

I hung my head low. The feeling of uselessness grew over my my entire body. I had gone out to bought a new suit for this interview and even that wasn't enough. I looked down at the zoot style chocolate brown, crimson, and tan plaid suit paired with a beautiful and subtly striped light blue shirt with black sateen tie, both cinched by my large cummerbund like belt. I had even removed my large silver hoop earrings. My oxford's clacked somberly across the floor. Like every other job I had gone to before, they had brought me in and told me to go away. Something about me put them off of hiring me. Maybe I was too average. "Régis, your resume is astounding. 2 PhDs, one engineering and the other in medicinal studies, interned in South Korea, even helped with major disasters around the world, yet, unfortunately, we can't hire you," was always what they said.

I stepped through the glass doors of the building into the crisp morning air. The sun bounced off of the glass that covered the sides of every skyscraper. The honks of the passing taxis was music to my ears. The hard concrete reminded me I couldn't stop until I was down and out. Even the underlying putrid stench of the wind blowing past hundreds of people gave me hope for tomorrow. I took it all in. This was my city, this was where I belonged, this was my home. I took one step down the pavement and it was gone.

I stopped as suddenly everything vanished before me to be replaced by a grass covered forest floor. Not a single sign of civilization in sight. I was surrounded by tall trees and the warmth of sunset instead of sunrise. I spun around like a young girl wearing a frilly dress for a moment, every centimeter of my 6ft tall body trembling as my mind was stretched to its limits. I pulled out my phone, maybe there were people nearby? No such luck as my bars were sitting at error. My phone was thankfully still at about 94%. I turned it off in case I needed it later. Pulling out my brush for comfort, I shakily brushed my dark curly black hair as sweat ran down my ebony skin. Loosening my tie and collar I began to walk in the direction of the sun. At the moment it was the only thing I had going for me.

Absentmindedly, I put my large silver hoops back into my ears as I walked. I was glad to be wearing shoes even if this wasn't what they were made for, stepping over branches and rocks that would've torn my feet apart. I spied a clearing and where there was clearing there was bound to be civilization, right? Maybe I was being too optimistic but it'd at least afford me a vantage point. I carefully ran out into the open meadow, the grass lightly brushing the wide cuffs of my straight cut trousers.

A breathtaking view overflowed my vision. It was all I could do to gasp at the natural beauty. Rolling hills of grass went on for miles with small areas of forest dotting throughout it. Somehow civilization had left this entire expanse nearly untouched with the only man made thing pushing through its beauty being a cottage with a large fenced in field surrounding it. Either way, a shelter was a shelter.

I quickly made my way to the quaint cottage. Out of breath and panting, I tiredly walked up to the front door of the cottage, admiring the diligent detailing of whoever had built the home. The door was solid cherry wood, painted with lovely little vine and flower details that wound symmetrically down the door. I knocked lightly on the door and stood patiently. Whether I needed help and shelter or not, I should still attempt to be polite, regardless of if I looked like I had just run from a serial killer or not. The door slowly opened to reveal an old lady dressed in a loosely fitting beige dress with an unsaturated green shawl draped on her shoulders.

"Hello, young man. Strangely dressed aren't we? Did you need something, sir," she asked. "I'm severely lost, ma'am. I know it's a lot to ask but could I possibly use your phone and I may be asking too much but you possibly have a spare bed. I can pay if need be," assuming she meant my clothes were not right for being this far out in the countryside. "Phone..," she asked quietly before quickly shooing inside just as I started to feel some light raindrops, "Nevermind all that, come in before you get soaked. I'll get you a nice warm cup of tea, sir." I quickly stepped into the cottage, finally getting a good look on the inside.

The inside of the cottage looked like it came right out of the 1800s, everything was handmade the floor looked worn by use, and there was a wood fire stove and furnace sitting in the room. She walked me over to a large wooden table and sat me down in a chair before going over to the wood stove and pouring tea into 2 cups.

Suddenly, the rain outside drew my attention. It was coming down like someone had turned on a rain machine for a scene in a movie. I swore I saw a fish swimming through the rain. I was glad that the old woman had pulled me in so quickly. Although, rain had always astounded me, so chaotic yet so beautiful.

The old woman repeated her question, "How much sugar would you like, one spoon or two?" I snapped out of my trance, looking at her smiling while she held a container of sugar." I quietly held up 2 fingers and waited for her to put it in and stir before picking up the cup to take a sip.

"It's too bad you didn't drive out here, you its beautiful to drive through the countryside," the old woman said as I took a second sip. Those words caught in my mind for some reason. "Wait if you don't even have a fridge in here how can you know about cars," I said looking at the teacup as another alarm went off in my mind, "Why did you say my clothes were strange?" "You're a smart one. I was wondering if you'd catch on. I knew you were from another time the second you asked if you could use my phone," the old woman said dumping her tea onto the floor longingly. I'd messed up. I stood up as she said "Since you aren't from this time you'll make a perfect subject for me. No one knows you in this time." "I don't care what you think I won't be a test suuuuuuh-," I said before my vision suddenly stretched and blurred. I could feel my energy and will leaving me. "Oh its too late for that," she said as I tried to grab for the chair to steady myself. It felt like the world was moving around me like those second person perspective shots they do in sitcoms. I landed with a hard thud. The world faded to black as she stood over top of me cackling.

My eyes opened but I was definitely not awake as I stood in a large corridor bathed multicolored lights. I began walking forward, a silent notion of something coming chasing from the door behind me. I looked into open doors on either side of the corridor. Staring back at me were the twisted and garbled faces of everyone I knew laughing at me. I suddenly reached an edge and looked back while I fell forward seeing a black cloud of smoke light up and laugh at me with a jagged, jack o'lantern smile. The corridor shrank until I couldn't see it anymore. Then I fell. I fell for what felt like an eternity and what felt like 5 minutes.

I jolted awake, strapped onto some kind of table. From behind me I heard a woman speak, "Oh good you're awake. I was afraid I'd overdone it with the sedative." The source of the voice stepped in front of me. She had the face of Angelina Jolie with the hair of Billie Piper in Doctor Who. Her body was voluptuous but covered by a velvet black dress with a lion's head covering half the shoulder and torso. She was beauty gone mad, her features, undeniably attractive but buried under the added accessories of a madman or in this case madwoman. "Well, I might as well tell you who I am since you'll most likely die at my hands," she said, extending her hand mockingly, "My name is Cora Grim. Oh that's right you cant actually shake my hand. Lets get started then." She withdrew her hand and walked over to a shelf of unlabeled glass bottles as I asked, "What do you intend to do with me," fearing the worst. She smiled a most horrifying smile as she grabbed a bottle with orange liquid off a shelf, fondling it lightly, "Well if you haven't noticed, you are being held in a room filled with magical potions and I currently have no idea what any of them do," she said before throwing the bottle directly at my face. It shattered as it hit me, spilling its contents onto my face.

I was knocked unconscious immediately but could still feel everything happening to me. I felt searing heat and then chilling cold. Dry as paper and wet as the ocean. I felt every single type of feeling in the universe in a single moment shooting through my mind. I couldn't tell what time was anymore as it had left me behind or I was sprinting in front of it. I couldn't tell if I was alive or dead, awake or asleep. Then, as quickly as it had began, it all stopped and my mind was left in a black void.

My eyes opened. I was back in the cottage. Before even thinking to move, I looked around at my surroundings. However I didn't need much time for this as the cottage was now completely barren, no signs of Cora Grim anywhere. I sat up and then when I felt I could I stand up. Everything felt wrong. I quickly stopped worrying about that as something I ignored quickly reminded me I shouldn't ignore it. I ran into what I assumed was the bathroom.

After I did my business I walked out of the cottage, glad to put it behind me, finding that there was a cobblestone road connected to the cottage and what looked to be a village about a mile down the road. I began to walk towards it, that off feeling ringing in my head.

I was exhausted by the time I got to the village and could barely walk. I stumbled over to a man dressed in black leather armor with black hair. Before I could speak a word, I collapsed at their feet.

I awoke in a soft bed in a well furnished room. My body ached but I could still move it. Noticing my clothes hung up on a chair beside the bed I kicked off the covers and found that I was still wearing my underwear. Whew. "So you're up," someone said. I grabbed the sheets with such quickness I heard the air sizzle in my wake. "Oh stop. I'm the one who put you there," said the man I had collapsed in front of as I turned to face him. I stared at them until they threw their hands up and left the room. I quickly dressed myself, before stepping out of the room with a polite 'thank you'. I suddenly got light headed again and reached out to grab the railing in front of me as we were on the second floor. The man suddenly rushed to my side and help me stand again. I felt something press. I shook my head, feeling my stomach grumble and realizing I didn't actually know the last time I had eaten.

I stumbled my way down a floor to what I believed to be a tavern. I slumped into a chair, breathing heavily. A barmaid walks over as my current companion sat down beside me. "Is he alright, Tanil. I know you had to carry him in here earlier," she asked in a thick Irish accent, looking concernedly at me. My companion who was apparently Tanil replied, "I'm not sure yet but they came from the direction of you know who so they might just need some food." The barmaid looked to me knowingly before saying, "Well if he did come from that direction I'll make the first one on the house. Don't worry about ol' Naer. I'll talk with him." "Sibéal, please go easy on him," Tanil said as the barmaid dashed into the nearby kitchen.

The following minutes involved me breathing heavily as my body ached, loud yelling, angry gestures, the sound of dishes being thrown about, and a singular 'Clong!' of a pan hitting something hard. Immediately following that symphony of an argument, Sibéal walked out with a large bowl of what looked to be beef stew, small loaf of bread, and a cup of what gave off the scent of beer. I took a spoonful and ate it. My body began to move on its own as I quickly tore through the food in front of me. Once it was gone I sat back content as the other patrons stared in awe of me finishing the food I'd been given in less than a minute.

Suddenly that "off" feeling returned and I suddenly doubled over. I quickly shot up out of my seat and ran to what I thought was the bathroom. Thankfully I was right. I stumbled into the room with a singular toilet and it looked to be new. Unfortunately, I never got to use it. My body powerfully released, thankfully it wasn't anything solid. I suddenly and violently burped and farted as a green gas exited my body. After all the gas had left my body I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror.

My eyes, why were they green? Things began to happen faster than I could keep up with. My skin over my entire my whole body color changed to a brownish grey. My eyes suddenly took over about 40% of my face. Curls loosening, my hair lightened to a lighter brown. Sounds came in clearer as my ears expanded from my head, flattening and rising to the top before recoloring to a pinkish peach color. Finally realizing what was happening, I fumbled with my belt as my mouth and nose shot out into a mouse snout like a cartoon, leaving room for my teeth to rearrange and my front teeth to elongate. As if on queue, my spine extended out into a long tube of flesh. Stepping out of my pants, the joints of my legs reset, throwing me off balance and sending into the sink just in time to see thin

and wiry whiskers push out of my face. Brown, white, and tan fur with turquoise spotting sprouted over my body, ending by covering what appeared to be my new tail. Looking down at a feeling that horrified me far more than the rest, I watched as the skin around the base of my dick puffed up as my dick slid into it. My feet finished shifting into paws allowing me to let go of the sink. Pulling my shirt and coat off to get a better view of the damage, I looked over my body thinking I was done but my body had one more straw to put on the camel's back. Suddenly, my body compressed into a 4ft frame in seconds but rather than mass just disappearing like a bad fantasy movie, all that extra mass filled into my ass, thighs, and penis. With my ass and thighs enlarged to rival a horse's and my dick grew in girth and length inside my newly minted sheath. My balls expanded like balloons until each testicle was cantaloupe sized. I stood completely still for 5 whole minutes to make sure it had stopped. Then I screamed.

Within seconds I heard the lock click open and Tanil stepped in to find, not the man that he had been sitting with not 10 minutes ago, but a 4ft tall heavily endowed mouse. I was expecting hostility, anger, even hurt would've made more sense. What happened, though, was Tanil coming over and hugging me. Before I could argue I felt tears well up and I cried. Nothing had made sense for a while now and Tanil was helping me understand that he would be there for me. He let go after I finally stopped crying. I grabbed underwear and somehow managed to stretch them over my new dangling participles. My pants would have to stay off for now cause there was no way those were fitting.

I walked out of the bathroom dressed in my coat and shirt with my pants in my hands, looking like a kid that tried to dress up like their parents. The whole time waddling slightly as to not kick my own balls. The faces of every person inside the tavern explained very quickly that I was not the only one.