

The crowd of people moved and swayed as customers made their way through the mall. The chill of winter had finally faded away and the cool air of spring had finally brought everyone out of their homes. After being trapped inside for so long everyone was always ready to get out and enjoy the weather. Today was no different as the mall was experiencing another round of business.

“Hey Ericka can you stock these up?” Inside the music shop there seemed to be a slow stream of customers. With most people buying songs online, or just downloading them from a site there wasn't much need to have a local record shop. This however didn't stop this particular store to stop its business, and despite the trend of music they typically made enough to stay afloat. Granted the store was ran by a lovely couple and only ever hired two people in their time of business, a girl named Ericka and a boy named Sky.

“Yea, I got you Mrs. Rose.” said Erick as she came back from behind the counter. Ericka had been working in the music shop since she was in high school, now a junior in college. She had a whimsical love for music so getting to work in a place that catered to her number one interest was beyond stellar in her eyes.

“How many times do we go over this? You can just call me Marta.” Marta chuckled as she watched Ericka. “Calling me Mrs just makes me feel old and I'm nowhere near the age to be your mother or any of her friends.

“Alright Alright.” Ericka giggled as she took the box of records, and CD's. The shop dealt with all formats of music, from vinyls to records, to CD's, and even laptops that were full of nothing but songs. From an idea perspective it kept people coming into the store, but kept the vibe that the owners enjoyed so much. To be able to sit and just enjoy music in an area was something that had been lost in this day and age. “Is this some new shipment or something?”

“No, Ken found these out in the garage the other day and figured they'd make some good additions to the store. Some of those CD's are a few years old, and some of those records are older than me.”

“Wicked.” Ericka said as she opened the box.

“When you're done with those you can go ahead and clock out for the day. Seems it's a slow day for us, slower than normal at least and nothing that I can't handle till Sky gets here in a few hours.”

“Alright.” Ericka dug through the box and slowly began to unpack every single vinyl, record, and CD. As she dug through the box she couldn't help but dote upon some of the albums she saw. She had only heard about some of these and found them in piss poor audio conditions online. She really didn't think she would get to hear some of these songs in her lifetime, but yet here she was, holding them.

“Huh?” she asked to herself as she picked up one CD in particular. “Hey Marta, what's this?” The older woman came over and took the CD from her young employee and looked at it. It was wrapped in a simple CD case, the cover art nothing over the top, just a white background with the words 'Sensational' written in some weird font style.

“Hmm....I think this was some indie song.” Marta started. “I think this was one of those one-hit wonders back when I was in middle school. If I remember correctly...yea it was definitely no good. I'll

toss it.”

“Wait wait, I wanna give it a listen.” Ericka quickly moved over. “I wanna give it a listen or two myself.”

“Hmm...yea sure whatever.” Marta said. “It wasn't to bad of a song, but I'm pretty sure it was corny.”

“Guess I'll just have to give it a listen myself and see.” Ericka put the CD back in it's case and put it away. The remainder of the sorting went fairly normal and uninterrupted. The shift eventually came to an end as Sky came in to relieve the young Ericka. The two exchanged a quick conversation about this and that before Ericka packed up her things and clocked out for the day. Ericka grabbed the CD from the counter and slid it into her jacket as she headed out.

“I'm home!” Erick peeked her head through the door of her simple one-bedroom apartment, announcing her return to no one in particular except the small little corgi that was her roommate. Sure enough she heard those small paws come pit-pattering down the hall, the miniature canine happy to see it's owner back from another day of work.

“You manage to hold down the fort MJ?” she asked as she knelt down to rub between the dog's ears. MJ responded with a quick bark, it's tail wagging a mile a minute as the little one ran circles around Ericka. She couldn't help but laugh as she tossed her bag onto the couch and let her hair down. “I've got a treat for us today MJ.” she started as she dug through her jacket pockets and pulled out the CD. “Something we can listen to while I get some work done.” MJ barked in response as Ericka headed down the hallway to the single room that she and only she occupied. Between work, the small money her parents sent her, and the refund checks she would get now and then from school, Ericka could just afford to live off-campus and by herself. She wasn't opposed to having roommates, but she knew she had tendencies that would, in her words 'Out any potential roommate and her in a bad vibe.' Her music hobby meant she could be listening to some rather strange tunes, and having to come home to those almost everyday wasn't really ideal for most people.

Ericka stretched as she took her jacket off and tossed it on the bed. She stopped and took a moment to look at herself in her mirror that hung right beside the door. Ericka would be lying if she said she didn't think she was pretty, giving her own looks a solid 8 out of 10. Her skin was a shade darker than peanut butter that really complimented her black, curly hair. Her eyes were a wonderful shade of hazel that anyone could get lost looking into. She was a bit on the chubby side of life, her body wrapped in a very thin layer of pudge that made her look like a healthy eater. Her body narrow at the top and widening out just a bit the further it went down. With the quick look over done she flopped onto her bed, the soft frame giving as she sunk into it.

“Oh there's nothing better then the type of gravity around ones own bed.” she spoke, her voice muffled as she talked into her mattress. She turned over and laid on her back, just taking a moment to enjoy the things around her. A soft thud pulled her attention as MJ hopped onto the bed and laid across her belly. She slowly sat up and reached over to the desk beside her, powering up her laptop as the whirring of electronic life hummed through the room. Once everything had booted up she pressed open the disk tray and pulled the CD out of her jacket.

"Let's see what kind of mood you'll put me in." she hummed to herself as she pushed the disk tray close. Another minute or two of the whirring of the laptop before a window opened up on the screen. MJ hopped off her lap as the dog knew what time it was, allowing Ericka to slide off the bed and onto the chair stationed next to it. She examined the window that had popped open, but was met with an odd state. The laptops media player had opened, and the CD had loaded up as well, but there was no album name. Not only was there no album name, there wasn't an artist name, or any track names, just five tracks listed 1-3.

"Hmm...well if this is just a burning of an old record I guess there would only be the track listings." Ericka said aloud. "Even so, that means this thing is probably older than Marta then. Maybe someone digitally rerecorded an old song and put it on a blank CD or something?" Deciding the point wasn't worth staying on for long Ericka pressed play on track number 1, jumping right into the music as she sat back. There was silence for a moment, before the steady sound of guitar reached her ears. A quick mixture of drums and electric guitar followed, an unorthodox type of rhythm being set as the instruments played.

"This is...funk?" Ericka asked herself as she listened carefully. "Then this really is older than Marta and Ken. Ericka could definitely pick up the mixture of soul and jazz in the rhythm. She couldn't help but tap along to the beat, keeping up the same count to the groove as the track progressed. Like all funk type music she could hear the same chord through the music, the extended vamp present as the sound of saxophones and trumpets came into play.

"This isn't half bad." she said as she got up from her chair. Ericka soon began to jam along with the music, dancing around her room and keeping to the beat. There was definitely something about the track that was so captivating, memorizing almost. Ericka could definitely feel the beat take a hold of her as she began to jive and groove along with the song. Ericka could feel herself physically get caught up in the music as she really began to move along to the beat, feeling it in her very soul. As the track continued though there was another feeling that was accompanied by the soulful groove of the track, something faint that she couldn't quite feel. As she slid across her carpet floor the faintest tickle ran through her body, slight enough just to not be felt by her, or rather not enough to be felt over the music that was running through her very soul at the moment. It was small, but warm, normally maybe she would have felt such a sensation, but being so caught up in the music she merely notched it up to the rhythm she was feeling. From the mirror one could see hairs slowly bristling along her dark skin, all down her body as she danced the day away. The hair began to thicken as it slowly covered her entire frame, becoming a nice shiny coat of brown fur, dark splotches appearing here and there.

As the 1st track ended it went right into the next one, the sounds of funk blasting from her speaker, this one much more uptempo.

"Alright now!" came her voice. She was really starting to sound like her mom. She couldn't complain though, this was definitely something her mom and dad grew up listening to. She had faint memories of hearing funk and soul music as a child, seeing her parents dance together like they were back in their twenty's or something. As she continued to dance around that same warm feeling crept its way into her middle, it actually almost never faded away. Ericka was completely lost to the sound of the music, unaware of her continued metamorphosis. This time the hair on the top of her head was thickening. The gourd-like black curls growing curlier before something started to stretch out from the top of her head. As the foreign objects grew her face began to change, the angles shifting as her mouth and

nose lengthened out more before growing into a muzzle, whiskers appearing along her face as she hopped around the room. Not just her face, but her ears to began to shrink and shrink before completely vanishing, leaving nothing but thick fur in their place. The objects on the top of her head stopped growing finally, capping off with tufts of black fur at the very tips. The jam session kept right on as track three played, a blaring of trombones coming through her speakers as a vamp followed, the groove just never ending.

“Man this is pretty good.” Ericka couldn't help but say. “This can't be the one hit wonder Marta was talking about.” she said as her hands and feet were slowly changing to match the rest of her body. The muscles thickened as her feet and hands grew, her nails extending and growing sharper as she began side-stepping in beat with the music. Tufts of fur began to grow along her limbs and down as pads started to form on the soles of her feet and palms of her hands.

As the track ended, so did her transformation. The lynx once human stood in her room, panting a bit as she tried to catch her breath from the 15 minute dance workout.

“Them old-cats had some groovin music.”