

Morphic Changes
By
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"Ok, ok, I get it, but does that mean she'll be coming back," laughed the fifteen year old gangly boy. Briefly he ran a hand through his light brown hair to sweep some hairs out of his still boyish face. The teenager's green eyes showed his enjoyment of the conversation.

"I'm not sure Taylor. I mean they never killed Ashoka at the end of the previous series," responded the fifteen year old girl sitting across from him. She was just beginning to grow out from being thin and awkward. Already her shorts and shirt were showing more of her feminine figure underneath.

"Well I hope so Kylie. I mean, I really liked her," admitted Taylor as he took a thoughtful bite from his sandwich.

All around the two were hundreds of students all eating their lunches and gossiping within the school cafeteria. Yet what made this scene a bit strange was that not all the students within the space looked completely human. Though with past events strange was not the right word for it. Most of the students appeared to suffer from what had become known as the Morphic change.

Close to thirty years ago, an event occurred across the world. Whether this event was magic based, a virus, or even a strange attack from outer space, no one knew. Every attempt by the world's scientists to classify what was causing the Morphic change had failed. Yet when it first hit the planet, everyone above the age of twelve suffered some kind of body change. Many of these changes were relatively minor. For example, things like inhuman colored eyes or hair were some of the common minor changes. From there things only increased from people growing tails, more or less body parts, and so on. Then there were those few who got the big changes. They either became walking talking animals, mythical creatures, or something else bizarre.

Soon a new word had been coined, morph. Anyone who experienced a full body change were called that. People who had any major bizarre changes became known as morphs.

Kylie did not respond right away to Taylor as she pondered a cheerleader walking past. The girl in question wore their school's navy blue and golden yellow cheerleading outfit. Yet

what the two were peering at was the cheerleader's chest. She had not two but three prominent breasts in a row. "When did Ann get that," Kylie conversationally asked.

"I think last week," Taylor responded. "Though you know why Marcus isn't here right," he questioned Kylie.

"Isn't he home sick with the change," she uncertainly answered.

"Yea, when he got home yesterday it hit him."

"Huh, heard anything about what he's getting?"

"No, but if he's not here tomorrow, then I'd say his change is a big one," Taylor guessed.

"Inter..." was all Kylie was able to get out before she clutched her stomach in pain.

"Kylie," Taylor hurriedly asked seeing his best friend in pain.

"Uggg, this hurts," Kylie cried out in pain. "Oh my god," she gasped as the pain became too much for her and she collapsed off her chair.

"Help," Taylor cried out. Everyone around them stopped eating and turned to see him rushing around the table to Kylie's side. Within moments a couple teachers came dashing down the aisle towards Kylie.

"Please let me in," Mr. Burns, the school's gym teacher, urgently spoke pushing past the growing crowd of kids. Once there, he dropped to his knees and saw Kylie clutching her stomach in agony. She was in so much pain that her crying eyes were squeezed shut and a constant groan escaped from her mouth. "Hold on, the EMT's will be here shortly," Mr. Burns assured her.

Meanwhile more teachers, the school nurse, and even the principle came rushing in barking orders. Everyone, including Taylor, was told to leave the room. He wanted to stay by his friend's side, but the adults shooed him away.

After that Taylor stationed himself near the cafeteria door and watched as two EMT's garbed in their blue uniforms came rushing past pushing a stretcher. Briefly he noticed that one of the EMT's was a white rabbit morph by her long ears and pointed muzzle. Taylor tried to see what was going on inside but so were many other students. He tried to see past one guy's shoulders. This male student was one of the few morphs in the school at the moment who looked like a human sized grey wolf.

The wolf student was so eager to see what was going on that his tail kept absentmindedly slapping against Taylor's knees.

Finally before everyone's eyes, they saw the EMT's coming back out with Kylie strapped to their stretcher. Taylor tried to follow them out towards the side entrance. By the time he got there, the ambulance was roaring off with flashing lights and blaring sirens.

Throughout the rest of the day Taylor could not get his mind off of what had happened. Throughout the rest of his school day, he kept on wondering if Kylie was alright. It was not until he got home and called Kylie's house that he found out. Her mother informed him that Kylie was going through her Morphic change. A thought occurred to him, that of his little group of friends, he was the last one who had not changed.

To take his mind off of what his best friend was going through, he decided to give Marcus a call. When Marcus answered, he responded that it was a good thing Taylor had phoned him. He stated to Taylor that he was getting bored off his rear sitting in bed. In the end Marcus invited Taylor over to his house to hang out.

After a ten minute walk, Taylor was sitting on the front porch with Marcus. This was the first time Marcus had gone outside since he experienced his Morphic change and for a moment he was trying to shield his new additions against the bright sun. Prior to his change, Marcus had been a tall gangly sixteen year old who was in the middle of a growth spurt. Before his change, Marcus had semi long dark brown hair that he was always sweeping out of his face. After his Morphic change, most of his body had not changed. He was still having to sweep his semi long hair out of his eyes, yet instead of being dark brown, his hair was bright green. Even more, his bright green hair matched a new set of eyes above his originals.

"Yea It's taking me some time to get used to them, I think I might have to cut my hair or grow it longer so I can pull it back." Marcus stated holding back his hair so Taylor could see his new eyes.

"Wow, they look just like your lower pair, can you see better with them," Taylor asked with amazement.

"Yep, a lot better. It's like being able to see much more at the same time. I can now see a much bigger and deeper picture at once," Marcus tried to sum up how he saw now.

"You know, Kylie is going through the change right now too," Taylor simply stated.

"She is?"

"Yea, it started in lunch today," Taylor replied pondering the moment. "I was thinking of dropping by tomorrow to see how she's doing."

"I wouldn't," Marcus spoke shaking his head.

"Why not?"

"Now that I've gone through the change myself, I think it's best that we leave her alone until she's ready to see us."

"Oh, alright."

"Beside's she's most likely unconscious anyway. The drugs they gave me to help me get through my change knocked me out good. I slept right through it. Good thing too as the pain was horrible," Marcus stated shuddering at the memory of the agony.

"Well, I hope it's something minor," Taylor wished for her.

"Same here, but we'll know in a day. If she wakes up tomorrow then yep she got something minor. Yet from what I heard from my parents, if she stays under longer, then that means she's getting something bigger."

As the two talked, a female postal worker came to the porch to hand them some mail. The two teenagers tried not to stare because the woman appeared to be a walking talking cougar. While she still retained her human shape with two arms, two legs, and human shaped breasts, the rest was that of a cat. Even the lower portions of her legs had reshaped into that of the digigrade hind paws of a cougar. Yet the two boy's raging hormones kicked in and they began to notice her shapely hour glass figure. As she walked away they watched her hips and cougar tail swaying back and forth while she walked away.

Clearing his throat, "do you want to go upstairs and fire up a game," Marcus proposed.

"Sounds good," Taylor quickly agreed and the two rushed inside and up to Marcus' room.

Throughout the weekend Taylor took Marcus' advice and gave Kylie some space. Though on Sunday night he did get an indirect answer when her parent's called him. They asked if he could collect her homework and copy his notes for her. He easily agreed and then he asked how she was doing. Her parents replied she was still unconscious. As he hung up he realized that what

Kylie's parents mentioned meant that she was undergoing a big Morphic change.

Dutifully Taylor stopped by her house every day after school to drop off Kylie's homework, copies of his notes, and even a few things from their teachers. The first two days her parent's said that she was still out of it. Then on Wednesday they mentioned she had awakened but wanted to see no one. By the looks on her parent's face, she must have gone through some kind of radical change.

On Friday when he dropped off her homework, instead of a briefly gossiping before he left, her mother suggested he stay and talk with Kylie. She mentioned that her daughter was having a hard time getting used to her change. That it was a shock to her. Yet while Kylie's mother explained the issue to him, she did not mention what it was.

Eager to help out his best friend any way he could, Taylor went upstairs to his friend's room. He had been here more than enough times to know the layout of her house almost as well as his own. Walking down the hall he approached her room and knocked on her closed door.

"Yes," came a male voice from within the room. Hearing that voice, with its semi deep qualities, surprised him. Did she have another friend in there? Maybe her older brother had come home from college to see her. Yet, that male voice sounded nothing like his.

"Kylie, it's me Taylor. I wanted to see if you are ok," he earnestly spoke.

"I'm hideous now! Please leave me alone," pleaded the male again in a tone that suggest he had been crying.

"Kylie is that you," Taylor guessed as he spoke through the door. "It's me, you know I'll never see you as hideous."

"But I look and sound nothing like my old self."

Taylor reached down to grasp her door's brass doorknob. "Please can I come in?"

"Alright, but be prepared, I'm a monster now," she sullenly replied in her new deep voice.

Softly Taylor turned the knob and pushed open her door. When he saw her sitting on her bed, he could not help himself but stare at her. "See you think I'm a freak," She cried seeing him staring.

Yet he quickly remembered himself and tried to show a bit more respect to his best friend. To say that her Morphic change was a major one would be putting it lightly. For she looked nothing like her old self. Instead she looked like a teenage human shaped pinto horse. By her exposed flat muscled chest and obvious bulge in her shorts, she was very much a man now.

Kylie's head was that of a horse's with all the same features including a long mane that appeared to run down her neck and back. Her chest, torso, arms were mostly human shaped, except for her blunt fingers. Yet her legs ended in two hard hooves instead of feet. Plus splayed out behind her on the bed was her long tail. All of her skin was covered by a two tone spotted horse fur. A large portion of her head, chest and some sides were a chestnut brown while the other portions were essentially pearl white. Even her mane and tail showed both fur colors.

"Nah, I don't think you're a freak," he tried to gently assure her.

"But I'm not even a girl anymore," she said gesturing down to the large bulge in her shorts.

Taylor dropped his backpack by the door. Not knowing what else to do, he crossed the rather feminine room and sat down beside the male horse morph. He reached an arm out across her shoulders to pull Kylie close to him. She let herself be guided and soon she had lowered her horse head onto his shoulder. Her mane briefly got into his eyes and mouth.

"Look," he softly spoke to her. He saw one of her horse ears turn towards him. "You are still the same person I know and argue Star Wars over. So what if you're a man now. You're still the same inside right," he assured her.

"I guess, it's just this is a bit of a shock to me," she softly admitted.

"Well you know Marcus and I are here for you. I mean even Marcus went through an obvious change," Taylor disclosed to her.

Kylie slowly pulled herself together and leaned away. The subject of Marcus' change caused her to momentarily forget her situation. "What did he get?"

"An extra pair of eyes above his originals and all of his hair turned a shocking green."

"Heh, interesting. I thought he hated green," she replied. He thought he saw her horse face smirk a bit.

"Yea, but he's gotten over it." For a couple moments the two sat there in silence. It appeared his presence had calmed her down a bit. Then he remembered something, "I've got to ask you, and please don't take this the wrong way, but, are you going to keep your old name?"

Kylie did not answer him right away, "um, I guess not. Mom's been wanting me to pick a new name. She said that it would be only proper when she amends my identification papers."

"Amend your papers?"

Carefully she stood up onto her hooves. He could see that she had grown at least another foot. He figured she, no he, had to be at least six feet tall. "Do I look like a girl to you," he asserted to Taylor while gesturing to himself.

"Um, no. Instead you looked like a kick ass stallion," Taylor admitted when he saw her male attributes. He even noticed her long tail swishing more vigorously behind her.

Hearing Taylor calling Kylie's new body kick ass did cause him to let out a deep belly laugh. His horse eyes were wide with mirth. Finally Kylie replied, "yea, so I guess I can't keep calling this 'kick ass' body a girl now anymore can I? Mom did suggest the name Kyle. It's the male version of Kylie."

"Sounds cool," Taylor agreed chuckling along with his best friend.

"Yea I thought so too," Kyle replied with a horse smirk.

Taylor looked over at the room's window to see the nice warm spring day outside. "You know, why are we cooped up in your stuffy room? Let's go get some fresh air," he proposed to Kyle trying to get him outside.

Kyle looked over at the window and pondered the breezy scene outside. "I guess I've got to leave my room sooner or later. Give me a sec to put on a shirt," he said as he clomped over to his closet. Pulling open the door revealed to Taylor all of Kyle's old girl clothes. Then shifting his old clothes aside with a longing sigh, Kyle pulled out a large white t-shirt and pulled it on. "Let's go, wait," Kyle exclaimed remembering something. He began hurriedly looking around his room. "The doctors said I had to wear special shoes to protect my hooves." Then with a happy whinny, Kyle found what he was looking for behind his door. What he held in his hands appeared like two thick rubber overshoes. They had thick padded soles coupled with elastic sides.

Briefly Kyle hurried back to his still feminine bed to sit down. Then after raising each hoof toward him, he slipped on his hoof protectors. After that, when he stood back up, his hard hooves did not clomp as loudly as before.

"Now I'm ready," Kyle announced with another one of his horse smiles. Taylor inwardly admitted that it would take him a while to truly decipher the horse morph's new face. With that they left Kyle's house. Briefly Taylor saw Kyle's mother with a pleased grin as she observed her daughter, no now her son, leaving the house for the first time since his change.

As the breeze blew through the area, Kyle stood there to let the wind ruffle his mane and tail. He had lifted his head, closed his equine eyes, and was softly sniffing the air. His swishing tail seemed to suggest that Kyle was enjoying the gust.

After that they began to walk along the sidewalk. Both noticed the looks Kyle was getting. At first he was a little self conscious, but over time he got used to it when one morph passed by and gave Kyle a happy nod. Pretty soon neither noticed the stares and had even descended into a deep discussion over a new computer game coming out.

A couple months later found Taylor, Kyle, and Marcus with jobs at the exclusive local country club. Kyle mostly worked on the grounds crew, Marcus was a caddy, while Taylor floated between caddying and the pro-shop. Yet one day found all three working as caddy's. They were waiting for any golfer who needed their services.

Each wore a pair of tan shorts and golden golf shirts with the club's crest emblazoned over their breasts. Marcus' bright green hair and four eyes clashed with his shirt. Kyle on the other hand, was filling out his quite nicely. The outdoor work was doing wonders for toning his muscles. Beside Kyle, Taylor looked downright plain. Being both the only one who had not changed yet and also the last to hit puberty, he still looked bean pole thin.

"Have you noticed that there seems to be much more morphs lately then in the past," Marcus asked conversationally. It was a slack time allowing all three to relax on a picnic bench under an awning beside the caddy shack.

"Yea, that girl in the class after us, I forgot her name, but she turned into a rabbit morph," Taylor remarked.

Snapping his thick fingers, "oh yea, her name's Jenny," added Kyle.

"That's her, I don't quite know what subspecies of rabbit she morphed into, but it was one of those long lop ear varieties. Anyway, I saw her walking out of the school one day when someone slammed the door. She jumped so high and nearly ran for the nearest hole to hide in," Taylor told the two with a slight grin.

"Speaking from experience, but sometimes it gets interesting for a morph to subdue some of their animal instincts," Kyle informed them. "There's been many times where I had to fight to keep from kicking someone approaching me from behind," the horse morph admitted.

"That must be tough," gossiped Marcus. "Thankfully no weird instincts came with my change."

"Speaking of changes and morphs, did you see those older ladies checking out Kyle when he was caddying for them this morning," Taylor jokingly asked Marcus.

"No, why what happened," Marcus eagerly replied.

"I swear they really wanted to see him strip," Taylor spoke while smirking.

Kyle thanked himself he had fur covering his face otherwise they would have seen him blush right then. "Those ladies kept on telling me it was such a hot day. That I should take off my shirt," Kyle embarrassingly admitted. That caused the other two to break out laughing. "I mean the youngest of them was close to seventy years old!"

"Gotta love them turkey vultures," Marcus quipped.

"I swear they spent more time checking my ass out then actually playing golf," Kyle embarrassingly added.

"Did they at least tip you," Taylor interjected.

"Yea a couple twenties," Kyle replied.

"Maybe you need to wear looser shorts next time," playfully suggested Marcus.

"What! I'm already wearing one size larger then I need. Any bigger and I would look like I was wearing one of my old skirts!"

Taylor was about to say something when he heard his boss calling for him. The older man asked him to watch the pro-shop

for a short bit while he took care of something. Before long both Marcus and Kyle were escorting a bunch of golfers out to the first tee.

It was not until two hours later that Taylor was released from the shop. By that point his friends shifts were over. They met at the caddy shack and was about to leave when Taylor began to feel a cramping sensation erupt from within his calves. Yet the cramps increased so quickly and heavily that within seconds Taylor was laying on the ground rubbing his legs. Then out of nowhere the cramps in his legs abruptly shifted to outright pain. It felt as if someone was repeatedly stabbing his lower body with a sharp knife. It hurt Taylor so badly that he screamed out in pain.

Upon seeing their friend collapse in pain, Kyle and Marcus began yelling for help. Within moments a country club member who was a doctor, rushed to Taylor's side. The man asked the screaming kid a few questions while probing his legs. The doctor told the others to give him space while someone called the EMT's.

Within ten minutes, a pain squirming Taylor was being loaded into the back of an ambulance, his two friends looked on with concern in their eyes. Then the truck roared away from the club towards the nearest hospital. A short bit later on with some pain killers in his system and after a few different scans, Taylor and his mother heard the news: he was undergoing his Morphic change.

The doctor explained how Taylor would need to take a variety of drugs and special solutions to keep him healthy while he changed. He also told Taylor that he will be unconscious for all of it as the pain was only going to get worse. Then to his mother, the doctor told her that they would schedule a specially trained hospice nurse to come by and monitor Taylor during his change. After that Taylor glimpsed through the pain wracking his body, an older woman walking up to him. She leaned in to tell him he would be ok. Then after that she attached an IV line and saline bag to his arm. Next she injected something into the bag. Within moments Taylor fell into a deep unconsciousness.

Gradually Taylor came awake. He could feel the drug induced haze begin to lift from his mind. The very first thing he noticed was that he was not in pain anymore. As he woke further he felt rather relaxed. Whether that was due to the lack of pain or from the drugs, he either did not know or care.

"He, um I mean she, is coming around," spoke the voice of the older woman he saw in the hospital. A slow groggy thought passed through his head as to who that nurse was talking about.

Slowly he began to pull open his eyes to behold his bright sunny bedroom. The light was so intense that he had to squint against the pain. Briefly turning his head, Taylor saw his mother crouching by his bed side. Her face was full of joy at seeing him awaken.

"Good morning sleepyhead," his mother lovingly spoke to her child. She reached a hand out to motherly caress his head.

"Morning," Taylor croaked as his voice came back to him. Though something in the back of his mind noticed that his voice sounded different for some reason.

"Yes, you have been out for close to a week now," she softly informed him.

Taylor's sleep addled mind tried to process what she told him. A thought came to the forefront suggesting that length of time meant something big happened. But he was too foggy to figure that out just yet.

"Sandra, I'm going to test to make sure her, um his, nervous system is working fine," spoke that older woman again. Taylor briefly raised his head to see the nurse standing a ways away from his bed. She kneeled down to the floor and began fiddling with something.

At first Taylor wondered what she was doing, then something began to register in his mind. It was a very strange feeling. Focusing for a second, he tried to classify what he was sensing. Finally it came to him that it felt like someone was touching a part of his body. But what part was being touched? Just by the sensation alone was not enough to tell him what was being handled.

Taylor focused on the sensation. The feeling told him whatever it was, was narrow and highly flexible. He even realized he could flex it around. Then as he moved that portion that the nurse touched, he also began to feel other areas of his body bending and moving in ways he had never felt before. His

waking mind began to register that all those sensations were coming from below his waist.

"Taylor can you feel me touching you," asked the nurse while she kneeled down on the floor a little ways from his bed. But if she was touching him, why was she so far awake from his body. "I'm touching your tail tip," the nurse informed him.

"My tail tip," Taylor slowly questioned. Then he realized that the sensation he felt of being touched was coming from the nurse. That meant that highly flexible sensation was from his tail? "I have a tail?"

"Um, yes Taylor," affirmed his mother. "Can you feel her touch?"

Coming more awake, "uh, I guess, um, yes I do," Taylor quickly responded. Again he noticed his voice sounded strange to him. Then he looked over to his mother and asked her, "mom, what has happened to me," he pleaded with her.

"Um, Taylor you have become a taur morph," she softly stated to her son.

"A taur morph," questioned Taylor in that strange voice of his. It sounded lighter and much more like a girl's voice. "Plus why do I sound like a girl?"

His mother looked over to the nurse, "could you help me help him sit up," his mother asked the nurse.

"Sure," the nurse readily agreed as she stood up from the floor and walked back to his bed. Each woman stood on either side of him. Then they put their hands under his bare arm pits. Both women struggled under his weight to pull him upright. He had never been that heavy of a boy before, so why were they having to struggle to pull him up in bed. Quickly one of them shuffled the pillows under him so he could sit up.

Now upright caused something on his chest to shift. Looking down at his bare creamy skinned chest caused his eyes to widen in surprise. For upon his exposed chest were two globular breasts. He had breasts! Taylor's mind screamed that he was a guy and males do not have breasts?

Once he was upright in his bed, both adult women went over to slowly pull his blanket away from his body. As he watched the cover being removed, he saw past his breasts that he had a nice flat stomach. Next his hips were carefully exposed. First he noticed they seemed to be a little wider then his old hips.

Yet as more of the blanket was removed, he saw that the sides of his hips was covered by what looked like orange red scales.

Using his arms to push himself a little more upright, Taylor abruptly saw two things that caused his mind to reel. First was that his belly transitioned into his groin and laying flat outward was a female mound with a puckered anus below it. These features and some of the skin around them was of his human skin. The skin around his groin formed a sort of V section of skin pointing downward. The rest of his groin and hips were covered by those orange red scales.

The other thing that shocked him even more than seeing his vagina, was that instead of having legs, his hips melded into a thick single tail. Taking into account the scales, placement of his sex, and the flexibility of his new body, that his lower half was that of a snake. Realizing that caused him to feel more of his body. He could sense the portions that were on his bed. It felt to him that his tail curved away to the right. Then he felt more of his tail that seemed to be draped off to the side of his bed. Next he could feel the section dangling in the air followed by the rest that touched his cold hard wood floor. From his bed side, he felt his tail curved around to the front then to the left. After moving the tail around, he noticed it abruptly curved back to the right. Finally it ended all the way to the spot the nurse had kneeled a short distance from him. There in front of the nurse, he could feel his tail tip as he wagged it around.

"Oh my god," loudly exclaimed Taylor as he registered everything in horror. "Oh my god, oh god, oh god," Taylor rapidly screamed. His tailed started frantically thrashing around as he became scared over all the changes he had underwent.

"Son, son, son," his mother urgently tried to calm him down.

"Taylor," the nurse insistently spoke.

Taylor was so agitated that he lashed his powerful tail into a book stand collapsing it. "Oh god, I'm a monster," he howled in fear with his feminine voice. Tears began to stream out of his eyes.

"No, no, no you're not a monster," his mother tried to calm him down. She reached down and pulled Taylor's nude human torso into a tight warm embrace. "You're not a monster," she whispered to him. Taylor did not know what else to do but cry

and hug her in return. All sorts of feelings washed over him. He did not know what else to do but sob.

For a couple minutes she held him tightly against her. Her warm embrace began to calm him down. Finally she softly let go and held him before her, "you're not a monster, you're my child and you are beautiful."

The movement of her holding him upright caused his breasts to shift a bit reminding him that he was not even a boy anymore. He mumbled something to that effect.

"Boy or girl, you are still you," she softly counseled him. "And I will always love you," she replied motherly embracing him again.

As his tears began to dry up and his emotions calmed down, he began to feel that his bladder felt rather bloated. Pulling away from his mother, "um, I've got to go," Taylor embarrassedly spoke. That caused both women to pull the rest of his bedding away from him.

Free of his covers, Taylor tried to sit up. Not knowing how to work his tail caused him to collapse back onto his bed. Seeing her son struggling, his mother tried to help him sit up. Within a couple tries, he was able to shift his tail around and over the bed so that it sort of felt like his own legs hanging off the side of the bed. By this point his back and stomach muscles had kicked in allowing himself to finally sit upright on his own.

When he moved his tail around, he truly became aware of how long it was. Even when he had shifted the portion that was on his bed off and around to the front of it, he could still feel the rest curve around his bed all the way to the other side. Sitting there for a second, he began to register more muscles within his tail. They sort of felt like his back muscles but also leg muscles at the same time. Soon he was able to flex those muscles enough that he finally was able to wobbly stand up onto his tail.

He stood there pondering the strange feeling of being up right on a snake tail instead of a pair of legs. Then a thought pressed into his mind, how was he going to move forward? Pondering that problem for a moment while feeling the incessant pressure from his bladder, he soon began to feel the muscles along the underside of his long tail. With a thought, he twitched some of those muscles and felt that portion move

forward. Trying again, he twitched those muscles and let that rippling action pass along his tail. That caused him to push forward a foot. The sudden movement nearly caused him to fall down.

Then after a few more tries, Taylor was slowly moving out of his bedroom. Both older women were following behind making sure he was alright. Slowly and surely he slithered along the floor towards the bathroom at the end of the hall.

Once he got there, he pondered how he was going to use the toilet. Peering down at his groin showed him that everything that would have normally been between his legs was now on his belly where his legs would have been. For a second he tried to figure out a solution as his bladder screamed at him.

Soon a solution came to him. He pulled more of his tail inside the small bathroom until he had enough to form a base. Then he pushed his human torso up a bit and then brought it across the toilet seat. Finally he lowered his torso over the toilet so that his sex and anus was directly over the bowl. Mercifully he let himself go. The feeling of emptying himself brought a sigh. As he went to the bathroom, he realized that he essentially had draped himself over the toilet. Laying there he even noticed that the end of his long tail was still outside of the room.

Finally finished, he pulled himself up a bit and reached over for some toilet paper. Hurriedly his mother came in to instruct his son how to properly wipe himself clean. That help brought home how much he had changed. That Realization caused his emotions to rise again. He had to fight to keep from crying again.

While Taylor stood in the bathroom battling his emotions, the nurse pulled his mother aside. The two whispered as the nurse instructing his mother on something. Then the nurse came in and gave the struggling morph a warm hug. "I've seen many kids undergo the change. Every single one turned out just fine. In the end you'll be ok too," the nurse tried to reassure Taylor. After that the nurse said she had to leave and tend to another person who was undergoing a change.

"Hold on a sec," his mother spoke to him as she rushed out of the bathroom. Within moments she came back holding a large t-shirt that had been his father's. As Taylor put it on, his mother saw that it barely covered his human half. She realized

that she would have to come up with something to cover his lower half in a bit.

Then an idea came to her, "why don't we leave this confined space and go downstairs." With that she encouraged him to follow her.

Not knowing what else to do, Taylor followed his mother out of the bathroom. He had to ponderously shift his tail out of the way to allow him to head back the way he came in. Then he approached the top landing. For a moment he looked down the stairs and was tempted to rush down them like he had always done in the past. Yet he had to remind himself that was back when he had legs. Now the question was how was he going to do that with his snake tail?

Taylor knew snakes could climb trees and other stuff. So if they could do things like that, then going down steps should not be all that hard. Planting most of his tail on the landing, he slowly edged his front half over the steps. Once he had enough of his tail over, he lowered his human torso down a few steps. After that he dragged more of his tail downward. Then he repeated the motion of planting more of his tail then extending the front half further downward. Soon he was going down five steps at a time and moving better. He even found the motion helped him learn more of his tail and by the time he reached the bottom he was moving far faster than he had at the beginning.

When his mother saw him leave the steps at the bottom, she applauded what he did. Taylor did feel like he had accomplished something. That euphoria helped push away some of the other emotions he felt. Yet then those emotions came right back and he could feel the sadness descending upon him again. Soon he was sitting on the couch with his tail lazily curled about the coffee table. As he sat there, tears began to softly fall down his cheeks while he pondered what he had lost. How being what he was now had completely change his life.

As he sat there he heard the phone ring. Sandra, Taylor's mother, went into the kitchen to answer it. Taylor listened to his mother talk.

"Oh hello. Yes he's awake now? I don't know, wait, yes you might know exactly what he's going through. Sure," she spoke then hung up the phone.

For a while Taylor sat on the couch feeling sorry for himself. He just seemed as if he was awash in sadness. Tears occasionally streamed down his cheeks between wet snuffles from his runny nose.

Taylor again tried to gain control over his emotions. Peering about he decided to finally focus on his tail. He noticed that a large portion of his long highly flexible tail was made up of tangerine red scales. Yet interspaced within that red were bands of black scales and golden yellow scales. It went large band of red, followed by a small band of black, then yellow, black, and another large band of red. Moving his tail around a bit, he saw that while the sides and top of his tail was covered by fine flexible almost glossy scales, the underneath of his tale was covered by thick wide golden yellow scales.

He began to wonder what type of snake his tail was. Leaning over to snag his iPad off the coffee table, he surfed the web until he found a snake web site. After searching numerous pictures of snakes, Taylor realized that his tail was that of a non-venomous red milk snake. The thought caused him to check his teeth only to find out they were still normal human teeth.

After a bit he found another site that told him of the type of tauric change he went through, he was a naga. The web site he read informed him that of all the Morphic changes, taur morphs were the most rare. That most morphs turn into human shaped animals. It was very rare for a person to turn into a taur, a weirdly shaped form where a portion of the person's body was still relatively human shaped. The most obvious example were centaurs and other similar four legged changes. But lesser known taurs were nagas, satyrs, and numerous half human half beasts.

Though just as Taylor was thinking of morphs and taurs, he heard a heavy clomping sound coming from the porch. He knew of only one person who had hooves that could cause that sound. The realization that Kyle had come over quickly alarmed Taylor. He did not want his friend to see him at the moment.

Abruptly Taylor bolted upright. Moving as quickly as his tail would allow, he turned around and slithered out of the living room and into the den. Behind him, Kyle opened the front door and called out, "Taylor?"

Quickly Taylor slipped his tail tip inside the den. Then with a quick burst of dexterity he did not realize he could do, Taylor whipped his tail tip up and pushed the room's door shut behind him. After that he slithered over to a corner and curled his tail underneath him while he hunkered down.

"Taylor, are you in there," he heard Kyle call out as he walked over to the den's door. The horse morph's hooves clomped down with every step he took.

"Please go," Taylor cried out as his emotions rose again and tears began streaming down his face.

There was a pause, then he heard Kyle call out with his gentle male voice, "look Taylor you know I know what you are going through."

"Please just go," pleaded Taylor.

"Look by the sounds of it, you need a friend right now. Trust me I had one when I needed it," Kyle softly explained. Taylor could hear him twisting the door handle.

"Don't come in, I'm hideous," screamed Taylor in a brief bout of anger. Yet it was soon replaced with the sadness. He pushed himself deeper into the corner crying.

But before Taylor could say anything more, Kyle cautiously swung open the door. Briefly he looked around the room with his horse eyes. Finally he found Taylor huddled in a corner with his tail curled around him and his back to Kyle.

At first Kyle was speechless as he beheld his drastically changed friend. Then instead of approaching any closer, Kyle gently lowered himself to the floor. Crossing his legs, he beheld his friend and recognized the pain and emotions Taylor felt.

"Look Taylor, you know me," softly spoke Kyle. "You know what I went through. You were there helping me when I needed it the most. You provided the needed strength to help me get over my change." Kyle paused to let his words sink in. "I had been a girl who changed into a boy. I felt all sorts of conflicting emotions within my changed body. It was the same things you're feeling right now."

A burst of tears and sobs erupted from Taylor, "but..."

"Remember I used to be a girl and I know it's a shock. I know all those emotions your feeling right now seem so overwhelming. But you need to conquer them," urged Kyle.

"But I cannot stop crying," whimpered Taylor.

"Yes you can if you want to. I know you're being swamped by all those new female emotions, but use some of your inner strength to drown them," softly urged Kyle.

Slowly Taylor tried to force his overwhelming feeling of sadness down. After a moment his mind began asking why he had been sad? Another thought in his head even suggested Kyle was correct. Taylor even remembered the time he sat on Kyle's bed consoling him. Finally that allowed him to stop crying and soon his nose stopped running.

"There you go," Kyle congratulated Taylor. "There's my friend I know and love." Carefully Kyle regained his hooves and slowly moved closer to kneel before Taylor. "Now let's see what you look like," Kyle gently spoke as he reached out his thick hands to lightly grasp Taylor's shoulders.

Gently Kyle turned Taylor around to behold what his friend looked like now. First he pondered Taylor's long coiled snake tail then he looked up at his human half. Kyle could see Taylor's free sizable breasts under his friend's shirt. Taylor's tear reddened face looked rather feminine with its soft graceful curves, dainty nose, big intense blue eyes, and large shock of light blond hair. Yet with all those changes, Kyle could still detect a bit of his friend's old face there too.

"I've got to say you look like a very pretty girl, not a monster," Kyle admitted. "Come on out of there," urged Kyle standing back a bit.

At his friend's urging, Taylor uncoiled himself and stood up a bit higher. Then he slithered out of the corner. There Taylor stood before Kyle. Kyle was still a good foot higher than him causing Taylor to look up into his friend's horse face.

"You really do look like a gorgeous girl. Heck, it appears like you have bigger breasts than I did when I was one," Kyle admitted. "Though, I've got to ask, what's it like not having legs?"

That last comment caused Taylor to softly chuckle. "Weird, it feels very weird."

Kyle gestured for Taylor to follow him back out into the living room. There the two sat down on the couch. Taylor took a moment to pull most of his tail close to him.

"So, now that you're female, gonna keep your name," Kyle knowingly asked him. Taylor had not really thought about it. Everything seemed to have happened so quickly that he never

pondered it. But Kyle was correct that he had to stop thinking of himself as a boy.

"I'm not sure," Taylor finally admitted.

Neither two noticed Sandra standing there in the doorway leading to the kitchen. "Well you don't have to change your name if you don't want too," Taylor's mother spoke up.

"Huh," both teenagers spoke in almost unison.

"Well Taylor is both a boy's and a girl's name. So it would fit you just as well as a girl if you want to keep it," Sandra replied.

"Oh, yea sure, um, I guess I will keep it," Taylor finally admitted.

That caused Kyle to sigh, "man I wish I had a name like that. Kylie was only a female name."

"Well Kyle suits you too," Taylor assured him. The conversation took her mind off her change. The bantering helped Taylor feel much more normal.

"Kyle can you stay for dinner," Taylor's mother asked.

"Sure, but is it vegetarian," the horse morph asked.

"Huh?"

Kyle chuckled, "sorry but when I turned into a horse I lost all interest in eating meat. Doctors say it's because of my horse side," explained Kyle.

"Oh, I get it! No, I'm baking up Taylor's favorite meal, baked macaroni and cheese."

"Well in that case, I'm will stay for dinner," replied Kyle with a smirk.

Hearing her mother mentioned she was baking her favorite meal caused Taylor to perk up a bit more. "How's Marcus going to take this," questioned Taylor.

"Huh, oh that's a good question. Both of his friends became morphs and switched sexes. He might be freaked out, then again knowing him, he might start laughing."

"Yea, maybe," she agreed.

"Though thinking about your sex change, I still have some of my old clothes," Kyle proposed.

That caused her to sigh, "yea I guess I am going to have to think about wearing more girl's stuff."

"Though, I don't think my old bras would fit you. You look like a size or two bigger then I used to be," Kyle spoke judging

her breasts. Though peering at his friend's breasts did cause him to fidget a bit before he got himself under control.

"I should figure out a way to cover myself," Taylor admitted when she tried to pull her shirt lower to cover her groin.

"Yea that'll be tough, they don't make panties for people like you do they?"

"No I don't think so," Taylor admitted.

Then an idea occurred to Kyle causing him to call out for Taylor's mother who had stepped away.

"Yes," Sandra asked coming back in.

"Do you have one of those wide ace bandages," inquired Kyle.

"What for?"

"Oh, I was thinking Taylor could use one to wrap around her waist," Kyle proposed to Sandra.

"Oh I see, I think I've still got one that Mike used to use when he had knee surgery." Sandra responded referring to Taylor's father who had passed away when Taylor had been a toddler.

Taylor's mother rushed upstairs. She soon came back downstairs holding a large roll of stretchy wide tan bandages. Once Taylor raised her shirt, her mother began to wrap the bandage around Taylor's hips covering her groin. "There, that should cover you up nicely," Taylor's mother commented stepping back to admire her work. Taylor felt slightly embarrassed at being peered at like that. "I guess that'll be your underwear from now on," she commented as Taylor lowered her shirt.

"Oh I offered to give her my old clothes if she wanted them," Kyle offered being helpful.

"Oh that would be good," Sandra replied. Before she could say anything more, a timer went off. "Dinner's ready."

The next morning found Taylor sleeping in late. After the macaroni and cheese Taylor's mother made, both teenagers spent the rest of the evening gossiping. She found it especially comforting talking with someone whose change had completely ripped apart their old life.

Their conversation only ended when Taylor felt utterly tired from the day. After having used her tail for a while, going upstairs was not as bad as it had been when she went down. Though waking up in the morning demonstrated the need for a bigger bed.

Slowly shifting her tail as she came awake told Taylor that it had taken up so much space on top of her twin bed that the rest lay draped over the floor. Briefly she looked over to see that the clock on her bed table informed her that it was ten in the morning. Without getting out of bed, she sloppily moved her tail tip across the room to the room's only window. Using the narrow flexible tip, Taylor lifted up the blinds to see the sun shining brightly outside.

Lowering the blind, she brought her tail back close to her bed and slowly got up. Taylor found she was still drowsy but could not sleep any longer. So she sat up and carefully dragged herself out of bed.

After that she slithered out of her bedroom and to the bathroom. There she unwound the ace bandage that now formed her underwear and then laid across the toilet bowl. Taylor was starting to get used to having to relieve herself that way. Briefly she pondered other ways, but at that moment she could not think of any other way.

Taylor's mother heard her daughter sliding out of her room. "Morning Taylor. When you get done, could you come to my room," Sandra called out from her bedroom.

"Yes mom," Taylor sleepily called out. Then once she had cleaned herself up and wrapped the bandage across her waist, Taylor slithered out of the room to her mother's bedroom next door.

There Taylor found Sandra laying out a couple full bags from a local clothing store. "I woke up this morning realizing that you will need a few things before you go over to Kyle's house." Sandra commented as she upended the bags upon her bed. Taylor saw things like numerous roles of wide ace bandages, a couple mini-skirts, and also a bunch of simple white bras. Seeing those brassieres reminded Taylor that she now had a pair of wobbly breasts to worry about.

"I had to guess what you're size was, but you do really need something if you plan on going outside," Sandra motherly

commented. "So take off that shirt and I'll show you how to put one on."

Hearing her mother telling her to take off her shirt and put on a bra caused Taylor to blush with embarrassment. She was about to whine in protest when her mother spoke up. "Look, all girls have to go through this at some point in their lives. Now that you're one, its time you learn how to take care of yourself. So get to it," asserted Taylor's mother.

Reluctantly Taylor did just that. Her mother then handed her a bra. Sandra showed her daughter how to put it on and adjust her breasts for comfort. Once she was properly wearing the undergarment, Taylor had to admit to herself that it felt good having a bit of support. The next thing her mother did which did not help Taylor's deepening embarrassment, was to explain the birds and bees to her. How to use a tampon and a few other things that a woman like her needed to do to take care of herself. Then after she wrapped herself with a bandage, Taylor's mom had her put on one of the skirts. The skirt had a long zipper down one side. Taylor wrapped it around her waist covering the ace bandage. After that she modeled the thing for her mother.

Sandra was pleased to see her selections fit and actually looked good on her young daughter. After that she pronounced Taylor was ready to go outside once she took a shower. That turned out to be another episode for Taylor who had to somehow figure out how to wash her entire body. Taylor became acutely aware of how small the bathroom really was.

She called out to her mother and after climbing over Taylor's long tail, her mother pondered the issue for a moment. Finally she came up with a solution, Taylor would draw herself a bath. Then she would first dip her human torso into the water and wash herself. After that she would take out her torso, towel herself off, and then dip in the next portion of her body. Once that section was scrubbed and dried, another portion would go into the tub. Taylor found it took her nearly an hour to wash her entire body. Especially as her under scales seemed to attract dirt. More than once she had to drain the tub and refill it with more water.

However by noon found Taylor outside her house for the first time. As she slithered along the concrete side walk, trailing her long red, black, and yellow tail behind her, her

neighbors stopped to stare at her. She tried to ignore them, but she thought she felt each gossiping about her.

Every street she slid upon was the same thing. People either stopped what they were doing or came forward to peer at the strange looking taur morph slowly moving along the sidewalk. Their pondering looks caused Taylor to feel acutely self conscious. More than once she had to fight the urge to turn around and hurrying back to the safety of her house. Yet she inwardly chanted to herself that she would need to get used to being stared at. That if Kyle could do it, so could she.

Finally Taylor arrived in front of Kyle's house. The stoop leading up to his front door was short enough that she easily lifted herself up the stoop in one giant step. There, she rang the bell and waited for someone to answer.

Within moment's Kyle's mother answered the door. "Good morning Mrs. Jones, is Kyle home," Taylor studiously inquired.

"Yes he is, but he never mentioned he had a girl friend," Mrs. Jones quickly replied.

That caused Taylor to blush. "Um, I'm Taylor, you know Kyle's best friend."

"Oh my, you really did change," the older woman exclaimed as she peered closer at Taylor. She even let her eyes run across the teenager's long tail. "But you do look lovely. Come on in," she spoke holding open the front door for the naga. Slowly Taylor made her way inside. Mrs. Jones had to keep the door open for a long moment as Taylor brought her long tail inside.

"Kyle, you've got company," yelled Mrs. Jones. Taylor thought she heard her mutter to herself about the chances of two close teenagers switching sexes. Meanwhile Kyle came bounding down the wooden stairs. His hard rubber shod hooves loudly thudding with every step.

"Taylor you came," Kyle exclaimed as he greeted his best friend. Briefly he beheld how Taylor looked, "wow, your mother got you all that," he asked pointing to her new clothes.

Taylor nodded, "yea mom felt it was time to get a bra and something to cover my underwear."

"I had been wondering the same thing last night too, well come upstairs I've pulled out all my old stuff," Kyle spoke going back up stairs. He took two steps at a time. While Taylor was not as fast as Kyle was, she did try to stay right

behind her best friend. Within moments with much of her tail taking up Kyle's small room, the two began pawing through boxes full of girls clothes. All the while they began gossiping about various things. Stuff like their changes and what it felt like being the opposite sex. Both now knew how each other felt about changing genders.

As the day wore on they were joined by Marcus who happened to hear Taylor was there. He remarked how he was the only one of the three who had not gone through a sex change. That briefly caused both morphs to blush for a moment. Noticing that the subject was a bit embarrassing, Marcus changed it to suggesting they start a Dungeons and dragon's game. With that they worked on creating characters. This allowed everyone to forget the awkward moment before.

After some time they had their characters ready but before the trio could start the game, Taylor noticed what time it was. She realized that it would take her a long time to slither back home. Yet Kyle's father was kind enough to drive her home. While she was too big to ride in a normal car, he instead used his full sized truck to take her back. She rode in the back and leaned in through the truck cabin's open back window. She embarrassingly noticed that her weight did cause his truck to sag just a small bit.

Two weeks later found Taylor back working for the country club. Though she did have a change in jobs. The club's owners realized that with her tail, she would not make a good caddy, especially as there was a chance that between her weight and sliding tail, she might scar the course's manicured grass. Instead, she now fully worked in the pro-shop and occasionally manned the snack bar.

Taylor had finally gotten used to being a female taur morph. Though she began to call herself a naga instead of taur morph. While she did not hide her feminine attributes, she still gave off an air of being a tomboy. For example she preferred to keep her hair short and spiky. Taylor also wore only light makeup and her nails were only occasionally painted. Plus most of the time she kept either simple studs or hoops in her ears. Yet despite all that, she found herself thinking more like a girl then as the guy she used to be. She even found herself falling into the stereotypical things most women did. Including peering at the guys who passed by her. Though

occasionally her long snake tail did remind her that she used to be a male.