

Crystallized Curiosity

by Eclipse

"Enjoy a trip through the jungle. See the wonders. Enjoy nature. Except until you need to take a whiz, and there's no civilization around; just poisonous... **everything**, and bugs!" Settop grumbled.

He had excused himself from the Machu Picchu guide's direction for just a few seconds, but apparently that was more than enough to make him *hopelessly* lost. Once he turned around, the trail was simply *gone*! The area where it should have been was choked thick with trees... trees which seemed to belong to the wrong forest. Well, it wasn't as if he'd magically pissed his way into some other forest, so Settop had spent the past four hours marching in ever-wider circles, trying to re-discover the lost trail. Instead, he found a cave. On the side of a mountain which should not be there.

Fuck. It's getting late. How the HELL did I get lost like this?! Settop's thoughts bubbled with anger and frustration. His phone had no signal throughout the entire search and had just run out of battery. His legs were scratched up from the underbrush. Not a single plant or critter looked familiar. The terrain was totally alien. And not a single voice returned his occasional call for help. At the very least, he could stay in the cave for a bit while weighing his options.

As Settop approached, an odd glint of light caught his eye. Squinting as he got closer did little to make things anymore clear. It wasn't until he ducked inside and let his eyes adjust that his breath caught.

"Oh wow. That's really cool..." His breath returned just in time to stumble the words out. Then followed up with a curse when he remembered the phone's dead battery. *No pretty pictures for me, I guess.*

The cave was a nest of massive crystal formations, jutting out of every corner and crevice. A very faint glow chewed its way through the crystals from the base, adding an eerie magenta pall to everything. Wandering deeper in, he soaked in the beautiful sight before him. Settop had never heard crystals like these before!

His awestruck wonder was stuck dead when green fire lanced out across the floor.



The fire had moved too quickly for Settop to react. It leapt from the ground to his feet, and made smoke of his clothing. In a stumbling panic, he tried to run as the flames engulfed his lower body before subsiding to a low hiss. He only succeeded in face-planting on the strange maroon-colored earth.

His legs felt... wrong. Rolling over with a groan, Settop looked down at his lower body.

"Wha- what the..." *What the hell?* His mind finished the sentence when his mouth stopped moving.

What he saw was impossible. His brain failed to register what his eyes reported several times before admitting defeat. His feet were no longer feet. Where skin had been, there was now dark-gray fur. Toes had fused together into what looked... was that a hoof?



He was too dumbstruck to really react to what he was seeing. Not even as the green flames painlessly began to march up the his legs. Settop only barely noticed that the gray fur, and numb crawling sense of *wrongness*, followed the flames.

Heat. Tingling, insatiable, pulsing heat.

It had been some time since the green flames slowly crawled their way over his pelvis. While panic had been growing in the back of his mind at a slow boil before then (especially when holes formed in his legs), it erupted into a full storm once his cock had sucked itself into his body. Hands grasping through the flames, Settop barely touched his ballsack before it, too, disappeared with a wet slurp. Fingers jolted back when alien pleasure spiked through his body, a newly-formed (and very sensitive) clit begging to be touched again.

"No no nononNONONOOOAAHHHHHHHHH FUCKSHIT!" His whole body locked up in a spasm, ears buzzing with the rush of hot blood through his head. Almost knocked insensate, Settop experienced his first female orgasm in rolling waves, cementing the change of his testes into ovaries. As if to further drive-home the point, his hips popped and cracked their way to a wider foal-bearing size while his cunt darkened and shifted downward.



Head still buzzing, Settop didn't really register the sensation of those same hips pulling themselves forward, legs slowly locking into a permanently quadrupedal position. It wasn't until a tail formed that he had regained enough sense to realize that things were still changing.

All of that happened... maybe half an hour ago? He refused to touch any of the new changes. Not even as his chest grew hot, nipples darkening, swelling, and dragging themselves downward to form two new (and frustratingly sensitive) teats. Nor as strange diaphanous wings sprouted from his back.

But that damned heat. It kept on pulsing its way through his new mare sex. Craving to be used. Like a good brood-mother queen should.

That. Fucking. HEAT.

The changes had spread up his arms and across much of his head now. His former hands clopped around on the ground, the sound a frustrating reminder of his banished fingers. These weren't the limbs of a human. These weren't the limbs of any *natural* being, either. What creature could have fucking HOLES in their legs and still function "like normal" as if they weren't there?! Walking around on all fours was the only thing natural for him now, though maybe... surely he would find a way to undo all this, right? But each sickening *clap* that echoed across the cave brought the reality of "never" a bit closer.

More than that, though, was the maddening heat growing across his new mare sex. Twice now, he had orgasmed: once when he had squeezed his thighs a little too tightly together, and again when he tried to leave the cave. The second one knocked him out cold long to wake up with hooves in place of hands.



And it was making him think things he never would have thought before.

He needed to get fu- NO! He needed to get out of this cave. If he could get out of this cave, then maybe he could find a stallion to- WHAT THE FUCK, NO! No stallions! He just needed help! He.. he needed... to be stuffed like a...

"AAAAARRG! For FUCKS SAKE!"

Settop smacked his head against one of the crystals. And instantly recoiled when a pain unlike any other hammered through his skull.

"OWWWWW! Wha- " he didn't finish the sentence. More pain boiled through his skull the small nub in the center of his forehead- unnoticed until then- pushed its way out. He gasped and hawed as the final changes chunched, cracked, ground, and crackled their way across his head. It had been changing slowly before, but the emerging of his new horn seemed to pull forward the last changes.

His fate was sealed.

With one last ground-shaking orgasm, Settop collapsed to the ground. Raw need burrowed into his mind. His cunt, still unsatisfied, winked and throbbed. New instincts took root where he'd never be able to remove them.

Images of stallions and cocks and eggs and a brood-bearing danced through his thoughts. The last bits of magic made sure he would never be able to ignore the needs of a broodmother. No matter how much he did not wanted to, no matter how much he desperately clung to being "human," he would always be compelled to desire things no straight human male ever would.

Waking up two minutes later, Settop caught a glimpse of the flames as they removed the last physical evidence that a human ever was. Now, the only evidence of that lay in his own memories. Lifting a leg as only a quaduped could, "he" looked down at the new... equipment. A blush formed on his face as he stared at it, and felt its hunger.

Desire for cocks started floating through his mind even as he swatted the thoughts away. *Mmmmmff... I... I n-n-neeeeeed.... nneed to do.... something about this....*

That heat had returned. A knot formed in his stomach as it slowly dawned on him that there was only one way to make it go down. Shame and humiliation warred within as he realized that some growing part of him wanted it, too.