

Goats and Witches Part 3

By StogieGoat

Sig, lay back on the bed having an anxiety attack. His thoughts were a jumbled mess.

How do I even begin to adapt to this? How? Is this how I live now? How do I drive a car? Can I still get to work? Everyone is going to stare. Is this... permanent? Gripping his chest, he tried to gather his thoughts and focus. *Okay, okay... phone is over there on the nightstand. First things first.* Sig reached over and was able to get a hold of the phone. He tried to not panic because dropping the phone would potentially be a major issue right now. Once in hand, he was able to start scrolling through his contacts until he landed on his smoke shop co-manager. He hit call as quickly as his hoof-nubbed fingers could. *Please, please, please don't be hungover.* He thought as the panic started to rise again. His chest felt tight and his gut was doing backflips.

Fortune seemed to shine on Sig at that moment. A friendly, but very laid-back voice spoke up on the other end. "You've reached Casa del Bu."

Sig attempted to not sound frantic. "Ah, Bu, thank god. Hey look, I'm having an issue ...um, with my legs. I may have had an accident last night."

"Oh shit, are you in a hospital right now?" Asked legitimately concerned.

Sig was a terrible liar, so he elected to only mention certain parts of what happened last night. "Um, no... No. I was at this rock show last night and- "

Bu, interrupted “Oh, were you in the pit? You must have gotten banged up huh? Didn’t think you’d still have that in you.”

Sig, thinking quickly enough to take advantage of Bu’s assumption replied “Oh, yeah, I’m sore as hell. I’ll be alright though; I just need some rest. Think you could watch the store today?” He asked with urgency in his voice.

“Ah, sure thing.” He replied assuredly. “I’d probably just come down there and hang out with you half the day anyhow.”

With sincerity in his voice, Sig replied, “Oh god, dude, you are an absolute lifesaver!”

“See you on Monday?” Bu asked?

“Yeah, I’ll be there, man,” he assured.

After they had said their goodbyes, Sig took a deep breath and again collected his thoughts. *Okay. So, schedules cleared till Monday... How do I... deal with THIS?* he thought. Sig realized he was going to need to learn how to move with this new form of his. Sig pulled back the bedsheets and braced himself for the uncertainty that lay ahead. His body remained the same down to his waist, then merged into a scaly form. The light blue fur on his chest and stomach area continued down into the underbelly of his serpentine lower half. He wiggled it a little to make sure it still functioned. Thankfully, that seemed to be unchanged. The scales on the backside of his serpentine half matched the deeper blue that was the dominant color on his body. And on the backside of that snake tail, were these light blue, oblong-shaped rings that

ran all the way down till the tip. *I'd better stop staring at myself and try to figure out how to get moving*, he reminded himself.

Sig attempted to move his body around. Fortunately for him, it had done as he commanded. He felt the muscles in this body flex in a way that allowed him to shift his lower half to the left and then to the right, and back again. *Hmm, okay... that's good news, I can control it. That's a start*, he thought, optimistically.

He then attempted to support weight on his new appendage. He willed his body to fold over itself onto the floor next to the bed. *Here goes nothing*, he thought. He slid his bottom off the side of the bed and was actually able to keep his top half upright. He had put his arms out in a "T" position as he moved off the bed, but he soon discovered that was not necessary. "Cool!" He exclaimed, bringing his arms back down to a more rested state at his sides. He tried to recall watching footage of snakes moving in nature documentaries and T.V. shows over the years. He started to try to mimic what he had seen by willing his underbelly to push him back and forth, side to side. It was a bit of a strain to manage at first. He was able to wiggle his way up to his closet door. *Okay. I think I can do this*, he thought again optimistically. He got a button-down shirt from the closet, as he knew that would still fit. While he was in there, he also grabbed a hoody and threw it over to boot.

I need to call Bayley, he concluded. He slithered back to his bedside, starting to get the rhythm and sway down. He would need more practice, but he felt that there was going to be plenty of that in the foreseeable future. He grabbed the phone and charging cable from the nightstand and stuffed the aforementioned cable into his hoody. He dialed Bayley but had

gotten no reply, much to his dismay. He was going to have to try to go to her house. *I sure hope she's home. Please be home!* He pleaded in silence. *The Bus station*, he thought. *That's gotta be my best bet!* Sig, wouldn't even dare to try a cab in this state. He was going to try to mask his identity best as he could and risk riding the bus. The sight of a goat snake was strange, he realized. But the busses in town made accommodations for other species quirks and unique body types, so it was the best he was going to do. Unless he wanted to try to slither all the way over there of course. He pushed that thought out of his mind and prepared himself for the unavoidable trek.

Thirty minutes later, Sig found himself waiting at the bus stop, his new serpentine body coiled around itself just under him. He had his arms crossed over his chest and was hunched over with the hood up. There were two convenient holes in the fabric that his horns could slip through. It was a necessity to have such things, being a horned creature after all. He felt like everyone was staring. Even if it wasn't true, he still felt like he wanted to shrink into himself. He didn't enjoy the attention this would draw. However, much like other goats, Sig tended to be stubborn. He was bound and determined to find answers to his current situation, and if possible, have things reversed. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a couple of teenagers, tittering and looking over at him. *Fuck my life.* He thought to himself. And he quietly rolled his eyes. "Why don't you take a fucking picture, it'll last longer." He grumbled under his breath. Sig pushed off any thoughts of self-pity and tried to stay focused on his goal. *You'll get through this, goat!* He tried to assure himself. But down inside, he wasn't really sure what he would do.

Sig had managed to slither up onto the old Victorian house's porch. This was the first time he'd returned here, since the night he first met the wolf witch. He hadn't intended to come back here uninvited, but he felt this would constitute an emergency, and hope she would forgive him. Sig took a deep breath and prepared himself for the conversation to follow. He had no doubt that this was going to be interesting, to say the least. Composed, he reached out and pressed the doorbell button. Then, he waited. He heard the lacquered wooden door unlock with a click, and then watched as it opened slowly. Standing in the doorway was a very shapely tigress. She looked him up and down.

"Um, can I help you?" She questioned.

"Oh, I am sorry to have bothered you like this, but I was looking for Bayley? I thought she lived here with her sister?", he asked politely.

"Oooh Okay, I know who you are,' the tigress replied. She never mentioned she was seeing a goat-lamia. Wait right here a minute, I'll be right back," she said, shutting the door once more.

Well... At least I'm in the right place, so I got that going for me...I guess? He thought to himself, still feeling a bit confused by all this.

A couple of minutes later the door swung open again, this time it was Bayley herself who had answered. She began to greet him "Hey go- Oh my goddess, what the hell happened?"

“I have no idea. I woke up... alone and I was like THIS. I was hoping you might have some answers for me? I just didn’t know who else to turn to. I figured you’d know a lot more about this sort of thing than I ever would. Am I... going to be this way forever?” His voice shook on the verge of a breakdown.

Bayley saw the confused helplessness in his eyes. She lunged forward wrapping her arms around him to console the panicked goat. “I had no idea, Sig. You just looked so peaceful after all that fun we’d had last night and I didn’t want to bother you. I just called a cab and slipped out quietly. Had I known, I wouldn’t have left you. I swear.” The wolfess tightened her embrace on him. She held him till she felt his body relax a bit. “Don’t worry. Sig, I’m sure we can get to the bottom of all this.” She reassured. Him.

Sig exhaled heavily and tried to gather his thoughts yet again. It was getting more difficult since this entire morning had been one panic attack after another. His entire life could potentially be changed forever at this point. How could he not be full of dread and anxiety? But still, he had realized he needed to try to cling onto some hope. Being with Bayley just then was helping him just a little. Finally, the she-wolf let go of her warm embrace. Sig managed to gather himself. Awkwardly, he scratched the back of his head. “So, what now?” he asked.

Bayley put one hand on her hip and replied. “Lunch!”

“Lunch?” Sig shot back.

“C’mon, don’t pretend like you couldn’t use a little comfort food right now?”, She playfully teased. Sig knew she was just trying to cheer him up.

“Well... You are correct. I haven’t even thought about attempting to eat something with all that’s been going on this morning”, he confessed.

“And... not being rude or anything, but I can still smell *myself*, on *You* from last night, if you catch my drift? So, feel free to use the shower while I make us some food,” She politely, requested.

Sig, felt more than a little embarrassed, “Oh Yeah...right.”

Ten minutes later Sig was literally curled up inside the downstairs bathtub letting the hot water run down him. The warmth of the water felt quite good. Even over the parts of his new Naga form. It took him a while to finish showering because he hadn’t considered that he had more surface to cover, and he was trying to cover it all with a shower scrunchy. But he made due. Bayley wasn’t going to make him put on his used, sweaty clothes after he had just showered. She did manage to provide him with a robe he could throw over himself for some modesty, till his clothes went through the washer and dryer. Sig didn’t ask where she got the robe from, he Just thanked her because, “Beggars can’t be choosers,” after all.

Soon after that Sig, glided into the witch's kitchen area. Bayley was still working in the kitchen preparing some soup and grilled cheese sandwiches.

“Great, you're done with the shower! Go make yourself comfy in the dining room, lunch is almost ready!” She announced.

“Oh, that sure does sound good right about now, I'm not going to lie,” He confessed.

“Good, because I used no less than three cheeses in these bad boys.” She stated proudly.

Sig grinned, “Looking forward to it.” That was the first truly cheery moment that Sig had experienced that day. Seems like the wolf witch’s smile was infectious. And even though this was the first time in this house, this wolf witch had made him feel at home. He couldn’t help but feel more at ease. Sig slithered himself into the dining room area. There he was greeted by the site of a curvy tigress sitting at one end of the table. She was holding a tome in one hand studying its text. She was dressed in a black drawstring shirt with an exposed midriff, over a fishnet stocking top and blue jeans, with a black leather, studded belt. She noticed him slide into the room.

“So, Bayley tells me you just woke up like that today?” she questioned.

Sig replied, “Yes, that does seem to be my situation right now.” He gestured toward his bottom half with both hands.

“Well, there has to be some explanation,” she replied. Confidently she continued, “I think I can help!” She said, slapping the tome shut and placing it on the table.

Relieved, Sig replied “Oh that’s some good news! And, um sorry I didn’t catch your name?”

“Rebecca, but you can call me Becky. I trust Bayley's judge of character, and she speaks highly of you.”

Sig blushing, "Um, well I appreciate any help you have to offer. I'm not exactly knowledgeable of witchcraft. And it's very kind of you to offer help."

"Soups, on!", Bayley chimed in a singsong tone. She swept into the room with some plates. Sitting on the plates were small bowls of tomato soup, and resting on the sides of the plates, were two halves of a grilled cheese sandwich.

"Oh wow, that looks great." Sig complemented.

Bayley settled into a chair across from Sig. She dipped the tip of one-half of her grilled cheese into the soup and munched on it. "So, Becks. Any idea of how to fix this?" She asked

Meanwhile, sig was trying to figure out how to sit down at the table. He hadn't thought about this, as he's never really had this particular challenge before. He grabbed the chair and slid it aside.

Bayley noticing his struggle, "Oh, sorry Sig... we forgot."

"No worries, I already have an idea," he said confidently. He remembered how he curled up inside the bathtub earlier. He coiled around his own lower half and just rested his backside on top of the coils, like a scaly bean bag chair. "I think that'll work!", he said proudly at his solution. "I'm sorry, please continue," he apologized to his hosts for interrupting.

Becky replying to the early question, "Well, I'm not sure about the goats' current form yet. For sure, it has something to do with his family curse. Say Sig... I'm sorry to ask you this, but this wasn't your first time, right?"

Awkwardly, sig replied. "Um... N-no."

“I mean, I didn’t *think* so, but ... I needed to rule that out as a possible factor. I assure you any info related to last light night just, might give us a lead on a solution.”

“Makes sense,” Sig replied, then taking a spoon full of savory tomato soup and scooping it into his mouth.

“Well, I’ll tell you both what. How about we take a little visit over to my study after lunch, we just might be able to find out more information.” The tigress said, before biting into her grilled cheese.

The ornate, rune etched door, that led to Becky’s private study lay ahead. Sig slithered his way down the corridor, right behind the two, confidently striding feminine figures. Their tails move with the sway of their shapely hips. Becky pushed the door open at the knob, revealing the interior of this witches' study. Much to Sig's surprise, the interior seemed much larger than the exterior of the house would indicate. Inside there was a large wooden desk, that ironically enough, had a laptop sitting on it. There was a decent-sized cauldron and what looked like a ritualistic alter. The walls were lined with bookshelves packed full of volumes and volumes of books. The bookshelves seemed to stretch up to the ceiling, which itself seemed like it should not fit into the interior of this house.

“Whoa! This is like something out of a tabletop, fantasy role-playing game,” Sig said, fascinated.

“Well... I may have played some tabletop back in college. I’d be lying if the design wasn’t somewhat inspired.”, she confessed, with a little wink.

“Let me guess? Warlock?”, Sig asked enthusiastically.

“Pffft, no way scrub, I played DRUID. Wild shape was the BEST.” She said indignantly.

“You guys are such nerds,” Bayley teased.

“Sorry, I was Just having a geek moment. I didn’t mean to distract us from the task at hand here,” he said apologetically.

“No worries, goat. However, you are correct, we probably should get down to business.” She said in agreement. She paused in thought for a moment, she rubbed her chin. “And you say your family has lived in this town for generations? Am I correct goat?”, she asked.

Sig nodded, “That’s correct.”

“What was your family name again?” She pried further.

“Capra,” he replied.

Becky padded over to her wooden desk nestled in the corner of her study. She opened up a laptop, she had kept here just in case she needed to cross-reference any records. “While the solution to your conundrum may be magical in nature, I think we may need to fish public records for a lead.”, She said. Becky tapped away at the keyboard. “Ah, here we go. The Capra family. Been here for about two hundred years. That makes sense since a lot of goats immigrated here at that time. So, it looks like the men in your family were bricklayers, so that

means they helped build this town. So that is actually pretty neat. But what I need to know is specifics. I mean, if you don't know, we might need to go to the -"

Sig, interrupted, "Giuseppe! Look up ... Giuseppe Capra!" Sig said. That's my great, great, great, great, great grandfather, that's about as far back as I know... and sorry for cutting you off, I just didn't want it to slip my mind." He apologized.

"It's okay. I'd be more upset if you hadn't given me something to go on. But I do appreciate the lead." Becky said, turning back to the glowing screen. Her fingers moved swiftly around the keyboard making strokes. Well, it looks like Giuseppe remained married happily... they had a child, Louis. Louis did marry, but later had a falling out with his wife.... back then people couldn't always get legally divorced so they just separated... and it was because Louis....had an affair with-" Becky stopped dead.

"With who?" Sig asked.

Becky just closed the laptop. She stood up and slowly turned toward Sig and Bayley. "Well, there's some good news. I think I know how to help you. I mean, I at least know where to find some rituals we can try." She said, trying to deflect.

Bayley furrowed her brow. "What are you not telling us, sis? she demanded.

"I-it's better I show you." She spoke, With trepidation.

"I mean, we know it had to be a witch, right? That had to be it." Sig, said trying to get more clues out of the feline witch.

“She was,” Becky answered. Then she started chanting something, her hand glowed not to differently from what he’d seen from Bayley’s the night before. Becky held out her paw, palm up, and an invisible force pulled several books out of one of the shelves above them. The books gently placed themselves in her outstretched paw. “Here, I think these should have what we’re looking for.” She said, then placed the books down on the desk. “But, the first order of business....” She said as she opened one of the books. “I think I know who the witch was who cursed your family Sig.” She said, sounding a little worried.

“I mean. That’s good right?” Sig asked.

“Yes... if you really want to know. But here’s the problem...,” Becky said with hesitation.

“Just tell us, sis,” Bayley said a little agitated.

“Fine.” the tigress sighed.

“Meet Annette Wilks.... A Wolf Witch.” Becky said, opening a page in the leather-bound book on the desk. Your descendant Bayley...and founder of our coven.”

Sig looked down and saw the page turned to a faded illustration of a fearsome wolfess. There appeared to be what looked like energy squiggle lines radiating from her hands.

“Oh... Fuck!” Bayley exclaimed in shock.

Sig. Firmly applied his palm to his face, and muttered out loud,” Ah... Fuck my life.”

“Look, you guys asked, okay? But on the bright side, there were no... children from, that affair. If you know what I'm saying.” Becky assured them.

Sig sighed. "Okay, well that's good to know."

Bayley again lunged at Sig and wrapped her arms around him. "I'm so sorry. I-I think I did this to you!". She cried as she squeezed him tight.

Becky stood up and slapped the book shut. With determination in her voice, she said. "Maybe, so. But now... I know how we can fix this!"

End Chapter 3