

Alone, at last, Harry had hiked through miles of lush forests and rocky mountains. Only after several days and nights of travel did he feel that the lights and sounds of the town were left behind. Deep within the towering white cliffs of the range. Wind rustled through the leaves and whistled over the bare rocks. Walking far from the usual trails of the mountains, he had long since departed the bounds of the map. A frequent traveler of these lands, he was well prepared for the extended stay.

Eventually, he found a curious, valley nestled within the peaks. No trails or marks denoted the place. Though an ancient, worn sign stated the tallest mountain of the valley was named Mount Pelion, though he had never before heard of such a place. Flush with fruit trees and meadows, the secluded valley seemed straight from a fairy tale. At peace, he set up camp by the side of a small stream.

Leaving his heavy pack by his tent, he wandered over the verdant grounds to the side of a small, clear lake. Waters cool and sands soft, he let out a serene sigh and sat by the edge. After dipping his feet for a short while, he glanced about, remembering how far from human life he was. Slipping off his dusty clothes, he dipped into the water cool water, gooseflesh rising up his skin before he grew accustomed. Clear lake only loosely populated, he swam only a short way before returning to the shore.

Tired after a day of hiking, he sat by the water's edge and leaned back. Waist and below beneath the water, warm sun on his chest and face, he closed his eyes and enjoyed the peace. Birdsong in his ears and warmth on his face, he soon fell into a light sleep.

Waking slowly as the warm sun beat down upon him, he rose from the placid waters. Stretching as he walked, Harry's muscles felt slightly sore. Looking down, he blinked in confusion. While fit, he was not a bodybuilder and recently had put on some weight. Despite this, his chest and stomach looked more toned and muscular than ever before. Chuckling, he flexed his rippling muscles and admiring his hard abs. His new hobby of hiking must have been far more effective than he realized, though he wondered how he only now realized it.

Looking around in confusion, he searched for the clothes he discarded to swim. Though he left them in an obvious spot by the beach, his hiking clothes were nowhere to be found. Cursing in anger, he figured an animal must have taken the items. Naked as the day he was born, he awkwardly walked back through the underbrush. Bare feet aching from the sharp twigs and stones, and face flushed as he covered his sensitive areas during the walk through the low bushes.

Finally, he came upon the clearing where he had pitched his tent and hung his food. Strangely, the patch of grass was bare, without any sign of human habitation. For a moment, he wondered if he had grown lost and happened upon another clearing. Yet as he looked closer, he found small holes in the dirt where his tent was pitched, proof that his equipment had recently stood here. Strangely, there were no scuffs on the dirt or grass, which would usually mark the difficult process

of packing up his tent and tools. An animal or wind could not so cleanly take his things, this could only be the work of some hidden humans. Quickly covering himself, he peered about the forest, growing mist limiting his vision and hiding any within.

Paranoid, Harry wondered who would follow him so deep into the wilderness and steal his things. Moving swiftly through the forest, he ran from the spot, grass and twigs scratching at his exposed skin as he sprinted through the forest. No sounds or sights clued him to the presence of any others, but he ran onwards through woodland, stopping to catch his breath under a tall pine tree.

His legs itched, and he wondered if he had charged through poison ivy, still glancing through the mist for his prankster. Scratching at his legs, he felt a curious texture against his hands. Yelping in surprise, he saw rich, reddish brown covering him from the waist down. Feverishly scratching the new pelt, he found the short fur joined with his skin.

Strangely, he felt little panic or fear over his altered shape. This alone made him worry, surely, such sudden and alien shifts ought to worry him, but they did not. Never very attached or concerned with his form, the strange, uncontrolled changes felt exhilarating rather than terrifying.

Worrying over his fur and mind, he felt his tailbone popping and pointing back away from the rest of his body. Groaning, he fell onto all fours as his spine pushed out and his skin stretched to meet it. Looking back in surprise, he saw the small tail shifting above his rear. Long, straight fur sprouted quickly from the nub, growing long like hair and clearly becoming that of a horse.

Able to feel the skin and strands of hair, he could sense and move the appendage like his natural limbs, the fur flicking his sides and back. Standing to admire his flowing tail, he fell back to the ground, his feet twisting and forcing him onto the balls of his feet. Legs extending, his feet rounded and became a part of his legs. The bottoms of Harry's feet expanded, his toes merging and numbing. Black nails stretched and covered his entire feet, hardening and curling into tough hooves.

He stood on shaky feet, unbalanced, but at least able to stand. Suddenly, he doubled over as his hips cracked. Two solid lumps formed on the front of his hips followed swiftly by strange sensations in his lower body. Pressure built in his gut and hips. Never painful, but so overwhelming he could focus on nothing else. It built upon itself, like water were being pumped into his lower form, but not contorting his body to suit.

Releasing in a sudden surge, he felt the lumps burst forth from his hips. They formed quickly, bones taking and becoming fully formed horse legs like his rear pair, but with several joints reversed. Panting he was once again able to observe his changes, though the slowly releasing pressure continued.

Lying on his side, Harry looked baffled at his realigned hips, twisting downwards as his rear legs pushed away from his torso and suited themselves for a quadrupedal stance. A new set of legs

felt incredibly strange. Though he could move and feel them, he was not yet accustomed to moving two sets of legs and his arms at once. Spine popping, his hips pushed further away, red-furred equine body growing to full length at several meters.

He found considerable difficulty rising on new legs, terribly unaccustomed to standing without the help of hands or bipedal hips. Groaning, he felt a new wave of sensations flowing through him as his genitalia began to change. Between his rear legs, his dark-skinned organs grew considerably to match his larger body. Heat flooding his hips, he moaned at the new sensations and struggled to bend his human torso to observe the changes. The feelings proved more than enough to understand the alterations. As its shape changed, a thick sheath surrounded his member and attached to his stomach.

Final changes taking hold to complete his new body, his second chest and stomach expanded and rounded into those more suited for a horse. Insides churning, he grunted as his organs grew and relocated to accommodate his far larger body.

Like a final garnish, almost unnoticed when compared to the previous changes, his ears extended and pointed lightly into elven shape.

In time, the strange sensations faded, and Harry's changes finally finished. Breaking into his new legs, he walked circles around the tree, large heart pounding and muscles rippling beneath his red fur. Once he could properly maneuver his new body, he came to like it. A powerful centaur stallion, he trotted further into the forest.

With newfound grace, he bound through the verdant forest on hoofed feet and horse's legs. Stopping his run deep in the enchanted woodland, the peaks of Pelion above him, he flicked his tail and clicked his hooves. Smiling in enjoyment for his new form, he looked off to the endless wilds before him, ready to explore his new domain.