

## Chapter 2: Rebirth into a Nightmare

Paresthesia, the numb tingly sensation sometimes likened to the feeling of pins and needles. This is the only thing that defines my existence upon regaining consciousness. As well as an intense loathing of Joe Snyder. I don't know why he drugged me nor how he put me in here. The fact remains that I will somehow get even with him for that!

I hate the feeling. Its much worse than the limb being numb and before the thought of trying to rub the feeling back into my limbs fully forms a bone shaking clunking sound reverberates through me. Opening my eyes to see what's making the noise results in stinging pain, I must be in some kind of liquid. What ever I am floating in I feel it being drained out from under me at a rapid pace. The suction pulls on my limbs but I am held in place by something. A soft click reaches my ears as I feel the liquid draining past my head followed by the sensation of my body being lowered. The paresthesia fades as I am lowered and I feel my feet touch a grate that must be the bottom of what I am in.

'Oh good, I still have my legs' Thinking to myself as soon as I feel them touch the bottom of what ever I am in but they feel off, weird, not exactly how I remember them feeling. They feel shorter overall while at the same time my feet feel larger and stretched up at an angle. That bastard broke my legs and pumped me full of morphine didn't he? I should be in pain from the way they feel and yet I don't feel any pain.

My entire train of thought violently derails as I feel a third limb touch the grating. Opening my eyes in shock I try to get a look at this limb. I 'know' that third one was not there before but it is now and the sensation of it shoots up my spine as if it is directly connected to it.

More importantly what is this silver and platinum gray fur covered thing at the bottom edge of my vision with a plastic tube coming out of it?

Reaching up to move the fur covered object out-of-the-way brings my hands into my field of vision. I stop upon seeing that they too covered in fur, only mostly white with some splotches of gray and silver. Along with the fur there seems to be copper colored netting wrapped around my arms. Not only do they seem smaller, and more petite. The tips of each finger are slightly bulbous with a dark colored claw at the end of them rather than a fingernail. What the hell happened to me?! What did that bastard do to me?

I stare at my hands followed by my arms as I barely even notice the glass cylinder around me receding with a soft hiss.

Another wave of panic hits as someone, or something grabs my head from behind. A blue gloved hand grabs the clear tube attached to that thing in the bottom of my vision and pulls roughly. Gagging and coughing I feel it being pulled out, as the end of it exits my stomach and is pulled all the way up and out of my mouth. The taste of bile burns my throat and as soon as it hits my tongue I realize the thing in the bottom of my vision is attached to me. It is a muzzle. I have a damned muzzle! This, this can't be happening. I can't have a muzzle, I'm human!

That same person removes a couple of objects from the top of my head. Sounds with a volume louder than I remember bombard my ears inciting a whine from my throat. Wait, I whined? What in the hell am I?

Before I could make sense of them the person who grabbed my head walks around and into my field of view. I can't see his face because it is covered in a thick surgical mask that has a plastic face shield over his eyes.

The rest of his form is hidden within a white bunny suit style of surgical clothing. A hair net sits on his head holding back short but well groomed hair. Thick blue surgical gloves cover his hands as he physically examines me, but his eyes are the most disturbing part of this. They have the look of boredom and of someone just working and trying to get through just another day at the office.

While trying to get my body to actually move he grabs a cylindrical object from a chest pocket and points it to my face. This is followed by one of his gloved hands grabbing my muzzle in a firm grip.

With a clicking noise from the object I am blinded in one eye by an intense light. A moment later he blinds the other one with the same light pen. "Eye dilation looks normal. No defects there." Lacking the strength to fight him off, I still try to prevent him from grabbing my weirdly shaped head by latching onto his arm. Blinded by the pen light I can only feel him pull open each ear and stick the light inside. God, I can actually feel them move as they try to twitch from his grasp. "Ear structure looks normal. No malformations."

My vision slowly returns in blotches of light and dark. What little I can see right now seems, sharper. I use my returning sight to stare as one of his gloved hands forces my jaw open. He reaches inside with the other feeling around in my mouth. Touching every tooth and the gums in between giving me an unwelcome tour of what is in my mouth. "Tooth and gum formation is." He pauses as I feel his fingers roughly reach all the way to the back of my lower jaw. "Wait! Lower rear human molars are still in place, but they look similar to the common recessive trait in naturals. Shouldn't need to pull them to prevent discovery." Snapping my mouth shut I try to catch his hand in my newly discovered sharper teeth. Only to fail as his hand is faster than my jaw. My much longer tongue moves over every square inch of my mouth to try to get rid of the disgusting taste of the rubber his gloves were made of.

He motions for someone across the room and out of my field of view to come over. Glancing over I see it is another man dressed in the protective surgical suit. Only he looks shorter and much rounder than the one who has me in his grip. Fat man seems a fitting name for him. The fat man grabs me by my shoulders as the other man grabs me by the legs. The muscles in my neck feel like they are made of lead, I can barely keep my head up to see how strange my legs are compared to how I remember them. Covered in the same platinum gray fur with a slight lighter tint on the inner thighs they don't look broken. They don't look like how I remember them either. I seem to have an extra joints that are bent the wrong way compared to my knee's, and those are higher up on the strangely curvier legs. Something clicks in my mind as the rest of the grogginess flees my mind, I have seen legs and feet that look like this before on canine and vulpine Bio-Morphs. The wheels turn in my mind working the rest of the cobwebs out while the two suited people remove the copper wire like netting around my body and haul me into the air. They are 'MY' feet! These two curvy and fuzzy appendages are mine! I know they are mine because I can feel these bastards touching them. The realization clicks in, they are Fox Bio-Morph feet. With that big bushy tail I can see as I am placed onto a cold metal examination table and strapped down. Somehow, someway they made me into a platinum gray fox Bio-Morph. Trying to sit up fails miserably as my limbs don't want to respond to my commands right now.

Crinkling of paper and plastic draws my attention and causes my ears to swivel in its direction. Dear god that is a weird feeling. Moments later my neck muscles finally respond and I watch as the person I nicknamed 'fat man' removes a syringe from a shrink wrapped sterile packaging. He then roughly grabs my strangely petite looking arm feeling for something close to the elbow joint.

It is obvious what he is looking for, a vein to draw blood from. He finds one despite his rough grip before sticking it into my flesh and filling the syringe with my blood. Kind of comforting to know that it is still red, at this point I would expect it to be some other color!

The other bastard makes himself useful by strapping my legs into some sort of contraption at the end of the table that forces them apart. Another click in my mind brings up the name for this, stirrups. Another thing is nagging me in the back of my mind as to 'why' they are doing this because I know it is used in a certain kind of examination, one I did not have to have before.

I can feel my tail moving about and trying to curl up between my legs as the contraption forces

them apart. Oh god this is real and I have an actual bushy tail! The white tipped appendage swishes around after they remove it from between my legs. Its platinum and silver gray fur reduced to a blur as it moves while I struggle to free my legs from the examination table. My spiking terror also helps push out what ever has been making my muscles feel like lead.

“The blood work has been drawn, How's the primary sexual characteristic on the subject?” Wait, the primary what? No wait I remember! From health class and sex-ed in high school, the primary sexual characteristic is your.

I growl, whine, and then scream in a loud yip as I feel cold rubber covered fingers touching and then pulling open a spot between my legs that feel like lips from his touch. “Checking that now. Outer and inner structure seems to be well developed, same with all the surrounding tissue.” That is NOT my asshole that bastard is playing with! I can feel 'that' part of my anatomy clenching just a bit lower than where his blue gloved hands are touching.

Then he fingers something a bit higher up and just inside those lips. I feel an electric sensation course through my body when his fingers rub against a hard nub inside those alien folds eliciting a whine. The bastard who did it looks up and to the fat man behind me. “Normal external stimulus reaction, that's good. Sometimes these conversions are non functional.” Oh god please no. I can eventually handle being a damned vulpine Bio-Morph, I don't want to be 'that' as well!

I'm panting, but its not because I am hot. It is from the terror and dread consuming me. This can't be happening and must be some kind of fever dream! Both of those feelings reach new heights as I watch the fat man hand a plastic container with long q-tip over my head to the bastard standing between my legs.

The fat man then grips my shoulders and roughly pushes me down. “Good, don't let go. I'm going to take the fertility sample now and I don't want a repeat of the last time. I have no idea how she broke through the straps but I'm not taking any chances for that to happen again.” He opens it with a finger and pulls out the q-tip from within. The smell of sterile liquid hits my nose causing me to shake my head and sneeze.

All my doubt about what they changed me into is removed as his hand opens up that same spot again between my legs. Followed by inserting that cold q-tip with medical precision into an orifice meant to fit what they took from me rather than the plastic and cotton object he is using. Feeling it being pushed into a section of my lower belly and past the clenching bit of flesh that is the cervix. Then stroking the soft bit of cotton on the walls of my new womb drives home the fact that not only am I not human anymore, I am also no longer male.

As they do this unwanted violation of my body I squirm and try to break free of the fat man's grip. Whatever they used to knock me out is either still in my body, or being a vulpine Bio-Morph vixen makes me too weak to do anything.

Leaving me with only cussing them out with the worst words I can think of. Only to find it just comes out as; yips, barks, whines along with some other assorted animal sounds. Of course I can't speak because Bio-Morphs can't speak either.

The bastard places the stained q-tip back into the container, closing it in the process. He hands it to fat man who still holding me down by the shoulders while the other guy frees my legs from the restraints and quickly steps out of range of a kick. Bastard! I so wanted to plant my foot on his face.

“After you take this convert to a holding cell head over to the lab and process her samples. I need to check the growth on the batch of naturals upstairs.” Fat man hoists me up and off the examination table by his grip on my shoulders before holding me on my feet upright.

He grips the scruff of my neck and I feel the flesh pinch up, strangely it doesn't hurt at all. It

is followed by a feeling of what little strength I have in my limbs ebbing away. “In an isolated cell, or with the rest of the general vixen population?” Fat man asks. I try to grab the arm he is holding me with after I regain enough strength to move my limbs, only to have them batted away casually with his free hand.

The bastard who now appears to be fat man's boss looks me over like a piece of meat for a second and then replies. “In an Isolated cell. From here it looks like the secondary characteristics have not fully developed. The other mature vixens may attack her as a perceived threat to their pack. Any damage to her would bring her price down and force us to put down the attacker for being too aggressive.” Fat man nods his head indicating an acknowledgment to the bastard before he drags me on my feet towards the sliding glass lab door.

The sliding glass door opens when he steps in front of them. As they open strong jets of air blast out of vents from the ceiling and through my thin coat of fur. Fur, I can't get over the fact that I have fur. My feet are dragged through some cold liquid as we exit the room.

Looking down I recognize pale blue water as a sanitizing fluid. It certainly smells the like sanitizing fluid. Oddly that both comforts and scares me at the same time.

Simply by this being here means that not only is this place a serious and professional operation. It is also an ongoing one in which I am just the latest person. Then as I recall Snyder's last words to me, I realize many more will pass through here.

The fat man only stands in the pool of cleaning solution long enough to just clean the bottom of his shoes. He drags me through it along with him and into a nondescript hospital like hallway. Are they so bold as to do this in a normal hospital? No, that can't be the case otherwise someone would have found out about this and told the public. I still try to grab onto his arm and force his hand to let go only for my hands to be batted away with as much ease as before. Putting rips in the sleeve of his medical scrubs though at least make me feel like I am doing something to at least inconvenience him.

He stops in front of a different set of sliding glass doors that are all the way on the other end of the hallway from where we left. Unlike the set we entered the hallway through, this set of doors doesn't open automatically to his presence and have frosted glass instead of clear glass. Fat man reaches over to a keypad next to the door and enters in the door combination.

Okay, so I can't get the fat bastard to let go of me even with the claws on these new hands. Yet with the way he is holding me the back of his leg is within reach of one of mine. I summon up all the strength I can muster and kick the back of fat man's leg as hard as I can.

His grunt in response to my hitting his lower calf is the most delightful music to my ears and fills me with a momentary sense of hope. It doesn't last long as all I did was force him to shift his weight, he doesn't let go.

I'm still too weak to force him to let go of me and it only causes him to tighten his grip. Hard enough I can't help Letting out a whine at the uncomfortable pinching of my skin.

Upon finishing entering the access code the box beeps and the door silently slides open revealing a kennel that has cages much larger than a normal one. Renewing my struggle I again try to grab a hold of his hand and get him to let go. No way in hell are you going to stick me into one of those cages like an animal!

I am dragged into the room and I see other Bio-Morphs in the various pens through the chain link fence doors. Each pen is about five feet wide and maybe eight to nine feet deep. The walls dividing each pen are made of cement blocks that go all the way to the ceiling in one uniform cement colored wall.

The floor changes from linoleum to smooth concrete once inside the kennel. Other foxes, dogs, wolves, felines, even a scaled mammal thing all stare as I am dragged to an empty pen in the corner of the room. Their eyes don't look like the eyes of an animal and I don't know why.

All I need is a bit more strength and I can get free of fat man's grip. If I don't get him to let me go right now I am going to be trapped in here like the rest of these stupid animals!

My new blunt claws fail to gain purchase on his arm other than tearing up more of his paper thin medical scrubs. My kicks similarly fail to gain any more reaction from him either. I can't tell if it is because I am too weak, that he is ignoring me, or his fat provides a cushion to my blows.

Grunting from exertion he opens the door to the pen that seems to be mine now. He laughs when he finally notices my struggling. "Just like all the other conversions. The moment you see your pen you freak the fuck out. It is for your own good though, even if the change limited your intelligence. If we put you in the general holding area downstairs the other vixens would attack you as a threat to their current pack." The bastard dangles me inside the pen with one hand and closes the door just short of it with his free one.

With a quick motion he lets go of me and pulls his arm out closing and locking the door for my pen. He does this faster than I expect for someone of his girth, faster than I am able to turn and lunge at his arm.

Resulting in collapsing onto my side as I trip over my new feet unable to use them properly anymore even if I was strong enough too. When I manage to sit up and not pinch my new tail fat man has slid two filled bowls under my cage door with a smirk on his face.

One is filled with clean water from my new more sensitive sense of smell. Another thing I will need to get used too or driven mad by.

The 'other' bowl though is filled with tan pea sized pellets that remind me of a popular brand of dog kibble. They took my humanity away, they took my masculinity away. I am sure as hell NOT going to let them take my dignity away before all of this if over and force me to eat like an animal!

Crawling over on my hands and knees I try my hand at drinking from the water bowl with this new muzzle and its longer tongue. All it ends up doing is drenching my face and chest with more water than I get in my mouth. At no time does it occur to me that I have to use my tongue like a spoon to lap up the water. I resort to just cupping my hands and dribbling what little they can hold down my throat.

Thirst satisfied I attempt to push the bowls back under the chain link door, only to be unable to move it an inch in my current state.

"You don't want to eat it now, but wait a few hours after the rest of the coma drug is flushed from your system. Mark my words, you will be licking the bowl clean with hunger in no time." Fat man laughs at me after speaking. I look up at his grinning face while he is now removing the scrubs I tore up in my struggle to get out of his hold.

Leaving me with nothing to do but growl at him as he heads back out the same hallway he dragged me in here through. The lights in the room dim softly as soon as the door closes behind him. Yet I am still able to all around my pen and into the pen directly in front of mine just as well as when the lights were on, only with muted colors.

Whining loudly I turn away from the bowls on the floor I am answered by woofs, yips, and other sounds from within the kennel. Is it just me or did they sound different? Different tones and pitches from what I remember before all this, nah I must be mistaken they are just simple animals after all.

Ignoring this I turn my attention to the pen I am in, well if you can call it that. It looks more like a holding cell from some third world country.

A smooth coated concrete floor is nearly immaculate other than some stains here and there. In one corner lays a plastic coated mattress no bigger than a small cot in size, that must be my bed. Sunken in the floor at the opposite corner from the mattress is a grate over an open pipe.

It is obvious what 'that' is there for, and I am surprised that they would allow such a dignity for a Bio-Morph. Either that or the kennel staff did not want too clean the floors too often. It is probably

the latter since laziness trumps good will.

That's it. It is all that is in here other than me and this new tail of mine. The appendage still freaks me out as it flops about out of my conscious control. Not to mention I feel what ever it touches so the sensation of it doing so is weird in of its self. It is like if your arm flailed out of control and yet you feel it hitting everything.

So I stare at this white tipped silver-gray appendage while feeling the muscles in it move and shift while it slowly starts to become less hectic in its movement. Calming down seems to cause it to slow down to a lazy flopping about but doesn't stop. Does that mean it will move on its own along with my mood? Because while I have calmed down some, I'm still rather pissed. So I try to concentrate to get the damn thing to stop moving.

Focusing on it I find I can get some control over it but not enough to stop it from moving. All of my concentration goes out the window when the tail flips up and lands in my lap making me focus on a part that I rather not focus on.

While the exam from those bastards did to me brought home the fact that I am now female. The fact of the change doesn't hit me till right now from simply seeing 'that' part of me with my own eyes.

Another loud whine escapes my throat only this one is long and drawn out. It feels like a mourning cry for a part of my former identity. I would not have considered myself a 'manly' man, but it WAS part of who I was. This thing between my legs isn't and it doesn't belong there! Considering everything else they have taken from me the fact that I can no longer cry either seems to register little. Just another aspect of humanity that they stole to add to the list of stuff taken from me. Feeling defeated I drag myself over to the small mattress and lay down on it.

With no windows to the outside I don't even know how long I lay on the bed in self pity. Tears can't be shed with this body and my throat slightly raw from my near constant whining forces me to lay there quietly.

The mental and physical exhaustion from all this pushes me into a restless sleep upon the hardest mattress I have ever felt in my life. It makes the one back home feel like the lap of luxury.

I know I am dreaming for some reason. A lucid dream is what I think they are called, only this one feels more like a nightmare than a dream. For some reason it won't let me wake up no matter what I do to try to wake up.

Suddenly with no rhyme or reason I find myself walking through the hallway and into the hotel room that is the home of me and my mother. Yet instead of my mother kindly greeting me with a smile while asking if I had any success yet. She yells at me instead. "I raised a human son! Not a furred bitch of a daughter that can't even speak!" I don't even remember opening the door to the room, only me suddenly standing in the room instead of the hallway.

I honest to god I try to speak and say at least mom only for that only come out as a bunch of bestial sounds. I try saying mother, mommy, anything at all with no success what so ever at human speech. Each failed attempt makes this dream version of my mother even more disgusted. Just when I finally give up trying to say anything she speaks up and taunts me. "Fox got your tongue? I raised my son with just this one arm" She raises her right arm as if to strike me with it. "Better than to speak to his mother like some flea bitten animal!. You're not my son! You are just some Bio-Morph vixen with a screwed up head! Out! Shoo! Get out of here! Go to the rest of your mongrel kind outside!"

At which point she wields her prosthetic arm like a club and chases me out of the room. She nearly misses my head in my desperate attempt to flee to safety. Dropping to all fours before I can even think of running on two I make a mad dash to the stairwell that seems strangely much closer than it should. All the while my 'mother' chases me with her prosthetic arm club waving wildly in the air. Not even pausing to think as to why the stairwell door is absent and its stairs being in better condition that I have ever seen I lop down them on all fours. The dream mother though doesn't seem to follow me down.

Even though I don't feel exhausted or tired at all I still pant and loll my tongue out of the side of my muzzle in the lobby. Slowly I stand on two feet again and look around in wide eyed panic for someone to help me.

I spot Patrick with some other people who live here that are about our age give or take a few years. It is not a surprise to see him with them because I know I am far from his only friend, but I am his closest friend. Out of everyone else here other than my mother he has the best chance of understanding me and helping me out. No, he 'has' to understand, I have no other choice in the matter.

Collecting my self and stopping my tongue from hanging out I steel my resolve and start walking in his direction.

I can't help walking on my toes for some reason while feeling a slight sway in my hips with each step I take. Swishing in the opposite direction is my tail and again I can't seem to stop it from doing it. One of the most noticeable things is the jiggling feeling on my chest, looking down I see large C cup breasts bouncing freely.

No, no, no. This is just a dream and this isn't me, I am not a woman and this isn't my body. I make myself ignore these feelings as I approach Patrick and the others. The idle chatter between them stops cold as I walk up to Patrick and all the others stare at me with various levels of emotion.

Okay, show time, time to end this nightmare on a good note. Summoning all my mental fortification and try to force my mouth say just three simple words. 'Patrick. Help me.'

Only for dread to overwhelm those mental walls as a huff and two differently pitched yips emerge instead of those three words I so desperately want to say.

Patrick's face is a portrait of confusion, and my tail and ears droop uncontrollably from the mere sight of it along with any and all hope I have. "Dude, I think that Bio-Morph vixen is hitting on you!" The person standing next to Patrick breaks the silence that fell upon us after I made those noises. My tail's fur goes full bottle brush in reaction to the comment. Like hell I would hit on Patrick, I'm a guy!

Someone on the other side of Patrick who for some reason has an unidentifiable face that looks out right weird speaks up next. "This one must be in heat because she looks like she wants it so bad. Hey Pat if you don't want to have sex with her can I have her? Its been awhile since I have gotten laid so I have a major case of blue balls."

My ears go flat back against my skull in anger upon hearing that. A growl also escapes my throat while I back up from what is turning into a hostile crowd. Then a third person speaks from behind Patrick who looks like nothing more than a vague shape of a person. "Be quiet you two. She is acting like she only wants Patrick here. You lucky dog you, that is one looker of a Bio-Morph in front of us." The figure slaps Patrick's shoulder pushing him forward in my direction.

My fear spikes as everyone around us and everything else other than Patrick and I vanish. We stand facing each other in a stark white and featureless expanse. The look on his face changes into a knowing smile while his demeanor relaxes into one I am familiar with. My fear drains away and my ears stand up and point at him as the rest of my body relaxes. His face, that body language, by god I think Patrick understood what I said. He has to because this is my dream isn't it?

My last sliver of hope is completely and utterly crushed as he sensuously drapes his left arm behind my neck and over my shoulders. Patrick uses this arm to gently pull me closer and then using his right hand he gently grabs and rubs one of my breasts.

An alien sensation of pleasure shoots from the groped breast and travels directly down my spine. Going through my tail, which causes the fur to bottle brush again. Before settling at a spot between my lower belly and my new neither lips. It feels utterly wrong compared to what I know the reaction should be down there.

Patrick lets go of my breast and reaches down between my legs inserting a finger into my new womanhood without any hesitation.

That simple touch to this alien part of my body does something I have failed to do, it breaks the dream and wakes me up. In fact I wake up screaming! Resulting in a chorus of animal sounds from the other pens drowning out my scream. Some of them seem to have a sympathetic tone to them, either that or I am still delirious from the nightmare.

As I stop screaming I notice a couple of things, first, while the whole situation in the dream was fake. The sensations I was feeling when Patrick was molesting me were real.

One of my so called hands rests on my chest groping one of my small but undeniable lumps that is a breast. While the other one is laying in between my legs with one of my now bulbous fingers inserted into that alien bit of flesh.

Yanking my hands away from my own body like it burnt them I can't help noticing the one finger that was inside me is drenched with some strange smelling clear liquid. I feel disgusted a moment later when I recognize it as female arousal. Don't tell me I was getting OFF on that nightmare!

A deep sensation of hunger, more than I have ever felt in my life makes its self known a moment later providing a welcome distraction. This is followed by one of the loudest growls from my stomach I have ever heard in my life.

I focus on the feeling of hunger since that is familiar and something I know how to deal with. Not an alien sensation from a strange body being forced upon me.

After using the hunger to drive away those remnants of the dream do I notice the cause, something smells appealing and it is coming from somewhere within my pen. Sitting up my eyes fall upon the only thing in here that could explain the appealing scent, that infernal bowl of dog kibble that the fat man placed in here. At least as I sit up I can feel that the lethargic feeling from the coma drug is gone. A small favor is a favor nonetheless.

Another hunger pang and growl from my stomach forces me to look at the bowl again. No, I am not going to make Fat Man happy and eat a single bite of it. I'll just lay here and wait till someone actually brings in real food! I mean it has to have been some kind of joke by the bastard rather than what they feed these Bio-Morphs right?

So I slump back down onto the mattress and lay there, staring at the bowl as it taunts my resolve with its wonderful smell. A delicious scent that eats away at my sense of humanity the longer I breath it in.

My attention is then drawn to the pen across from me, the Bio-Morph who is in it is some breed of the wolf model. He seems to have been avidly watching me for a while, or at least that is what I can gather from how he is sitting there next to his pen door.

His eyes seem glued to that bowl of that stupid doggy kibble. A few seconds of me staring causes him to look at me and then back at my bowl.

Do you want that food? Go ahead and take it if you have some method to get it over to your pen. I'll be glad to get rid of it if you do.

I look elsewhere in my pen for a place to just veg out and stare so I can ignore my hunger. Yet every time I do so he growls and shakes the chain link door to his pen drawing my attention back to him. What the hell do you want? Oh I get it, you're some kind of pervert because you liked watching me fingering myself as I slept. Well fuck you! Its not like I wanted to do that. Wait, what is he doing?

Looking back at him because he is making too much noise gets him to stop rattling his pen door. When I do so he points at my food bowl and then mimics reaching down to grab a handful of kibble. The wolf Bio-Morph then brings his hand up to his muzzle and does some exaggerated chewing motions with his muzzle. What is he trying to do? Wait, you want me to EAT that crap?! Okay, what is going on here? It is almost as if this Bio-Morph has empathy and is concerned about my well being. Almost like he has human emotions? They aren't supposed to have those, everything we were told in school and all the information on the subject says they don't have the capability for it.

He mimes the process of eating from the bowl of kibble again only a tad bit slower in case I did not catch the meaning of his motions. This is certainly a bizarre thing to see.

It doesn't help matters when my stomach decides to complain again about its emptiness causing my attention to turn to the bowl of kibble. It sits there as if mocking me while the bowl next to it is barely even half full of water.

Maybe just a hand full would be enough to keep my insides from protesting? Would that make me one of these Bio-Morphs or could I still call myself human afterwards? Without even realizing I did it until the deed is done I lick my chops with my still oddly too large tongue. No, no matter what they do to the outside I am STILL human and will hopefully get all of this fixed.

Crawling off the mattress I make my way over to the kibble and water bowl on the floor just inside my pen. The act of sitting on my rear without sitting on my new tail is a pain in itself. Once comfortably seated in front of them, the only way I could find to do so is to sit with my legs apart, I glance down at the bowls then at the wolf Bio-Morph.

He glances over at me before looking away with his ears splayed. It takes me a minute or so to realize why, sitting in front of the bowls spread eagle exposing what set of equipment I was given between them. Yea I would look away too if I was in his position.

So clumsily I move to sit cross legged in front of the bowls instead. Then I hesitantly pick up a few tiny kernels of kibble between my fingers and bring them up to my new nose. Only bumping into it once because I am not used to the length of my muzzle yet.

The wolf Bio-Morph's attention returns to me once he hears me changing to a less revealing sitting position. He returns to miming eating this damned kibble again, and once he notices me sniffing it he nods vigorously.

Before what ever they did to my body doggy kibble was scentless and rather unappealing because of that.

Now though it smells entirely different. Like steak, chicken, pork all rolled into one small pebble. Simply smelling it is enough to make me salivate with pure hunger. My resistance crumbles faster than my tongue can keep the saliva inside my mouth.

Okay then, just one simple taste of this stuff. Maybe once this new body realizes how bad the stuff tastes I can ignore the rest of it while waiting for them to bring me some real food. Closing my eyes I place the kibble I have in my hand into my mouth like a kid who is reluctantly taking his medication. Resulting in a happy sounding bark from the wolf Bio-Morph who was miming to me to eat the stuff.

The texture of the kibble feels like a dried out and hard coco puff to my tongue. Only for the scents I smelled to explode on my tongue as a rich and thick flavor the second I bite down on one of them. Glancing over the wolf Bio-morph nods enthusiastically and smiles with a muzzle splitting smile without showing any teeth.

Oh why the hell not? I'm starving and this crap tastes much better than I thought it ever would in my entire life. Or against all reason that it should considering how it looks.

Grabbing a handful of the kibble I stuff as much of it that will fit into my muzzle as I can. Followed by another handful after chewing and swallowing the first barely even savoring the flavor. Sating my hunger becomes my sole focus blocking out all else.

Only when my hunger goes away that I realize I am doing 'exactly' what fat man said I would be doing once I woke up. Licking the food bowl clean of every crumb of kibble that I can get my hands on to sate the hunger I was having.

I let out a growl, a deep and low toned growl from the bottom of my throat when I realize this obvious fact. With pure rage I grab my food bowl and hurl it across my enclosure with all the strength I can muster. Thinking the simple act of throwing it away will erase the fact that I ended up acting like these people expected me too would be delusional. I still wish it was as simple as that to do so.

It thuds against the wall and bounces on the floor till it lands between the wall and my mattress. I was so hoping it would shatter against the concrete wall. The wolf Bio-Morph across the way poofs his fur and scoots back from his pen door in response to my outburst.

Good! Go away and stop staring at me! Just the simple thought of you doing so freaks me out, especially since I used to be male! No, I'm still male as long as they don't do something to fuck with my mind as well. I just have to get this reversed somehow, they can do that right?

Still, I am not going to go back to sleep after that freaky lucid nightmare. Which leaves me with absolutely nothing to do since I can't just up and leave to get a book or something. Well slight correction that it does leave me with one thing to do. It is something I should try to learn if I want a sliver of hope for escaping this hell.

That one thing is learning how to walk again with these weird looking legs and feet. My newly enlarged toes and the fact that my ankle is now bent strangely like its broken freaks me out.

So first thing I do is grab a hold of the chain link door to my pen. Then slip my now strangely shaped fingers through the holes in it. Only then is my grip secure enough to pull myself up onto my new feet for my first try to walk with these new feet.

I wish I had the knowledge that I had in the dream, that would make this situation a lot easier. Then again I don't even know how I was walking in it other than a vague sensation of either being on two or four legs.

This is still so freaking weird seeing my legs bend like this and NOT be broken. Lifting my left leg to get a good look at my knee joint just makes it look all the more alien from this perspective.

I stare at my leg before hearing the same bark of what I think is happiness again from that wolf in the pen opposite me. He is now standing in front of his own chain link door but without using it as a crutch. His tail slowly swishing from side to side like a dog wagging his tail and his ears are erect and focused on me.

Letting out a deep growl of anger at him I feel my ears go flat against my head and my lips pull up without my direction. It doesn't matter if they move with my will or not, I just want to get the point across that I don't want to deal with a perverted animal like him right now. Especially considering what lays between my legs.

Only to have the red wolf Bio-Morph to reply with a stern sounding woof as he folds his arms across his chest and turns his back to me. This is not the reaction I expected out of him, its almost like I made him mad or something.

Curious, he still seems to be acting like he has human emotions. Nah I am just imagining things because no Bio-Morph has the mental capability for such an abstract thought process. If he, by some freak accident does have such mental faculties, I don't need his help to walk anyway! How hard can walking even with these oddly shaped legs be? So I turn my attention back to the chain link door of my pen that I am holding onto to keep myself standing.

I'll let go of the door on three and see if I can keep myself standing without falling on my muzzle first. When I am sure I won't fall and only then will I take a step forward.

Okay, One. Two. THREE! Letting go of the chain link door I push my legs to be straight as they can go while I make them support my full weight.

That is a minor victory, my legs hold my full weight without buckling as soon as I let go of the door. For a minute at least before I start to feel my strangely shaped knees and ankles strain to hold me up and, then give out entirely causing me to fall backwards. The chain link door is out of my reach by the time I feel this happening. Of course I end up landing on my tail while hitting my back on the chain link door when my ass lands on the concrete floor.

The red wolf Bio-Morph's response to my failed attempt to walk? He seems to be laughing at me as well as making other sounds of amusement at my expense.

Turning around I let out a deep chested growl of anger at him, then a few barks as I try to say 'shut the hell up'. Oh come on! Why can't I say some simple words?

My annoyance at his laughter seems to only fuel him to laugh harder while grinning like a fool. So I settle to just glare at him with my ears flat back and my tail thrashing about despite the soreness from landing on it.

Why do those body parts have to display my emotions so readily, Its so freaking weird. Yet if I want to actually compare one oddity to another they have nothing on the sensations I get from what I now lack between my legs and the two lumps on my chest.

When he finally calms down and stops laughing he takes a step back and points at his own legs. To tell the truth I never did pay much attention to the legs of Bio-Morphs. Now as he points at his own legs do I actually notice that while he stands not only is his knee kept a little bent, so is his ankle. It looks so unnatural compared to the normal human leg that I know.

The red wolf Bio-Morph looks at me and nods, he then stands how 'I' just tried to stand long enough for him to shake his head before he goes back to his original stance. You're trying to show me how to stand, is that it? Against all reason from what I know about you Bio-Morphs I might as well 'try' it your way. I don't want to end up landing on this tail again and I have nothing better to do.

So I pull myself back up onto my feet, well the larger toes and pads that make up the bottom of my foot now. Then as I hold onto the door chain link for support I take a small step back and relax my legs so they go from straight to slightly bent like how he showed. Only they have a bit more of a curve to them than his or to my liking. Given the set of 'equipment' they forced upon me they don't look out of place. I don't have to like having them like this though.

Looking at him rather than my feminine looking legs shows that he is observing my second attempt with rapt attention. No matter how helpful as he has been to me I still find his gaze completely unnerving. Not only because what I imagine he is thinking, but at how his gaze is making parts of me feel that I rather completely ignore. He pantomimes letting go of the chain link pen door making it obvious he wants me try to stand without any support.

Taking a deep breath I mentally prepare myself before I slowly ease my grip on the chain link mesh. When I do so something seems to mentally click and I realize standing like this does feel more natural. To my surprise my tail unconsciously moves to provide a counter balancing force to the movement of my body.

Standing on my toes now gives a similar feeling as I would get standing flat footed when I was normal and not in this freak of a body. It still feels so freaking weird to stand like this though yet I know eventually I will get used to it. I am going to have to if I am going to survive till I can get what ever they did to me reversed.

That damned red wolf Bio-Morph lets out a happy bark, or at least that what it sounds like, upon seeing me stand without falling to the floor. I just glare at him now unsure on how to deal with him. Unsure as to how much I actually know is the truth either, but that thought can wait for the moment.

I'm just proud of myself at standing without falling since is the first step to being able to move on my own again. Now for hard part, actually taking my first step with these weird legs. This time I don't have my parents here to help nor encourage me.

The kennel lights suddenly switch on and blind me the second I lift my left leg to take my first step. Next I hear the sliding glass door open and someone entering the kennel.

Managing to stay upright from the surprise of the lights turning on I turn to face my 'admirer' across the way. He is as I suspected, a red wolf Bio-Morph. Red wolves are one of the smaller lupines and that trait seems to carry over to Bio-Morphs as well as he is smaller than what I remember gray wolf Bio-morphs being.

It is also only now I can see that his pen door has a sheet of paper in some kind of laminated cover attached to it. Something that my pen door seems to lack.

On the sheet the largest print on it is a string of letters and numbers set above a two dimensional bar-code. Set below that are his physical statistics such as; height, weight, age, gender, training. Lastly the most disturbing part of the sheet, the company or private citizen that 'owns' him.

This poor guy, no he's an animal, seems to be owned by one of the bigger construction and industrial services companies in the country. It doesn't show the job that he was bought for though. No, not a job since a job implies that he is getting paid.

The sound of approaching footsteps stops my examination of it and draws my attention to who ever is walking closer to my pen. I swear to god if it is fat man I am going to bite what ever part of him he foolishly sticks in here.

No, my luck while bad is not 'that' bad. The footfalls are lighter and quicker than his indicating someone smaller and of a more healthy weight. I momentarily fight the feeling of my ears swiveling to focus in on the sound, why do my ears have to do that now? A moment later the person who entered the kennel passes by my pen, A young woman dressed in a veterinarian's smock.

Her uniform is not tight enough on her body to give me a full unobstructed view of her figure. Neither is it loose enough to leave her features ambiguous and undefined, possibly done so to prevent her charges from grabbing a hold of her.

All of a sudden something about her appearance disturbs me, then my ears splay as I suddenly realize why it does. I look at her body's attributes and note that they are attractive to what I was. Only now this attractive look lacks any pull or secondary reaction on my body that I am so familiar with.

In its place is just the cold logic of noting her looks and a small whisper of a thought of comparing them to mine.

This simple fact out right frightens me from the pure implications of what it means and how they have changed my head without my knowledge. Nope! Not going to think about this yet, or at all if I can help it!

To put that thought out of my mind I turn my attention to what this woman is doing after she returns from the back of the kennel.

In one hand she holds a bar-code scanner, while strapped to the opposite fore arm is a small tablet on a wrist mount with a wire sticking out from one side attaching it to the scanner.

This woman then walks up to each pen door starting at the one closest to the entrance to the kennel. Scans the bar-code on each attached sheet, then pokes at the tablet for a few seconds in between observing the occupant in said pen.

Down the row she walks following the same routine on each pen door. Only to stop in front of my door as it suddenly dawns on her there is no sheet to scan on my pen door.

With nothing to scan she is thrown for a loop for a minute and has the look of confusion on her face. While she regains her composure and turns to her wrist mounted tablet for answers I notice that while she is short, I am even shorter than her. That just seems to add insult to injury. "Oh, you're a new arrival. Those in processing must have dumped you in here after the last of my rounds yesterday. Oh, it also says you're also a convert. That would explain your malnourished appearance. No worries little one, with the right diet I think I can help you develop into one heck of a looker of a vixen! Despite being the less desirable platinum-silver-gray fur coloration. Between you and me little one I like the other vulpine fur patterns. The red-white- black colorations are just so boring." I don't know what irks me more, the fact that she called me a 'looker vixen' or how she calls me 'little one' like one would call their pet cat. At least now I have a name to go with the color pattern of fur on my body, fur I rather 'not' have though.

This woman glances at the bowl in the back of my pen and then back to me with a sickeningly sweet smile. "Well that's a good thing that you actually have had something to eat since you were put in here. This should help your body recover from the conversion and to stop your body raiding what's left of your fat stores to finish up the remaining changes. Now be a good little girl for me and bring me your food dish and I will fill it back up with some more of that yummy food again." She gives me another sickeningly sweet smile before turning her back to me and

continuing her routine. I can't help noticing she has a nice looking posterior despite the uniform. Only for the thought 'I wonder what mine looks like in comparison' to enter my mind before I realize it. I push BOTH thoughts down to the dark recesses of my mind in sheer disgust while I watch the red wolf Bio-Morph move his food and water dish to where this woman can grab them.

Alright, for calling me 'little one' and these confusing thoughts I here by name you 'the bitch'. No one, and I mean no one at all is going to treat me like a pet and get away with it. Folding my ears flat on my head I bristle my tail and curl my lips up in a snarl at her, despite the fact she won't see it. I refuse to do as she says like an obedient little dog. Yet something tells me I do not want to see what they will do to me if I refuse to eat entirely. Still, if my lapse of control earlier in eating the kibble crap is any indication I don't have the will power to get to that point anyway. This bitch veterinarian walks on around the corner to continue her morning rounds leaving me to fight my emotions and thoughts I should not have! As a result my ears swivel back and forth between several positions as they broadcast my moods. A woof from you know who draws my attention to him allowing him to point to where I threw my food dish while I watch him. Followed by him pointing at my pen door indicating that he wants me to comply to the bitch, frankly I don't want to. For a moment I ponder if I should try to resist eating the crap they give me and deal with my hunger but the memory of the hunger pains are still too fresh. Apparently my humanity rates lower than not feeling pain in my stomach from not having food, Maybe I deserve this hell.

So I turn around to face where I threw the food bowl and with only a little hesitation I take a small step forward in the direction of that damned bowl. My first step with these weird legs is shaky but doesn't result in me planting this new muzzle of mine into the concrete floor. Followed quickly by my second step, the fact that I am remaining upright lifts my mood enough to think I may even be able to escape. The Bio-morph in the pen facing mine celebrates my ability to walk upright by letting out another happy bark by my third step. He continues his encouragement even through I wobble a bit as I walk, and the fact I nearly fall over as I try to kneel down and pick up my food bowl. Damn its heavier than it looks. It doesn't look like it should weigh any more than fifteen pounds and yet it does so that makes me wonder how I was able to throw it in the first place? Rage fueled adrenaline maybe? Knowing adrenaline can allow you to lift for a moment what you normally can't is one thing and coming to grips with the results is another. I was not this weak before being changed into this, it adds yet another layer of fear to my paranoia to all that has happened to me in the previous few hours. Not to mention it makes my unsteady walk back to the chain link pen door so agonizingly slow. I can't help feeling humiliated at all this. A dull thud resonates from the bowl and throughout my pen upon placing the empty food bowl next to the empty water bowl. Both rest in front of the pen's chain link door on my side of it but just close enough to the gap between it and the floor so that the 'bitch' can remove them.

My ears then go back to focusing on what's going on outside my pen I can hear 'The Bitch' off somewhere in another part of the kennel doing something. From the sound of it I think she may be moving a heavy object around, like a large bag of food. Don't tell me that they get that crap in huge bulky bags? The fact that they might have done so makes the knowledge of eating it all the more humiliating to me for some reason. I guess it reminds me of those giant bags of dog food you can buy for your pet. Otherwise, the kennel is devoid of all the various animal like noises that have been in the background ever since I arrived. Even the red wolf Bio-Morph across from me is staying quiet as he continues to watch me. I wish he would stop doing so, so I just glare at him and let out an annoyed

sound resembling a high pitched bark.

With my displeasure once again voiced at his voyeuristic ways I turn around and walk over to the excuse they gave us for a bed. From how it looks there is no way to lay on it and be comfortable so I just lay down on it in such a way I can either look at the wall or myself. I foolishly opt for myself as what I want to stare at. Only to come face to, well muzzle with some things that they have forced upon me that I would rather not have. Two to be exact. These twin lumps on my chest could be called breasts even though they seem in the smallest cup range.

To be fair I have no clue as how to judge size but I have a feeling they may not stay this small for much longer. Considering the slight ache in them is any indication of what I think it may be.

I recall overhearing female classmates back in high school complaining about their boobs hurting during growth spurts.

This angle also gives me a decent view of what lays beyond those twin peaks sitting nestled inside a small tuft of fur between my legs. The wall seems a more entertaining prospect already so I turn my head to stare at it instead.

Before I know it my intense visual inspection of each pit and defect of the cinder block wall has been interrupted by the bitch stopping a dual shelf cart in front of my pen door.

Looking over I watch Ms Bitch pull my food and water bowls out from underneath the chain link door. She scoops two full cups of food from an unmarked bag filling my food bowl with the same kind of humiliating kibble as I ate earlier. So much for getting actual food.

This is then followed by a scoop full of a strange white powder. She dumps it onto the kibble and mixes it all into my food bowl turning the tan little balls mostly snow white. I have no idea what that is and now even if I wanted to eat that kibble I can't avoid it. The bitch then places my food bowl on the floor and slides it under the pen door to where she found it. "Make sure you eat all of that little one, otherwise you will get sick as that nasty conversion virus won't stop." I 'so' wish I could bite or punch her for calling me 'that'!

This is followed by her sliding a full bowl of unadulterated water under the pen door and right next to the food bowl.

I watch as she picks up a sheet of paper from the top shelf of the cart and using a small loop of rope attaches it to the chain link door of my pen. The only thing it can be is a similar sheet to what I saw on Mr voyeur's pen.

With the bitch's task complete she wheels the cart over to the pen of the red wolf Bio-Morph that has been annoying me so much. Same routine, she picks up his food and water bowls and fills them. Only with his food bowl she doesn't add that white powder. Then why is he in here if something similar did not happen to him? That is the only reason I can come up with as to why he is acting 'human' and is not an animal like the rest of them in here. The bitch instead takes out one of those new needless injectors and slots into place some capsule with amber liquid. Mr voyeur for his part walks up to the chain link door and presses one of his biceps against one of the holes in the chain link.

She pulls the trigger and with a high pitched hiss the capsule empties in a flash as it delivers its payload into his arm.

This place must be a full private kennel and care ward for Bio-Morphs here rather than some holding center till we are sold. Till we are sold, shit, will they sell me? To whom? No, of course they will sell me I look exactly like a normal Bio-Morph and without being able to speak no one will even think I am still human in my head.

So my fear of being force fed is entirely justified as I suspect somewhere in here they have the tools to do so. After all they don't want their product to die before its sold right?

Sighing I put my hand on the bridge of my muzzle and return to visually inspecting the walls here as if staring at them will somehow make them go away.

The bitch passes by my pen again only with an empty cart, I guess that means she completed

her rounds. I wonder how many are in here. "Since all you little ones were so cooperative, I am going to let you listen to a nice radio station until I return for the lunch rounds." She announces over the room's speaker system. I did not even know the room had them because I did not see them as I was dragged in here.

A few loud clicks follows her announcement before the radio announcer can be heard identifying the station. Then a song that I recognize from the nineteen nineties starts to play. Of all the annoyances I have had it has to be topped off so far by an oldie song I do not like. With that the bitch walks by and exits the kennel, once the door closes behind her the lights shut off yet I barely notice other than a slight muting of colors. So its back to just me and the red wolf Bio-Morph across the way for any sort of company or entertainment. The radio doesn't count because I HATE oldies. The non-digitized vocals and lack of multi layer electronic beats seem archaic and the angst each song seems to just drip through the speakers. So it comes as no surprise that my curiosity just out right 'demands' that I see what they put on that sheet of paper attached to my pen door. Well it is either read the sheet of paper for a momentary distraction or reexamine the wall's defects.

I am easily able to grab the laminated piece of paper through the holes in the chain link door and yank it inside my pen. Guess these claws can come in handy. No name listed on it, which isn't surprising as the one belonging to the red wolf Bio-Morph is the same. The first thing I notice is the 'F' in the gender box. Seeing it just irks me and makes me even angrier at what they took from me. Next I notice that my height is just under five feet tall making me even shorter than my mother!. I don't know what bothers me more, the fact I was just over six feet tall before all this happened. Or not noticing the drastic change in perspective due the shorter stature. I nearly drop the piece of paper when my eyes move onto the date of birth field just under the height and weight. The date printed there would make me just barely sixteen years old! What the fucking hell, I was in my mid to upper twenties. I can't be sixteen years old! That tears it, I don't even bother to look at what is printed on the rest of it. Growling with pure anger I stick one end of the laminated paper into my mouth and pull as hard as I can while rocking my head back and forth out of an instinct I don't bother fighting. Doing this makes short work of tearing the paper into pieces too small to hold onto to tear up further. I don't even notice the voyeur across the way shaking his head at my actions.

My cathartic exercise made the 'bitch' angry when she arrived for the lunch rounds. It cost the entire kennel a treat after lunch, which she so annoyingly taunted me with just out of reach of my pen door. A day old dough-nut hole from the looks of it but it might as well have been manna from heaven compared to the kibble. The sounds of what I could almost place as displeasure and anger from other pens almost made me regretful of my actions, almost.