

Goats and Witches

Part 7

By StogieGoat

The sun was bright, warm, and high in the sky on this early June morning. The rays of light could be seen glimmering off the waves in the bay, and far off in the distance, a cargo ship of some sort was slowly moving along the horizon line. The sounds of seagulls squawking off in the distance could be heard over the occasional sound of waves cresting and crashing. A family of canines was frolicking in the waves down by the edge of the sandy beach having just the time of their lives. The giggling and chatter of beachgoers hung in the air like a joyous gentle song. Other various furred and scaled folks from the shore area and beyond were lounging around, sunning themselves on colorful beach blankets. The sky was the clearest blue today, with barely a cloud in the sky, a perfect day for a trip to the beach. Unfortunately for Cig, he didn't have much time to take in all this beauty as this cursed goat was trying desperately to stave off a massive anxiety attack.

Cig was sitting there stunned, staring at his transformed hands for a few minutes, trying to still process what could have gone wrong. *"How... how could*

this happen again?" he thought. Then something else suddenly occurred to him.

"Oh shit, did anyone watch this happen?" He panicked. The mutated goat-thing panned around the beach expecting to see people gawking at him with their maws wide open. But fortunately for him, no one seemed to notice and were going about their daily lives, not a care in the world. This gave Cig some piece of mind. *"Oh... okay then, looks like no one saw what happened here. Gotta remember to thank the girls for their little prank, that might just have saved us from a big scene today"* He thought. The girls did indeed assist in this regard even if they didn't know it because Cig's transformation happened while his body was under a soft pile of warm sand. This unintentional obscuring of his presence on the beach did indeed allow for this event to go unnoticed.

Cig slowed his breathing and shut his eyes, inhaling the salty ocean air into his lungs. *"Okay so looks like the gills along my neck haven't destroyed my ability to breathe oxygen, I guess we can call that a silver lining?"* he thought, consoling himself. That thought had only crossed his mind now and he felt very fortunate he could still breathe air effectively, as alluring the idea of testing his new form in the water was. He had however shaken that notion off entirely and turned his thought to his two witch companions that had accompanied him to the beach this day. *"Bayley...Becky... where are you?"* He thought. Feeling ultimately defeated,

he sullenly slumped forward, his new webbed hands falling limply into the soft piles of warm sand around him. He sighed deeply. Just then, off in the distance, he heard two familiar feminine voices.

Becky, with her keen eyes and tiger reflexes, was able to launch the yellow water balloon she had in her paw before the white-furred wolf in a black string bikini was able to react to it. With speed and accuracy, the tigress's orange and black-furred arm cocked back quickly in preparation for the lob. In an instant, the tiger-witch's hand paw arched and let the yellow missile loose. The water-bloated balloon sailed through the air in an arch wobbling as it fought against the air resistance on its flight toward the intended target. The yellow projectile hit the white-furred wolf square between her plump breasts, and it exploded soaking her chest fur, her breasts wobbled in reaction to the impact.

"Aaah, dammit Becky, again?" Bayley pouted in frustration

"Sorry hon, I guess I'm just lucky today," Rebecca half apologized. The tigress, while legitimately sorry for having soaked her friend unrelentingly in this water balloon fight, was also a bit proud of her accurate throwing arm.

Bayley brushed silver strands of her hair out of her face and place her free hand on her hip. "Well, I think I've had enough of that. How about we go check up with sleepy beauty?

"I wonder if he's noticed the sand castle yet?", Becky pondered out loud with a little chuckle.

"Well, let's find out shall we," Bayley smiled back mischievously.

Bayley still held an unused water balloon in her grip, while she and her tigress companion were treading back to where she and Cig had laid out their beach blanket earlier. Her fur was still damp from getting hit with a few well-placed water balloon tosses from the tigress treading aside her. "Damn those keen tiger eyes of your's Becks, I think you were cheating." She she-wolf teased.

"Oh, don't be silly Bay, I would never use the mystic arts for such a frivolous purpose." The tiger-witch proclaimed in a coy tone.

"So... you cheated," Bayley replied.

"Silly puppy," Rebecca said teasing her wolfish coven sister.

Bayley smiled and chuckled at the silliness of it all. "Hey, we gotta thank Cig for driving us out here, this was a great idea, wasn't it?" The silver-haired she-wolf asked.

"I must confess, I am glad you convinced me to come down here today," Becky replied.

"Oh, I bet", Bayley replied, in a coy tone of her own, referring to that morning's much more decidedly "*adult*" activities.

"Oh well, that was fun too," Becky replied, catching onto what Bayley was hinting at. "But, you know, I do think Cig was a little concerned over that whole thing," The shapely tiger woman added.

"Oh really. And why is that?" Bayley asked.

"Uh oh, I shouldn't have said that." Rebecca thought. Thinking quickly, she replied, "Oh I just meant, you know... he was just a little nervous. The three of us in that cramped space together... I don't think he's ever done anything like that before."

"Ah well, he seemed to enjoy it though. I couldn't just let him watch us touching our loins together and not allow him to have a taste. It just didn't feel fair." Bayley had reasoned.

Becky replied "I'd be lying if I said that I was upset you let us have a little '*playtime*' together Bay. It's just that I don't want to cut into you and Cig's '*playtime*' too much."

"I appreciate that Becks, I do. But, y'know I was thinking maybe later... the three of us... just this once." Bayley hinted.

"Oh my, you are the thirstiest wolf, aren't you?" Becky replied.

"I didn't hear you say no." Bayley teased.

"Hmm... Well, I'll think about it." The blonde-haired tigress replied. Becky was not above taking a tumble in the sack with both Bayley and Cig for a proper threesome, but she was conflicted because she valued Cig's feelings for the she-wolf. She had not forgotten the little heart-to-heart she had with Cig earlier. She meant what she said about not trying to keep the two apart. She would just wait and see how Cig reacts and would simply follow his lead.

Rebecca noticed Bayley stop dead in her tracks suddenly and just stare ahead. "What is it? What's wrong?" The orange and black striped feline asked. She witnessed Bayley loosen the grip on the red-colored water balloon in her paw, and it plopped down onto the sand with a sloshing noise.

"Oh noooo... Cig." Bayleys voice trembled. She darted toward where Cig had been buried up to his neck in the sand just a little while ago. Her foot paws kicked up sand as she tore over the sandy terrain of the beach. Her instincts told her Cig needed her right now and she couldn't bare to not be there for him.

Becky, seeing how distressed the wolf-witch was, immediately followed without a second thought. She gave chase, her larger tiger paws kicking up even more sand, leaving gouges in the grainy terrain with her claw as she frantically followed. "Cig what's wro-" The Tigress began to speak as she padded up to the goat, however, she immediately noticed his body and changed. "Oh, my goddess!" She exclaimed in her surprise.

Bayley quickly dropped to her knees in the sand next to the Cig, her knees indenting the soft piles of sand around the changed goat, who had taken on shark-like features. She placed a paw on each side of Cig's face, which was now a bit longer with a blunt snout. He still retained his light-colored horns but his ears were pointier and less furry. He looked up at her with his hazel eyes, looking like a helpless puppy. "Cig, how long have you been like this?" Bayley asked, empathetically.

"I don't know, I nodded off for a bit, and when I opened my eyes... I was like... this." Cig answered, sounding very confused.

The blond and green-haired she-tiger knelt on the opposite side of Cig. She put a consoling paw on Cig's shoulder. "I promise you, we'll fix this," Becky said, trying to assure her troubled friend.

Cig sighed, "I know... it's just... I can't help but think this is all my fault."

"No, Cig... if anything... it was me," Rebecca confessed. "I mean, I don't know for sure, but I think it stands to reason that it was because of what we did this morning."

"Becky, the ritual...was it... somehow undone?" Bayley asked.

Rebecca rubbed her chin thinking for a moment, then she said, "I don't know... yet. But I think I might know someone who might be able to help. A *specialist*, if you would."

Cig's, now fleshier and pointed ears perked up, "A specialist you say?"

"I and Baily like to play around with the coital dark arts and all, but we're more generalists. However, with that said, I know someone who is our coven's dedicated sex magic practitioner." Rebecca said matter of factly.

Bayley wrapped her arms around Cig to embrace him. She gave him a peck on the cheek, then nuzzled the side of his face, "You'll be back to normal in no time!" She said to further ease the mind of the troubled shark goat.

Red candles affixed ornate brass candelabras burned, emanating a dim glow that softly illuminated a five-sided secret chamber. A feminine figure lounged on an old oak and purple velvet-lined chair, inside this pentagon-shaped room. The floor was adorned with a dark purple velvet rug embroidered with a gold-colored five-sided star. The walls were all white stone and reached up at least twenty feet into a domed ceiling. The woman sitting in that plush elaborately crafted chair was wearing a dark purple and gold stitched cloak, her face obscured in shadow except for golden eyes that glinted in the flickering candlelight and the end of her canine-like muzzle that protruded from the hood. Under her cloak, she was wrapped in a long split-leg dress with a plunging neckline, and around their neck, was a rune-inscribed talisman.

This mysterious figure sat across from a mirror that served as a scrying device, or as some would call it a *magic mirror*. The frame of which was also etched with numerous mystic-looking runes, and right now, they too were

emanating a soft light. This voyeuristic figure was rolling a goblet around in one hand while she spied on the three companions currently by way of this magic viewing portal. Currently, this unknown magic user was watching the Wolf-Witch and the tigress consoling their goat-thing, companion. It seemed as though the thought of this annoyed her so very much, and this shadowy, unknown, silhouette of a figure, scoffed at their show of affection for this cursed goat. She took a deep swig of red wine from her glass goblet then sighed in her annoyance. She furrowed her brow and would watch on because, if nothing else, she was invested in what these companions' next move would be.

"Um, so what now?" Cig asked

"Well, I dunno... Do you want to leave?" Bayley replied.

"I mean... I suppose we should, but I feel like I went and screwed up your entire day." Cig said.

"Oh, nonsense Cig, you did no such thing," Rebecca replied.

"I mean, I guess no one noticed what happened, and I don't suppose a shark goat is going to trouble anyone too much since they don't know what transpired here, right?" Cig said shrugging.

"Hmm... Becks, he does make a good point, we're not really in a rush."

Bayley retorted.

Cig interlocked his webbed digits then cracked his knuckles. "Heh... how about we go take a swim?" He said with a sharp-toothed grin.

"Good to see this hasn't dampened your spirits for too long, goat," Becky replied.

Bayley shrugged and gestured with her paws turned upward, "Well then, guess we could go get our feet wet!"

Cig figured now was a good time to try out his new legs too. Fortunately for the goat, this form retained his two legs, however, his feet were no longer hooved. He planted a hand into the sand and managed to get up onto his now webbed feet, which now ended in clawed digits, unlike his original form. "Well... legs seem to work just fine still." He said as he patted away some of the sand still sticking to him.

"Race you to the water!" Bayley cheered, then tore off down the beach leaving gouges in the sand with her foot paws once more.

Becky shook her head playfully then said, "Wolves are so impulsive sometimes".

The tigress and goat shark gently jogged toward the waterfront to catch up with their friend. Cig felt his feet dig into the wet sand and he anticipated what would come next. A wave of water crashed and the surf rushed toward him now, consuming his feet up to his ankles. Bayley had already waded into the water up to her knees and was yelping as the cooler water splashed up at her as the waves hit her. Cig just stood there a moment enjoying the feel of the water rushing over his feet. He always liked the feeling of his feet sinking into the wet sand as the waves rushed by. He wiggles his claws feeling the wet sand between his toes. "Well... here goes." he thought before he would wade into the water properly, moving toward the wolfess, who was now gesturing to him to follow her in a bit deeper. He would oblige the silver-haired beauty.

Rebecca had already trodden into the surf, waste deep, unbothered by the rushing water. Like she had said before, the water didn't bother her one bit. Cig was now standing waist-deep into the waves with his two witchy friends. The two string bikini-clad ladies gripped each other's paws, locking digits with their closest appendages, then extended out their free paws to Cig to gesture for him to lock hands with them. Cig would gladly oblige the ladies in this as well, forming a small circle with them.

"Okay, count of three, we all dunk our heads under!" Bayley exclaimed smiling.

"Let's do it!" Cig replied enthusiastically.

And at the very count of three, the trio plunged under the shimmering waves, the coolness of the waters engulfing them. Cig out of instinct still held his breath or at least tried to, as the waters ebbed and flowed around his submerged body. He slowly opened his eyes and through the haze of the water and the air bubbles, he could now see his two companions holding their breath, fingers still locked with his. Their hair floated about reacting to the movements of the tide. Cig nodded and smiled at them through a sharp pointy row of teeth just before he released his grip on their paws. The new gills he had acquired through this transformation appeared to already be doing their job and they began to open and close all on their own. This felt odd being he had been an air breather his entire life, but not unnatural, considering his current form. Cig was enjoying the fact that he could be in the ocean and have no real fear of drowning, even if this was to be the only time he'd get to experience this. *"Well, this isn't so bad after all, I could get used to this."* Cig thought.

Bayley's chest started to burn and she knew she was going to need to go back up for air very quickly. She felt Backy grip her arm and pull her upward, as the tigress planted her feet paws into the sandy beach floor and rose from the water. Bayley and Becky breached the surface sending splashes of sea water upward in every direction, sunlight glimmering and sparkling off the flying globules of water.

Bayley inhaled deeply now that she was above the surface and quickly turned her attention to her tigress coven sister. "Goddess Becks, did you see that?" She asked.

"I did, and it seems like our goat friend there can indeed breathe underwater," Rebecca replied.

"Speaking of... where did he go?" Bayley asked while panning around to see if she could spot Cig's shadow under the waves. After about a minute she started to get concerned because he hadn't resurfaced. Just then she saw a finned tail breach the waves for a moment and then splash back under. Soon after, the she-wolf spotted a small dorsal fin just above the waves. Lurking slowly closer to her location. The fin seemed to veer off away from where she and Rebecca were standing in the water for a moment only to turn in again. Soon, they began to

realize what Cig was doing, as he was playfully circling them now. "I swear by the goddess Cig if you try to bite one of us we'll leave you this way!" Bayley shouted in jest. Right after Bayley had said that Cig had finally decided to resurface from underneath the water. However, the goat shark had been just a tad too enthusiastic, and his sudden rise from under the waves caused seawater to splash up into the faces of the two shapely witches. Of course, Cig did not do this maliciously, however, the ladies didn't exactly appreciate the surprise of getting a face full of salt water, all the same.

Excited, Cig exclaimed, "Oh my gosh guys, that was so cool!"

Becky, still a bit unamused from getting hit in the face with sea water suddenly, replied, "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were enjoying this goat."

"You don't want to stay this way for real, do you Cig?" Bayley asked, not so much annoyed, however, just a bit concerned. She was glad that he had been accepting of this new form, but at her core, she wanted the old Cig back.

"Oh, no... no. It's just... I must confess, this feels less like a curse right now and a bit more like wish fulfillment." Cig conceded, as she scratched nervously at

the back of his head and tittered. "I'm sorry if I startled you ladies, I guess I got caught up in the moment." Cig apologized.

"Ah, it's alright Cigs, I'm just glad to see you taking all this as well as you are.," Bayley replied.

Cig smiled toothily, "Well, I try my best to find the silver lining, all things considered."

"Hmm, so you do goat", the she-tiger replied.

"Maybe we should head back to the house guys? I mean it's been a fun day and all, but we need to figure out how to get Cigs back to normal," the wolf-witch would suggest.

"Sounds like a plan to me," Cig replied, in a hopeful tone.

Cig, Bayley, and Beckey started to tread back up to the beach to fetch their belongings, before exiting the beach for the day. However, that idea got derailed suddenly, as just a little way down the beach from them came a blood-curdling scream for help. Cig pivoted in the surf as his attention turned to where the cry for help had come from, his new, longer tail kicked up water as it swept just under the surface following the turning of his body. Cigs eyes scanned over and he saw one of the female canines he had seen down by the waterfront earlier. It

appeared to be a relative or mother of one of the younger canine boys in that family group. She was wildly gesturing with her arms and screaming, hoping to get a lifeguard's attention.

"The undertow, it took my son, please hurry, please!" the brown-furred dog shouted, frantically.

Cig was certainly no lifeguard, but he was much closer at the moment, and his current form was built for something like this. Bayley noticed Cig's expression as he furrowed his brow and stiffened his lower lip, his pointy new ears collapsing back against his head.

Bayley pleaded with the goat shark, "Cig, don't do it! Just let the lifeguards handle-," But before she could finish her sentence Cig had already plunged under the waves and was swimming into the undercurrent as fast as he could...or as "*fast as a shark*", you might say.

Cig, used his new shark-like tail and webbed appendage to his advantage, intentionally turning into the rip current. Sure enough, the current started to pull at him, but that was exactly what he was hoping for. Cig, feeling out his new form started to sweep his tail side to propel himself forward. Cig elected to pin his arms at his sides to reduce water friction and mostly controlled his maneuvering with

his longer-finned tail. He could feel his acceleration as the water rushed over his gills, and soon enough his target came into view. He saw the panicked, flailing figure right ahead of him, getting pulled out to sea. *"Stay on target!"* he thought to himself. Cig was quickly catching up to the struggling young canine. And as he got closer, he prepared to reach out his arm so that he could grab onto the scared drowning youth... or so he hoped.

Cig extended his arm as he rushed toward the young canine, preparing to hook his appendage around the struggling boy. *"Don't mess this up, this is a child's life at stake,"* he thought, reminding himself of the dire nature of what he was doing. Cig holding his arm out managed to scoop up the child around the waist as the momentum carried him forward still. "I did it! Gotta get back to the surface, and quick," his mind raced, trying to think of his next move. Cig knew he needed to act fast because he was running out of time after all. *"Okay... what was it that they said about rip currents? Sideways! I Need to move sideways!"* Cig thought, hatching his plan. Cig swept his tail to one side and attempted to maneuver at an angle while still going forward. He knew it was futile to fight the current and it would be better to use their momentum to veer off sideways, hopefully putting them outside the pull of the undertow. The panicked child flailed in Cig's arm, but he was determined to get the child to safety, so he held fast to the boy. The goat

shark used his tail as a rudder in the water and made wide sweeping motions with his opposite arm, kicking his legs while attempting to drift to the side. Once he felt they were free of the rip current he swam for the surface, kicking his feet and paddling with his free arm as hard as he could, his muscles straining. The new webbed appendages aided greatly in the mad dash for air, and soon enough they had breached the surface of the bay waters. Cig made sure to prioritize holding the child up above the surface, and just like music to his ears, the young canine sucked in air audibly, signaling he was still very much conscious.

"You okay kid?" Cig asked.

"The child looked at him and screamed. "Aaaagh, don't eat me!"

"Oh yeah... forgot about the shark part for a minute," he reminded himself.

Cig attempted to calm the child down. "Oh no, no, no... I'm not going to eat you, I promise. I just want to go home safe and sound, just like you. I got some friends waiting for me back on the beach, and your mom is there too. I'll take us back to them, how's that sound?" He said as calmly and softly as he could.

"M-mommy... I want mom." The young dog cried.

"I know you're scared kiddo, but I promise I won't let anyone hurt you," Cig said softly, trying to console the scared child.

"You –you swear?" The young canine whimpered.

"I swear on my mother's life," Cig vowed.

"You pinky swear?" The boy asked.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," Cig swore earnestly. Then Cig hooked one webbed pinky with one of the boys in a show of good faith.

"You're not so scary, mister," the young canine child said, seeming to have calmed down a bit now.

"See, I'm just your friendly neighborhood goat...um, shark...goat-shark! Cig said, grinning warmly.

The little boy giggled, "You're silly."

"Well, maybe just a little," Cig confessed, remaining upbeat. "How about we, get you back to your family, I'm sure your mom is worried sick. Just grab onto my neck and I'll swim us back to the beach in a jiffy! "

"Oki Doki mister!" The boy agreed, then proceeded to wrap his arms around Cig's neck as securely as he could.

"Ready?" Cig asked

"Yeah!" Cheered the young canine.

"Okay, let's go!" Cig exclaimed, then started to paddle quickly back to shore.

"By Goddess... he did it!" Bayley thought as she witnessed two figures breach the surface out in the bay. There were two otter lifeguards already halfway out in the water swimming up to meet the goat shark and hopefully a still safe and sound child. Bayley and Becky were standing near the frightened and worried canine mother who saw her child get sucked under not too long ago.

"Do-Do you think they're all right?" The brown-furred canine mother whimpered.

"I know they are, don't you worry ma'am," Bayley assured the young mother.

Not too long after that, the two lifeguards were escorting Cig and the young child back onto the beach proper. The young child bolted for his mother as soon as he was able to plant his feet on the beach, splashing as he ran out of the tide. The brown-furred canine mother knelt to catch her son in her motherly arms. Bayley could hear the lifeguards scolding Cig for doing something so dangerous.

"Let the experts handle things next time, you both could have been killed." One of the otters said in a rebuking manner.

Cig nodded apologetically, gesturing with his palms up, "I'm sorry...just, I was right there, and I figured I have gills... I just wanted to help." He said apologetically.

"Well, there could have been rocks and other harmful things in the water. What if you hit your head?" the other guard interjected.

"Your right, your right... I wasn't thinking. I won't EVER do that again, I promise you." Cig nodded, begging for forgiveness.

"Well alright... the boy looks like he's just fine, so I guess there's no harm this time... and thank you. Now, get out of here, we're kicking you off the beach for the rest of the day." The sea otter said, gesturing with his thumb for Cig to take off.

"Thank, you, thank you!" Cig nodded and scampered toward his friends.

"Cig!" Bayley shouted as he shuffled toward her.

"Let's go, let's goooo," Cig said urgently, shuffling past her on his way to snatch up their belonging from the beach.

Rebecca just shook her head and grinned, "Never a boring day with that goat, huh Bayley?"

Bayley smirked back at her coven sister. "He never fails to surprise me, it seems."

Cig slammed the car trunk shut on his sedan. "Okay, well... That certainly was a day to remember." He said, with an exasperated sigh.

"Hey goat, c'mere," Bayley commanded as she grabbed him by the shoulder and spun him around. Cig, not fighting the she-wolf as she grabbed him, pivoted around to face her. Bayley had a deadly serious expression on her face and it was just then, that Cig knew he was in trouble. "Don't you ever...and I mean NEVER, do anything that dangerous ever again!" She demanded angrily, as she used her pointer finger to poke him in his chest.

Cig looked down in shame like a scolded pet. "I- I don't know what came over me." He said apologetically.

Before he could say anything else, He felt Bayley wrap her arms around him and squeeze him tightly. She pushed her muzzle into his chest. "Just... don't get yourself hurt okay, you had me worried." She pleaded.

Cig wrapped his arms around her and rocked her for a moment. "You have my word." He said softly.

Rebecca standing nearby loudly cleared her throat. "Ahem, I don't want to disturb you two, but we have another matter at hand, lest we forget so soon."

She said, reminding them of Cig's current ongoing predicament.

"Oh, oh yeah, guess we better figure this out then, huh?" Cig replied.

Bayley released Cig from her embrace and looked him right in the eyes.

"Hmm... well, we know exactly what sort of magic will help," she said devilishly, as she ran her finger down Cig's chest. Then she leaned back in and whispered directly into his long-pointed ear. "We're going to do the naughtiest things with you, goat."

Cig gulped loudly, and his face became noticeably flushed immediately.

"Oh...Oh my," he exclaimed.

The shadowy figure that had been spying on Cig and his witch companions from afar had stopped swirling the goblet of wine they held in their hand. They had just about forgotten they were even holding it. The purple and gold hooded figure was now perched at the edge of their lush throne-like seat, being caught up in all that they had just witnessed. "Hmm...I was not expecting that," this robed figure exclaimed, breaking the silence with their experienced, yet feminine voice.

"But I must admit, now I am intrigued," she thought, as she began to swirl the goblet once again. She fingered her chin delicately with her free hand as if to ponder what she had just seen. *"I'm going to require some more information, but maybe... just maybe, there might be more to this goat than I had first suspected. Only time will tell I suppose...only time will tell,"* she thought as she downed the last of her wine.

To be continued...