

## A Study in Murrs

### Hypnosis

The rest of the club seemed to have fallen away entirely. The once loud dance music and heavy beats were now nothing more than a dull throb. The writhing and shifting bodies of his fellow club goers no longer registered, even as they pushed and shoved him. The club itself began to go dark, light siphoned from the spotlights and spinning colored balls; siphoned away by the eyes that captured his from across the room.

The big tiger didn't know what exactly happened or why—hell, even the when seemed to be rapidly disappearing from his consciousness. All he knew was that one moment he was awkwardly dancing, trying not to look too out of place as he danced alone, and the next moment, he caught her eyes, no... She caught his. He barely had time to even see that she was alone herself, the rabbit sliding and moving through the crowd like liquid, never slowed or hurried by her fellow dancers. Or maybe he was moving towards her, towards her beautiful jade eyes. It didn't really matter anymore.

All that mattered where her eyes. How did they glow like that? Even as the rest of the club grew dark, they only got brighter. As the distance between them closed, they were all he could see. The beautiful jade eyes, pulsing in beat with the dull throb of the dance floor. How did they do it? They were so pretty, he had to know. Had to get closer to her, had to find out, couldn't move away.

Suddenly, a hand upon his cheek, and he felt himself move down to meet it. He knew it was hers. He couldn't see it, all he could see were her eyes, pulsing and throbbing, the only thing in the world, the only thing he wanted, but the touch was unmistakable. His body slacked, bringing him even closer to her gaze. Her eyes were not only the only thing bright enough to see now, but with his forehead against her own, they were all he could possibly see now. The pretty eyes, such soothing green. But that's okay, that's all he wanted to see. All that there was, her eyes.

He heard a voice, soft but clear, slide its way into his ears. He knew it was hers. Her eyes were so beautiful, her voice would be too. It held him just like her gaze, it was all he wanted, all he needed, all he should ever had. It slid between his ears through his brain, like a soothing auditory floss, pulling away what was useless. His will, his thoughts, he didn't need those. He didn't need to know where she was taking him, all he needed was her. Her eyes, her voice, her touch. All so heavenly.

Suddenly, he thought he felt the cool sting of the air from outside upon his bare fur, but a scratch to his chin banished any thoughts of such. There was no outside, no inside, no anything but her. He needed her, he wanted her, but it was she who would have him, just as it should be. Just as it would always be. His body suddenly become slack, heavy, warm. He thought he heard

the word "Sleep," but he wasn't sure, and it didn't matter. His eyes were closing, but he knew he was okay, she was here, and he'd never be without her again.

## **Vore**

It had all happened so fast, the hyena barely had time to register it. He had strayed forth from the camp, not even more than a hundred feet or so, looking for a flower or something to collect as a souvenir, when suddenly it felt as if a log struck him across the head. However, this was not the case, and while the canine lay prone to recover his mental faculties, it was already too late.

Great weight began to press in all around him, and as soon as he blinked the darkness out of his eyes, he saw it. The scaled snout of a great big boa constrictor, his serpent eyes piercing the hyena and filling him with fear. He did not have much time to think on this however, because all too soon the great coils that piled on top of him began to slide around his body, squeezing and securing the serpent's meal as they did so.

Strong, smooth coils, some thicker than the captive's torso, now held the hyena tight, holding him in a coiled cocoon. The very tip of the serpent's huge tail wrapped purposefully around the canid neck, squeezing it almost delicately comparatively to the rest of his body, as if toying with the hyena; though in reality the large snake did not want to finish off his prey just yet, fearful sweat seasoned his meals quite nicely. Even when the snake was satisfied with how he held his new meat, the hyena's left arm stuck out from the elbow down, and his toes dangled free, but it mattered not. The great snake was far too large for him to shift, let alone escape from, and as the powerfully muscled loops began to tighten, his fate was sealed.

The hapless hyena struggled vainly against the snake that held him, but strength was quickly leaving his body. Lack of oxygen made him weak and slow, in body and mind. Still he shifted as best he could, and all the while the snake just looked on with cold indifference, testing his scent with that forked tongue to see when he was ready.

Before the hyena knew it, the squeezes suddenly intensified, and a dollop of serpent saliva fell upon his snout. He was pushed up through the coils like toothpaste, now exposed from the shoulders up. For a brief moment, the slightest glimmer of hope crossed his mind. Was this it, was the snake actually letting him go? Unfortunately, the oxygen-deprived dog did not notice that during the shifting the snake mouth had opened wide, and with one swift movement the hyena's world was darkness for good.

Heat and wetness, very sticky. It was all the hyena would ever know as he was slowly moved towards his final home. He was forced further inside, but he did not even notice the change, besides a bit more pressure than usual. It's a funny thing, the mind. As the darkness pressed tight all around him, his shoulders, now his torso being fed inside the snake by the thick coils, ideas of an old camp out crossed his mind. It was just like when he climbed into his sleeping bag headfirst. Yeah, sleeping bag, this was a big wet sleeping bag. And he needed to sleep, sleep

sounded good right now. His eyes opened halfway one more time, seeing the inside of his final resting place, and he closed them one last time, smiling, preparing for his long nap.

The snake, of course, was oblivious to all this, and did not care how his prey felt. The emotionless creature just continued to push the now limp meal further down his throat, coils undulating around the lower half of the hyena's body, throat muscles pulling along the top half. Soon the canine was inside him down to his waist, only his legs still covered with the shifting scales.

Then, his thighs made their way in, tongue flicking out and tasting the still warm flesh, reveling in it. The bare fur was his most enjoyable part, and as his legs continued to make their way past his scaled lips he slowed down considerably. Each inch was savored as he continued to swallow, ever hair licked clean of the fearful musk that once clung to it. Finally, the feet found their way inside of his mouth, which the snake sucked on for many minutes before satisfied. With one last great long swallowing motion, the hyena was deep within the snake's coils forever, both satisfied that the hyena would become a part of the snake forever in the end.

## **Transformation**

Pain shot throughout his body, flashing between cold and hot constantly. It felt like that intense sunburn he had as a child, but he knew it would only get so much worse than this. As the loathsome light of the night now covered his body completely he doubled over, every neuron in his skin telling him his flesh was cooking, and no matter how many times this thing happened he couldn't convince his mind otherwise.

What felt like his skin melting soon became the feeling of thousands of tiny pins pricking at every inch of his bare skin, not coming from the outside, but coming from inside as sharp, coarse hair pushed its way out of every follicle. The accursed black fur pushed its way out all along his flesh with agonizing slowness, already dirtied as he rolled on the ground howling in pain.

It was a noise that became more natural as time went on, for as his outside became less human, his insides followed suit. Though barely heard amidst the screams of agony, sinew ripped and bones cracked under his skin, the emerging fur clearly not the only thing causing the screams. Plantigrade feet popped inward, bones cracking and reforming, muscles and sinew beginning to tear as it stretched, yanked far quicker than it grew to compensate. What was once a size 12 foot was now a much wider pawpad to rest his weight upon, his twitching legs now matching the shape of the beast the fur told him he would become.

Next came his arms, a thankfully less tortuous process, though not by much. Fingers shrunk in, the muscle and skin to be stretched and used in other needier parts of the body. Now his hands were like fingerless gloves of meat, widening as bone pushed them in more of a claw configuration. Suddenly, hooked bones broke through, and a fresh scream of agony interrupted the tortured concerto of his piteous moans. The sections with each bone split, and his arms

were complete, flexing and digging at his flesh reflexively. It wasn't always the forest that caused him his scars and scratches. He only wished the hands happened last.

His torso, spine specifically, was next, cell growth exploding for a few seconds as his body grew wider and longer than it was a second ago. Calcium stored in the body rapidly became new bones at the base of his spine, and just like with his hands it began to push against the skin, pressure unbearable. However, unlike his hands (which, in his last bit of sane thought, clung to his now furry and strong legs, rather than ripping across his own head), the bone did not break through. The skin stretched unmercifully around the spire of bone that pushed from his backside, fur sprouting up around it as well, for apparently whichever god created this baleful change thought all the agony should come all at once, just in case any tattered vestiges of the mind still remained. Suddenly, the pain from his new tail ceased, and lay gently on the ground, twitching as the rest of him did.

Finally, his entire head seemed to push outward, becoming an amorphous ball of bone, muscle, and fur pushing out unevenly all around. Ears on the side of his head long since sunk in, and as the skull widened the holes pushed to the top, cartilage building itself on the top of his head. A once mostly flat face of a human male suddenly exploded forward, the jaw and snout of a wolf now clenching and grinding itself into place. Wet replaced dry on the edge of his snout, and modest incisors were now hideous fangs. The last piece of his humanity suddenly left him as he tried calling out his name, hoping against hope this time John was who he was before, and who he would stay. But the only thing he heard was the great and terrible bay of a wolf, eyes affixed on the moon that created it.