofessional attitude of the management, it didn't matter. Though she was a district manager, she still had superiors to answer to, standards to meet, revenue to oversee. A bad stain on her record could easily mean demotion or worse. It was so much harder for a woman to make a name for herself in this economy, to make her way on her own merits rather than being born the opposite gender.

She sighed. She was tired of the rat race, tired of having to prove herself over and over against men who were far under qualified but often rose through the ranks much more quickly than she on the merit they'd been born with a penis. She had to work ten times as hard just for the same salary and position as her male colleagues, and it sickened her.

On her way back to the kitchen she glared at two waitresses chatting idly, unaware of the chaos that had plagued their restaurant. "Is there something you could be cleaning now?" She questioned them, serious tone in her voice despite the conversational nature she'd trained herself to employ. The servers scrambled to find cloths to begin wiping the pass-thru counter. One muttered something under her breath, inaudible to most but the intent was clearly evident. How dare they have the nerve to show outright hostility to a manager just for being asked to do the damn job they were paid for! Uggh, all the servers here are so catty, she thought as she turned into the kitchen area.

Her shirt started to itch insistently, and she scratched at her skin through the fabric, unaware of the patch of grey fur that had begun poking through her chest. The feeling quickly spread throughout her body, though she quickly dismissed it as being overheated from entering the kitchen.

Had those shelves always been so high? How could anyone reach up there? She suddenly felt dizzy but waved it off as she stormed to the back area, her intentions clear from her aggressive body language.

The smell hit her almost immediately; a pungent odor of sweat and barn and manure. "Who the hell is responsible for this!?" She yelled at the collection of staff that had gathered to witness the bizarre event of a horse being present in their back prep area. The horse, all things considered, remained relatively calm, undisturbed by the presence of so many humans in its midst. It was eating the vegetables that prep person had been cutting...what was his name again?

Rebecca couldn't be bothered to learn the names of all the local staff. There was such a huge turnover at this restaurant; seldom were any of the new hires worth her time. Anyone that couldn't keep up in the busy restaurant could easily be replaced; there were always better people out there, looking for work. Better cogs to make the operation work well, to turn a profit.

"I want this horse gone NOW! AND CLEAN THIS UP!" She bellowed, causing everyone in the room to flinch back, including the horse. The mess on the counter, the torn rags, and filth underneath the animal had to be dealt with, taking precious time away from making food for the customers. The restaurant could be out thousands from missing an evening's customer rush.

An intense fear welled up inside of her. She would be eaten alive by her bosses at corporate and the franchisee. She'd be out of a job, left alone with none of the power she worked so hard all her life to obtain. They were waiting all around, ready to strike, to devour everything she was.

"I..I'll be back in a few minutes, GET THIS FIXED NOW!" She yelled, trying to keep the overriding fear out of her voice as she slinked away, making her way to the bathrooms. Somehow, the kitchen seemed even larger to her now, intimidating with its tall shelves, knives, and many loud noises. So many places for predators to hide. Wait, was that right?

The intense itching persisted, and even her thick pointed nails did not aid in relieving the sensation through her somehow much smaller dress shirt. It was more than just a symptom of weight loss; her pants had begun to pool around her heels, which themselves felt loose on her feet. An irritating bump pressed against the backs of her pants as she rubbed it, relishing the strange yet comforting sensation of messaging the alien growth.

She quickly made her way into the tiny bathroom, worried that someone might see her, or stalking her. She reached for the light, missing a few times as though it was not placed at the same height she remembered it. After running her paws down the wall, she was able to find it, and the light flicked on, startling her.

The first thing she noticed was how much higher everything seemed. The toilet, the sink, even the mirror was much taller than she recalled. She was barely able to see her head reflected in the glass, staring back at her from the bottom corner.

Something looked off. Had her nose always been so pointed? She rubbed at the sensitive pink flesh, noting the several strands of coarse hair that had popped out underneath it. Her front teeth were much larger, poking below her blackened upper lip. Her hair was shorter; seemingly shrinking and darkening, changing in color and texture to match the hair that was visibly sprouting out from under her collar. She was overtaken by a sudden compulsion; she looked at her hairless clawed hands and licked them before rubbing them through her shrinking hair. A last look into the mirror before her field of vision fell below it was satisfied with the results of her grooming.

She had a difficult time focusing on what she had been so angry about. She was safe and secure in a room with no recent scents of predators, what was there to worry about? Her only concern resulted from the illumination burning brightly from the ceiling, threatening to expose her should a predator draw near. She had a vague recollection that a device on the wall could fix that. It was much higher than even when she'd first entered the enclosure. With a tiny jump, her paw hand was able to push up on the strange protrusion, bathing the room in blessed darkness. She felt a calm fall around her, even as her body felt smaller and smaller with each passing moment. Her other senses came alive; rounded ears able to absorb the myriad of sounds beyond the yellow crack of light through the door. Nose able to scent a variety of useful information about her current location, of most relevance food and shelter.

The large rags fell around her as still, she shrunk, providing a temporary shelter until she could get her bearings. She scampered through them, feeling her long tail dragging behind her. It felt so alien, yet familiar at the same time. Hadn't she always had it? The thought puzzled her for a moment until she was overridden with the urge to find food, to make a nest, to mate. Greatest of all was the fear that dominated her psych. There were predators everywhere, waiting to take advantage of her weakness and strike, robbing her of all that she was. Their scents even now lingered around this pace, large and life-threatening.

With boldness she rushed through the tiny opening in the door frame, hoping to avoid the clustered tangle of predators, to make her way to the vast enticing food stores she detected nearby. She would find food, gather resources, be able to support herself and her future offspring. The ultimate fulfillment of purpose.

Too late, a familiar scent clouded her senses, filling her with primal dread. She had no time to react before a giant blackened obelisk struck her, sending her into a hard surface, leaving her momentarily stunned. She did her best to compose herself, to ignore the pain wracking her tiny body and get away from the emanate threat. It was no use. The same strange shape bore down on her tail, holding her fast. In desperation, she reached back to gnaw on her tail and perhaps sacrifice the appendage in order to escape.

The beast that held her fast would have none of it. It snarled, batting at her trapped form once again, stunning her, leaving her body battered and broken. She was entirely at its mercy as the beast opened its massive maw and stroked her back with a rough tongue, before taking a bite, audibly snapping bone.

She knew deep down she had little hope of recovery; she was finished. Yet her survival instincts were strong. The beast made the foolish decision to remove its hold on her, and she bolted, trying desperately to make it to a small hole in the wall, the slight breeze signally freedom. She was not fast enough. The monstrosity once again brought down that massive appendage, imprisoning her, leaving her last moments to its every whim and desire.

A pile of clothes lay on the floor near the cat, the remains of the uniform the server had worn not moments ago. A server who for a brief moment was considered "catty". The newly minted feline toyed with her prey, captivated by the enticing scent of fear the little creature gave off, loving the sensation of hunting the tiny wriggling rat as she had been bred to do for generations.

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Robin finished his latest drink, placing his glass in the sea of empties that lined the otherwise bare bar counter. He considered ordering an appetizer but decided better of it. He didn't need anything ruining his buzz. If anything, he'd be having at least two more doubles before heading home. It didn't matter. Even if he went home now he'd still wind up in the figurative dog house.

He'd prefer to get home late, take his usual spot on the couch after the rest of the family had gone to bed. Then he'd get up early, fix himself a coffee and be out of the house before anyone else awoke. It was better that way, especially on the nights he was out drinking. Less yelling and arguing, less chance of further upsetting the kids.

He came here often after work, a local chain sports bar that was more or less in walking distance from his home. Well, for while it still remained so. The divorce was likely to come any

day now, and Robin would be kicked to the curb, while Lilly and the two kids remained at the house he'd so painstakingly saved up for. He didn't have a place to go; most of his friends had abandoned him, the drunk that he was. His family was even worse drunks than he, he'd cut off all contact with them years ago. Had to come from somewhere, he'd always reasoned.

Where had he gone wrong? There was a myriad of reasons, not one event that could link the chain of cause and effect that left him here at this lowest point of his life. Certainly, he drank too much, had too much of an eye for other ladies. He also blamed everything on her. She nagged too much, bitched too much, made love too little. Hell, it hadn't always been like that. There was no going back, he knew that for a certainty.

It would soon be time to move on to the next chapter of his life, sad as it was. It wasn't what he really wanted. He knew it was for the best; all he was good for was providing the necessary income to keep the family afloat. He was a piss-poor father and an even worse husband. They'd be better off without his toxicity hovering over them. Still though, the thought of being away from them hurt, a pain he'd much rather drown in another round than feel.

An unusual chorus of shouting coming from the kitchen broke him from his reverie. Someone fucked up, he thought, scratching at his chest in the unusually warm restaurant. He couldn't normally hear events coming from the kitchen at his vantage point in the bar; he reasoned it must be something really crazy. The wait staff kept running back and forth, attending to their tables as needed but spending unusual amounts of time away, as though something significant had been going on in the back. At one point he could have sworn he heard a horse whinny. Hell, must really be drunk, he thought, staring into his fourth double of the evening.

His thoughts drifted to happier times, ones he often denied himself the pleasure of experiencing. Times when the boys were younger, when he had taken them to museums, movies, parks. They had been a family. He felt a sudden longing for them, for those times when they were together and whole. He seldom thought of such things, using work or drink as a means of avoidance, but somehow, he couldn't shake the desires this time.

He had to see them, to be with them. Hell, he knew it must have been the alcohol talking, that it was a bad idea to return home in an inebriated state. But he could not shake the compulsion no matter how hard he tried. He reached into his pants, fingers feeling oddly stiff, and placed whatever money he could find on the counter. Let the waitress enjoy her tip; she was hot, and she deserved it for having to put up with his wasted ass every other night.

He stood up, legs shaking from what he figured was too much drink. Hell, must be losing my tolerance in old age, he thought, though as early as last week the same amount of liquor had nary an effect on his balance. He made his way slowly to the door, noting the odd stares from the other patrons. It was as though he could smell their fear, their disgust of him. Fuck them. He had other priorities.



He was going home! He had never been more excited at the notion, not since his boys were newborn and he relished every moment he'd get to see their infant faces, falling in love all over again each time. An odd bump in his underwear wriggled at the notion, but he paid it little mind. He would be home with his family and that thought overrode all other sensations.

He shuffled his way across the parking lot, shoes feeling oddly loose against his increasingly warm feet. He kicked at them in irritation, sending them across the parking lot. He'd have expected the ground to be cold and rough against his unprotected feet, but instead, he barely felt the pebbled surface as he moved. There was a curious clicking against the pavement as if something attached to his toes was scraping the ground with every step. He tried looking down at his feet, but even under the steady glow of the street lamps, he could barely make out their stunted forms.

Though his vision had been impaired, his scent of smell had been magnified 10-fold. He knew exactly where he was and where he needed to go. His head was bombarded by a thousand strange sensations. Had the world always been this alive, so vibrant with experiences? His nose, now visible in his field of view, detected the distinct spicy scents of squirrels running away from his approach and he was almost tempted to drop to all fours, to chase and yell at them for their insolence. However, he was on a mission, he had to get home to his family, his pack. Wait, what?

Family. Pack. Those terms blurred together became synonyms in his changed brain. He had once thought he was the alpha of his pack, but the more his fog-covered mind tried to comprehend the notion, the more it seemed wrong. He had not mated with his female in some time, not produced any new offspring. He felt a strong need to protect, to nurture the pups as they neared adulthood, but felt no need to sire more. He had been stripped of his former title, but that was alright with his canine psych. He still had a place in his pack, he was not alone, and that was all that mattered.

He was overheated now, long thick tongue panting out of his increasing longer muzzle. He tried desperately to remove the cumbersome garments, loose-fitting though they were as the fat on his stomach faded away, replaced with hard fur-covered muscle. His arms felt unnaturally restricted, though with a combination of his new claws and muscle he was able to tear away the irritating trappings, allowing his more natural thick fur to show through. His waist had shrunk so sufficiently that his pants were able to slide off his much shorter legs, allowing him to walk faster now that the annoying fabric was no longer bunched up against his ankles.

His posture was significantly bow-legged, and he struggled to maintain his two-legged stance as his stride slowed significantly. This wasn't how he should be traveling, though a part of his mind recalled it being the only way he'd ever moved before. That was how his pack traveled. It wasn't right for him now however, he was part of his pack but they were separate entities. He lowered

himself slowly, front paws out to catch him as he fell with a slight shudder. The pose felt right, this was how he was meant to travel. He dashed forward suddenly, his hips snapping in place as he ran faster and faster, more alive than he'd felt in forever. The buzz of the alcohol had long since vanished but was replaced with a buzz full of energy and purpose.

The final changes swept over his body, making him feel more natural, more complete. His ears, now large and flat and seated at the top of his head were able to detect even the most minute sounds. His nostrils were awash in the familiar scents of his neighborhood, his home. He could see his nose situated in front of his muzzle as it should be, and he licked his blackened lips, running his flattened tongue over his more numerous sharpened teeth. His tail bone ached as a familiar yet alien appendage made its presence known by wagging enthusiastically, excited by the changes and the anticipation of being with his pack once again.

The surrounding area smelled of home, but where was his own scent? He knew he lived here, but how was it that he could not detect himself in the flood of odors from other canines, others of his pack, and all the other creatures who resided here? That was easy enough to rectify, his now canine mind reasoned. He sniffed several posts along his path, lifting his leg to urinate on them, a sign to all that this was his territory, he belonged here and was healthy.

At last, he approached his den, his dwelling where his packmates would be waiting for him. The newly changed Irish wolfhound curled his body around the mat in the landing, familiar smells filling his blackened nose. Finally, he was home.

Lilly closed the window, unable to bear the sight of the lonely dog at her doorstep. She wanted so desperately to bring him inside, but he likely belonged to someone and had just stopped by for a quick rest before heading home. If not, he was a flea-infested stray who had decided to camp out on her lawn. Still, a part of her somehow hoped he would still be there in the morning, that she might bring him inside and feed him bacon, and see maybe, just maybe, if he wanted to stay.

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“GET THE HELL OUT HERE NOW!” a man’s voice roared, shaking the very walls of the house with his aggressive vibrations. Nathan had run into his room, locking the door and hiding behind a dresser as his dad banged and screamed on the door. He was thankful his mother wasn’t home, likely off drinking and playing bingo like she did so many other nights, her way to ignore the day to day life of the Miller household.

Darren had just received the call that his son had harassed another kid at school today, that kid next door of all people. It was the third time this month an incident had been reported and Darren was tired of it. He had taught that little shit better. He was disappointed in his son;

Nathan's build was suitable enough for sports but he lacked the necessary temperament to get along well with others. Useless.

He'd given the kid a laundry list of chores, piling wood, mowing lawns, whatever he could think of to raise his son to be a man. He wanted to teach him young the value of hard work and discipline, to groom him for success in a career as Darren had been. His wife however coddled the boy, insisted on buying him gadgets, phones, and toys, useless shit for when he was older and looking to make a place in the real world. He had half a mind to break each one if they didn't cost so damn much in the first place.

He banged and thrashed on the door, frame shaking but steady despite his pounding. He reminded himself to have a key made; his son had no business having a lock on the door at his age, especially not with the way he behaved at school. He deserved proper discipline for his actions. Such a bully had no place in his household.

Nathan sat in his room alone, crying despite himself. He berated himself, told himself it was useless to cry. In a few short years, he'd be bigger than his abusive dad and he would show that weasel what was what. For now, his only outlet was the neighbor kid at school. He was a skilled actor, the epitome of politeness in front of the boy's mother and the teachers at school. Alone with the kid, however, his bullying instincts took hold and he punished the brat as his father did him. He was old enough to be aware of the parallel but he honestly didn't give a shit. It was the way the world worked, after all. The strong bullied the weak. If that little faggot had any common sense he would man up and find someone weaker to prey upon.

He thought maybe it best to open the door, to take the beating he knew was coming, get it over with so he could at least get some sleep for school tomorrow. It wasn't the first time and it wouldn't be the last. Better to toughen up and face his punishment like a man rather than snivel like a coward in his corner. His dad wasn't going away anytime soon.

Darren's voice reverberated through his ears, louder and clearer than it had ever been. He shook his head, pained from the noise. He found himself growing hot, getting pissed off. Anger rushed over him like a tidal wave. What the hell kind of right did his father have to yell at him?! He was doing as he was taught! His father had raised a perfect bully; how dare he be punished for it?! Like father, like son, after all.

He felt his clothes grow tighter, face glowing hot as he got up, rage filling his veins. The shouting hurt his ears, made his face red. Who was this man, to make him feel this way, so weak and useless? He felt a fury rising deep within, repressed anger that he'd had no effective outlet for. Why had he been so afraid of the man? He felt bigger, stronger, growing steadily more so with each passing second. His dad was much smaller than the beefy arms he now sported. His dad would be afraid of HIM.

He felt warm, itching all over as his rage built. His clothes grew tighter as he began to sweat in the overheated room. A heavy scent washed over him, the stink of his perspiration reminding him of a barn. He stood up, pulling at his tight clothing with stiffening fingers. He wanted to be free of the constrictive garments so that he could let his new muscles breathe in the stale air. His pants tore down the center, an odd growth waving back and forth inside his underwear. He easily ripped his shirt in half, letting it fall to the floor. He noticed his skin darkening in the mirror but he hardly cared. He only had one goal in mind.

Sttoooooop!" He yelled, voice sounding oddly deep and thick to his ears. It was no matter. How dare such a tiny man tell him what to do! He was bigger and stronger, he didn't have to listen to this! He threw himself against the door, wanting to get at the man, to show him who was really boss. He tried to grip the handle but his fingers were oddly thick and restrictive. Such a prison couldn't hold him for long. He thrust his beefy shoulder at the door, wood splintering and cracking from the pressure.

A scent reached Darren's nostrils as he stared at the door he'd been pounding on in confusion. It filled him with a sudden sense of fear. He'd been the biggest, most imposing force in his house but tonight he felt weak, insignificant. His clothes were big on him; he nearly tripped on his pant legs as he backed away from the door in fright. His skin felt warm, tingling all over, but the fear from the noise and the scent in his son's room consumed his thoughts.

He had a flashback to a childhood memory of his own father. Darren senior had come home piss drunk every night, more often than not taking his ire out on his son, leaving his ass sore and swollen from a few smacks of his belt. One night had been particularly awful; he'd witnessed his mother being struck for "talking back" to his dad on a binge and stepped forward. The blow he'd received was like nothing he'd ever felt, knocking him out cold for a few moments. Though he'd come to moments later he had enough common sense to remain still and quiet for the rest of the night, lest his father returned and truly finish the job. The banging from the adjacent room along with his shifting form allowed that fear to sink in as he continued to shrink, sensitive nose picking up the distinct musk of bovine.

Nathan thrashed at the door, feeling the wood give way under his new bulk. He hunched over as his spine elongated, feeling more comfortable in the position as he continued to ram his shoulder into the frail door. His head was hard, protecting him from pain even as he bashed it against the one object between him and his target. Yet still, areas of his skull ached, as though something inside was tearing through. He felt rivulets of blood pouring down his head as something ripped through his forehead as they pressed against the door. His latest additions only fueled his power, his determination to break through the door as he snorted and huffed, stamping his hooves as he backed up to prepare for another strike.

Darren had since given up his struggle to open the door, afraid of the thing on the other side. He gazed around at the higher ceiling, looking for a means to escape. He felt his skin itch fiercely but did bother to scratch it as he raced forward, stumbling over his clothes. He could see his

nose in front of him, feel pinpricks of pain from each side as dozens of hairs poked out, amplifying the vibrations from the beast in the other room. He fell over, more nimble on all fours as his itchy fur brushed against the mountain that had been his clothes. His sharp nails gripped the carpet as he ran, giving him traction as he scurried away for his life.

With a thick crack, the wooden door frame broke way and Nathan's massive bovine head broke through, horns catching a plank of wood as the remnants of the door pushed out. He shook his massive head a few times, dislodging the meddlesome timber. Nathan stumbled out into the hallway, the scent of his father still burned in his nostrils. Where the fuck was he? He tried to conjure up images of the man, of the abuse he'd endured, but there was no need. The new instincts that had erupted in his mind needed no further encouragement.

Darren had since scattered, clothing sloughed off like useless rags as he hurried away, trying to put as much distance between him and the rank stench of the enraged beast. He was smaller now, a part of him felt fear in the familiar sights that towered above him. However, another part of him was comforted by the notion that his small stature afforded him more hiding spaces. His spine arched, pushing out over his bare ass as he continued to shrink, to run. He hid in a pile of dirty clothes in the master bedroom closet, heartbeat slowing as the vibrations from the heavy animal moved further and further away.

Nathan tore through the house, knocking down pictures, furniture, books, everything that stood in the way of him and his target. The man's stink was all over the place. The boy's too, although part of his diminishing intellect understood that the boy was no more, along with the abuse and pain he'd endured. There was only bull now, powerful, massive. There was no need to fear a puny human anymore. He slowed his pace as he realized he could no longer hear the man screaming, that he must be long gone.

He began to forget why he had been so angry. It was hot in here, the stench of humans more irritation than a threat. He caught a whiff of fresh air, the scent guiding him to the still-open door. He muscled his way through the frame, feeling it groan against his muscular shoulders as he shoved his way through.

The bull made his way out into the street, cool night air alleviating his anger. He scented thick grass, the distant scent of cows in need. He had everything he could ever need. He made his way over to a patch of grass and began to graze, content in the fact that he was the biggest beast around. No one could challenge his size or hurt him again.

The small mustelid slinked out of the house, running into the bushes. He found the nearest tree to climb, to escape, to wait until nightfall when prey would be abundant and he could hunt. He was still in danger from larger predators; he could only prey on those smaller than himself...

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Cameron stood outside his favorite local club, puffing furiously away on a cigarette. He practically had to stand across the street to obey the smoking distance laws, though at least he had a street light to illuminate him in the cool evening. He threw the cig to the ground, kicking at the ashes in frustration, and contemplated lighting another before heading back inside. He couldn't go home yet. It was far too early in the night and he didn't want to leave empty-handed. He considered waiting a bit longer so that the club could fill up and he'd be less likely to run into THEM again.

He had gone to the club, as many single men did, looking to score, or at least flirt it up with some decent looking women. He had taken a seat by himself near the bar, watching the dance floor for some potential marks, any of his buddies, or at least any of the regulars he'd chatted up before.

He found himself being eyed by three gorgeous women sitting by themselves at the bar, their dresses glittering in the low light of the club as they each sipped their drinks. He'd walked over, introducing himself and bluntly, teasingly, called them out for checking him out. They'd asked him if he was horny and he'd responded with honesty. After all, how many single guys at the bar that night WEREN'T looking to get laid?

It was their reply that really pissed him off. "Then maybe you should head to the zoo, you'd fit right in with the rhinos!" one woman had said while her cohorts laughed. There was really no redeeming himself there, no clever retort to keep the conversation going. He'd muttered something he'd hoped they hadn't heard, and stormed off, trying not to look sulky as he headed to the door, leaving his drink behind. He was a hot guy just trying to chat up some gorgeous women! He didn't deserve to be mocked for that! What a trio of bitches for treating HIM that way!

'Stupid, stupid!' he berated himself, before finally pulling out another cig, inhaling deep and letting the smoke blow through his large front nostrils. He snorted a little, noticing his jacket was a little tighter than he'd remembered when he put it on earlier today. He shrugged his shoulders, trying to make the discomfort go away. He then felt the cool rush of nicotine begin to calm his tension. A slight fog was beginning to cloud his mind, one he chalked up to the cigs and the drinks he'd had before stepping out. He was finally able to relax tonight!

He felt his grip on the cig wane as suddenly the tip burned his fingers. "What the fuck!" he shouted as he dropped the cig into a puddle and stared at his fingers in puzzlement. They were flattened, his nails much thicker and wider and now covering the fingertips. How was he holding his cig with these? Had they always looked like this?

His voice seemed a little deeper too, rougher. He yelled again, hearing it echo off the tall buildings around the street and attracting unwanted attention from onlookers. He couldn't put the charm on the ladies with a deep bellowing voice like this!

He suddenly felt tight in his dress clothes as his hips began to swell under his pants, something wriggling frantically in his underwear. He blushed, embarrassed he might have relieved himself. A satisfying rip reassured him, however, as his growing tail twitched freely in the cool night air. He felt better as the tightening rags began to rip away from his powerful frame. Why had he bothered to put them on in the first place? They had no place covering a powerful male like him!

The more he stood there, the more confused he became. Where was his grass, his herd? He shook his head, trying to remove the fog that had covered his thoughts, but the more he grew, the more the shifting images in his head seemed to make sense. He didn't belong here! This place was full of mocking humans, laughing and jeering at him as his body outgrew the meddlesome human trappings. They were nothing more than twigs compared to him. How dare they mock a virile male such as he! He wanted his herd, his females to rut and breed with, where he was lord, a massive beast that no predator could touch.

He looked forward at his face, the broad muzzle, thick skin, and heavy scent of his changing body reassuring. He breathed deep into the heady scent of his virile hide. He snorted as his body bulked up, thick skin rippled over his form like armor as his clothes hung off him in rags. He fell forward, more comfortable on all fours as his changing bulk rippled and grew. His chest barreled out and his stomach expanded, making short work of his dress shirt, while his bulging ass took care of his dress pants and his underwear. His shoes snapped and popped off and his truck-like, three-toed feet burst free. Rid of the meddlesome trappings, his mind was put at ease once more.

He could hardly see in front of him as his eyesight dimmed, the image of his thick muzzle barely distinguishable in front of him. He didn't need to see anymore, however. His nose was thick, breathing in all the scents of the world around him, though none of the human things interested him. His long twitching ears could detect sounds for miles and told him all he needed to know about his surroundings.

Another object obstructed his view, something thick and wide and massive. His nostrils itched as his stretching muzzle made room for the thick protrusion of ivory that was getting longer and harder. Another smaller horn grew behind that first one, giving him the pair of horns he'd been missing. Giving him his most powerful weapon, a sign of his strength and masculinity. He was proud of his power. No female would deny him now!

He heard some of the humans scream as he trotted forward, and found himself panicked by his strange surroundings. He wasn't scared, not exactly, but he did feel the need to assert his dominance. He charged forward, unable to see in the gloom as he struck something hard and thick that did not give. How dare his path be obstructed! He backed up further, snorting and stamping his hind foot as he charged forward again. His shoulder felt the impact as his horn slammed into the barrier. Crumbling debris fell around him but his thick hide barely felt anything.

He turned around, satisfied that he'd hit something, defeated his opponent. His aggression faded as the sounds of fleeing humans faded from his ears. He could relax now as the dominant beast. He lipped the ground, looking for grass or leaves to browse on, finding only the stray fibers from something that his dwindling mind recalled having been in his mouth earlier, something that now tasted off-putting and singed his lips slightly.

The bar patrons had scattered by this point, running in terror from the fucking rhinoceros that had somehow gotten loose from the local zoo. They ran into the night, some hearing animal noises they could not identify, a cacophony of sounds that implied more than just the rhino had gotten loose. Still, others fell to all fours themselves, confused at waking up in a concrete jungle far from the homes they should have inhabited. Amidst the chaos, no one noticed the trio of female wolves slink away from the open door, eager to find prey in the warm night, hungry from their recent changes.

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Catherine fluttered around her kitchen, preparing an array of desserts for her church's morning fundraising function. She had been busy as a bee all day, cooking up a storm of cookies, sweets, and pastries. She had to outdo her neighbor Wanda, after all. She knew Wanda too had been buzzing around all day, calling her to ask questions and even stopping by her place once, trying to see what SHE was cooking! She bet Wanda bought her baked goods from the next town over. There was no way her pies could be more popular otherwise!

She moved effortlessly between tasks, kneading the dough, mixing, stirring, putting things in the oven, and cleaning. She was on a roll! She knew where everything was in her bright yellow kitchen and had a clear plan and flow as she'd laid out all her baking supplies that morning. At this rate, she'd be done in a few hours, maybe even have time to get some additional baking done to outdo her nosy neighbor.

She carried on with her work, ignoring the sounds of dogs barking outside, of strange noises from animals she didn't recognize right away. She cleared herself from all distractions, however. She had to focus solely on getting as much done as possible. Winter would soon be coming, and she had a colony and queen to feed, after all.

She felt a rush of energy that was unusual for her older, more frail body, a strong sense of urgency that pushed her to keep going. She had to keep baking, to prepare food for her colony. Wait, what? Didn't she mean congregation? She shook her head, unaware of the strange nubs poking out of her head that bounced up and down as she set back on task. She had so much to do, and so little time.

As she worked, she began to notice how further away things were, how much she had to stand up on tiptoes just to reach her instruments on the counter. The extra distance was slowing her down! She was puzzled by the difficulty for a moment. Why couldn't she simply hover over her



kitchen counter to get at all her supplies more easily? Flying would be much more efficient than having to go grab a chair and standing on legs that did not seem to support her chubby body the way they used to.

As she moved into the dining area to grab a chair, she felt a bizarre sensation emanating from her chest and looked down to see the second set of limbs poking out from under her very loose blouse. Instead of being disturbed by the sight, however, she simply put her new limbs to work, grabbing the chair and carrying it with surprisingly little effort back into her work area. Six legs were far more efficient than two! Even as her fingers began to fuse and their range of motion was limited, she could still carry on with her work!

A strange buzzing sound caught her ears, though it only lasted a moment as her sense of hearing seemed to dissipate. It was OK though. She didn't need to be aware of all those extraneous sounds that would distract her from her work! She could still detect vibrations just fine and would be aware of a bear or some other predator dare disturb her important task. She felt lighter, able to rise up off the chair slightly, giving her a better vantage point to reach the counter and her things. Though now she found herself wondering why she needed all these utensils. How would these things help feed her colony?

At this point, her clothes were like many large rags falling around her shrinking body. She sloughed them off, easily able to hover now that she was rid of the meddlesome garments. Why had she bothered to wear them in the first place? Her fuzzy yellow hair and hard exoskeleton were all she needed. She puzzled, wondering for a moment what those words meant. Her only goal was to gather pollen, to collect the precious yellow dust and bring it back to the hive and then head out in search of more. Nothing else mattered.

Her vision was blurry, her world had shattered into a million fragmented pieces. However, the distorted images did not bother her. She could see so much better now, everything was so vibrant with color! Nothing in the kitchen attracted her attention, however. The former human woman buzzed around her kitchen, confused as to why she was here. There were sweet smells present here, but not the ones she was programmed to locate. There were no flowers, no pollen. She couldn't gather nectar for her hive here! She felt a breeze coming from an open window and detected the presence of pollinating flowers on the wind. Without hesitation she flew towards it, bathing in the warm glow of the sun as she set to work.

She was unaware of the presence of another new bee, who had similarly flown out of her neighbor's house in search of nectar to feed her colony as Catherine had. It was ironic, though neither woman maintained the ability to conceptualize it, their competition was finally over. They both sought the same goal, to nourish the same colony, to work together for the rest of their lives in service of the queen and their thousands of sisters.

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"What a fucking asshole!"

Dan yelled at his buddy as Derrick staggered away. Derrick had not taken his team's loss very well. He'd whined and griped the whole night, ever since his team had started getting behind. When the game was over, he'd nearly slammed his drink on the table in disgust. After a few moments of being called an asshole, he'd gotten up, making some excuse that his stomach was off. Dumb fuck! If he wasn't willing to pay up, he shouldn't have wagered!

Dan took a final chug of his own beer, savoring the burning down his gullet. "Hey man, you drink like a fish!" Another buddy called from the bar. Dan just smirked and went back to watching the game. His "friend" had a point; he wasn't nearly as buzzed as he'd wanted to be to enjoy himself. He could easily down 3 to 4 more bottles before he got too drunk. His wife hated how much he spent here, but fuck her! It was his night out with the boys, he could do whatever the fuck he wanted!

As he drank he felt his throat become dry, and a little itchy. He coughed a little and rubbed his throat, the skin feeling irritated at his touch. The sensation began to spread all over as he started to feel cool like his skin was dry and flakey. He moaned suddenly as something above his ass began to ache where his coccyx was. Something pressed painfully in the back of his spine, pushing against the chair and causing him to nearly fall out. He righted himself quickly, though he still felt the strange stretching down his back as something began to MOVE! He felt something cool touching the back of his pants, something that shouldn't have been there, like an extension of his spine.

"Hey man, you gotta go to the bathroom?" His buddy asked, alarmed at the sight of something bunching up in Dan's pants. Dan's cheeks flushed with embarrassment; he was sure he hadn't relieved himself, but what the hell was in the back of his pants? He excused himself as he headed to the bathroom, wheezing as though short of breath.

He opened the door and stumbled towards the mirror, ignoring the rank smell of shit that stunk up the bathroom like a barnyard. He trembled as his muscles began to feel weak. His mind panicked. Had he drunk too much? Was this some kind of heart attack or stroke? There was a sense of terror at having an unknown illness, to be sure, but there was something more primal, more urgent welling up in his mind that he could not ignore. Dan hardly had the ability to determine what it was. His thoughts were becoming cloudy, not just from the lack of air but from something else. Everything felt WRONG; the air on his skin, the warmth and dryness of the atmosphere he was in. He needed something, needed to be somewhere else...

He started feeling a little dizzy, though not just from the rank smell. He thought he heard something like a scream or maybe a bray, but all of a sudden his hearing shut off, as though his ears had popped. He reached up to touch them, finding he was not able to move his arm all the way, his fingers feeling restricted and a little sticky. What the hell was happening to him?

He looked back into the mirror and stared in horror at his reflection. He was a full foot shorter than he had remembered, barely able to see himself in the mirror. His eyes were wide, bulging and dry, unable to blink anymore as though his eyelids had vanished. His skin was greenish, slick and shiny with what looked like scales that crawled slowly up his dwindling neck. His hair was falling out, leaving him bald as his mouth began to protrude, his lips slimy and pointy. His entire face began to narrow. He looked like a...like...what was the word...what were words...

His legs felt weak as he shrank before his eyes, the grown on his ass wiggling back and forth frantically, already stronger than the rest of his body. Dan had no idea what was happening to him. The lack of oxygen was making it hard to think, but it was more than that. His head was shrinking, base instincts overwriting the human fear, leaving him with a primal fear of being in the wrong place, not able to survive here.

He saw slits at either side of his neck open up, flapping in desperation, unable to draw sufficient oxygen from the medium in which he existed. It was the last thing he saw as his eyes rotated, unable to see his reflection in the glass as his vision blurred. He had shrunk down below his reflection anyways by this point. He was staring at the sides of the room now, each eye having rotated to the sides of his flattening shrinking head. It gave him a distorted view of the world as his degrading brain tried to make sense of things.

There was something missing, something necessary to alleviate the burning in his neck and the pain in his muscles. Water! He needed water! Both the human brain and his changing brain came to the same terrifying conclusion, though his human thoughts were steadily dwindling away. The animal he was becoming could not formulate such thoughts. It only knew it needed to survive, so it could feed, mate...

He could not hear anymore, no longer had external ears. His new form no longer needed them. He instinctively reached up once more to try and touch them but he no longer had arms to do it. Instead, he managed to wriggle his fins, which flailed uselessly as they flapped in the air, unable to propel him forwards. There had been a thick heavy sound before he'd lost his hearing, the sound of something clattering or breaking, but nothing his diminishing intellect could identify.

Despite his lack of human reasoning, he still knew he was dying. He was too far from the water he needed to live, his muscles too weak. He felt unsatisfied; he hadn't mated, hadn't ejected his seed over a clutch of eggs as he was destined to do. He flopped helplessly as his body weakened, his gills flailing desperately in the air. He could not detect any life-giving water close enough, but he was driven by a desire to survive, a primal fear for life that drove all creatures. He would fight until his body literally gave out.

He could not sense it coming anymore, but his body was aware when a sudden rush of water overtook him, sending him flopping across the floor. It was shallow, it was dirty; Dan felt it hard to breathe through the heavy foul detritus. He felt his body hit against something hard, but he

barely felt the impact. The water began to pool around him, and he flicked his tail, propelling him forward, the life-giving water flowing over his gills.

He flopped through the dirty water, able to breathe, to live as his body relaxed, the immediate fear of death at bay for now. He hardly noticed the donkey that had barged out of the restroom door, formerly his drinking buddy, who had lurched out into the dining room with a frantic series of brays.

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Meanwhile, at the same restaurant, Carla and her husband Kevin were enjoying their annual anniversary dinner. Well, at least Kevin was. He was face deep in the rack of ribs he'd ordered, sauce slopped messily on his chubby face. Why did he have to order so much food? He'd already eaten two servings of sharables, downing them with his second beer and a hearty belch. Not only would he rack up a sizable bill, but he'd surely add another few inches to his already expansive 48-inch waist.

Carla looked over at her husband in annoyance. She had tried to look away from the disgusting display, staring at the ceiling lights, the lame 40's paintings and the warm decor that tried to suggest it was a family restaurant. She tried to pick away at his own meal, feeling sets of eyes on them from the other patrons. She hated being caught in public with her husband when he acted like this. There were times he simply completely lacked manors or even common sense!

Though they'd been married for many years, she'd felt the spark she'd once had for the man vanish a few short months after their wedding day. When he'd stopped caring about his appearance when he'd stopped bothering to moderate what he ate. If felt like she had simply been some prize he'd been trying to win, and once he had, he'd ended the game.

She felt trapped in a loveless marriage to an unattractive husband. He made OK money, at least, but that wasn't what she wanted in a man. She missed the sex, the passion, the romance. All he cared about was stuffing his face like a pig with nachos and beer, spending his evenings home from work watching sports games with his buddies. She sighed. Their anniversary was just another reminder of all she'd lost, all she never had.

Kevin belched heartily, the scent of his breath wafting over to Carla in disgust. What was wrong with him! They were in public, for Pete's sake! She muttered under her breath, a clear sign to her husband that he had fucked up royally, that he would hear about it later when they were well out of earshot of the other patrons, whom she assumed were just as disgusted by her husband's behavior as she was.

She was even more enraged by the fact that he would simply ignore her when she was so obviously not having a good time! Instead, he kept his head buried in his plates of food, even stooping so low as to LICK them, in public! She heard a series of grunts and snorts from his

mouth as he ate, the sounds making her queasy. How had he managed to ruin the night so completely? Carla looked forward to the end of the meal when they could go home, hoping her husband was too tired for sex. She felt no attraction for the man with the way he was. The wait staff came to remove the plates he had finished with, the only thing that seemed to attract Kevin's attention. In response, Kevin snorted, angry at the men for taking him away from his meal. Carla raised her voice to protest, but then got a good look at her husband's face. Or rather, his snout. His nose was thick and moist, snot dripping from the engorged nostrils. Carla stared in horror at the sight, his beady dark eyes, his wide flattened ears, and his twin tusks poking out between his lips.

He was much larger now, his already tight shirt riding up his protruding gut as his thick tongue lapped up at the remnants of the sauces. He'd been shoving food into his expansive mouth with his hands, but now two of his fingers were thicker, the nail encroaching over them while the other two fingers and thumb on each hand had faded away into nothing. His new hooves were too stiff to shovel food into his face, so he simply stuffed his snout into his plate, his hair thinning and falling all over the floor as his pants ripped and tore.

"Kevin?" Carla asked, scarcely able to believe what she was looking at. She started to get up, to go over and touch his increasingly porcine body, when a pungent scent hit her nose. Had Kevin just farted, or worse?

She looked around at the other diners in the large room, wondering if any were staring at the sight of her transforming husband. To her surprise, she was not the only one in the same predicament. She hadn't heard the muffled cries and screams of protest until now, so focused on her own situation, but as she looked around, she saw a couple other guests with the beginnings of animal features. Even those in the booths beside her were too distracted to notice her former husband as he fell to the floor with a heavy thump, sniffing the red carpet for more morsels, his curly tail poking up over his ass.

A loud bray broke Carla from her reverie. Carla stood, alarmed as a donkey, a DONKEY, ran out into the dining area, bucking and kicking and braying in panic from being in such a confined space. Several of the other guests were starting to panic now, getting up from their seats to avoid the bucking beast. What was happening to people here? She had to get out now herself, lest she began changing into an animal herself. She felt a little sorry for Kevin, his chubby frame nearly knocking her over as he rooted through the carpet, but there was nothing else she could do for him now.

She felt like part of a herd of sheep as she ran for the exit, leaving the people turned animals inside. She was certain some of the other patrons were changing as well, seeing animal ears, tails, and many former people hunched over their plates eating like beasts. She begged and prayed that she would get out in time, she did not want to be one of those poor unfortunate souls!

As she got to the front door, squeezing through the other sheep trying to get out, Carla noticed she was feeling a little overheated. She scratched her skin under her blouse absentmindedly, her thick wool seemingly the cause of her discomfort. Carla ran out into the cool night air, lowering down onto all fours to alleviate the ache in her back that her hooved fingers could no longer reach. She was a little confused, but the scents of grass nearby distracted her, and she lurched forward, along with a dozen other newly minted sheep eager to graze and settle their starving stomachs.

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Three elderly men sat in their corner booth in a run-down coffee shop, the same spot they frequented at least once a week for the last 10 years. Though the joint was in serious need of renovations, they wouldn't even think of settling on any other spot. It was here they had their last coffee with their fourth and now absent member.

The waitresses knew them well; they were charming old men and were happy to see them regularly. Veterans never got enough respect. The men came here almost every Saturday evening around 7 PM, had a few cups of coffee, shot the shit about current affairs, and then went their separate ways. At their age, the caffeine didn't really bother them even at the late hour.

No matter what else was going on in their lives the three older men made it a priority to make it to this coffee shop for their regular meeting. This was their sacred time, a ritual of sorts that would continue on until even the last of them could no longer make it out here. They figured it would only be a year or two at most until the last of their group was in a nursing home or worse, so they cherished the time they got to spend here now.

All three men were in their 80's and 90's, part of the same squadron in the air force. They'd been separated soon after their tour of duty ended; each had various life trials and tribulations to contend with. But somehow they'd managed to reconvene in their old age for this weekly ritual. After all, they had been through, nothing else mattered but seeing each other in this dingy spot every week for as long as they could. They never talked about war times, those were old memories that were best left buried. Instead, the conversations always turned to politics, world affairs, or families, particularly new grandchildren or even great-grandchildren.

There was only one salute they gave, to the men that were no longer with them, equally a part of their ritual as their regular meeting. "To absent comrades!" Ted toasted, raising his mug. Bill and George lifted theirs in response. It was their usual salute, but one the men made wholeheartedly each week. It didn't matter how often it was said. It never lost its meaning.

"Birds of a feather," the waitress muttered as she brought them their last refill of coffee for the evening if their pattern held true. She'd seen them almost every Saturday since she started working here 5 years ago and the sight of the old birds always warmed her heart.

Most days Ted felt his old bones ache and groan every time he got up to leave at their preferred coffee shop. Tonight, however, he felt quite a bit different. He was energized as if he could spread his arms and fly. He really missed being up in the air, seeing the world from a pilot's view. He'd often seen birds flying alongside him, envying their freedom, their ability to fly with their own wings. He wasn't sure why he was recalling those thoughts now, but the memories were not unwelcome.

An itching coming from his arms broke him from his reverie. He looked down, his normally stretched and weathered skin seeming pink and prickled, like a plucked chicken. Except that it was quickly erupting with dozens of tiny dark pinpricks that quickly expanded into the beginnings of fully formed black feathers. The itching all over his body implied he was getting feathery all over. His clothes hung loosely around him now, and he felt light, energized, more excited than he'd ever felt in a long time. He didn't care that his wispy white hair was falling out, replaced by the itchy feathers. He didn't care his legs were scaly, that his toes were stretching and growing pointy claws. He didn't care his chest was barreling out, his breast bones getting stronger for the wings he would soon possess.

He looked over as his comrades in arms, seeing similar changes. Bill's face was pushed out into a beak, and he could no longer talk, save for the cawing noise he made excitedly. Ted stifled a laugh; despite the changes, he realized he had finally gotten Bill to shut up! George had shrunk down lower than Ted could see beyond the edge of the table, but Ted knew he was undergoing the same changes as well.

Ted felt he didn't have much longer to speak in a human voice. Or even think, if the intrusive avian thoughts flooding his brain were any indication. But that was OK. He didn't know what was happening to him and his friends, but after all these long years with only the promise of the grave to look forward to, any prospect of a new adventure in the air was intoxicating.

"What do you say, boys? One last flight?" Ted said for the last time, loving how light his body felt as his face pressed forward into a beak and his forehead sloped forwards. He was overcome with the urge to fly and spread his new wings in excitement. His last human thoughts were of taking to the sky once more with his comrades in arms.

The three crows shuffled out of their piles of clothes, walking along the dirty floor, ignoring the shocked cries of the humans in the enclosed space. They instinctively knew the exit was at the door on the opposite end, and waddled over towards it, eager to take to the sky as their avian instincts demanded. It was the waitress who finally opened it, somewhat realizing it was what they would have wanted despite the bizarre situation. With an eerily familiar caw, the three crows spread their wings into the night sky, flying side by side once more.

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Keith snorted and whinnied as the humans lead him out from the noisy restaurant and into the cool refreshing night air. Thought filled with ample food, that indoor area he had been in was overheated and his coat was slick with a sheen of sweat. He flicked his mane, loving the breeze blowing through his thick coat. He clopped excitedly up a path, lead by a new human, one that smelled of others like him, not part of the herd he had inside.

He had been lead up a ramp into an enclosed space, and upon realizing his destination, he'd bucked and kicked frantically, feeling too unnerved to enter. But it was too late, and he whinnied with fright as he was crammed into the smaller space. Though least there was enough room to turn around, he still didn't like being boxed in. He was nervous; none of the scents around him were at all familiar. He whickered in a slight panic as the ground underneath him began to move. What was happening?

It wasn't until the movement stopped and the scents of other members of his kind wafted into his large nostrils that he began to relax. Still, he felt a bit of apprehension; they were not members of his herd. He had no herd anymore; the scents of humans from before became a distant memory, something he no longer recognized. How would these new horses perceive him? Would he have to fight to defend his place in the herd, his right to breed any mares?

Dale opened the door, backing away a little from the heavy stench of the massive animal in the trailer. He was a beauty to be sure. He whistled to himself as he admired their newest acquisition, a nearly perfect specimen of horseflesh. Whoever his previous owners were, they must have taken meticulous care of him. He still had no idea how this big guy had ended up in a restaurant of all places. Someone must have been playing an idiotic joke. Whoever his owners were, they'd be pissed if they didn't get such a prize stud back. They could at least house the big guy here until he got word on who owned him. Though the truth be told, he and his boss Jared were hoping he wouldn't be claimed, so they could keep this prize stud all to themselves.

An urgent need in his bladder distracted him from admiring his new acquisition. He really had to piss like a racehorse. Without giving it much of thought he pulled down his zipper, allowing his modest cock to dangle out as he aimed it for the piles of straw in the horse's trailer. No one would see him in the trailer and the heavy stench of the stallion's waste would easily cover up any scent. It wasn't the first time he'd sacrificed modesty for urgency in the presence of animals.

Dale sighed with relief as his bladder emptied, closing his eyes as he did his business with no one but the stallion to see him. He was unaware that his cock was growing, straining against the zipper as it increased in girth. He hardly noticed that the tip was flaring, a mushroom shape flattening from his normal cock head. The entire shaft changed shade, becoming a mottled pink and black with a thick medial ring in the center.

He heard a tearing in his pants as he continued to piss, his bladder releasing a pungent stream that wasn't stopping. The tearing was a relief, removing the pressure from his expanding rear and hefty black balls. The smell of the urine and the trailer, in general, had bothered him before,



but as his nostrils expanded the scent seemed to bring more comfort rather than disgust. The scents of the other stallion made him wary but he began to relax as his own male musk began to fill the trailer.

The stream of urine finally stopped as Dale felt an ache in his back, leaning over as his spine expanded and something hairy started swishing over his expansive backside. He moaned a strange heavy sound as his asshole moved backward on his hindquarters and pressed uncomfortably against his underwear. He felt hot, sweaty, and somewhat itchy as something started poking out all over his thickening hide. He snorted, trying to blow the mop of hair out of his stretching muzzle. He hadn't recalled his hair ever being that long!

Dale stumbled forward, the pain in his back forcing him down onto his hands. His nails had thickened on his middle fingers, and the thickening digits better supported his ever-expanding bulk. His feet began popping through his work boots, his middle toe already thick and black and hoof-shaped. He could see his nose in front of his face now and shook his head a little to overcome the disorientation of seeing the entire inside of the trailer with eyes that were focused all around him instead of just in front.

Dale's mind began to fade as his stallion bulk tore through the remainder of his former human clothes. His shoulders had rotated into his chest now, and his massive chest bulged forwards as his stomach distended further. He shook his head a little, breathing in the heavy scents of the stallion in the trailer as well as the scents of other horses on the clothes strewn on the floor in the straw and manure. He felt his body relax and his tail lift in tandem with a churning in his stomach. His asshole opens up and he dropped several large drops of horse manure, the smell of himself relaxing him more, even in the confined space.

All the while, Keith had been drinking in the sweat scenes of a mare, the remnants of Dale's interactions with the farm mares from earlier that day. There were no mares here, yet his cock still unfurled from his sheath, massive and hanging nearly towards the straw on the floor. The remnants of scents of mares in heating brought on intense arousal. The smaller stallion before him still had some scents of a mare on him, and that was enough to spur Keith into sniffing his backside, the black donut a sufficient hole in which to quell his growing lusts.

Dale hardly knew what was going on. He felt another horse sniffing around his backside and instinctively raised his tail, his own cock sliding out of his sheath at the prospect of being mounted. A small part of him was confused, but the scent of a horny male filled his nostrils, and he as the smaller male was subject to being bred. He braced himself as he felt the larger male slide on top of him. He felt a bit of pain as the large draft started prodding his asshole with his massive flared tip, itching inside him slightly, but a part of him welcomed the sensations of unloading from his own cock. There were no mares here, and his massive body was in need of release. He let himself relax as the other stallion thrust his cock in further, the stimulation in his ass bringing a steady stream of pre leaking down onto the straw as his first equine orgasm grew near.

Jared opened the door, shocked at the sight of not one, but two stallions, one cock deep in the rump of the other. The one being penetrated still carried remnants of human clothes around his fetlocks. The activity in and of itself wasn't too bizarre; he'd seen his fair share of horny stallions take to each other in times of isolation in the absence of mares. Just meant they'd be mighty fine breeders.

He looked around for Dale, wondering with the lazy son of a bitch had gone off to. He thought the torn clothes kinda looked like what Dale had on earlier, but he couldn't be sure in the dim light. Oh well. It wasn't the first time Dale had taken off.

Jared found himself wondering about the presence of the second stallion, questioning how his farm had gotten two for the price of one. A passing thought left Jared's mind, how each of these sizable stallions would make him a mint. He smiled, thinking he was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth. He walked away from the duo, reaching behind him to relieve an ache as his tailbone began to grow and push painfully against the seat of his pants.

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It had been not the most unusual request he'd ever heard, but he would be remiss if he didn't enjoy how he'd twisted the results. It was amazing what a few small turns of phrase could do, even if he was a little out of touch with 21st-century human lingo. His influence would only last one night, but it was enough to make his mark on the mortal world.

He had confined his whims to the radius of the city's limits, lest his more powerful brethren catch wind of his activities, perhaps undo them or even worse, copy his masterful art! The indignity! It was a display just for him, there was no need to show off his carefully sculpted craft. The foolish humans would be none the wiser, their memories of their former friends and family fading away as though a midsummer night's dream.

He'd used his one night of freedom to find a mortal to grant a wish to, one whose words he could twist into something malicious to satisfy his demonic desires. The young girl he stumbled upon had been more than perfect. Her wish had been simple. She wanted to be away from her unbearable parents, she couldn't bare living with them anymore! Yet how was he to twist the words? Then it came to him, the most devilish way to grant the girl's wish, and cause more chaos than he could have imagined.

A young girl's careless words. A simple stray wish. Truly, he was shocked the idea never crossed his mind before now. To extend the rules to everyone in the city, anyone who uttered or thought a phrase of an animalistic origin. It would grant her wish, as well as cause anyone who uttered or even thought an animalistic phrase be subject to his gift as well. Let a few of the human number change themselves into mindless beasts of their own designs!

He smirked as he began closing the curtain between worlds, pausing to make one last alternation. The girl had said her parents were unbearable, but also that she herself could no longer bear living with them. The girl's parents were overbearing, certainly, but he was not about to leave her without proper supervision. He looked deep into the girls softening brown eyes, watching the fur spread around her black nose as she fell on all fours to waddle over to the garbage cans where her parents were now foraging.