

Just like that, he was outside the fence. The gaggle of hyenas crept closer, backing him up against the heavy mesh.

Run? That wouldn't do any good. How was he even out here? It was like he'd stumbled through the metal as if it was nothing, though the fence now seemed quite solid behind him.

The howls and chirrs of the small gang were quieter than he expected. Two females, four males; the smaller girl taking the lead as the biggest of them watched on with her round, focused eyes.

Not paying attention to the others, a pair of them grabbed onto his clothing and pulled him off his feet, onto his hands and knees, looking up at the lead hyena, practically nose to nose. Cute, if deadly.

Mmf! Her muzzled lips met his, her tongue licked and rasped, and suddenly his nose was full of wild scent and his ears were full of loud, wet slurping.

Huh?

The male hyenas were over and around him, not just nipping at his ears but taking their time attacking his clothes; pulling off shoes, popping buttons, splitting seams. His heart thumped and his senses were overloaded, and then everything stopped as he panted, wet and warm and bedraggled.

"Can you hear me now?"

The hyena matriarch wasn't speaking in words, yet the surprised human understood her anyway. It was all in her noises, her posture and scent, but it might as well have been spoken into his ears. He sat up, bolt upright.

"Hey? I can understand you? What's going on..."

The human trailed off as he also wasn't speaking in words, instead spitting out strange creature noises. Hands reached to his head, instinctively; there was fur on his cheeks. His tongue was all wrong. Were those his *ears*?

Snoot. The matriarch was right in front of him, nose pressed to his, her eyes filling his vision. The last few minutes had felt entirely unreal. Looking at the big feral hyena up so close, it felt like he was floating.

"I could see your aura from miles away, bright as the sun. You're utterly wasted as a human. You'll come be a hyena."

She was confident, as though revealing her thoughts would make them true. He briefly found himself wanting what she wanted, before clearer thoughts took over.

"It's impossible. I can't just be a hyena."

"You can. You'll enjoy it."

That was both statement and insistence, and the idea took hold. He'd enjoy it. His anticipation grew, as the air felt warmer and more scented, and hyenas crowded him and kept picking off his clothes. One male hopped up on the human's back, nuzzling his shoulders and finding nowhere to bite down, as the hyena tried to land his eager prod inside. The smaller female's muzzle went straight for the human's stiffening cock, and the older one took her time and enjoyed herself.

From earlier the human had the ears of a hyena, big and curved, as well as the start of a muzzle. The change continued from wherever hyenas brushed up against him, and he was helpless against it; he could only feel the rush of fur, spreading over his rear and legs. Feet rose up on their toes, turning big and pawlike. A short, flicky tail wriggled out from his back and didn't get much larger. Trousers and underwear were torn away, his shirt freed up over his head and arms. He was naked, save for the rapid coat of fur, with big brown spots starting to deepen in colour. All the while, he was under the needy hyena's pushes and thrusts, and the helpful hyena's teases and licks. Blood rushed in his ears, warmth sunk deep into his body.

The male filled his rear with squirts of slick seed that twisted in his insides, setting off yet more prickly changes deep inside. Spent, he slid off and another quickly hopped up to take his place, finding it easier to slip his way into the changing hyena's tailhole.

She was right, as she knew she would be. He'd just be a hyena. He'd enjoy it. He was practically on four legs already. He moaned, and humped the feral muzzle busily pleasing his dick, and started to lose himself in so many new sensations. Eyes happily began to close.

Rich scent kept him barely above water, filling his nose as the matriarch straddled him, heavy paws pressing through his new pelt as his fledgling muzzle was forced to brush against her belly fur. Her pseudopenis prodded his nose, as the big girl sounded commanding, horny, gentle—

"Drink up."

She peed, and he obeyed. It was mesmerising. His mouth filled up, he swallowed. Complex tastes coated his tongue and throat. He swallowed. Whatever human features were left in his face, they faded into the profile of a spotted hyena, fluffing up at the neck. He swallowed. His neck grew and grew with each gulp. Gulp. Hands scraped the floor, changed into forepaws, with shivers and gentle cracks

reshaping how he stood, to be naturally on all fours, like the hyena he was. He swallowed. He shrank. The second male flooded his rump with another load of seed. His cock seemed to ache with so much need, teased once and over. He swallowed, eyes closed, as the matriarch had so much pee for him.

Hyena. He was a hyena. He hadn't lost much size, so he was big; smaller than the matriarch, certainly much bigger than the males. The flurry of sensation and change had him gasping, noises getting louder as he felt a climax coming. The building, the rushing, the loud hissing, the thumping in his ears.

Yet, it never came. The need just grew and grew, spreading out in all directions through the new spotty hyena's body, drowning out feeling, sound and sight, even the taste and scent of the matriarch, just a blinding overwhelming presence—

Eyes opened. She was a hyena. Plain, clear, simple. Her body must have shifted around from the efforts of the other hyenas, and her mind found it so easy and desirable to do so as well. She was a hyena. The males gathered in close, to learn about the scents of their newest clan member; the smaller female stood up and shook herself off. The matriarch, satisfied, let go and slid back to the ground.

"Doesn't that feel better?"

It did. Not just because she suggested it should, but there was something good and correct about being a hyena. With her feral eyes, in the dim light the new hyena could still see a brightness around their clan, which could well have been the aura mentioned before her change.

"It'll take some getting used to. Just don't stray too far," added the matriarch.

She walked around on all fours. Her old clothes didn't seem familiar at all. The fence, the houses beyond, they weren't exactly a threat, but they weren't all that interesting now either.

"Hungry though," she said, with her new voice of sounds, movements, scents.

Other hyenas piped up in agreement. They were a hunting party of seven, and the night was still young.

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