

While Daef thought that it was weird to pick up weed at the docks, they had to admit that they had also picked up at much weirder places than this. Not only that, but the salty scent of the ocean beat the hell out of the odor of his friend's sister's apartment any day of the week.

It was pretty quiet, but at one in the morning that was to be expected. The only sounds were the gentle lapping of waves against the docks, or the horns from boats far out at sea. Stars twinkled above the dark water that lay beyond the docks, while the glow of the city shined far behind. Huge cranes and containers created a labyrinth in the area just beyond the fence, where Daef stood. With no one around and the gate locked, Daef was starting to wonder if they came to the wrong place.

"Ricky better have told me the right address or I'm going to be pissed. I walked what, an hour?"

Unbeknownst to this human, they were being stalked. The dark shape of a wolf was watching them with care, not that it needed to. With the way their pink skin and blonde hair shined in the flickering street light they were a furless beacon. Through the shadows it weaved, until it was only a few yards away, where it stopped, slowly rising to its hind legs. The beast looked big hunched against the ground, but now, at full height, the only word that could be used to describe it was "enormous." Easily twice Daef's weight and a few feet taller, the creature nevertheless moved with peerless stealth. The black-furred wolf crept closer, silent as ghost, until it was right behind them.

"Where is he? Aren't I late?"

The wolf was right behind them now. To an onlooker, the slender human might as well not even exist, their entire body completely eclipsed by the eight and a half foot monster.

"It's cold," Daef muttered, completely oblivious. They zipped up their windbreaker, lamenting their fashion choice of jeans and a t-shirt.

"I CAN WARM YOU UP BRO."

The wolf's terrible growl took Daef entirely off guard, and they were a good few feet off the ground from shock when the wolf snatched them up into a powerful hug. The wolf's growls turned into a throaty chuckle as he shook the small human to and fro. Daef, to their credit, overcame their surprise and pulled their face out of the wolf man's thick chest fluff.

"Ah, holy shit! Ricky, stop! Seriously, stop." Daef continued to struggle in the wolf man's grasp, pounding their fist impotently against his chest and looking sour. Ricky, satisfied with the reaction he got, put his friend down. Daef did not look amused, but Ricky was one big, sharp-toothed grin.

"I told you to stop sneaking up on me like that dude," Daef said, crossing their arms and setting their jaw to maximum frown. Ricky was snickering, at least at first, but as Daef continued to stare at him with that annoyed look his laughter died off. Daef however, did not relent, and continued to stare in heated silence. Ricky began to shrink away from Daef's indignant gaze, looking embarrassed.

"Okay okay, I'm sorry dude. Sorry." Ricky shot glances back towards Daef, unwilling to meet his friend's judging glare. When he apologized however, Daef's facade finally cracked, and Daef started to laugh themselves.

"Hahah, dang you look ashamed. Good. Don't do that to me dummy," Daef said with a playful punch to Ricky's arm.

"Ow, oof," Ricky said, whining about a punch he felt less than a mosquito bite, "Fine fine. Sorry I made ya wait dude."

"It's fine, but are your friends gonna mind?"

"Nah, they're definitely waiting for us."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

"For you to get here dude!" Ricky laughed, pulling a key from his vest and unlocking the gate before them, ushering Daef inside. The two made their way through the maze of heavy metal, heading towards a warehouse two buildings in from the entrance. They joked and goofed the whole way over, their laughter echoing throughout the docks, and drawing the gaze of the two men in the warehouse they were heading into.

The two men stood before the second level window, staring at their recruiter and the human he had lured to them. The more careful of the two, the triangle shaped rooster, spoke first.

"So, that's him huh," Levaré said, looking to the rat beside him (who was much more pear-shaped), "Do you think it'll work?"

"Pffft," Nat replied, not even bothering to look at the rooster, just waving his hand dismissively, "Ricky has been checking this guy out for weeks. If he thinks it'll take, it'll take."

"It's doesn't always take," the rooster said matter-of-factly, adjusting his scarf in the reflection of the window.

"Yeah, it doesn't."

"So what if this doesn't?"

"We'll have to make sure it does then," the rat replied. His tone made it clear he was not interested in any more of the rooster's naysaying, so Levaré shrugged and walked out of the room, going out to greet their guests. The rat however, watched them until they walked inside his building.

"It'll work," he said to himself, smiling as he patted the bag in his coat pocket, "He's going to love it." He walked out to join the others, chuckling darkly to himself as he did so.

"Levaaaaaare my man," Ricky said, reaching out to shake the rooster's hand, "It's been awhile!"

"Ricky, so good to see you. It has," Levaré lied right back, turning to Daef, "Is this your friend?"

"Yeah yeah, this is Daef! I know they're a human, but don't worry, they're cool." Ricky found this enormously funny for some reason, and started to crack up. Levaré stared at the human, his gaze uncomfortably penetrating. Daef just stood there, shifting nervously. It wasn't that Daef was uncomfortable amongst furries--Far from it. Ricky was not their only furred friend, and if asked (while intoxicated, at least) Daef would readily admit that they felt more comfortable amongst their animal friends than other humans. There was something about the way the rooster was looking at them, though. Like he was evaluating a piece of meat.

"Nice to meet you," Daef attempted, reaching out to the rooster. Levaré's face softened into a smile, and he shook Daef's hand, gripping it firmly.

"Nice to meet you too, Daef," he said, and without skipping a beat, went "So you're the person buying my weed, I presume."

"Hah," Daef's anxiety melted away, and they nodded, "Thaaaaaat's me."

"You mean my weed," Nat said, looming over them from the catwalk above, "I'm the supplier here. I'd be the dealer too, but I give too much of the stuff away." Nat laughed the whole way down the stairs, while Levaré chose not to dignify that with a response.

"You can still be *my* dealer if you want," Daef suggested, trying and failing to sound like they were joking. Nat laughed nevertheless.

"We'll see bud. Actually," Nat snapped his fingers, acting like a thought just occurred to him. He was really selling that lie.

"You want to try some? I've got a joint rolled already." Daef would never say no to free weed, but before they had a chance to pipe up, Levaré interjected.

"What did I just say Nat? You can't be doing all this work and then giving for shit away you numbskull," Levaré said, exasperated. This wasn't in the script, but he didn't plan on being shown up by a lout like Nat, nor passing up an opportunity to insult his intelligence. Thankfully Nat was in a good mood, because tonight he was going to have some fun.

"Hey, he's buying a lot, he should be sure he's getting good shit," Nat replied, his tone uncharacteristically diplomatic. He rifled through the pocket of his leather jacket, pulling out a rather fat joint in a plastic bag.

"I was going to smoke anyway after we were done with this. Might as well share."

Levaré threw up his hands, but said nothing. He left, walking up the stairs Nat just came down, grumbling the whole time. A few steps away from the door, he turned back to face them, his voice dripping with reluctance.

"Just let me know when you're done." And with that, he let them be so he could make his own preparations.

"Alright," Nat said with a shrug, "Let's toke up dudes." Ricky and Daef were both bouncing with excitement as Nat pulled out a lighter.

"You first," he said to Daef, handing them the spliff. Daef "ooh"ed under their breath, giving it a whiff and then shivering with anticipation.

Typically at moments like this, before the victim takes the first step they cannot return from, they feel some tugging in the back of their brain. Some innate self-preservation instinct rises up to warn them, and give them a chance to fight back. A battle of wills usually ensues, the victim either fighting back against the immense weight of their aggressor's psyche, or getting crushed under it.

Daef had no such voice, or instinct, or fight. Daef saw a fat joint, and was already resigned. They shivered with excitement as they put it to their lips, Nat reaching out with his lighter.

"Alright, big hit. Aaaaaaaand go!"

The lighter sparked to life, and the end of the joint was lit. Daef held the spliff tightly between two fingers, and pulled hard. They weren't able to hold it in for even a second before they were a coughing, sputtering mess.

"Hahahah, ooohhhh dude, you totally fucked it up!" Ricky cried out, (literally) howling with laughter. Nat was chuckling too, and thumped Daef hard on the back, which only made the human cough harder.

"That was pretty bad. Did you even get any?" Nat's eyes flashed with wicked intent, though Daef's were too watery to see it.

Daef coughed a few more times, shook their head, and then coughed once more. When they were finally done, they stood up straight. As soon as they did, it hit.

Daef was a stoner, and a pretty big one. They smoked every day if they could help it, so their tolerance was pretty high, and they definitely didn't expect to get laid flat by a few puffs from a joint. "Laid flat," however, would be an understatement for this. The second they stood upright, the entire world shifted. It felt like their legs no longer worked properly, and their arms were heavy as lead. They could hardly keep the joint held to their mouth, as each finger felt like there was a weight attached to it. The fog they coughed up swirled and surrounded them, like everything was trapped in a haze. But that couldn't be right, right? It was just one hit. So why did everything feel so smokey? Daef shook themselves again, and almost fell over, but Ricky was there to grab them.

"Careful dude, I gotcha," Ricky said, his voice much more gentle in tone than usual. It was weird, but Daef was appreciative. They leaned into the wolf's side, getting a bit more cuddly against his flank than they realized. Ricky smiled a knowing smile, and looked at Nat. Nat was licking his chops.

"Take another hit, we have to make sure you actually get some," Nat said, grabbing Daef's chin firmly and looking them in the eyes, "You wanna get high, don'tcha?"

"Yeah," Daef mumbled, thoughts already losing themselves in the fog. Something weird was going on, but that wasn't going to stop Daef. Being egged on by these two big beasts was all the encouragement Daef needed to stop listening to their brain and start listening to their body, which was starting to feel a *lot* better. Nat was now on Daef's other side, sandwiching the small human and forcing the joint to their lips.

"Then pull, big guy," Nat commanded.

"Heh, not that big, not as big as you," Daef said, giggling incoherently.

"You will be."

Daef did not hear Nat's foreboding whisper, because they were too busy taking another hit. This one was completely different. The first was jarring, and made Daef feel slightly nauseous, like their body was trying to reject the weed. Or kind of like the weed was rejecting them? Either way, the first one felt like a game of punchies that Daef instantly lost, and was still reeling from. The second hit, by comparison, felt like they were being caressed by a comfortable blanket. The smoke swirled around inside their lungs, diffusing to every inch of their body. Random bouts of physical pleasure dragged along their skin, making Daef twitch in the two men's grasps. It felt so good, Daef didn't even notice their arms becoming a lot darker, or notice the thick hair showing up anywhere that those pleasurable tingles raked across their skin. Ricky and Nat noticed, however. Ricky's tail was wagging like mad, while Nat's curled up possessively along the human's leg, under the guise of keeping him steady. They both leaned in close to Daef, each one of them whispering in a similarly hungry tone.

"You should take another hit."

"Yeah dude, you're doing great."

"A big one this time. Really big."

"Go Daef go, make me proud dude!"

Daef was a mess. They tried to pull themselves together, to what end they weren't sure, but every time they tried that foreign ecstasy arced across some new part of their skin, scattering

their consciousness back throughout the haze. There wasn't thinking, not so much any more. Just feeling, and knowing. Feeling so good with their buds; knowing they needed to smoke more; feeling *and* knowing a hunger, a brutish hunger, swelling up inside them. This wasn't the munchies. This was something more. It was intoxicating, addicting. Daef did not resist, but happily leaned into it.

"Here I gooo hahahah," Daef was barely able to articulate, before pulling in again.

"Go go go go go," both of the beast men urged, watching the joint burn down with fantastic speed as Daef's lungs bulged with smoke. Daef kept pulling and didn't stop--They didn't want to, and at a certain point, couldn't if they did. Daef's body knew what they wanted, and their brain was finally starting to catch up.

"Holy shit dude!"

"Hah, well done kid."

The joint, almost entirely spent, fell from Daef's lips as they held in the gigantic hit. Nat let it hit the ground, its job done.

"Let go dude."

"Release."

There was no coughing this time. No spasming or twitching, either. All there was was smoke. It poured from Daef's nostrils, but no matter how much they snorted, their head felt foggy. It fell like a waterfall from Daef's slack-jawed mouth, rolling across their skin and leaving pleasure wherever it touched. It took shape in their brain, a great bulging mass of desire and hunger pushing everything else out of the way. Daef was, in a word, fried, and that's when the transformation began in earnest.

At first, all it was was Daef's skin, getting tougher, darker, hairier, and a hunger deep inside that they didn't have the language to describe. Pink softness melted away to a grey toughness, lured out wherever the smoke slid across skin. Daef briefly looked like some sort of grey-skinned alien, but mercifully the bloating came fast. Fingers got fat. Toes too. Their ankles swelled and their thighs ballooned. Fat pushed its way out from deep inside, like it was always there, it just needed the weed to coax it out. Daef's arms, once skinny toothpicks devoid of muscle, soon hung heavily at their sides, covered in tons of fat and the muscle necessary to move it. Folds fell from their gut and bunched up on their neck, while their chest ballooned into heavy tits that threatened to pull Daef down onto their face, if Ricky and Nat didn't have such a tight grip. The hair on Daef's head disappeared, who knows where, only the short-furred grey flesh remaining. Their clothes, at this point, were ruined, nothing but tattered rags destroyed by a tidal wave of blubber.

"I'm, hungry," Daef mumbled incoherently, in a voice far deeper and heavier than their own.

"Yeah you are dude. You're starved," Ricky said, giving Daef's body a shake. The fat hanging off of them shook hypnotically as the wolf did so. Even in their confusion, Daef reveled in the feeling.

"You're a predator. King of the docks. Of course you're hungry," Nat said, as if he was describing something as obvious as the sky's blue color, "You're hungry. You're pushy."

"You're a walrus," Ricky whispered.

"I'm... I'm..." Daef shook their head. They were what? They were what? The transformation slowed now, as Daef tried to make sense of it. Nat was not having that. He grabbed Daef by the chin, just as he did earlier, and stared deep into their eyes.

"Yeah, you're a beast. You know how I know? I only let beasts do this." Nat leaned in, his tongue flooding Daef's mouth.

Nat's display of control made Daef's back arch, and their extremities tingle. Nat's huge tongue pressed all around the inside of Daef's mouth, tasting every inch and flooding their half-formed snout with hot breath that stank of smoke. The transformation didn't just continue, but kickstarted into overdrive. If this was what being a beast meant, Daef was eager to shed their humanity.

Long tusks pushed out of Daef's mouth as they and Nat continued to make out, and the rat's tongue dragged along the new gigantic teeth as they grew. Daef's face, once eclipsed by Nat's, pushed out into a big snout, a perfect fit for the rat tongue that was gagging them moments earlier. Hands so big their were reminiscent of flippers grabbed and groped along the rat's body, driven by a brain that was getting more territorial and hungry by the second. Daef reached back awkwardly behind them, grabbing a large tuft of fur from Ricky's body and forcing the wolf to press into his back. Ricky was happy to oblige, pressing himself into Daef's fat back and grabbing as much as he could. The desire had blossomed, no longer a seed. Gluttony was who Daef was, and they wanted their fill of these men, knowing full well that a walrus like them would never be fully satisfied.

"You're such a hot animal dude," Ricky panted, his paws grabbing several of Daef's limitless love handles at once.

"I'm the hottest fucking walrus," Daef said back, not teasing in the slightest.

It was true. There was no human in that warehouse anymore. Just a dirty rat, a rowdy wolf, and the greedy walrus trapped between them, hungry for anything the two beasts had to offer. This frenzied make-out and groping session continued on for what felt like hours, but only a few minutes later Levare approached, a pile of clothes in hand. Daef only noticed him because Nat pulled away from Daef's hungry snout (which was hard, as Daef was getting aggressive and fast), and when Daef turned, their look was sour.

"Oh, it's you. You hear to ruin my fun?" Daef muttered. Ricky laughed as he hung off of the newly transformed beast. Daef wrapped an arm around the wolf's hip and squeezed. The soft fur against their rough skin was positively euphoric.

"No," Levare said carefully, "I'm here to have some." He moved so fast, the sluggish walrus had no time to react. The pill Levare forced into their mouth fell down their throat, and in no time at all the walrus's struggling ceased. Warm light licked at their brain, and their gigantic body started to go limp. The last thing they saw was Levare's smiling beak, as his feathered hands dragged down Daef's cheek.

"You're a walrus, you've always been a walrus. You've always been a walrus, working for me..."

The cop, a human, was just about to give up. He was not in the mood for this assignment in the first place, and this surly walrus wasn't helping that.

“So you haven’t seen this kid anywhere huh?” The cop made sure to jam the photo of a blonde, skinny human right in the walrus’s face.

“Goes by Daef, they were seen walking down the road to these docks about a week ago. Haven’t seen them at all?”

“Pffft.” Calling the walrus’s grunt dismissive was putting it nicely. Their fat hand flexed, the rings on it sparkling dangerously. They grabbed the huge weed cigar from their whiskered lips, blowing a big cloud right in the cop’s face.

“I told you, I didn’t see the kid. I’ve been here almost every night for years, nobody comes this way.” Daef heaved and shifted for a second, making sure their suspenders strained against their massive bulk, just in case the police officer was not yet aware of who he was dealing with. The cop certainly was, and took another moment to appreciate the six and a half foot, half ton wall of walrus sneering at him with those mustachioed lips.

“Fine,” the officer said, trying to hide his mounting discomfort with a sour look, “But if you remember anything, let us know.” He turned around and left, trying to make his nervous glance back seem discreet. Daef chuckled and rubbed at a tusk, dragging a fat finger down the designs carved into it.

“Like I’d remember a nobody like that even if I had seen ‘em,” the walrus muttered, heading back to the office. With the police gone, it was time to relax. And they knew Nat had some of that good stuff waiting for them.