

Society Falls

The blustery wind blew through Colton's brown buzz cut hair, sending shivers down his spine. Each snowflake attacked his brown eyes, making them water. His cheeks, red and rosy, were tinted from the self-exertion. His muscle bound 6'1" body ached, begging for a break, yet he powered on.

He would not stop now, could not stop now. He needed to stay at his best. Colton forced himself to go harder, run faster, unknowingly taking himself off his usual route. He wouldn't have cared though. He had 'Eye of the Tiger' blaring in his earbuds on repeat, nothing could slow him down.

Colton tripped, falling face first into a snow mound. He stood up, feeling as pain shot through his foot, slowly stumbling over the item that had probably just ruined his chances of making the team.

Sitting under a half inch of snow, a small clay statue laid undamaged on the frozen ground. The statue looked like a tiny anthropomorphic horse with an abnormally large phallic piece. Each part had been specially glazed. The humanoid horse was the bluish silver of moonlight from the full moon. Its eyes were black, as if lifeless and ominous. His meat and 2 veg were a matching salmon in color.

Colton looked at it, thinking 'Well maybe I could take it to a pawn shop and see if it's worth anything. Maybe that would make up for this whole predicament.' He pulled off his hiking book bag, unzipping the pouch and moving his thermos of hot chocolate to make room. Forcing the statue into his bag, Colton stood up and limped back to the hiking path.

In a cave higher up on the mountain, a revenge crazed being watched this unfold. A smile graced the humanoid mouse's face. The young athlete had taken the bait. 'Shun me for being different, let's see how you like being the outcasts.' he thought to himself. "You will regret exiling Professor Barnabus E. Barlow!" he shouted to no one.

Barnabus was once a world renowned genetic researcher, using his knowledge to grow body part and vital organs for patients who would need them. However, he took his research too far, changing from James Bond to Jerry the mouse. His sudden change in appearance had caused mass hysteria and chaos. People began to believe that he might be contagious even though Barnabus insisted it wasn't. In the midst of the hysteria and terror, Barnabus was forced into the mountains, outcast for his own well-being.

Although, Barnabus didn't understand this and thought that he had been banished because he was different. For the first few weeks he wept for loss of his true love, Charlotte, but then his sadness turned to rage and he vowed to get his revenge. He became determined to throw society into turmoil and as humanity crumbled he would walk in to find Charlotte, no longer an outcast.

Barnabus smiled blissfully, dancing over to an end table standing against the cave wall. The table was covered in candles and pictures of Charlotte. He picked up one of the pictures and it close as he danced over to his bed, laying back onto the bed. He held up the picture and stared at it in adoration as he said "Soon, Charlotte, my sweet, soon." H kissed the photo and set it down next to him, staring at the image of Charlotte. A single tear ran down his cheek to the satin covers on his bed.

Colton limped back down the mountain with the strangely light statue hidden in his book bag. He knew that he shouldn't have been walking with his injury, having sprained his ankle before, he knew that that was what had happened. However, out of all the mottos in the world, Colton only had one. No pain, no gain. He wouldn't stop until a doctor told him to.

Colton limped all the way home, walking out of the cold weather into the warm foyer. He took off his winter coverings and slowly walked up the stairs to the second floor. Blocking a window on the second floor was a tall bookcase, studded with trophies of multiple events and all of them his. They were what made him strive to work harder.

He limped past the bookcase into his bedroom, walking straight to his closet. Being an only child meant he got his own walk-in closet. He pushed the pocket doors open and searched through his medical items from past years. He pulled a black boot like brace out and put it on his throbbing foot.

'A little snug but it should work.' he thought. He walked back downstairs and put his winter clothing back on along with the book bag. Exiting his house once again, Colton walked out of his neighborhood and to the town.

He walked down the strip mall, past the stores, to Madame Croshna's Emporium, a pawn shop. He had never been there so he hoped Madame Croshna would be friendly. He stepped inside, looking over all the trinkets, knick knacks, and quirky items. The shop smelled of lavender and dust and was completely silent, excluding the clicking of acrylic nails resonating through the store.

Colton finally made his way to the counter at the back of the store, coming face to face with a young woman dressed in the stereotypical garb of fortune tellers. She smiled and, in a nasally voice, asked "Hello, is there anything I can help you with today?" Colton immediately felt guilty and awkward for what he had brought. "Well, I was hiking on Mt. Craila today, going my usual route. When I accidentally went off the path, I tripped over this little statue. It looked like it was some old Native American thing from hundreds of years ago so I brought it in. Although, it is a strange little thing." Colton said, his anime blush showing through his rosy red cheeks.

He took off his book bag, reaching in without looking, and pulled out the first thing that his hand touched. He placed it on the counter, not breaking eye contact with the young woman. She looked at the item he had placed on the counter. "You found this on Mt. Craila? This must

be the oldest thermos I've ever seen." she said sarcastically. Colton looked at the item he had placed on the counter. Sure enough he had pulled out his thermos.

He quickly grabbed the thermos, putting it away as the young woman chuckled. Looking this time, Colton pulled the endowed statue out of his bag, smiling out of embarrassment the whole time. "Sorry. This is what I found on Mt. Craila." Colton said as he set the statue on the glass counter.

The young woman blushed as she reached her hands up from behind the counter, revealing the source of the clicking acrylic nails. "Well it isn't Native American," she said as she picked up the small statue and looked at it from different angles, "but it is the first thing I've ever seen like it. I'd rather get an expert's opinion. Could you wait here for a second?" Colton nodded, still embarrassed, smiling nervously and awkwardly. "Thanks. Be right back."

She walked through the store to a door that Colton hadn't noticed before. He looked over the store again, trying to act like he was not linked to the pornographic statue sitting in front of him. His gaze landed on a display a few feet behind him. Half of it had jars with sticks of multiple colors and the other half was bowls of cones of multiple colors. He walked over to one of the bowls of cones, reading the label. 'Dragon's Breath. Isn't this that incense stuff?' Colton thought to himself as he picked up one of the black 'Dragon's Breath' incense cones. Holding it up to his nose, he took a long whiff. His eyes bulged out of his head for a second as he started coughing. It was a strong smell of fire and brimstone. He set the cone back in the bowl just as the young woman walked out with an older woman just behind her.

The older woman was in her late 40s or early 50s, her hair gray with the experience and knowledge that comes with age. She was dressed in a beautiful yet ominous black gown. She wore golden gloves that looked like they were as soft as chiffon or silk but as durable as a bunker. Her face was caked in make-up, obviously hiding her true age or scars. The young woman stepped up to the counter.

"You must be Madame Croshna?" Colton said reaching out his hand in a request for a handshake. Madame Croshna smiled and received his handshake. "Right you are," she said, releasing his hand and gesturing to the young woman, "and this is my assistant, Madeline." Madeline waved shyly as her name was called.

Madame Croshna turned back to him. "Now, Madeline told me that you have a rare antique," Madame Croshna said as she reached for the statue, picking it up carefully, "Let's have a loo-..." As she stood frozen for a second, her eyes glazed over and her smile took a downward dive to an expression of sheer terror. A single tear rolled down her, smearing her make-up.

She regained her posture and pulled her face into a scowl as she handed the statue back to Colton. "I'm sorry but I can't buy this from you. The store is closed. Madeline, please escort

him out of the building.” she said subtly but firmly, her voice hoarse at first. Madame Croshna immediately walked back out of the room the way she had entered it.

Both Colton and Madeline watched as Madame Croshna left. “What just happened?” Colton asked Madeline. “I’ve only seen it once before but Madame Croshna told me she sometimes has visions when she touches certain objects,” Madeline replied as she walked out from behind the counter, “Here, let me walk you out.”

Colton slowly began to follow her, asking “Are you really closing the store at 1p.m.?” Madeline reached the door and held it open for Colton, replying “Well she’s my boss, so I kinda have to but we should be open later in the day. Although, I wouldn’t bring that back.” pointing at the statue as Colton stuffed it into his book bag. “Oh, well thanks anyway.” Colton said as he walked away from the pawn shop, waving to Madeline as he walked.

Colton went to a few other pawn shops. Each and every one of the experts had one of two reactions. The more popular reaction was that the expert would take one look at the statue and bust out laughing as they pointed to the door. The other was less kind because the expert would become furious as soon as he took it out and would begin yelling at him. The one thing that every single thing yelled at him had in common was that each could be boiled down to “What is wrong with kids these days? I commend your craftsmanship but get the fuck out of my store!”

After being laughed and yelled out of every pawn shop within a five mile radius of his home, Colton went home and went to his room. He took the small statue out of his bag, looking over it once more. He walked into his closet, finding the false wall he had made when his family and he first moved into the house when he was seven. Now he mostly used it to hide things he didn’t want anyone else to know about.

He pulled the wall away, setting down the false wall out of view of his door. His parents had a tendency not to knock. Moving some issues of Playboy and the \$1000 he had been saving outside of the bank since someone had gotten a hold of his parents debit card a few years ago, he set the statue on the white carpet.

After putting the false wall back in place, Colton took off his foot splint and changed into an old stained t-shirt and some old gym shorts that had been worn out. After wrapping his foot in gauze, he used the bathroom, washed his hands, and brushed and flossed his teeth. He walked back to his room, got under the covers, and went to sleep.

Colton awoke suddenly. He turned to his night stand and picked up his clock, reading the time. ‘10:00. I’ve been asleep for an hour,’ Colton thought to himself, ‘What woke me up?’ He put his clock back down and got out of bed, turning on his bedside lamp. A book sat on the floor next to his bookshelf.

“How did this get there?” Colton asked no one, knowing that there was no way any of his books could have fallen off of his bookshelf without an external force. He put the book back on the shelf and turned to go back to bed, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

He stopped mid-yawn. Standing between him and his bed was a humanoid horse. Its fur was gray with white spots on it. A blonde tail mane sat atop its head that matched a tail that swayed above its bootylicious, juicy, and round ass. White keratin hooves quietly clopped as the being turned to face him. A pair of double D breasts jiggled on her 5’9” perfect hourglass figure. A virgin’s vagina dripped in between her legs. However each drop acted unlike any liquid he had ever seen before. It was as if the drops had minds of their own, moving on top of the carpet and back into the humanoid horse, rebinding themselves to her only to be dripped back out.

The smell of fish and urine permeated the air, creating a haze in Colton’s mind. She began to walk over to him, smiling as if she were a new born baby seeing a person in glasses. Colton wanted to run, he really did, but his feet were stuck in place, held by the haze in his mind. She stood directly in front of him and put up her index finger, forcing it through his closed lips. Once her finger had entered his mouth, it became a liquid, forcing itself deeper into Colton’s body. The liquid made its way to his brain, filling every crack and crevice and coating it in a thin layer. As quickly as the liquid had entered, it exited, removing itself from Colton’s brain and rejoining its host.

As the last drop rejoined the anthropomorphic mare, a wave of enlightenment and intelligence washed over her and a devious smile flitted on her lips. Leaving Colton standing there, she walked over to his bedroom door, making sure it was locked. She walked back to Colton and caressed his cheek, flashing him a seductive smile and sending him a wink. She bent over and pulled his gym shorts and underwear down. She then pulled off his shirt, forcing him to step back. Colton would’ve yelled for help, but the pungent scent messed with his mind, blocking certain process while amplifying others.

As she began to fondle Colton’s balls, she stared deep into his eyes with a seductive innocence and said “I am your loyal sentient cum. If you allow me to, I shall enrich your wants and help you achieve your dreams. Our contract shall be you giving me a name. If you refuse, I will give you give me a name?” Colton stood their fighting with his own mind. However, the posing of a choice was a ruse, there was no choice that could be taken.

“Will you give me a name, master?” she said seductively, squeezing Colton’s balls. Surprised by her sudden force, Colton, in high C, squealed “Yes.” She released his family jewels as she asked “What name will you give me?” Speaking at first in a high pitched voice then clearing his throat, Colton said, still in a haze “How about... eh-em... How about Anastasia?”

Anastasia leaned forward and locked lips with Colton, immediately overwhelming his senses of taste, smell, and touch with orgasmic pleasure. It was just enough to demolish his inhibitions. He received and reciprocated. Breaking the kiss and her head on his chest, Anastasia

said “Anastasia. I like it. Should we begin a new era, my sweet?” “Yes we shall.” Colton said robotically as he thrust his erect member into her wet pussy.

Suddenly, Anastasia’s appearance became liquefied. Every hair follicle melded together into a single cover. Her body became a pale white as Colton began to hump her. With each thrust more of her body went through Colton’s penis and into his balls. The reversed orgasm filled Colton with pleasure, almost making him lose his balance. As the last of Anastasia entered Colton his body became devoid of energy. He was barely able to take the few steps to his bed before collapsing on his bed, failing to notice the swollen sack that now hung between his legs.

However, even though Colton was asleep, Anastasia was still hard at work, forcing Colton’s member to stay erect as she forced his balls to churn. She manipulated the cum within his balls, creating more sentient cum beings to help bring in the new era. As Colton began to cum his shaft grew, growing little by little. When his cock began to spurt, the cum began to split off and go in different directions, each one becoming small pools before zipping through any crack they could find.

Damien walked down the center of the street, confident that no cars would give him trouble in this weather at this time of night. In his hand he held a lighter, staring intently at the fire. He had been expelled from his last school for setting fire to the curtains in the auditorium. There was no evidence though, it was all based on speculation. However, if he were asked, Damien wouldn’t deny it. He had done it.

Damien put away his lighter as he entered his favorite store, Madame Croshna’s Emporium. He pulled the door open and stepped inside, unzipping his bulky coat and walked up to the back of the store. Damien went over to the incense display, making sure that he grabbed to bag, it was the only way it would work. He filled them both up with incense cones and waited for Madame Croshna to get distracted. Although, it seemed she was already distracted, staring at the front door. Seeing his opportunity, Damien quickly stuffed his pocket with miscellaneous merchandise.

It was his favorite store because it was so easy to steal from. After he had taken all he wanted, Damien quickly walked out of the store. He ran down the street, thinking that someone might be chasing him.

He skidded on the powdery snow, turning down an alleyway. Walking down the alleyway, he hid beside a dumpster. He pulled out his lighter, watching the flame move in the wind. He then pulled out the chain necklace with a green USB flash drive that he wore. Those two things were his most prized possessions, silently retelling a story could hear.

When Damien was 4 years old his father worked as a programmer for a new and upcoming multi-billion dollar corporation. His father’s sole job was to create unique programs that were to be unhackable. He kept all of the information surrounding those programs on a

single green flash drive which he gave to Damien's mother for safe keeping. However, some rival corporation found out about the flash drive and intended to steal it and boost its business.

They bound, gagged, and left Damien and his parents to die, hoping that maybe Damien's father would concede and give them the flash drive but they were wrong. As a final act of love and protection for their child, Damien's parents huddled close around him to give him warmth, but in doing so they doomed themselves. The police and paramedics came too late, finding the boy amidst his frozen parents, standing at the brink of death.

The lighter and the flash drive were the only things he had to remember his parents by. He kissed each and put each back into its designated place.

The sound of a cat scurrying away from something echoed through the alleyway. Damien stood up to investigate what may have caused the commotion.

A strange snowman stood about ten feet away. 'Was that there before?' Damien thought as he inched his way over to it. The snowman was like a humanoid dragon, wings and all. Not only was the snowman dragon-like, but, upon closer examination, was expertly detailed down to the last scale. However, the snowman made Damien uneasy for some reason. It just seemed odd to him. He got closer to the snowman noticing that the snowman had a hard on.

"What in the hell?" Damien said as he took a step backwards. The snowman lunged at Damien, catching Damien off guard, and seeming to be made of a semi-transparent white viscous liquid. As Damien tried to run, a single trickle of the liquid wrapped around his leg and held him in place, slowly creeping up his body and seeping through his clothing. Damien protested as much as he possibly could. "What the fuck is happening? What is this thing? Get off of me! Let me..." Damien yelled, his voice trailing off as the cum made contact with his skin.

The chill of it had sent him back to that fateful day to the memory he suppressed but so dearly clung to. Damien's eyes glazed over as he began to speak in a faint whisper, "Daddy why is it so cold? Mommy, why is daddy sleeping?" Damien began to shake his fist in a childish manner, "Noooo! We were gonna go see the dinosaurs at the museum tomorrow!" He began to move as if he was trying to wake a sleeping person, "Wake up! We're gonna go see the dinosaurs tomorrow!" Tears streaming down his face, Damien's body went limp as one last murmur escaped his lips, "Why is it so cold?", his mind retreating to its safe place, protecting itself from harm.

Tobias rushed home with his bags, wanting to test out the new electronics he had bought. The harsh wind blew his disheveled red hair in all direction as he took a shortcut through an alleyway that was devoid of snow, making his green eyes water. He took another detour through the park baseball field, cutting the amount of time it would take him to get home in half.

Setting his bags down, the 20 year old college student unlocked the door to his dorm, quickly making his way upstairs. As the door closed behind him a small white puddle slipped in.

Tobias sat on the couch and pulled out his new laptop. “8gb of RAM, 500gb of memory, Intel processor, 15.6in. screen, 9 hours of battery life, webcam, and it’s all mine.” he said, cracking his knuckles and turning on his new electronic to begin his exploration. He wanted to know the computer inside and out or at least how much it would let him. He was going to college for business administration but he truly wanted to work with the technological arts. He was a tech wiz and he would never let his parents know.

After three hours of staring at the laptop, the zombified Tobias finally began testing the webcam, admiring himself as he sat the laptop down on the coffee table. Behind him a new clock sat on the green wall.

It looked like it was taking up half of the wall. Its design was like a gigantic bull’s-eye. Its hands looked like giant darts that ticked away at an incorrect time. The numbers were raised black grooves.

Tobias got closer, thinking to himself ‘When did he get this eyesore?’ Suddenly the hands and numbers began to move, forming a demonic smile. The sides of the clock pulled away from the wall and wrapped around Tobias. Tobias struggled against the clock, stumbling his way into the bathroom. Grabbing for anything and everything, he turned on the lights. He could feel the clock reshape to cover his body.

Looking at himself in the mirror, he half expected to see himself and it all to be a hallucination, Tobias was met with a reflection of a black and gray anthro rabbit. The reflection began to speak to him, making Tobias realize that it was not a clock that was fighting with him and that whatever was coating his body was a bit more sentient than he thought. “I am your humble sentient cum servant, Tobias. What is my name sire?” the sentient cum said elegantly yet bluntly.

Tobias, however was too fascinated by the reflection staring back at him, checking himself out in the mirror. He oohed and aahed at the giant ears that rose two feet from the top of his head, wowed at his enormous rabbit feet, and chuckled at his puff of a tail.

“HEY! I asked you a question.” the sentient cum yelled. Tobias, thinking about what he would call this being, said “What was that, Xeto?” Xeto smiled and began to pull away from Tobias’s face entering his body via anus. Tobias gasp as every part of his body was in sudden orgasm as Xeto went through his body and into his family jewels. With the last bit of energy he had, Tobias looked at himself in the mirror and said “Aw.” Afterwards he fell sideways down onto the bathroom floor.

Donavan sat up in his bed, an idea dying to be heard ricocheted around inside his head. He threw his covers off, got up, and put on his shoes and jacket. Brushing his prematurely white

hair, he walked out in the main part of the dorm. His roommate had left a mess, stuff lying on floor as if fight had taken place. A laptop sat on the coffee table, on and losing power. Donovan turned it off but not until he looked at himself in the webcam.

Donovan went down the stairs and outside into the cold, he took 2 lefts and walked onto the school campus. Following footprints that he had made earlier, he made his way to the school's art studio. Walking inside, he noticed something strange about all the art projects left out to dry. Each head on every work of art was replaced by the head of a white mouse. He reached his own painting and found that, like the others, it had been tampered with.

His painting was supposed to be a neo-cubist impressionist mix of his purple haired girlfriend. "Oh, Chandra! Your beauty has been ransacked by an evil person. They have corrupted your face with Ivory..." he cried. "Ivory? How about Ebony? Or maybe violet? Look at me, trying to persuade my new master. If you choose Ivory, then so be it. From hence forth I will be Ivory." a melodic voice said, seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere.

Donovan spun in circles trying to find the origin of the voice, yelling "Who are you? Did you do this? Are you the one who has defaced my precious Chandra? Where are you?" Just then he noticed that his hands hadn't warmed up yet, despite being in a heated building with gloves on. Something didn't add up.

He pulled off his gloves and was met with a snow white mold surrounding his hands. He tried to pull them off but they wouldn't budge. The voice called his attention back to his painting. As he looked, a single drop of white liquid shot off the painting and hit him in the forehead.

Donovan stumbled backwards and was hit by another drop in his shoulder. Suddenly drop after drop began to fly at him from every direction. They hit like bullets. As the drops continued to pummel him, Donovan collapsed from the pain, shedding a single tear for his beautiful painting.

Chandra woke with a start on the concrete floor of the art studio. Her boyfriend had persuaded her to try painting and she wasn't half bad but the image was still only half done. She forced herself up off the floor. Standing up, she tried to decide if she should try and finish it. A single yawn answered no. Scanning the room, she landed on Donovan's painting and smiled lovingly.

Chandra yawned again, a signaling for her to leave the studio before she fell asleep again. She walked through the snow to the campus mess hall. She liked to go there because it was always open and was always scarcely populated, a perfect place for her to go and retreat into her own mind.

Walking up to the 'Serve Yourself' area, she got herself a bowl and a plate, filling her bowl with steaming Wonton soup and grabbing some dumplings and an egg roll. After paying

Anthony and ignoring his attempts at flirting, she wrapped up the dumplings and eggroll and sat down at one of the tables strewn around the room. As Anthony began cleaning some of the dishes she began to slurp her Wonton soup, going slowly so she could savor the taste.

Ignoring Anthony's flirts again, Chandra dropped her dishes off at the dishwashing area, suddenly remembering she had fallen asleep next to her painting. Running into the mess hall bathroom, she slid to a stop in front of the middle mirror. She checked for any paint and was relieved to find that there wasn't any.

As she turned to leave, she suddenly couldn't move her legs, struggling with all her might. Her entire being was slammed up against the tiled wall behind her.

After the stars cleared from her vision, Chandra came face to face with a nude female skunk woman. The skunk woman held her up against the wall. "Listen, I know you're supposed to be my master but you might choose something stupid so I'm choosing. Okay?" the skunk woman said. Her appearance faltered as if she wasn't actually made of flesh.

Chandra stared at the skunk woman and nodded her head. "Good. My name is Chun Li. Got it? CHUN. LI." Chun Li said, fixing her Yin and Yang style dyed hair. Again, Chandra stared and nodded. "Not very talkative. No matter. Don't worry about the scent glands. I'll alter them. Honk! Honk!" Chun Li said as she squeezed Chandra's B cups. Immediately following this Chun Li's body split. Her hands were sucked into Chandra's breasts, expanding them to Ds. The rest of Chun Li was sucked into Chandra's vagina, compressing into a sort of super sperm that forcefully inseminated Chandra.

Unbeknownst to both Chandra and Chun Li, Chun Li's 'super sperm' body would exponentially speed up the child development within minutes Chandra was at the stage not usually seen until the passing of the third month. Chandra held her stomach as a wave of what could be called morning sickness hit her, causing her to puke on the bathroom floor. Then something else hit her. Chandra said "Scent glands?" before fainting.

Anthony took his apron and hung it on the hook by the door, pulling his coat from the other...

Anthony: Hey! Hey! Hey!

Narrator: What?!

Anthony: You're telling my story wrong.

Narrator: Oh my god! If you say what I...

Anthony: You gotta tell it right for the ladies or they won't like it... or me!

Narrator: (Sighs and speaks in an annoyed tone) Are we done breaking the fourth wall.

Anthony: I am if you are.

Narrator: Good. Cause I'm leaving.

I pulled my coat up onto my broad shoulders. Combed my hand through my luscious blonde locks. I got out some chap stick and put some on my luscious lips. I opened the door and the wind made my deep blue eyes water. I stepped outside searching for...

Narrator: Nope!

Anthony: Hey! Whaddaya doin'?

Narrator: Get out!

Anthony: You can't tell me I can't tell my own story!

Narrator: Actually, I can and I am. Now OUT.

Anthony: But...

(The narrator pushes Anthony out of the room, slamming and locking it behind him)

Narrator: Good riddance.

Anthony stepped out into the frigid air, sniffing as the cold air found its way through his coat to his skin. He hugged himself as he walked around the mess hall to the campus grounds.

Anthony: (Through the door) You better be makin' me sound sexy for the ladies.

Narrator: (Picks up the phone sitting beside him, dialing security) Come to room 329.

Anthony: Hey did you hear me? Hey why do you have that tazer? Don't point it at me.

(The sound of Anthony's body convulsing by the tazer echoes through the room as the narrator lets out a sigh of relief)

He always got the graveyard shifts, sleeping during the day right before his classes, but at least his second job got him ladies right. Following the path he had mapped in his mind, he reached the museum where he worked his second job as a security guide until 10am.

He walked to the locker rooms and got dressed in his uniform. Anthony went on his rounds checking the exhibits for anything out of the ordinary. When he checked the 'Local Art Gallery' room, it seemed that tonight was going to be a more eventful night. He quickly flicked on the lights as a shadowy figure zipped past him. The person stopped at a wall, realizing they were at a dead end.

As he walked up to the figure he noticed it was a woman dressed in an orange and black leotard with a belt to match. Her black hair laid perfectly on her shoulders. She had curves in all the right places and Anthony had taken notice, saying "Your name must be Joy cause your body is a symphony." The woman spun to face Anthony, showing that she was in fact a tiger anthro.

Anthony was briefly silenced by her appearance. He was into furies (among other things) but he never thought he'd see one in real life. It was genetically improbable right? The science for it is still in its early stages right? However, the woman was half tiger, half human, tail, ears everything so maybe it wasn't as improbable as he thought it was.

Anthony shook himself out of his daze, realizing he was staring. "Hey girl, you're pretty cute maybe if you let take you out on a date I won't have to use my handcuffs or I could if you want me to." he said in the most seductive voice he could muster. The woman smiled at him and uppercuted his face. As she did, Melody was sucked into his nose, like a white reverse manga nose bleed.

Ashley jumped out from behind the small fern and took a selfie in front of the Trilobite fossil, taking a mid-action photo. She looked at the photo and immediately decided to take another. She needed more followers if she was going to be a viral celebrity. Trying again, she flipped her blonde hair and took the picture. Dissatisfied with it, she was about to take another but was interrupted by someone tapping her shoulder.

"Excuse me miss but would you be willing to help me. You see, you are to be my new master so I was hoping that you could give me a name?" the person said in a charming British accent as Ashley turned to face him.

She came face to face with a humanoid fox dressed in nothing, awkwardly holding himself as to hide his indecency. Ever since a fox had attacked her in the woods when she was five, Ashley had been deathly afraid of foxes, almost to the point of needing therapy.

Ashley took a step back, then another, and then she turned and hightailed it out of there. "Wait! Miss! Oh, blimey." the anthro fox shouted, chasing after her. Ashley reached the doors, swinging them open and triggering the alarm, which she promptly ignored.

She ran down to the side of the building to the corner, hiding under the awning just out of sight. Listening as the footsteps passed by her, she sighed in relief. "Miss, why are you running? I would just like for you to calm down so we can go about this like civilized beings." the anthro fox said as he stepped from behind a brick column.

A shiver of fear shot up Ashley's spine. Without thinking, Ashley was twenty feet down the road, looking behind herself as an SUV sped down the road from the other direction. As the SUV honked, Ashley turned to face it. Suddenly the fear captured her mind and she froze in place as she flashed back to a few weeks prior.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Ashley smiled at her fiancé as he described his rambunctious family to her. "Reginald, your family can't be as wild as you make them out to be." she laughed. "Oh but they are. My sister, Chantise, will play pranks on you within five minutes of meeting you and my cousin, Mervin, don't ev-..," he said but he never got to finish

that sentence and never would as an 18-wheeler took the turn to wide, killing Reginald and leaving Ashley with minor injuries and a broken heart.

The SUV swerved to miss Ashley but lost grip on the slush and ice covered road, hitting her and sending her flying like a rag doll in a wind tunnel. Ashley's barely conscious body slammed into a brick wall and fell to the concrete sidewalk. As she lost consciousness, Ashley continued her deceased fiancé's name.

The fox man was upon her immediately. "That will do, miss." he said, sticking his hand in her mouth. His body slurped into her and moved through it, compressing within her bosom.

Down the street, the SUV regained control, parking in front of the museum. A man jumped out and ran to Ashley's aid, picking her up and taking her to his SUV so he could take her to the hospital.

Damien awoke beside the dumpster. The sun was shining brightly, slightly blinding him. He shielded his eyes from the harsh sun until they had adjusted. He felt strange, something just didn't feel right. Recalling what had happened the night before, he walked out of the alleyway, wondering if everything that had happened was actually a dream. He was suddenly answered by a thought that was not his.

'I suggest you give me a name before the show begins.' it thought. Damien looked around, trying to find the source of the voice. "Zacheaus, is that you? Stop messing with me this is really creepy, even for you." Damien said aloud thinking that someone was joking with him. People looked at him as they passed, questioning why a young teenager was talking to no one. 'That will suffice. Now we can begin.' Zacheaus thought to Damien. "What the hell does that mean?" Damien asked himself.

Suddenly, Damien's jet black hair began to fall out, landing all around him. Damien screamed in hysterics, releasing a plume of fire. Damien's checkerboard skinny jeans abruptly felt a little to 'skinny', ripping as they released the tail that was rapidly rowing above his muscular posterior. It grew long and arrow shaped at the tip. Damien could only stare in awe as black scales ran up and down the length of his body. "Why is this happening?" Damien shrieked. His black 'Chuck Taylor' s were blown apart as his feet grew. His feet cracked as his balance shifted from his heels to his toes. His heels became an additional joint in his legs. His toe's combined and swelled, splitting into three large toes on each talon. His jacket stretched and ripped as two gigantic wings jutted out from his back as if they were new limbs, furling and unfurling in the open air. Expanding to the level of professional athlete, Damien's muscles grew like he had been working out for the past decade. Claws replaced toenails as Damien watched in horror as his genitalia seemingly was sucked inside of him, his shaft and balls growing to an emasculating size for any man as it went. Damien could still feel them and knew they were there but the fact that he was unable to see them scared him to his core. His ears shrank into little tiny holes unnoticeable to the untrained eye. "Sssomebody help me!" Damien screamed, surprised by

the lisp brought on by his tongue becoming long, skinny, and forked as he spoke. Elongating his face, Damien's nose and mouth combined and grew outward to match the rest of his body in a reptilian yet still humanoid manner. His final change was his eye, shifting from their normal blue to a less welcoming yellow with reptilian slit pupils.

A dazed look graced his face as his meat remerged to its now two foot length from the hidden sheath inside his body. His eyes glazed over as Damien, without thinking, began to stroke his enlarged endowment. Getting faster and faster, Damien felt as his whole body tensed up and his recently enlarged gonads churned. As he released, he collapsed to his knees.

With each release puddles of cum separated from the flow and attacked the stunned bystanders. They were relentless and cruel in their endeavors, changing people immediately and not sparing any person, not even the children were spared.

Ashley sat up on the gurney, surveying her surroundings. Realizing she was in the hospital, like any other rational person, she decided to take a selfie. Taking her phone off the bedside table beside her, she went to the camera and held the screen away from herself, trying to get as much of her surroundings as possible, but as she looked at herself she noticed something. Atop her head were two furry black ears with white fuzz sticking out of them. Ashley raised her hands to touch them, thinking she had been visited by one of her friends in her sleep and was being pranked. However, when she touched them she could feel something touching her ears, as if the ears were hers. She pulled her hair away from the side of her head, trying to find her own ears, and found none.

She sat there, puzzled, as her arm began to itch. Scratching it, instead of feeling skin she felt... fur. She looked at her arm and saw that her fingernails had become claws, pads had grown out of her hands, and brown fur was creeping its way up her arm. Still staring at the fur she called out "Nurse... I...", but that was all she was able to get out before her voice to a high C. She tried pointlessly to brush the fur off as it reached her elbow and slowly changed to a neon orange. As she tried to brush it off she fell off the bed, trying to get away from the fur as if she could. Then Ashley noticed that her arm was not the only part of her body that was changing.

Her legs had grown to be digitigrade and were covered in brown fur up to her knees but from there it became orange. As the fur overtook her body it reached her chest and inner thigh, becoming a stark white. Crying now, Ashley felt as the white and orange fur crept up her neck. As it reached her face, her mouth and nose extended outward into a muzzle, with a velvety black nose and canid teeth. Her hair became a mixture of neon orange, white, black strands. As if all that was not enough to break Ashley, her spine extended out behind her growing to a 2.5 foot length covered with fluffy neon orange all the way up to the tip, which was as stark white as her chin and chest.

However, she was not entirely out of the woods as the nurse she had been calling for finally ran into the room. The nurse froze, though as she had walked into a room with a vixen in

it, but that is not what made her stop. What made her stop was the sudden growth of that vixen's womb, growing like a blister from a first degree burn. Breaking from her stupor the nurse ran out of the room and back in with a wheelchair.

Helping Ashley up, the nurse put her in the wheelchair and began pushing her to another department. Through her tears Ashley read the sign outside the department and sadly said "I'm gonna be a mom."

Tobias awoke on the floor of his dorm's bathroom. Standing up, he yawned and said "What a good dream?" He turned off the light as he walked out of the bathroom. Looking around the room, Tobias saw that the living room was in utter chaos and the only thing untouched was the laptop from the night before. Tobias stared for a second and then something clicked inside his mind.

He looked back at the bathroom, thinking 'It wasn't a dream.' His thought was immediately confirmed by a voice echoing in his head. 'Good morning, Tobias. Did you sleep well?' Xeto asked. Tobias, without thinking anything of it or skipping a beat, said "Yes, but you couldn't have let me walk to my bed first before putting me to sleep?" 'I didn't tell you to fall asleep in the bathroom. Your body was sapped of all energy and put you to sleep to replenish it.' Xeto said back. "Good point. Now could you come back out of my body and help me clean up this mess in the living room?" Tobias said. 'Not yet. I just have to do one little thing first.' Xeto said.

Tobias' feet suddenly felt a little too big for his shoes. He looked down at his feet just in time to see his feet burst through his checkerboard Vans. His feet grew to almost cartoonish levels but stopped at the semi-realistic threshold. Each toe grew to be the same size as his feet tore through his socks. His calves suddenly grew to emasculating sizes, making it look as if he could jump buildings. His thighs bulked up a little bit as his ass swelled and grew muscular. Any flab or fat that Tobias had was replaced by pure muscle, burned away by the metabolism that Xeto had graciously given him, belly to abs, scrawny arms to body builder, manboobs to pecs, etc. Tiny little claws replaced his nails as the changes became more direct in their approach.

Growing over his entire body, black fur grew with neon green in the shape of his bones going all over his body. Just above his freshly grown in ass, a giant wisp of a tail grew. His two front teeth became larger but still able to be hidden by his lips as they grew out to accommodate for his new chompers. His nose became pink and triangular and long whiskers sprouted from his face. His hair turned neon green and elongated as his ears rose to the top of his head and stretched like they were taffy being pulled. His junk awakened and grew to 1.5 feet as his balls swelled to the size of grapefruits. Tobias' hands shot to his crotch as he rubbed one out in his new form while being turned on by his new form. He convulsed as his body churned out sentient cum after sentient cum.

“Won’t stop going. Want... ngh... to enjoy new form...hgh... but not to the point of... agnh...passing out.” Tobias somehow managed to say. Just like that his body stop churning it out and his dick went flaccid. Tobias took a few deep breaths. ‘We are going to finish that later, okay.’ Xeto said. “Yeah...I know...hooo... but you gotta let me test this body out first.” Tobias said as he stood back up and began to stretch.

Chandra awoke on the floor of the mess hall bathroom, feeling... heavier than usual. She hazily fought her way to a standing position. Looking at herself in the mirror, she shrieked in horror as she saw her baby bump. Then her water broke. She felt as the contractions quickly became random and unbearable, making her quickly lose her balance and fell flat on her ass as she wailed in pain. However, those moans suddenly changed from wails of agony to moans of ecstasy as some other force took over her body, pushing Chandra’s new child out of her as she was in a state of bliss. Her nose suddenly began to change color from a peach to purple with a white stripe. A young woman ran in after hearing the wails and moans coming from the bathroom, running over to Chandra and then kneeling next to her. Noticing that Chandra was in labor, she pulled down Chandra’s jeans and panties. As she did though, she noticed something. With each push from her body, Chandra moaned in pleasure and the colors over taking her nose surged outward until they had entirely engulfed her body, leaving her looking like someone had painted her body to look like a purple skunk. However as the baby began to crown, her spine extended outward and was immediately followed by the growth of fur in the same colors as what had previously covered her body. With each bit of her baby that exited her body a little bit of her changed. Her nails grew longer and became claws, making her more dangerous to be around at that moment as she groped the ground. Her face stretched from the side and swung to cover her original mouth and nose, giving her a skunk’s muzzle. With one last push she gave birth and her ears shot up the side of her head and grew to points on top of her head. The young woman’s confusion suddenly turned to knowledge as she pulled out a pocket knife and severed the umbilical cord. Although, Chandra was not completely done yet as the umbilical cord was strangely sucked back inside of her as the placenta that was still inside of her was redeposited inside her breasts and changed to breast milk for her newborn, forcing her breasts to grow to double Ds immediately.

Chandra’s blast of bliss subsided and her senses returned to normal as the young woman handed Chandra her newborn. Chandra, suddenly realizing that her clothing was pulled down around her ankles, Stood awkwardly with her newborn and pulled them up. She looked at her new baby skunk girl in the eyes and was surprised by the amount of intelligence set inside of them. However she couldn’t help but say “Hello, Chun Li. I’ your new mommy.” as she tickled her baby’s tummy.

Donovan came to on the studio floor, his mind determined. He sat up and looked at his, smiling as he found that it was back to normal, but that didn’t explain why he was in the studio in the first place. He stood up slowly, feeling more groggy than usual. He yawned and stretched, remembering his idea that he had had earlier. Picking up his palette and paintbrush he

dabbed his brush in the vermillion that had nearly dried out. He rose the brush to his painting as if it was what would complete his masterpiece, smiling giddily like a child. "I dunno... Your painting is pretty horrendous as it is. How about we try this?" Ivory said, surprising Donovan as he stepped back from the painting. Suddenly, two knobby hands rose from his own, one picking up his painting and setting it against the easel as the other stretched itself until it found a black canvas. One hand took the paintbrush from his hand and the other took the palette after it set down the canvas. The hand with the paintbrush moved like lightning, painting an image of a white male anthropomorphic mouse standing at the edge of a cliff looking into the sunset as the wind blew his white hair every which. The mouse had a slight resemblance of Donovan. However, Donovan, in his art critic mindset, did not notice.

"It's good but it's an idea that is just so overdone." Donovan said. "But do you like the character?" Ivory said. "I guess but what more could he be? I mean a picture is supposed to be worth a thousand words, right? Right?" Donovan said. Ivory had gone quiet. Suddenly she began to speak in a very shy manner, saying "I'm glad you like the character."

Donovan suddenly felt like someone was stabbing him with billions of pins and needles. He looked at his hands as they slowly began to turn pink and knobby. His clothes suddenly felt very large to him, like he had just lost a ton of weight. The only things that didn't feel like they had shrunk were his feet, it actually seemed, to him, that they had grown slightly. He pulled off his shoes and socks and looked at his feet, finding that they had changed like his hand, looking knobby and pink. Pain shot up and down his spine as a tail forced its way out of his pants. His face shot out in front of him like a bullet, almost coming to a point. His two front teeth grew long and slightly cartoonish. His ears flapped like Dumbo's as they grew, becoming large, flat, and round. His hair grew soft and pink. Claws replaced his fingernails. White fur that matched his hair covered his body from his ears to his ankles, only missing his hands and feet. Then the one other area that hadn't shrunk with the rest of his body got a little bit of a boost refilling the area that he had lost in his pants.

Unable to contain himself, Donovan began to grope his own pants, rubbing the fabric sensually. Donovan began to groan as he undid his pants and pulled down his underwear, straddling his Johnson with one hand as the other did all the work. Once his dick's fabric jail was removed, Donovan reached down inside of his pants with his free, squeezing his, now, cantaloupe sized balls, immediately forcing him to spurt a good cup of precum. He stroked his member like it was a pet, trying to feel every part of it recently grown foot length. His eyes glazed over as he rubbed his shaft and drooled. spurts of cum shot off his penis as he continued to jerk it, milking it for all it was worth. The cum moved throughout the room, covering every painting with a white liquid coating. Donovan fell over as the last drop was spent like a kid's dollar at a candy store.

Anthony awoke on one of the art sculptures in the 'Local Art' exhibit. It was a sculpture called "Unjust Punishment" and was a giant hand splayed out in an open palm with a small fist

made of bronze above it. However, the fist hanging above the open palm was now hanging by a single wire that was getting thinner by the minute. Anthony immediately scooted backwards on the open palm just in time for the fist to fall directly in between his legs. He quickly got up and zipped right out of the room.

Running through the exhibits and 'employee only' area, Anthony hastily made his way to the employee locker-rooms. He went to his locker and pulled out the clothes he kept there for moment like that one when he had forgotten to bring some more clothes. Walking over to the showers, he pulled back the curtains and stepped inside.

As he was undressing, though, he felt like something just wasn't adding up. It was a slight smell of sex that hung in the air. Usually he wouldn't have gave two shits about it but for some reason it was messing with him. It was because he couldn't tell if it was disgusting him or if it was turning him on.

Then Anthony pulled his shirt off and was surprised to find that his pecs seemed a little bit more prominent than usual. He touched one and found that they in fact were not pectorals but breasts. Then the pace quickened as his entire abdominable area seemed to collapse on itself, immediately giving him a feminine hourglass figure. His hips suddenly widened as the mass that had just left his abdominable did a Fullmetal Alchemist equivalency change, tearing through his jeans like they were nothing. Suddenly Anthony feels something else going on down below, heightening the smell of sex in the room. Hot pink and teal striped fur suddenly sprouted all over his body as his front became covered in black fur. His teeth grew sharper as his face contorted and grew outward into the muzzle of a tiger. His pupils became slits as his vision was heightened tenfold, as well as his hearing as his ears rose to the top of his head and grew outwards into a rounder shape. Anthony yelped as he felt his spine extend and begin to swish back forth behind him, becoming a striped tail. Pads bubbled up from his hands and feet as claws replaced his nails. Suddenly the feeling Anthony had felt before made itself known as he felt a second orifice open directly underneath his Johnson. Freaking out as his hair grew longer, he reached underneath his meat and two veg and confirmed his fears. He had just become a hermaphrodite.

Then his Johnson began to swell and grow larger as his shaft grew and his balls fill with freshly made cum. As it stood at attention, Anthony had the sudden realization that not only did he now have both genders, he was turning himself on. He slowly began to rub his clit and stroke his penis, giving himself twice the pleasure. When he began to cum, he forced his penis downward and redirected the flow back into his own body, inseminating himself. After he was spent, he collapsed into the pool of his own seed.

Colton stirred from his slumber and got out of bed feeling a strange heaviness between his legs but he paid it no mind and went to the bathroom to take a shower, totally forgetting the happenings of the night before. Stripping down to his birthday suit, Colton stepped into the shower and turned on the water. As he washed himself, Colton began to hear clip-clopping but

just wrote it off as someone walking around in high heels. When he exited the shower, Colton wrapped himself in a towel but he kept feeling it hit his legs as he walked. Going back to his room, he suddenly felt warm so he turned the thermostat down.

Then Colton scratched his family jewels and suddenly the morning haze dissipated and he looked down into his towel to find that, not only had his balls grown in size but that his shaft had grown to rival a horse's and had the shape of a horse's cock also. However that isn't all he noticed, finding that instead of feet he now was the proud owner of a pair of black hooves. Yet even more was there, looking over his body to find the thin coating of brown fur that now covered his body. Then his face stretched, nostrils flaring and enlarging, tongue lengthening, and teeth becoming blunt. His face stretched so far that it left him unable to see the area of his vision that was directly in front of him. His ears became teardrops atop his head as he began to play with himself, just becoming a reused domino in an elaborate scheme.