

It was a rather lavish establishment, well beyond what Glenn was expecting from even a brand-new casino. Hell, it was a miracle he was invited here at all, and truth be told, he wasn't sure what to expect. This event was supposed to be some sort of grand opening, a few hundred people invited for the weekend, given free hotel stays, and \$1000 in chips and tokens. There were dozens of games, all sorts of different ways to spend the weekend, slots, cards, tables, various other games of chance, and even some more down-to-earth things like races, video game tournaments, pie-eating contests, and the like. All in all, something that boasted a unique experience for anyone who attended.

It was on a whim Glenn had taken the weekend off to try this new casino, not something he would have ever considered under normal circumstances. Winning the free invite had drawn him in, with the gifts and the chance to play and win without having to spend a dime of his own. He would have thought it a scam, and it seemed as much, too good to be true. But the more he looked into it, not only did the casino seem to be the real deal, but he found himself almost excited to be spending the weekend there. Never one for games of chance, Glenn figured what the hell, and did as much as he could to research the various games and improve his odds of winning.

The building itself was relatively new, having gone up seemingly overnight. Hell, it was along a road outside the city that Glenn passed through now and then. Wracking his brains, Glenn couldn't manage to recall when he'd seen any construction. But whatever the case, it was up and running now, a casino and hotel built in. It would be his playground for the weekend, he and only a few hundred others for the grand opening.

Having always been on the smaller side, Glenn found himself struggling to carry his luggage in before, a pair of men where animal costumes came to offer him a hand. One had the mask of a horse, while the other wore one resembling a lion. Glenn might have thought them fursuits or the like, thought they were more realistic than cartoony. It seemed they were not the only ones to don such suits, everyone working in the establishment wearing some costume or another. It was an animal-themed casino, after all, so it made some semblance. Still, such lavish costumes must have cost a fortune on their own, and figured the casino either was really into the gimmick, or people working here had a penchant for animal-themed costumes. Who was he to judge?

Checking in with a man wearing a snake costume, Glenn went to his room, nose detecting a slightly off odor that caused him confusion. It reminded him somewhat of the last time he had been at a zoo, though it didn't come to the forefront of his thoughts. It was so faint under the odors of cleaning chemicals and other floral scents that came with a hotel. If anything, some of the workers must have been sweaty under their suits, he assumed.

His room was rather large, better than any hotel he'd recalled, though his sample size was rather low to compare it to. Still, it was nice, and he put his suitcase on the floor, wondering if he should shower and change. Too late, he found himself wondering if he should have brought a suit or something more formal to wear while out on the tables. But he didn't have the money for such a thing, and he could only hope he wasn't like a fish out of water on the floor once he went to play.

Figuring he would head out tonight to get a lay of the land, so to speak, Glenn was a little surprised to see a poured drink on the table for him, one that came with a note. "To our valued guest, this one is on the house. A toast to your fortune this weekend, may all your goals be reached and your winnings give you the lot in life you've always dreamed of."

Curious, Glenn tipped the drink, finding it odorless when the red liquid should have carried a fruity scent. Still, it was free, and he took a swig of it, downing it quickly and finding the taste rather pleasant, even if that wasn't what he was expecting. He finished it in one gulp, excitement for the weekend growing ever more as a slight buzz settled over him. Damn, he was used to his booze, but this thing was strong!

The size of the main room was impressive, even given the scope he had already come to expect. It was several floors of tables, slots, and booths, each having an array of card games, chips, dice, and tokens, almost with unexpected things like video games, pool tables, air hockey, arcade games, and literally anything his mind could conceive of betting on in a game of chance or skill. Thinking that a casino would be limited to just a few different games, the variety of video games from his youth, newer games, pool tables, a race track, and a massive pool beyond the clear glass of the room he was in left him powerfully confused. Even if he didn't have a prayer at any more of the traditional casino games, there were certainly some video games he could test his skill at!

"May I help you, sir?" A zebra-themed woman asked, and Glenn was guided toward a series of booths where he could sign in to keep track of how much he had remaining. He was a little surprised to find the offer for a thousand free tokens was honored, but so far everything else about the establishment had been proven true. Conveniently, the games had a code to scan to use his chips and keep track electronically.

"Oh, before you start, can we interest you in any player's insurance? It's to make sure you leave with your memories intact," The woman asked, and Glenn decided to turn her down. He had to use twenty percent of his chips for it, and he wanted to maximize his odds of winning with them. Not having much in the way of savings on his own, he was sure he could resist the temptation of maxing out his credit card!

“Do read our terms of service, and be sure to sign at the bottom,” the woman said, her voice a little deeper than Glenn might have thought. Pulling out a binder, Glenn was shocked by the sheer amount of documents that were present for him to go through. Some of the rules included in the package were a little odd, but Glenn only read them briefly before going to sign. Something about requiring more than a 1000 dollar payout to leave with anything, the gifted chips needing to be spent. One couldn’t use their own money to gamble, which was strange, though the pamphlet assured him it was in the interest of fairness. How were they supposed to make any revenue, other than word of mouth? And there was something silly at the end, something saying that ‘animals were not permitted to possess chips and were the property of the establishment. Whatever. Glenn didn’t have any pets, and he certainly wouldn’t want to bring any if that was the policy!

In the end, Glenn figured what the hell and signed where was required. The woman simply smiled, taking it back and putting his documents into a folder. All fairly routine, Glenn thinking nothing of it as he went to give some of the games a try for the first time. It was a little overwhelming to see all the games around him, some that were easy and some he had no idea of the rules. Thinking he might start at the slots, just for a few spins, Glenn was privy to the animal themes on the display, in particular, each one illustrated with an animal’s head. Taking a quick glance around the sides of the machine, he had no idea as to the value of each of them and looked around for someone to ask. After some time without seeing any staff, Glenn figured it was a moot point, likely random chance, and pulled the lever, hoping he was to get lucky. Surely, he just needed three of the same in a row, regardless of what they were, right?

Glenn flicked through them rapidly fast, not really sure which ones were which. Without really knowing anything about the game, Glenn decided to say fuck it. Eventually, pulling the handle at random intervals, the center ring all fell on the image of a horse in succession. At least it was three of the same animal, but...was that...good? The ding of the bell seemed to indicate that was the case, as several alarms started to signal all at once, and the app lit up with a barrage of coins he had earned. It was the first time Glenn felt he had won anything of the sort, and he was excited, though a little intimidated by how much he had won ‘Horse’ seemed rather lucky, as much as he understood, and he was excited by his winnings enough that he wanted to try again.

“Hey, mind if I join?” A man’s voice came to him, and Glenn looked up at the rather lithe man, facial hair closely cropped and angular jaw unnerving him slightly. Still, Glenn was hardly in a position to object to company, and he simply smiled, offering the man a seat beside him as he reached into his pocket and pulled something out akin to a magnet or some such.

“You might not think you need it, but these machines are rigged. They get you with the first spin, but if you keep putting your money in...well, I bet you can guess how that will go,” the man explained, as he placed his device on the side of the machine. It stuck there a few moments before something lit up on the side of it, as though it was turned on. Grinning, the man pulled the level three times, getting a trio of snakes on the screen.

“Are snakes good?” Glenn asked, hoping the man had a better idea of the rules than he did.

The beeping from the machine seemed to indicate it was, even louder than when Glenn had won. He was somewhat impressed, though a little nervous about trying the device himself. He didn't want to get kicked out on his first day here, after all. Not like he was going to snitch on the man or anything. To each their own.

“Looks like! Damn, I knew this thing would work,” the man said, grinning. “Care to give it a try?”

“Naww, I'm good. It's all in good fun, right?” Glenn said, getting up and walking away for another machine. He didn't want to draw attention to the man, nor did he want to lose the rest of his coins by a rigged machine. Besides, there were plenty of other machines for him to try out, and if he got lucky on this one, then there was a chance he would on some of the other ones on the first try, as well.

As Glenn got up, something caught his eye as the man reached up to scratch the back of his neck. The skin there seemed dry, flaky, and discolored underneath, looking more greenish brown than his skin shade. It looked like some weird rash of sorts, though Glenn was soon distracted by something itching at the back of his own neck. Reaching up, he found errand hair there, coarser than the hair on his head, and thicker, too. Still, he paid it little mind and moved on to another one of the machines, a tingling running down his neck making him shiver a little.

Far from the beginner's luck he'd experienced, however, every slot machine he tried came with abject failure. After just half an hour, Glenn found he lost all the money he'd won and then some, to the point he was prompted to stop playing in order to save some coins for the rest of the weekend. He was a little jealous of some of the other players getting lucky on their first spins as well, different animals showing in triplicate on their screens. There seemed to be a variety of animals, including dogs, foxes, mice, pigs, cows, and tons of others. Even after a few minutes of watching, Glenn could hardly figure out which ones were giving the most money and figured any animal in triplicate was fine enough, though he could hardly get them to line up on his own machines since his first time. Oh well. There were plenty of other games to play, some of them more his speed.

Moving down to one of the lower levels, a room with a small group of people playing Smash Bros caught his attention, and he walked over, a matron at the door to record his bet. Not really sure what to bet, Glenn went with the minimum amount, confident in his gaming skills but hesitant about betting too much and ruining his weekend. The two guys seated in front of the game introduced themselves, Mike and Jacob, and had been competing with each other for the better part of an hour. Mike was up on him, and it was looking like Jacob needed to either pay up or cut his losses. But with a third player, both decided to stay. Glenn felt a little nervous, knowing he was a good player but never having done so for money before. But there was a much higher chance of him winning at Smash than any of the slot machines, and he figured he would at least give it a go.

As he sat down and Mike handed him a controller, Glenn found himself giving the man a double take. It seemed his ears were a little off, larger, and peppered with fine fuzz. Mike didn't acknowledge the stare, though he did reach up and touch them for a moment, feeling the texture with a confused expression on his features. Still, he didn't let it bother him for too long, getting into the game as the sound of smashing buttons hit their ears and the round started.

After a few rounds, Glenn found himself getting into his groove, and his skill with Fox as he managed to pull off consecutive wins. The other two men groaned, especially with how many chips they needed to keep playing, to the point where both of them decided it wasn't worth it. Glenn couldn't help but feel some elation, though he was sure in the same position, he would want to try something else as well. And, besides, he was able to make back at least a small portion of his losses from the slots, and make some friends in the process, no less!

"Hey, want to grab something to eat?" He asked the pair, though was a little confused by their annoyed expressions. At first, he figured he pissed them off, being sore losers, or at least with the portion of the money that they were to forfeit. But the more Glenn stared, the more the two of them looked away with a far-away expression, scratching their ears insistently. Even through their exploring hands, Glenn could see the rather perplexing sight of larger ears, covered with white hairs, something that made him sure they had put on some prosthetics. They hadn't been wearing them before they started playing, right? So, then, when...?

Without a word, the two of them walked away, Glenn trying to get a look at them as they did so. But it was not their ears that drew his attention, much to his surprise. Rather, the sight of something twitching in both of their pants made him lower his gaze, trying to think what might be moving within them, though something was alive. He went to call out to them, but the pair had left the room before he had a chance to, and Glenn was left alone, wondering what the hell he was perceiving. Surely, he was imagining things. That, or some of the clients were into furry

gear as much as the employees were required to as well. Perhaps he simply hadn't noticed before now?

Glenn decided to do another round of the place, trying to get the lay of things and thankful he actually managed to get back some of his lost coins, even if he was hardly back to square one. There were dozens of people around, most people doing as he was, though many were starting to play as well, trays of drinks being carried around by the various animal-costumed attendants. Most of the workers had more mundane forms, dogs and cats of various varieties, horses, cattle, and things like raccoons, skunks, and even mice. A few more exotic species were present as well, though they were few and far between, making Glenn a little curious as to why they would choose the costumes they had. He wasn't really an expert on furry culture, though, even if that wasn't the reason for the costumes employed by the facilities.

Though most people were casually dressed, much like Glenn himself, there were a few guests who were inclined to wear more elegant garb, much like he might expect from people attending this establishment. It made Glenn a little self-conscious, something he could never afford even if he saved a year's worth of savings. One such man walked over to him, sporting a jacket, vest, and golden watch that likely cost more than what he could earn in a weekend off the simple number of chips they had been given. Surely, such cash was menial for a patron of that status, making him wonder why the man was here in the first place.

"Enjoying it so far?" The man asked, and Glenn found himself a little taken aback by the question. Was it meant to be condescending?

"Yeah, I guess..." Glenn said, not really sure how to answer.

"I have to say, I've been to a few casinos abroad, but I was a little surprised to see such a place open up in my own town!" The man remarked, reaching out a hand for Glenn to take. "Oscar, by the way. Sorry, I didn't mean to be so forward, but I wanted the opinion of some of the other guests. Have you visited many other casinos?"

"No," Glenn said, rather quickly and making him somewhat embarrassed to admit.

"Oh, that's a shame. It's a fun hobby, the excitement, the thrill, and losses and gains. Besides, an interesting challenge to be on the same level as all the other players, for once." Oscar said, leaving Glenn a little confused.

"Oh?" Glenn asked, not really sure what he meant.

“You know?” Oscar said, as though his point was obvious. “You’re only allowed to use the 1000 in chips they give you, not any of your own money. Puts everyone on an equal playing field. Not that we’re competing with each other or anything, but it’s still nice to really put my skills to the test for once!”

“Well, best of luck! Don’t enjoy it too much, it can be addicting!” Oscar said, turning to leave, Glenn nodding as he did so. That was an interesting stipulation, though it made little sense, he figured. Why not let people play with their own money? They weren’t even making any money on the weekend if no one could gamble with their own wares!

Feeling a rumbling in his belly, Glenn decided it was a good idea to get something to eat, happy with even the minor pot he had collected. There was an all-day buffet as part of their stay, and Glenn was happy to partake, hungry from the long trip. Yet, he was not expecting it to be rather plain, extremely disappointing as the rather stale smells met his nose. The buffet was lined with salads with no dressings, barely cooked meats and fish, and a variety of other things that appeared unappetizing. At least there was fruit and the like, but the idea that such a place couldn’t even spring for decent food!

“Can I interest you in something from our premium menu?” One of the attendants offered, this one dressed as a pig. Glenn couldn’t help but notice the smell around him was a little strong, though it was likely the costume and he didn’t want to judge. Still, the idea was a little enticing, and Glenn took a look menu before reconsidering.

“Oh, I couldn’t afford this,” he said and gave it back, determined to make the best of what was there. Naturally, there were a variety of mouth-watering foods pictured, steaks and caviar and bass and dozens of other things he had never tasted prepared by a world-class chef, with several courses and paired wines with each meal. But the prices of such were akin to a week’s salary, and there was no way he could justify it, no matter what the alternatives were.

“You might decide to change your mind soon. After all, life is too short to avoid temptations. And besides, those are the retail prices listed. You have the option to pay in your tokens, after all,” the pig man offered, and for a moment, Glenn was almost tempted to take him up on that. It wasn’t like he was going to be winning with his chips, after all. But, in the end, he resigned himself to some fruits and cereals, little to drink but water to wash it down. It was filling, at least, if not satisfying given the nature of the place.

Feeling fatigued taking him over at least, Glenn made his way back to his room, doing a double take as he glanced at his reflection. His formerly short-cropped hair seemed surprisingly long, a little shaggy around his shoulders like he had gone months without tending to it. Surely, he hadn’t grown it out that much in such short a time, though his mind drifted back to the itching

he had experienced prior to during his failed slot machine games. Hell, it didn't look this bad when he'd gotten ready for the day, had it? Glenn found himself having a hard time recalling for sure. His head was spinning at this point, questioning himself as to what he had been really seeing. He certainly wasn't drunk, but was there something in the drink that made him think things were off? How was it still affecting him hours later? Was it just the atmosphere of the place?

In the end, Glenn decided he would just head to bed, not wanting to focus too much on it. Thankfully, he was able to pass out, the mattress rather comfortable and surpassing his familiar bed at home. Still, his sleep was rather fitful, and he had to wake in the night, save the intense need to empty his bladder, fuller than any ever he could recall. His penis, too, seemed a little larger in its flaccid state, though Glenn was sure it was simply his fatigue making him think such. Why his thoughts were so fuzzy, Glenn couldn't be sure, though eventually chalked it up to nervousness and left it at that. He was able to get back to bed soon enough, waking some hours later without being too tired from being in a strange bed.

It was rumbling in his belly that really bothered him, however, Glenn found himself starving beyond his usual hunger in the morning. He never really did breakfast, but it felt as though he was going to faint if he didn't get something in his belly soon. Stumbling around the room a little, he tried to get some of his clothes on, finding them to be surprisingly tight. It was worse around his belly, which looked a little protruded, much to his disappointment, having always carried a lean physique. It was a little weird for him to see a bit of gut on his form, even though it was firm and warm to the touch. Surely, it wasn't the food, not with all the fruits and grains he'd eaten!

Not looking forward to another bland meal, the hunger in his belly was so insistent that Glenn had little choice but to partake. The first thing he noticed as he made his way into the banquet was the heavy stench that almost reminded him of a barn. It was as though everyone in the room was sweating profusely, and had been outside working the fields among animals. He would have been sure he was smelling animals, and the notion of coincidence with animal costumes could not be fully ignored. Still, with his belly rumbling, and the scent of food in his nose, Glenn wasn't offended by it too much, moving to see what he could grab for breakfast.

At first, Glenn moved toward some of the cooked meats but found the smell was somewhat sour, and he was a little surprised that some of the other guests were grabbing them without issue. It was quickly making Glenn's aching stomach churn, and he moved away, figuring he would have to subsist on greens once more. Yet, the smell of them seemed more appetizing than even last night, and Glenn was quick to paint his plate with apples, grapefruit, bananas, and, much to his surprise, carrots, unable to pass them up despite not usually caring for them.

Glenn was starving to the point where his tray was a little heavy but by the time he was done, in his hunger, he was almost sure that he could eat it all without trouble! It was all he could do to make it back to the tables without eating everything on his plate all at once. Glenn was happy to find a space off to the side to eat, not wanting to talk to anyone until he'd eaten his fill, a little embarrassed about how much he had brought over. Yet, the man from yesterday seemed to notice him, and he walked over, almost stumbling to the point that Glenn figured he was drunk. Not inclined to really say no, Glenn moved over, and the man sat down, yelping a little as though he'd sat on something. Getting up, he looked down, though without the obvious source, he simply sat back down more carefully.

"Hey, any more luck?" He asked, lifting his hand. "Richard, by the way. I don't think I introduced myself yesterday."

"Glenn," he replied, not wanting to comment on the man's state, as disheveled and awkward as he appeared. There was equally a chance the man had some sort of disability Glenn had no knowledge of and didn't want to assume. He didn't really want the man's company, something about him was a little unnerving. Still, without any reason to say no, he allowed the man to sit there for his own breakfast of barely cooked bacon and runny eggs, a little surprised anyone could eat them with how off they seemed to smell.

Again, Glenn decided to keep it to himself as he dove into his own meal, chewing down on the carrots and apples with gusto. He was so hungry, that Glenn was almost tempted to eat the cores but had enough awareness to stop himself. He was starving, and Glenn was able to clear his plate within the span of about ten minutes. The sugary treats he'd gathered were devoured even quicker, as were the cereals, and after the fact, Glenn realized he'd forgotten to look for any milk, though was rather thirsty. Excusing himself, Glenn got up to grab some water, chugging down several glasses before breathing heavily, a little ashamed that he'd made a pig of himself. If anything, he'd eaten so much that he'd made his shirt pull up a little more than from this morning!

Getting back to the table, trying to repress a belch, it seemed that he wasn't the only one a little hungrier than usual. Richard was opening his mouth wide, taking bigger bites than perhaps he expected the man would. But it was the sight of him opening his jaw a little *too* wide, as though the joints within weren't present. The amount of food he could shovel in his mouth would be impressive if it wasn't unnerving. Glenn couldn't quite pull his eyes away, however, recalling that strange rash on the man's neck. Glenn might have thought it was a tattoo of some scales, but with the flakey, red flesh giving way to more of it, Glenn wasn't sure his initial assumption was correct. Richard didn't seem to notice him staring, though did reach up to scratch the skin around the afflicted area, peeling more of the skin and revealing that unnerving greenish-black shade.

The two of them didn't exchange any words, or, rather, Glenn didn't. Between chewing mouthfuls of food with a jaw that seemed a little unhinged, he was quick to give a bunch of unwarranted tips, ones that seemed a little too good to be true. Using a device like the one he had, changing the mechanics of the rigged machines to set them in his favor, using every third machine, going in the early morning, all the sorts of things Glenn figured he would have no way of knowing. It seemed very much like a load, but Richard went on and on, and there was no stopping him, save for the mouthfuls of food he stopped to shove into a larger jaw. Hell, it even seemed a little more unhinged than even earlier, though Glenn figured his mind was still playing tricks on him as it had been all day. It was everything Glenn had to leave without offending the guy, not that he would ever see him again after this. And that unnerving sensation of being around the guy wouldn't go away, no matter how little sense it made.

Not really sure how to start his day, Glenn eventually made his way toward the roulette wheels, figuring he could stand at least to lose a little money there. It was a 50/50 chance, after all, if he played his hand right, so to speak. At least it would be a little fun, even if the odds of leaving the place with less than a few hundred bucks were moot. He was still glad he had been invited for a unique experience, he figured, despite the odd occurrences he couldn't quite put his finger on. When would he ever be back at a place like this? He could do with a better variety of food, but then again, it had been satisfying, making him think he might get back into healthier eating once he returned home.

As he walked out of the buffet and into the gaming lounge, one of the workers, a man dressed as a zebra, stopped him, offering him something wrapped in a cloth. Glenn had no idea what it was, but a sweet scent wafted into his nose just then, enough that he was prompted to drool a little, despite the fact he had just eaten. Thinking it to be some sort of expensive delicacy, Glenn was a little shocked to discover he was being handed a simple cube of sugar. Yet, the scent wafting from it was simply sublime to the senses that he had no choice but to take it, popping it into his mouth and nearly gasping with elation. It was simply the best thing he had ever tasted, as though an explosion of sweetness on his tongue.

“Just ten tokens for another! The first one was on the house, of course,” the man offered, and Glenn was almost tempted to say yes right there. Yet, a strange sensation played over his backside just then, as though something was twitching in the back of his pants. Glenn wanted to reach back and grasp at it, but as a blush crossed his face, he realized doing such would be powerfully embarrassing and opted not to. Still, he was reminded of the sight of the bulge in the gamer's pants from the other day. He had thought them to be prosthetics like the attendants were wearing, but then why did he feel something similar in his pants? Surely, it hadn't been there this morning when he'd put them on! Still, with as embarrassed as he felt over the whole thing, he

tried his best not to focus on it, moving to the room intentionally clenching his ass cheeks and wondering what the hell it was bothering him back that.

Not to his surprise, after the first few rounds at the wheel, Glenn was already down a few hundred chips, to the point it seemed rigged against his favor. But it was the growth in his pants that was of greater concern, and Glenn had to step away, no longer able to focus on the game and conflicted beside. Not seeing any washrooms right away, Glenn ducked behind a hallway, reaching back to rub the growth through the fabric of his pants. It seemed like it was pushing from his spine, and he couldn't help but think it reminded him of the tails that the employees all sported. Perhaps stranger still was the fact that it didn't hurt, save for its confinement in his pants, one that had gotten a little tighter in the interim. Perhaps Glenn was in denial by some metric about the possession of such a thing. But with no prosthetic to account for it, it was left to wonder how fake the wagging tails belonging to the other players here were.

That was not the only thing bothering him, though Glenn was slow to realize it even as he finally took the time to really look over his body. For one, the cuffs of his pants were a little snug, sure the pants needed to be hemmed before bringing them to the casino. His waist, too was a little tight, not only from the growth but from more sizable hips than he'd had before the trip, as much as he could tell. No amount of self-doubt could fully sway him away from that truth, but he tried to dissuade himself otherwise, as best as he could. He had to have forgotten how tight his clothes were. Even eating as much as he had this morning couldn't account for the added growth. It was all he could do not to think he was insane, even to the point that perhaps he'd forgotten he was offered a tail upon check-in last night and had simply forgotten about it.

Yet, even that was soon forgotten with the sights of some of the other patrons walking around, in particular a pair with decidedly canine ears. It was the fact they could move them of their own accord that drew his attention and Glenn walked in step behind them, trying to look nonchalant but curious about the things all the same. To Glenn's surprise, as they walked into the next room, they were greeted by one of the staff, one with canine features of his own. Glenn didn't think he was close enough to make out the words, but they were as clear to him as being beside the men as he heard the wolf man whisper, "Good boys."

It was a little bizarre to hear someone being called that outside of some sort of kink setting, made more so as something seemed to twitch in the back of their pants at the words. It was as though they possessed tails in their own right, ones that responded to canine words of praise as though they were attached to their bodies and not some sort of mobile prosthetic. Glenn was a little surprised they didn't seem to notice at first, though eventually, one of them reached into the back of their pants, pulling out a full-bodied, fur-covered growth, almost matching the one their benefactor. One was blond, while the other was black as he, too, exposed his growth, shorter cut than his counterparts. Still, the two growths wagged as much as any dog's tails might

when presented with the same words as the wolf once more whispered, “Good boys”. It was almost like either they were acting the parts of dogs or something about them made them more canine in inclination.

Glenn couldn't help but stare at the scene, wondering if everyone here had the same sort of tail-like protrusion, even though they were not employed by the establishment. It was strange, almost to the point he wanted to take out his own growth and see what it was. By this point, Glenn was sure something was tickling the back of his legs, like some sort of thick, wiry hair. Yet, there was a part of his mind that didn't want to know, figuring ignorance was bliss and confusion about what was happening to everyone besides.

“Oh hey!” came a familiar voice, and Glenn looked up to see the well-dressed man before waving him down, wondering why the guy was bothering him in the first place. There was something off about him, as though he was hunched over a little, and Glenn gave him an odd stare before the sight of something colorful caught his attention. It seemed like his garb was covered with long, iridescent green and blue feathers the likes of which were rather impressive. Yet, the more he looked, the more it seemed as though the feathers were...somehow still growing?

“Any luck? I don't really need the funds but I thought it would be fun to challenge myself,” Osker started saying, though Glenn wasn't really paying attention, trying to look behind the man. It seemed as though his assumption was correct, that the feathers were not coming from the back of his clothes but rather from underneath them. It was just a hunch, but still a little alarming that it held true. And then, did that mean...?

“N-no...” Glenn said, not really sure what to say. Quickly excusing himself, he took off, feeling his energy and nervousness growing to the point he wasn't sure what to do. He didn't want to question the staff, figuring they wouldn't end up giving them a straight answer besides. But there wasn't really much else for him to do, and he went to the nearest employee, the one from before dressed in a zebra costume. It felt somewhat comfortable for him to be around the man, not sure why but trusting him more than any of the other people in the room he could see.

“Ah, yes, I can see why that would be perplexing,” the man replied, and an odd smell in his nose made Glenn relax. Something over the various odors in the room really appealed to him, Glenn moved into it, flaring his nose in a decidedly creepy way. The man at the desk just smiled, however, taking him by the shoulder and moving him down an escalator, toward one of the outdoor tracks. Glenn followed, a little confused but trusting the man to the point he couldn't really deny the urge to follow him.

“This is a great way to expel that pent-up energy and nervousness and let you think clearly. Do enjoy! And this one’s on the house!” The man said, and seeing the sight of some other people running on the track, Glenn couldn’t deny his urge to do the same.

Not usually one to run much, Glenn found the energy in his body to be at its apex as he took off, shoes slapping against the track as he did so. Even the pain of the thing in his pants was ignored with how fast he was able to run, feeling it tickling the back of his legs. Legs pumping, arms flapping, and nostrils flaring to take in air into expanding lungs, Glenn couldn’t imagine the last time it felt so good for him to run like that. And, best of all, he seemed to be closer and closer to some of the other people running, to the point he was sure he could overtake them if he could.

And he did, passing some of the other men and women, not without notching some of the alterations he’d been seeing on everyone, though more funny as they ran. Everyone had tails, some in pants though many waving freely as they ran. Ears were bobbing up and down, and to his surprise, many of their noses were noticeably darker than their skin tone and larger to boot. It gave him the same impression of animal features, something that couldn’t be possible without makeup but something likely not possible to maintain on their being as they ran. Stranger still, the sight of them made his own nose flare, making him cross his eyes to see a set of nostrils wider than what he was expecting.

Still, it was harder to think about that with what his new nose was telling him. He could smell his own sweat, though rather than finding it pungent, it was rather pleasant, knowing that he was healthy, virile, and powerful, able to keep running for much longer than he figured he would be able to. If he was racing with the others here, surely he would be able to win, and figured it was worth it to give it a try in the future. Never before was he more powerful than at this moment. Be it the atmosphere or the breakfast he’d eaten, he was clearly in the best shape of his life!

Finally, he stopped, not from fatigue but from boredom, a little sad he hadn’t competed in a real race for real stakes. The first thing he noticed, rather than the pungent smell coming off himself, was the odors of sweat from the other runners as they moved toward water bottles in their own right. Some of them, while carrying potent scents of their own, didn’t seem to be sweating, but were rather panting with tongues that seemed a little longer than perhaps they should have been. It was yet another thing on a list of changes that seemed perplexing. Yet, with his improved awareness of smell, the changes didn’t seem so alarming as Glenn thought they perhaps should be.

Thankful he didn’t have to pay for the chance to race, Glenn still had to look down at his credits with some disappointment. Even with what little he had played, he was still down to over

half of what he started with. If he didn't start winning soon, then he would be done for the weekend without a cent to his name. At least he had to try out all the games he could with what chips he had left! Still, there was no reason not to spend them all, seeing as they were free. He could always just lounge in the room or take a swim, or hell, even run on the track if he wanted to for the rest of the trip. And damn, did he want to! Even though he was sweaty and figured he should have maybe showered first, the scent of his body odor didn't seem overly pungent or detestable. Besides, everyone kind of smelled at this point, even if the odors didn't really bother him as perhaps he might have assumed they might.

In the end, Glenn decided to go back to the slots, partitioning part of his chips out in order to make sure he could try one more game before he was out. As he did so, it didn't escape his notice that everyone he passed had something in their pants, or even hanging freely, like they were comfortable owning tails. It was almost as if everyone was becoming an animal person, though no matter how much evidence was before him, Glenn couldn't give credence to that idea. Still, there was no denying the thing in his own pants, or the ones that everyone else seemed to possess, to the point he did his best to put it out of his mind for the moment.

Naturally, the slots didn't seem to pay out for him either, to the point he was getting a little annoyed with himself. Each one came up as a dud, making Glenn glad he had set aside a certain number of coins for the endeavor. One did seem to give him a few coins, though the alarm from his victory was a little too loud to his ears. And as he lost though extra coins, the pressure in his pants built to the point he could no longer ignore it. Sure he needed to get to the bathroom to pull the thing out, but the pressure soon grew to the point that he was forced to moan, bending over in front of everyone in some embarrassment. It was like a wave of growth had shot through the thing, big enough he could no longer contain it. And that was quickly seen to be the case as with a resounding rip, the force of what he soon discovered was a horse's tail burst through, the wiry hairs hanging down over his ass and making it clear to him that it was not a costume.

Panic flushed through his features now as he moved past the other players, some of whom were starting to show the same level of concern on their own about their animalistic developments. He found himself figuring the staff were not wearing costumes, either, though he had no idea who else to turn to for help, even if they were into it or not. The zebra man from before missing, Glenn turned to the card tables, the closest staffer seeming to be either wearing a shark costume or perhaps was part shark himself. He wanted to interrupt, but the shark was dealing, and all the people at the table were so focused on the game that Glenn paused for a moment. The irony of a shark man at a card table was not lost on Glenn, though it mattered little with what was happening to him, and evidently the rest of the people at the table. Hell, he even seemed to have a pump-like device attached to his neck, and the sight of pulsating slits made it

seem like he was breathing the water like reverse scuba gear. Could he even breathe without it? Glenn found he didn't want to know.

It was the sight of one of the other patrons with a fin sticking out of his back that drew Glenn's attention, looking all too like the dealer's own shark appendage. He was not a full shark, and it didn't seem to Glenn that it was a costume piece or anything of the sort. That was evident by the stiffness in his hands. There was a thick webbing between them, and if Glenn didn't know any better, he might figure the bones within were shifting toward a form that did not use tactile fingers.

Glenn was quick to notice that the man with the shark fin had no chips in front of him, yet he was still there waiting to be dealt in. He was sweating, though the scent in the air was a little off-putting, something that Glenn was only just aware of. The other people at the table were a little nervous at the sight, as though waiting to see what would happen. The fully anthro shark, however, was grinning in a decidedly human-like way, something that left all of the occupants terrified. Like a predator, waiting for the prey to make a move...

"Will you bet it all?" He asked, and it was obvious which one of the group he was talking to.

All the man could do was nod his head, and the shark-man grinned, dealing him in the hand. Glenn wasn't sure what the man had bet, but he seemed terrified about it, as though it was a last-ditch effort for him to...what?

It only took a cursory glance at the man's hand to know it was a losing one. He tried to push his luck, but it seemed as though whatever he was betting was at its limit. With a resigned look, he showed his hand, throwing it to the table with a look of defeat. And with that, it seemed as though it was time for him to pay up...

All of a sudden, the man started to gasp, as though he was having difficulty breathing. His voice came out in raspy wheezes, and his hands reached up to his neck, turning blue in the face. Part of it was a spreading of skin tone that seemed to be developing, though it was obvious that whatever was happening to him was rendering him unable to breathe. And likely that he was expire at any moment since the shark-man didn't seem inclined to help him.

Glenn, too, could do little but look on in horror between the man's webbed fingers. It seemed as though his neck was starting to open up, like a slit was spreading down in a single line, pulsating as much as the shark at the table. Unlike him, however, the man did not have a breathing apparatus to provide salt water through what had to be a shark's gill slits. He was left

to struggle there, lungs evidently unable to take in oxygen anymore as he fell out of his chair still clutching his neck.

Thankfully, his fate was not to die as two attendants came up to him, carrying that same breathing device as the shark man at the table. The moment it was placed on his neck, he started to calm down, the salt water within was able to provide him with oxygen. For how long, Glenn couldn't say, but he wasn't inclined to ask, given the consequences of such, like further change. The man seemed stable for the moment, though he was being led away, Glenn couldn't help but notice that something was twitching in his pants, growing larger and creating a fin-like shape as it continued to move of its own accord.

It seemed as though his question was about to be answered. "He'll be given another offer, he's still human enough for now. However, perhaps his options might be limited, given his respiratory needs, there's little he can offer other than the rest of his humanity. We have a fully functional saltwater tank, and should he decide on that lifestyle, he will fit in there perfectly. A former card shark in name only," mused the zebra man and Glenn felt his blood run cold. Was that why he had been changed...or was still changing, into a shark? What did that mean for his future going forward? And, of course, what did that mean for Glenn...

It was obvious that the thing in his pants, large as it was, did not belong to a human. And that the changes were happening to him, to maybe all of them, in real-time. And he had just ignored that fact with the impossibility of such in his mind. But now...Glenn was soon made aware of the increased potency of the smells in the room, how much like a zoo it was starting to stink. Yet, there were some nuances between them, something that confused the man to no end. Like he could tell down different some of the scents were coming from...different species? That couldn't be right. Surely, if they were all costumes...then again, after what Glenn had seen with his own eyes, such was impossible. No way could costumes or animatronics account for that. Unless he was high on something in the food, though, to Glenn's chagrin, he felt as lucid as ever. Terrified, even, if that was sufficient a word.

"Hey, can you help me?" Came a somewhat familiar voice, and Glenn looked down to see the man from before, Richard, shivering and shaking and scratching at his skin. Glenn didn't want to stare, but it was obvious that plates were present underneath, as though the start of some sort of reptilian scales. There was something in his pants as well, almost like a tail pushing its way through. However, the real oddity was the man's mouth. It seemed...off, somehow. His lips were puffy, almost as though he could open them further than what should have been comfortable for a human. Almost as though he was changing into a...

"Dude, do you have some chips to lend me or not!?" The man demanded, and Glenn shook his head, realizing he hadn't been paying close attention. His ears twitched in

embarrassment, and he wanted to reach up and touch them, though was a little ashamed about it. Damn, he was changing as much as the rest, and he was just letting it happen!

“No...Sorry...” Glenn replied, not really sure how to respond to that. Hell, he didn’t even know how many chips he had left, and it seemed like losing more was ill-advised, perhaps in terms of his humanity.

“Fuck, so itchy...” the man remarked, scratching at the skin and trying to alleviate the irritation. He was obviously peeling off more of the skin, revealing the black scales underneath to the point he was accelerating his own changes. It was starting to become obvious, even to Glenn, that the man might be turning into some sort of serpent, something that made a part of his mind uncomfortable in a way that Glenn couldn’t understand.

Eventually, the man walked away, muttering something to himself and making Glenn breathe a sigh of relief. Still, he had forgotten his goal, and the zebra man had walked back toward his booth, leaving Glenn a little nervous to follow him. But he had to know, and more to the point had to get out of here before anything worse happened to him.

“Yes, can I help you?” The zebra man said, still watching him as though waiting for the questions that were obvious to come.

For a moment, Glenn wasn't sure what he wanted to say to him. It seemed so insane that they could all just be turning into animals, that they were being forced to change as the employees had, their costumes not costumes at all. Or, perhaps even worse, not to stop at human-animal hybrids...

“This is all too much. I want to leave, get my stuff, and...is there any way to deal with *this* first?” Glenn asked, pulling out what had to be his own tail. A horse's tail, he was starting to realize. It was thick and wiry, like straw textured, and it made him shudder deep down to know he possessed such a thing.

“You don’t want to leave yet, do you? It’s a free weekend for you, after all, I would stay around and enjoy it if I were you. Especially if you want to win back your humanity...” He said a sly gleam in her equine eyes that made Glenn shiver. Would his humanity be forfeited if he tried to leave? What would happen if he tried to play? Surely, he would lose to the house in the long run, as much as games of chance were skewed in the favor of the house.

“So what happens if I stay? I don’t have to play, right?” Glenn countered, still a little perplexed by all of it but trying to be stubborn and defiant all the same.

“Of course, you’re not obligated to play, either. But again, if you want your humanity to be returned, you should try one of our many games here! In signing our waiver, you agreed to become the property of the establishment, after all, in the event you become an animal. The changes have already started, drawn by your own personality and traits. It’s a staple feature of our establishment that allows it to function, after all! No one can remain human after stepping within its halls. Of course, the house offers many delights to cater to your new species, at a cost, of course, ones that can draw out more of your new nature. Even if you somehow manage not to indulge in our many delights, you will still forfeit any remaining humanity by the end of the weekend. However, if you have enough tokens, 20000, to be specific, you’ll be able to buy back the form you came here with!”

Glenn felt his blood run cold at that. *20000?* That was twenty times the amount he had been given! He was more than halfway out already, and he was expected to win that much more in order to buy back his humanity. And if he failed, then...

“What happens if I can’t afford it...” Glenn asked, knowing the answer but needing to hear it all the same.

And if you aren’t able to win, well, there are a myriad of positions that animal occupants can be employed in throughout our operations! We will be sure to give you a new home and purpose that suits your new needs. Animals that have been in human captivity can’t be allowed to leave and fend for themselves, after all, ” he said, the smile on her face almost creepy.

“Why would you do this to people?” Glenn asked, feeling terrified for his human life and not wanting to bring down her wrath, as angry as he felt he could be.

“Oh, you wouldn’t understand. But it doesn’t really matter now, does it? Especially if you decide to get settled into a nice new stall, from the smell of you,” the man retorted, and Glenn felt himself blush furiously at that. He didn’t want to smell bad, but he didn’t have much choice in the matter, given his increasingly equine attributes. He could likely pick up on whatever he was through his nose if it worked as well as any animal’s.

“Well, I wish you the best of luck in your future endeavors this weekend. The only way out is to win, after all! Best of luck!” Said the zebra, and with that, Glenn figured there was no point in arguing further. There was nothing he could do as much as he figured, with the house having all the power. He would literally have to play their game and hope to all hope he was one of the lucky ones. Not that he stood much of a chance with the odds likely in the house’s favor.

Yet, the moment he turned away, a tingling started in his hips and ass, and Glenn bent over, trying to alleviate the sensation. It was as though his ass was growing rapidly, pressing

almost painfully against the back of his jeans. And before he could react, a series of tears ran down his back, and Glenn felt his horse's tail twitching out of the away as a massive horse's ass burst from his pants, covering with brown fur the moment the skin touched the air. It was powerfully embarrassing, though it was unlikely to have reached its final size. And already, it was so big!

Despite the size of his ass and the exposed swishing tail, Glenn couldn't bring himself to worry about modesty, wanting to get to the exit and hope the changes would revert. There wasn't much chance of that, especially if the man's words held true. But he had to at least see if others had tried the same thing and were able to get out and get free. And maybe try himself, though with the real fear of turning into a horse for the rest of his life, Glenn wasn't quite sure he could risk it. For now, he figured it was in his best interest to check out the situation, hoping to all hope there was an out he simply wasn't aware of yet.

From a cursory glance around the floor, it was obvious everyone was in the midst of change, looking as confused as he was. Everyone seemed to have a tail now, most of them out of their pants and on display. There were a myriad of tail types, almost too many for Glenn to count. Rats, foxes, dogs of all varieties, cats, cows, pigs, goats, donkeys, and more exotic forms, generally paired with fur accenting their faces and ears to match. Some were getting large in their clothes, some seemed to be wearing clothes that were far too large for them. All were in some state of change, however, no one was spared from the fate of the casino as much as Glenn had been told.

Thankfully, Glenn was not the only one to have ripped out of his pants, but it was still embarrassing to have a horse's ass sticking out in the open. Some people's backsides he wasn't able to tell off-hand, though they could have been bears or hippos. The exotic species were not as numerous, though he thought he could see the backsides of pigs, cattle, elephants, rhinos, and even some massive tails that might belong to fish, like the shark man from before. Some, like him, were looking for help, though most with massive posteriors were looking for an exit so that they might get their pants repaired. Still, Glenn was determined, and keeping his horse's tail down to cover his pucker, he was able to make it somewhat more tolerable, though only just, his underwear stretched far past what it was meant to hold.

"Excuse me, sir?" Came a rather bolster voice, and Glenn turned around, not expecting an elephant man walking toward him, brandishing a rather sizable pair of pants. They seemed a little too large, off-proportioned, but the more Glenn thought about it, the more he thought it might be fit for someone of his growing stature. Were they to be offered to him?

Yet, like everything else in the casino, it was not to come without its price. "That will be 50 chips, sir," the man offered, and Glenn found himself back away, trying to say no politely, but

afraid of the temptation besides. He didn't want to walk around naked, certainly, but if he lost more of his chips... would he lose more of his humanity? And if he had nothing else to give, would he change immediately? Fuck, Glenn had to get out of here!

In the end, with the size of his body growing, and knowing nothing in his suitcase to fit, he allowed the man to sell him the pants, figuring if he was naked, he might be further tempted to act like an animal. There really was no winning either way, but at least this way, Glenn was able to maintain a semblance of his modesty. Though they were a little baggy, Glenn found he preferred it that way, given the size of what might be a horse's ass would outgrow even these. Walking around, he did see some of the other patrons wearing similar clothes, their own posteriors far too large to manage without them. They had to pay as well, most likely, even the elephant. Could they have potentially changed him more for the increased size of the fabric? It was a little jarring to think of all the ways the clients could be forced to pay, leaving little left of their money to try and fight for their humanity.

A grumbling in his stomach made Glenn all too aware that he was starving, and making his way back to the cafeteria, he was hit with a series of nauseating smells, the strongest of which was nearly raw meat. Figuring meat was off the menu for his stint as a horse, Glenn opted for the salad bar, thinking he could eat his greens and carrots raw. He didn't want to move directly to things such as carrots and apples right away, but they simply seemed too mouth-watering to resist and were things he could at least stomach in the interim. There was also a craving for sugary treats as well, something he recalled from his earlier experience. Unfortunately, none were present, and Glenn was left to assume he might be tempted to spend more money down the line to partake in the flavor once more.

To his chagrin, his belly was not satiated easily, and at the end of his dinner, Glenn was left embarrassingly bloated and gassy. Such came with a rather rapid onset need for a bowel movement, one that was far more disgusting given the increased size of his posterior. Clean-up was somewhat troubling as well, given the new position of his anus and the presence of his tail, leaving Glenn powerfully embarrassed not only for his present but his future. If he were to change more... what would his life be like as a horse? An animal? Would he even remember he had been human?

No. Glenn couldn't begin to imagine such a thing. He had to focus on making his money, on slowing the changes and hopefully betting enough to regain his dwindling humanity. He didn't want to be trapped in that self-defeating mindset. And besides, there had to be some way to beat the system, right? Except... had the man at the table been a card shark, and changed because of it? The irony was too much for Glenn to ignore. Then there was the man likely turning into a snake... he had tried to cheat as well, as much as Glenn had been aware. Were those actions that had not only started them on the path but changed them faster? Did the place

work like that, or was it because Glenn had hit triple-horse heads that set him on an equine fate? He had so many questions, ones that would likely not be answered before the weekend.

OK. So, it was Friday, and he was set to leave Monday morning. The changes were coming whether he wanted them or not, and his humanity was ebbing faster the longer the weekend went on. And not gambling wasn't an option, knowing he would change either way. Could he simply leave? Surely there was some consequence in doing so. Otherwise, more people would have done so in their panic. It seemed like most people were speaking in harsh undertones, walking around trying to hide their animal appendages and trying, like Glenn, to figure out their next action. Should he try to talk to someone? Or would it, like with the snake-man, lead him down a dangerous road? He wasn't sure what to do, only to keep looking around as so many others were doing, trying to contemplate a strategy that did not end with them turning into animals.

It was unfortunate that he was already so low on chips, having lost to house odds as he was prone to do in a casino. He would have brought his own money to escape his fate, but that was not permitted as much as he knew. There was something to be said for the rich not getting a pass out of here so easily, for whatever comfort that provided. There might be other things to bet, but Glenn had a hard time thinking what that might entail. Parts of his humanity, perhaps? He didn't want to think about what that might entail. Surely, he wanted to risk it but were there worse things than simply changing?

The sight around the main room was much as Glenn had been expecting, given the state of everyone coming to terms with their changes. One of the men was yelling at the attendant behind the counter, a man with long ears and a bulbous nose. It was hard to tell over the guttural quality of his voice, but it seemed he was arguing about wanting to use his own money. "It's only tokens here, sir," the partially bear man responded, to the rage of the changing victim.

"This can't be fuuaawwcking real!" The man brayed, his voice coming out strange and guttural, something that made Glenn nervous. If he got as mad, would he neigh like the horse he was becoming? And was there anything he could do to avoid such a fate, other than play their game and hope against all odds that he won enough to regain his humanity and reverse the changes?

"It is sir, I'm sorry to say. Besides, if you change all the way, you can't own property, legally speaking, as an animal. All of your assets will be repurposed by the hotel, as per the waiver you signed. You did read it, I presume?" The bear man said, as deadpan as though dealing with an unreasonable customer and not someone who was about to lose his humanity.

“Yau can’t do this to mee...meehhhaawww! HHEEEEEHHHAAAWWWW!” The man brayed, seemingly unable to control the animalistic sounds as he put his hands over his muzzle, terribly embarrassed.

Lost in his shame, it appeared the man didn’t notice what was happening at first as a protrusion started to poke against his pants, wriggling as though it had a mind of its own. Soon, unable to ignore the sensation, he reached back, face going white as it started to dawn on him what he was developing. Moving his hands over the lump, it seemed to be growing so fast he did not have enough time to restrain it. Soon, the fibers of his pants gave way, and with a resounding tear, a fully tasseled jackass tail burst from his backside, complete with a flurry of donkey fur that signed his eventual fate.

“I have to admit, that tail is rather fetching on you, sir,” commented the bear man, uncaring about the soon-to-be donkey’s distress. “Still, if you're not a fan of it, might I recommend trying some of our games? After all, the change, if left to its own devices, will be completed before Monday. You can bet with your provided chips, and while we don't accept human wealth as a wager, there are, shall we say, other things that you can bet on. Betting some of your humanity is better than knowing you'll lose it all in the end, is it not?”

Something clicked in the man's eye as he took off, either in search of pants or a way to bet for his humanity. Tearing off in shame as he was, Glenn decided it was best to ignore him and try to procure his own means of reprieve. Other than to use the tokens he had, there was little he could think of to stem the changes. And all the attendants would say to those asking was something akin to “best of luck!” It was something out of a nightmare, yet, nothing Glenn could wake up from no matter how much he tried.

Still in a daze, Glenn found himself unwittingly checking out some of those already playing, to see how much of their humanity they had already bet and what had been taken from them already. Part of him was hopeful that he might see some victims winning, changing back just slightly, or keeping their changes at bay enough to leave with some humanity. But that didn't seem to be the case, at least in the main hall. Many of the patrons were frantically playing the games, chips being passed to staff with desperation as they hedged their bets with panicked looks on their faces.

Two men, both with the ears and tails of canines, were at one one of the wheels, a declaration of “all on black” as the wheel was spun the ball moved around with its discribe clicking. The sight of it made Glenn confused. For a moment, seeing the wheel wasn't even and there were, in fact, many more red squares than black. Even as the ball settled on a red number, the two canines howled their excitement, as though they'd won. Yet, judging by the sagging of their clothes and the lengthening tails, they had clearly lost and were changing faster as per the

rules of the game. It took some thought for Glenn to understand their excitement, before the reality of the changes set in. As far as he recalled from trivia, dogs didn't have the ability to see reds and greens, and, likely to them, the wheel might appear in different colors, the reality of which would likely settle in soon...

Seeing them panting and whining with long tongues, Glenn decided to take his leave, not wanting to experience what ways the unwitting victims were being duped into being changed further. Still, an increased auditory capacity was not a boon when most of the conversations around the hall were made known to him. Reflexively focusing on one in particular, his gaze moved toward a couple of short men, striped tails sticking out of the backs of their pants. Clawed fingers and pointed, masked muzzles gave away their eventual fates, as did their choice of conversation topics.

“Where the hell are they?!” One of them chittered in a way that wasn't entirely human.

“I don't know! The moment I swiped them, they're gone!”

“Fuck we can't even steal them...”

It didn't take Glenn long to determine they were discussing stolen chips, likely the source of their particular animalistic fates. The realization was more than disparaging, even beyond the magical nature of such a disappearance. It was likely that any form of cheating was not only frowned upon but came with a variety of consequences bringing those closer to really losing it all. They really had no choice but to play the game, as much as even that was likely to end in failure.

With that, Glenn found himself waking aimlessly through the hall, not sure where he should spend his chips. Surely, anywhere he had the best odds, but with everything stacked against him as it was, Glenn had no idea what that might entail. He had won in Smash Bros and racing, but there was every chance the former might force him to ironically lose his hands, and the latter might trigger more equine changes as he started to enjoy it. So, then, what was he to do?

A small gathered crowd near the front door drew his attention, and Glenn couldn't help but look over to see what had everyone's interest. The sight of which was more horrific than anything he'd witnessed thus far, though it was not something he could look away from, like a disaster. A man with a long rat's tail sticking out of his pants, body shrinking as he struggled with shifting hands to keep them on. It seemed he was pawing with his other hand around the main door, looking for a way to open it in vain. The act itself was clear enough to be the cause of his rapid transformation, and eventually, the man was forced to step out of his pants and shuck

off his shirt. Such should have been alarming, though other than the man's hairy rat testicles, there was little embarrassment to show for it. His back was entirely covered with brown fur, spreading up his back in a wave as the man continued to shrink, as though callous about the changes he was incurring upon himself.

It took a few moments for Glenn to realize what was happening. The man was trying to get out by shrinking, looking all over the door and wall for a hole small enough for his diminishing body. Every inch he lost seemed to encourage him to look more frantically, as though a countdown to his eventual fate. It was an obvious act of desperation, given the solid door and the lack of cracks for even a being the size of a rat to get through. Still, his hands moved over and over the door, inevitably reaching for the handle and struggling to open it in vain. Soon, he was too small for even that and was left to try and jump to it, to no avail.

The rest of his changes seemed to come with a relentless speed, though the man seemed largely oblivious to them. His ears, in particular, were growing larger in comparison to the rest of his body, circular in shape as they pulled back in a sign of his distress. Glenn could almost hear the crunches of bone and sinew as his spine compressed and his shoulders sunk into his chest, making it impossible to reach upward as he'd done before. Though his nose and snout had already protruded somewhat, it seemed the compression of his skull was exasperated to the point it was harder to view the being as having ever been human.

Within the next few minutes, there was little in the animal to denote he had ever been human, save the size of the being, though he was quickly shrinking to the proportions of the rat he was cursed to be. With the increased jumping abilities granted to him by powerful hips, the soon-to-be rat was almost able to reach the door handle again. However, it mattered little, given that his hands were too small to open it, even if it wasn't sealed with the same type of magic that was able to transform men into animals.

Soon, nothing remained of the human man that had once been standing there, now nothing more than a rat. Panicked as the creature was, there was no way for Glenn to tell if it possessed even a modicum of humanity within his mind. Being in the presence of so many animal men, the rat soon gave up his futile quest to escape and instead tried to run away, to make it into the walls where rodent instincts would feel safe. That was not to be. One of the attendants, having evidently watched the whole display, was on him in an instant, feline reflexives able to pin the rat with ease. The man, his thick shaggy mane marking him as part lion, held the rat's tail between his paws, grinning and showing off deadly fangs to his defenseless prey.

"We'll find a new home for him, one appropriate for his new body. We look after our guests here, after all!" said the leonine attendant, though Glenn couldn't help but notice the

hungry grin on his face, as though the newly changed rat would make a nice snack. Glenn decided he really didn't want to know.

In the end, all the excitement left Glenn to retreat to his room, but he was not really sure what else to do. Surely, he could barter his remaining tokens, but what then? He would be privy to the whims of the attendants, who would use all sorts of bestial distractions to prevent him from winning. And then he would have to bet what remaining humanity he possessed to their whims until he ended up losing regardless. And if he tried to get away, well, he'd just seen the results firsthand. He wasn't the only one, the desperate few preparing to bet their humanity by the expressions on their faces. And Glenn felt he didn't want to be present for that, as much as he could avoid it for now.

Glenn wasn't the only one heading to the rooms, though he did so in silence, not wanting to see what was happening to those around him. It was impossible to avoid having wagging tails and darting bodies, however. And, surely, they could see his swishing horse's tail over his larger pants, more comfortable than having it confined within, as much as he didn't want the thing. There was no avoiding the scents of them, however, one, in particular, seemed to trigger a sudden swelling in his loins. A woman turned toward him from down the hall, one with raised nostrils that flared as though detecting a strong scent in the air. The ears and equine tail were a sign that the woman was undergoing the same type of change, and with some embarrassment, Glenn felt his lips pull back, as though he was trying to draw in as much as possible. It took some moments for the reality of their encounter to reach his mind, and with some shame, the woman ran back to her room, the sound of a door slamming resonating in his ears. It took even longer for the erection in his pants to subside, Glenn thankful that it had not reached an equine girth, at least, not yet.

Getting back to his room, Glenn was left to sit on his bed, forgetting for a moment that he had a tail and horse's ass, almost sitting on it. At the forefront of his thoughts was the reason for his odd reaction to the mere presence of a woman, even one of his soon-to-be species. Why had he done that? Was he changing in mind, as well? He was glad he was alone in his room, though he had no desire to touch himself. And it took him an embarrassingly long time for his erection to go down, more like an animal in a breeding program than a human being. Would he be forced to get hard at the presence of a receptive mare for the rest of his life? Would it even matter if he wound up a horse? Would he even remember who he was if he was forced to change all the way? Glenn couldn't even imagine that sort of life.

In the end, Glenn ended up going to bed early, not sure what to do. He was far too nervous that such an act would change him further, but then, without a plan, he was doomed regardless. And there was a slight chance it would be the last time he would sleep in a bed if the changes continued. Would he have to sleep in a stall from now on if he lost it all? Glenn could

hardly let himself think like that. He had to come up with a plan to regain his humanity, no matter the cost. The alternative was simply unthinkable...

Sleep did come for him, though it was fleeting, fitful, and hardly the rest he needed for the next day. But there was no avoiding the sounds in the halls that were other guests frantically leaving their rooms, muttering about new animalistic appendages and the like. Most were likely desperate to get down and play away before their humanity was forfeited further. That made the most sense to Glenn. It was Saturday, after all, and by Monday morning if he did nothing, he would be spending the rest of his life as a horse. Now was the time, lest he become too inhuman to manage playing any of the games any longer.

Knowing that the changes would have progressed overnight, Glenn braced himself, looking in the mirror and what the process would do to his form. He was not expecting to see how large his ears were, sticking up between what looked like a mane of sorts, longer than the hair he even possessed the day before. If he focused on them, Glenn found he could move them, and that realization left him a little unnerved. There was something off about his face as well, as though his jaw was distended, and his teeth a little thicker than he was used to, if not more yellowed. All in all, it wasn't as much as he had been expecting over the course of the night, and Glenn found himself thankful for that.

Given the larger nostrils he possessed, he figured there was no point having a shower, the animalistic stench of his body likely no worse or better than the other people changing. There was something about the inaction that left him a little concerned, given that there was every chance he might not have the chance to do it again. But there was little point, Glenn decided against even in brushing his teeth in the morning, something that horses didn't do. Still, the changes overnight were a little more obvious as Glenn tried to get his larger pants on, horse's ass and tail a little larger than they had been the day before. He was able to get his pants on, though only just, thinking that if he was to grow any more during the day, he would not be able to take them off. At least, without ripping them, though such would likely be a moot point given the degree of changes that it would take for him to get that far. And, surely, there were other aspects of turning into a horse that Glenn was not ready for but would have to be content within the coming day or two.

Putting his shirt on presented another problem, given his belly had barreled slightly, making it impossible for him to pull it all the way down. And with the soreness in his hips and shoulders, it was a struggle to get anything to stay on, making him sure he would need to walk funny. Surely, he wasn't the only one undergoing such difficulties with the hundreds of attendants at the event this weekend. So, with that, he managed to head out into the hall, the scents of bestial essence not escaping his larger nostrils and making him a little concerned. At least the woman turning into a mare wasn't present, and Glenn wasn't prompted to sport an

unwanted boner. With his tightness in his pants already, such would surely be obvious to all that were watching, a more embarrassing fate than some of the animal people would have to endure.

His first objective was obvious, as much as Glenn wanted to avoid going to the cafeteria. Thankfully, the foods present were still for humans enough that Glenn wasn't too worried. It could certainly be worse if he was forced to eat grass or hay from the get-go. Still, eating once more came with some unwanted gut pain and flatulence, though Glenn was starving, not even needing any milk for his oats. This time, he ate alone, as much as he could tell some of the other larger animals were doing, likely for the same reasons. He still had to use the bathroom soon after, a little disgusted by the smell and the mess, but at least he was able to use a toilet and clean up after himself, at least for now. He didn't want to think about the alternative to going to the bathroom, such being not an issue for horses for reasons Glenn would rather not have to endure.

With all the time he had to plan, Glenn still had no idea where he would start and how best to turn the house odds to his favorite. It didn't matter in the end, he supposed since everything was games of chance. And unlike some of the more unfortunate souls, he still had his hands and his facilities as much as he could tell. It seemed that the most bizarre or random things could trigger an animalistic instinct, much like the scent of the woman last night and her developing mare parts. And, as he looked for where he would sit down and try his luck, similar trials seemed to force the participations into equally compromising situations

As much as Glenn didn't want to watch, it was almost impossible to avoid seeing all the people being tricked into acting like their animal selves and losing bit by bit. A man and a woman, both changing into canines, as much as Glenn could perceive, were sitting at one of the card tables, something akin to blackjack or the like. It seemed they had a struggle holding the cards, claws, and stubby fingers not designed for it. The tips of their fingers and the base of their palms seemed to have swollen, and it took everything they had in their unruly digits to keep holding their cards. They were desperate, faces looking strained as they did so. The dealer, a man with simian features, kept a stoic expression all the while, as though the man wasn't playing with the fates of those at the table. Still, his reveals of the cards were slow, and deliberate, and left the pair waiting with bated breaths as their fates were flipped over on the table.

Likely having lost their color vision by this point, it took a few minutes for the dog people to realize what they were looking at when the cards hit the table, needing the dealer to translate. A light went up in the man's eyes, looking down at his own cards with a sense of elation. Glenn wasn't the greatest expert on games of chance, but there was every chance he was holding a winning hand, and, with a struggle, moved his altered hand down to play it. Glenn couldn't look away, feeling a swelling of hope within that someone might be winning their chips and getting close to paying back their humanity. It was possible, after all!

“You can’t play that hand! Bad dog!” Came a voice from behind, as a wolf man came up behind him, grinning mischievously as he did so. Immediately, the man’s tail started to lower, as though a dog was being scolded. With that, he placed the cards face down, folding as a light dusting of canine fur spread across his formerly shaved beard. The sensation of the man’s hand paw against the canine’s changing ears caused him to wag his tail above his pants, whining his pleasure. The woman, too, started wagging her tail, putting her own hand face down, not caring about the cards and more about the attention she might get from the anthropomorphic wolf.

“There there, you’ll be a good boy soon,” remarked the wolf, and the man’s growing tail was all a sign that he was giving into the instincts within his mind, wanting the praise from someone he saw as a master.

The man was panting now, jaw inching outward as a long panting canine tongue started attempting to relieve his heat. It was likely caused by the swashes of thick hair that were starting to run down his chest and under his clothing. The woman, too, was scratching at her chest, breasts seeming to deflate as she reflexively rubbed them, panting all the while. Neither of them seemed to have any concern with what was happening or any interest in the game any longer, the words of praise and affirmation from a potential pack mate at the forefront of their thoughts.

Meanwhile, the dealer had walked away, returning with two massive bowls of water. Making a comment about it being complimentary, he placed them at the feet of the dogs, who, sniffing the air, got down on all fours and started lapping with gusto, as though they were canine in mind and overly eager to be given their bowels. Shoes slipped off their feet, showing appendages that were more canine than human. Still, it seemed more of a convenience to lose them rather than fear over the loss of their humanity or anything of the like. In fact, their tails seemed to wag eagerly as they moved around the bowls, too-large pants, and shirts pulled off and allowed their nudity to show, perhaps for the last time if their accelerated changes were any indication.

A grin from the wolf man in Glenn’s direction was enough for him to know it was time to leave, along with a few other onlookers caught by the sight of the rapid changes that changing canines were undergoing. Each tried to avert their eyes, not wanting to think that such could be their own fate in as soon as a few short hours. And though the sights of some being drawn to their fates even faster were unnerving, Glenn found that, like many of the others, found looking away impossible.

That was hardly the only example of people being distracted by animalistic pursuits. A pig woman playing the slots fell over on her chair as a bull man passed by with a tray of truffles, chocolates, and a variety of other snacks that one might see in a more upscale establishment as the casino had presented itself. The moment the scents of food entered the woman's piggish

snout, she slid off the chair, getting down on her hands and knees and eating with her mouth, not bothering to use her hands. The snouts and squeals of her feasting dissuaded some of the others at the slots from continuing, looking for hopefully somewhere else to try their luck.

A trio of cats, all playing at a spinning wheel, seemed transfixed on the sight of the spinning ball, to the point that one reached out to bat at it the moment it stopped. Though it initially landed on a winning color, the partially formed paw was enough to bat it away, declaring the contestant a loser. The soon-to-be cat seemed not to care, however, his cohorts joining in on the game as they played with the ball. The operator spun the wheel once more, the inability of the players to call out a bet likely to be used against them. But with feline tails held high and bodies shrinking in their clothes already, it seemed the three were incapable of caring that they might end up as cats.

Not everyone was being drawn to the games, only to be distracted by their animalistic instincts. Glenn's sweeping eyes played over others that were growing in their clothes, more than one ass bursting out of pants with matching swishing tails. Staff members moved to offer them larger pants to cover their shame, all at a cost, of course. Most, like Glenn, were happy to pay, knowing their nudity was a prelude to a faster transformation. Though, likely, only a stop-gap measure in a bid to limit their betting power and doom them to an animalistic fate. Others were teased with treats that befit their animal forms, dog treats, cat nip, truffles, sugar cubes, and anything else that might attract a would-be animal. Glenn did his best to keep moving, not wanting to expose himself to such temptation and be unable to resist.

With the increasing nervous animal stink in the air, Glenn found himself wondering where he should go to place his bets. He had to choose something soon, lest he fall regardless. And there was only so much time to find something to suit his abilities. The first thing that came to mind was the racing track, something he had done well on yesterday. It was a gamble, and in more ways than one, given it was an activity enjoyed by horses like he was becoming. But such activities had to have a winner, and why couldn't it be him? Such was overconfidence on his part, but there was no denying there was little other way with everything rigged against him as it was.

It took him some time to get down to the track, feeling a little awkward on his altered legs. It seemed the aches in his pelvis and upper legs had gotten worse, a prelude to their eventual alteration and a ticking time bomb to his eventual fate. The track was on the side of the casino, outside, but he figured there was little point in trying to get away. He had to figure it would only result in him being changed all at once like the rat from the day before. No one else was trying, either, having learned their lesson. There seemed to be a waitlist to go for a run, and some people, mostly with equine attributes, were waiting in line, nervous expressions as they watched the others changing. It seemed the consequence of running was further change, as was everything else. Needing to pay chips to run was par for the course, and at least with the race

track there was always a winner. Someone would increase their chips through their bets and stave off the chances that they might be spared a total transformation by the time the weekend was up.

It seemed like almost an eternity before it was time for Glenn to run, having watched several groups of racers already. Glenn was nervous even as some of the larger pants the participants wore were torn to give way to massive equine asses and swishing tails. Other animals than horses were present, but it seemed none were fast enough to make a decent showing. Even those becoming equines were struggling, given the disparity in their bodies and legs when trying to run with top-heavy torsos. No one was on all fours, at least, not yet. And, to his dismay, the winners were being treated as horses, offered sugar cubes and rubs that they seemed to accept eagerly, as though a prized race animal had won their showing. It was unnerving, as though they were mentally accepting what was happening to them, which seemed to be everyone's fate regardless of resistance.

Still, there was little time to reflect on such when his turn to race came up, and Glenn braced himself, focused on his body and the power it had been gradually gaining. He had never been the most athletic of men, and it was obvious that some of the other people, even in hybrid bodies, were in better shape. It was all he could do to hope he would win, even if it meant that his victory meant a loss for everyone else playing. They would all be betting on themselves, most likely, and should they lose, it would bring them closer to losing it all while the winner gained the chance to return their stolen humanity. It was a chilling realization, but in the end, Glenn had no choice but to try and hope that as many made it out with their humanity intact.

The sound of a gunshot caused him to rush forward without thinking, and Glenn was immediately thankful he'd spent the extra chips on the larger pants. They were flexible enough for him to run comfortably, and he was off with a shot, the muscles in his legs pushing him forward faster than he could have ever thought possible. He might have been able to run faster, but he was heavier, bloated from eating, and wasn't moving as fast as some of the others, much to his chagrin. Still, every one of the racers was struggling with some awkwardness from change, and Glenn was determined, thinking that if he just pushed himself, there was a chance he could earn back his chips.

Though his new weight made his stride a bit awkward, Glenn soon found the muscles within his legs were able to accommodate him, and he was able to move at a decent clip without getting winded, a pace that would have made his humanity struggle. Even the sensation of his ass tightening in his pants was not enough to slow him down, as uncomfortable as it was. Still, Glenn would not let the changes slow him down, each of the other runners struggling with changes of their own and giving Glenn the opening he needed.

By now his body was frothy with sweat, running down his back and chest, and soaking through his clothing to the point he wished to be rid of them. But there was nothing to be done for it, and he was left to struggle, only a few of the runners ahead of him with swishing tails and their own equine stench burning into his nose and prompting him forward in defiance. Only a strange numbness in his toes seemed to slow him, and Glenn felt himself stumbling forward, the numbness almost enough to make him fall on his side. Yet, his focus was intense, and Glenn managed to fight through it, even as the numbing sensation grew more intense and he was tempted to twitch his toes to try to alleviate it.

Glenn was one of the lucky ones, it seemed. With a loud cry more horse than human, one of the men in front of him keeled over, holding out his hands to try to catch his weight. However, the thickened nails on his fingers were enough to prevent much pain as he did so. It seemed to Glenn's recollection that his hands were relatively human the last time he'd seen them, but there was nothing Glenn could do for him. Of more concern was the force of his ass ripping out of his pants, showing off a puckered equine anus and heavy balls, denoting more equine anatomy. Still, in his hybrid state, the man could do little more than stumble forward, and Glenn took his advantage, moving to the front of the pack and winning the race.

It was still a challenge with his toes in their current state, knowing that his stance was getting awkward and that if he were to fall, he was sure to get his own hooves and be stuck down there as much as the other man had been. Hell, he was already changing faster than he wanted to, his tail having slid from the tightness of his pants and his hair flowing behind him, longer and more like a mane than he wanted. It was hard to focus on those things, however, with the speed he found he could run. It was almost exhilarating to feel his hair in the breeze, to see that no one was in front of him. He was going to win, he was the fastest, the most powerful...

Glenn hardly recalled crossing the finish line, just stopping as someone came up to him, patting his longer neck and rubbing his mane. Part of Glenn wanted to protest but the scent of something succulent made him pause. There was something in the zebra man's hand, and Glenn was prompted to reach out and lick at it, the flavor absolutely divine. Even the sounds of the man saying something akin to "that will be ten tokens taken off your winnings," was lost to Glenn as he savored the treat, wanting another and feeling invigorated from the run.

Yet, there was no extra one for him, and Glenn felt himself stamping his foot in annoyance. Nothing else seemed to matter at the moment, previous worries distant as forgotten as his larger nostrils sniffed around for the treat. The zebra laughed, giving him a knowing stare as he pulled Glenn along. This time Glenn allowed it, if only that he might be given such a treat again if he followed their wishes. It certainly seemed to make sense to him at the time!

“Let's get you set up somewhere better. Those human beds aren't suited for a stud like you!” The zebra man exclaimed though Glenn wasn't focused on the words. Instead, he was frantically sniffing for more sugar, not finding any but still relaxed by the equine scents around. There were many changes, like him, also wearing bridles and making him more at ease with his own. And there were the caretakers, partial equines all as they petted, rubbed down, and promised to clean the weary racers. In the moment of camaraderie, Glenn found himself relaxed in the scenario in a way that challenged his feelings over the weekend. Maybe he simply needed to be down here by the track in order to really relax.

Content as he was, it took Glenn some moments to realize his face was sticking out in front of him at an odd angle, making it a little hard to see directly in front of him. It took some blinking to come to terms with the size of his nose, as though it had never before obscured his vision in such a way. Confused, Glenn snorted a little, shaking his head and feeling the weight of it for what seemed like the first time. Yet, the hand on the zebra man was on his nose, and the scent of a sugar cube burned into his nose one more, and the zebra simply said “This one's on the house.” Glenn wasn't sure what that meant, but he took the sugary treat eagerly, lipping at the zebra's hoof hand and allowing his larger nose more pets.

Lost in the ecstasy of his win, Glenn couldn't find any fault with his body, or what had been placed on his head. It was a little awkward being guided with a strap and bridle, but something about it sat right with him as the scents of sweat and horse gave way to barns and hay. His belly grumbled, and Glenn soon concluded he was simply hungry from his run. He was tired, as well, not only from the exertion but from the persistent aches over his body, tugging at his clothes and making him question why he'd bothered to wear such things in the first place. It was easy to put out of his mind, however, thinking about his power, his sway, and above all, his pride in his victory. Why shouldn't he be proud, that out of all the racers he'd managed a win? Regardless of what had happened to some of them mid-change as they raced...

Another moment of confusion entered Glenn's mind, recalling the man who had fallen on all fours. Had he been that way before? More to the point, wouldn't it make more sense for him to be down on all fours, as well? Surely, he could run faster if he did so. But his body wasn't made for being down on all fours, at least, not yet. Maybe it should be? Glenn couldn't help but think so, and the constant aches and tugs against his clothing seemed to indicate something happening, perhaps, for the better...

Confused as he was, Glenn was barely aware that he had been guided into a stall, the reins taken off him and leaving him comfortable to stand there. The door was closed behind him as the zebra man smiled and turned to leave. Glenn went to say something, though an equine whicker leaving his lips left him confused for a moment, not really sure what he wanted to say and not sure why it sounded so strange to his ears. He was going to ask...what exactly? It didn't

matter, he realized, not with the hunger in his belly and the scent of hay that wafted into his nose, making him hungrier than he had thought.

Even though the door was closed behind him, Glenn was well aware he could reach out and pull the handle at any point, letting himself out and going back to...where? Part of him was sure there was somewhere else he needed to be, that he had not stayed in a barn the night before. But where would be better for him than here? He had food and water, and the scents of other horses wafted into his nose and made him content and relaxed. Besides, the hunger was getting so intense that there was little for him to do but to reach down and pull handfuls of hay, shoving them into his mouth and struggling to chew them. It was as though his teeth and mouth were not in the right configuration for eating hay. Yet, the taste was sublime, as much as his nose was telling him it would be, and Glenn continued to eat, the rumbling in his belly insistent. In fact, he soon fell into a frenzy of sorts, forgetting where he was and what he was doing. Enough that he was soon to pass out, belly bloated and a little gassy, though not enough to impede his sleep...

The dreams he experienced that night were so visceral, so vivid, that Glenn was sure he was living them out in the real world. It was a wonder he was able to remember them, their potency in his mind not even letting them fade as did most of his dreams or nightmares. They started with memories of running, of racing with equine scents in his nose spurring him on. It felt natural, right, and exhilarating to run in such a way, far faster and more powerful than anything he had experienced in his human life. And it was only to get better as he fell to all fours, powerful hooves holding him up and allowing him to gallop at a pace that defied his understanding. All those around him were running as well, manes and tails waving in the air as they moved passed the track and out into the world at large, to show off their massive, muscled bodies.

The dreams took another turn as he and his herd mates slowed down, bodies slick and sweaty from the exertion. It was beyond comforting not only to be standing in the afterglow of such a run but to be surrounded by the scents of his herd. He belonged with them as much as they did with him, something fulfilling about their presence that defied his more humanistic view of the world. There were dangers out there, to be sure, threats that one of his herd mates was always on guard for. But with the numbers they had, it was easy to fall into actions of grazing, drinking, swishing his tail to get rid of biting insects, and acting the horse he was, that he longed to be...

The stench of waste and urine burned into his nose as Glenn slowly came back to awareness of the world. The odors did not bother him as much as he figured they might, though they were strong to his enhanced senses to the point he could not ignore them. There were other smells, of course, ones that he had drawn from the dreams as best he could tell. Odors of horses, ones that his brain could distinguish individually as though the changes had allowed such.

Something he was not a fan of, knowing that the changes had taken more of his humanity in the interim.

Waking up in a barn was a little alarming as well, though it took some time for the fog over his mind to settle and for him to recall the circumstances of his stay here. He had been running, racing, he recalled, and as best he could recount, Glenn was sure he had won. But then shouldn't that have resulted in a slowing of the changes and instincts that came with them? Then why did so much of the night before feel like a blur? It hadn't been that late in the day when he'd raced, but it was clear he'd slept all through the night to the next morning, likely acting a horse all the while. Was all it took some pa's on the back and a sugar cube to make him fall into a horse's mindset? Fuck, even winning had damned him!

It wasn't just the scents of other horses that alarmed him, but something that Glenn was a little slow to realize, at first. The sounds of equine whickers seemed at a place in a barn, to be sure. But if this was a place where those who had been casino patrons were being brought, then the fact more of them than not were fully horses was more than a little alarming. Had they been the unlucky losers of some of the races, forfeiting both their chips and their humanity? Now they were changed, did they remember they had been human, or were they any different than the usual inhabitants of such a stable? Glenn found he didn't want to know and was inclined to get his clothes on and get out of there as soon as he could.

Getting up took some effort on his part, Glenn finding his body far more stiff and unresponsive than he had hoped. He had put on a fair bit of weight overnight, most of it in muscle and much of it centered around his torso and belly. It was massively bloated, and rubbing it, Glenn found it was warmer to the touch than he was expecting. The skin felt off as well, leathery to the touch, and peppered with patches of brown fur. To his dismay, the horse hide had already spread further across his body, easy to see in his nudity. He hadn't really been coated in it as much as he could have been, thankfully, given how long he had been asleep. But it was still far more horse hide than he was comfortable with, and likely to get worse if he didn't find a way to get out of here with his humanity intact.

That was to be a problem as Glenn tried to walk forward, suddenly aware of how much weight he had put on and how weak his legs seemed to be. Not that he hadn't added on several pounds of muscle all over, especially in his legs as he had used to run the race. But he was simply too large now for his hybrid state, having to wait until the changes progressed to make his anatomy more fluid. And that was not something Glenn wished to do, knowing allowing the changes to reach that point would damn him to be a horse for the rest of his life.

Getting up was made even harder by the state of his feet, something Glenn had been largely ignorant of save for the persistent numbness that had affected them. Looking down over

his barreling belly, Glenn was shocked to see that his middle toes had been entirely subsumed by a massive, shiny hoof, the likes of which created small depressions in the dirt of the barn from his weight. They say almost awkwardly on his feet, and with his stretched heel, it was hard for him to imagine walking very far on them. At least his legs weren't entirely changed, though the numbness was a sign that no other toes were present, a phantom tingling that made her expect the same to happen to his hands. And if that did, there would be no longer any way to win with his humanity intact!

Grunting from the weight of him, Glenn tried to stand, wobbling a little from the awkwardness of his hooves. Still, after a few moments, he realized he was able to feel his stance, albeit one somewhat hunched over. He would be able to walk on two legs, at least for the moment, though if he tried to run Glenn was sure he would end up on all fours with front hooves to match as happened to some of his fellow racers. It made racing out of the question, but then if he'd lost he would already be one of the fully equine residences of the barn, susceptible to sugar cubes and whatever other treats their equine caretakers used to bribe them into a bestial life. Was there really no way out for him, no matter how much he struggled to retain his humanity?

The moment he moved he was met with a rather insistent problem, one that disgusted him and humiliated him in equal measure. Having his fill of a hay-heavy diet last night, his bowels were gurgling with activity and would have to be dealt with immediately, with no time to find a bathroom. Not that there would be one in a stable, likely assumed he would go on the barn floor like any other animal. Still, he was determined, not wanting to be degraded as any of the other animals in the barn with him. Yet, Glenn was shamed to realize that he had no time for that when his tail raised of its own accord, and his sphincter muscles relaxed against his will. Without any ability to stop himself, Glenn unloaded a pile of horse manure with as much finesse as the animal he was turning into. There was nothing to be done for it until he was empty, and to add to his shame, his bladder saw it fit to unload itself as well, taking a piss that splashed over his legs in a way that brought him lower than at any point in his life.

As quickly as he could, Glenn tried to get out of the barn and his waste, though it was hardly enough to escape the smell, one that lingered in his nose even over the stench of the other animals in the barn with him. It brought a certain truth to his fate that was more imminent than even the events of the other day. It was impossible for Glenn not to contemplate his life as an animal, a horse. It smelled bad enough to his nose, the body odor, his waste, and that of many of the other animals he would be living around. And it was already getting a little harder to think, to worry about things with human clarity. Some of the other patrons were already starting to lose their minds if what he saw was any indication. The way they were acting, vacant states in their eyes as they moved from one game to another. Glenn wanted to talk to them, though was afraid of the notion, unsure if he would like what he heard.

Lost in his thoughts, Glenn didn't realize he was eating until his larger lips and teeth had ground a mouthful of hay and he was swallowing before reaching down with the next one. He was eating as dully as an animal, and hadn't even realized it! Part of him wanted to spit out his hay, but that was stifled by the realization he was starving, and that otherwise he would need to go to the food court with the other animals and temptations of their own. As much as he didn't want to be a horse, the hay was at least palatable. And it was filling, with as much seemed to be present in the stall with him. It was a dismaying prospect, but starving himself was to do him no good, and since he relieved himself already, there was little chance of further embarrassment.

Some half an hour later, Glenn finally felt full enough, his somewhat rubbery lips able to take in enough to fill his much larger belly. It took an embarrassing amount of time to eat his fill, and he was hardly the size of a real horse, at least, not yet. He didn't want this to be his life, spending most of his time in a barn, eating and waiting for someone to clean up after him. It was beyond humiliating to be treated in such a way, and in his moment of victory yesterday, Glenn had simply let it happen!

Thankfully, he had left his clothes on the floor, as uncomfortable as he had been while wearing them. Hell, Glenn didn't even remember taking them off, but at least they were intact and relatively clean, if not covered with his sweat and equine stink. Yet, it was obvious from a cursory glance that his ass had grown so large the night before that there was no chance of him getting them on again. Struggling as he was, the waistband was far too tight, even from the last time he had tried to wear them, that there was no getting them on. It was of little matter; while his maleness was relatively human, his anus was thick and puckered, and he possessed a swishing tail long enough to cover it up for the most part. At least until he needed to raise it, as the stench in the stall with him soon reminded him.

There was nothing hiding his embarrassingly smaller human penis from view, but he was hardly the only one to be in such a state. Looking around at the other inhabitants of the barn that still remained some humanity, Glenn couldn't help but look down at the statues of their members, as much as it felt relevant to compare their own to his. It was a small reprieve to see that his maleness was still in a human state, not wanting to think how it might be used if he were to change further. In the end, he figured that everyone had bigger issues to deal with and that at worst, no one would be human enough to concern themselves with memories of his nudity when their own sex was on display before losing their minds and bodies. And if he was to fail in his attempts to retain his humanity, then his member would find itself hidden in a sheath as much as any other animal of his new species, brought to the front only when to piss or to mate at the whims of his owners.

Moving his way slowly through the barn, Glenn was not surprised to see any number of animals present, not just the horses that had been around his own stall. Pigs, cows, sheep, goats,

and even some emus and alpacas were present, most of them fully animal in mind, if not already in body. Some of them retained some level of humanity enough that their eyes met Glenn's with an expression of fear or worry. He didn't say anything to them, or they him, and Glenn was left to wonder what was left of his human voice at this point. He resolved himself not to find out as best as he could, though it was of little solace for him if the next changes would not only his voice but his ability to even care about such things.

Eventually, the barn door came into view, and Glenn made his way awkwardly toward it, walking out into the morning sun and possibly the last day of his humanity. Out of the less than pleasant scents from the barn. Glenn's new nose was painfully aware of the stink that still clung to his own hide, from his sweat and other things that he didn't want to admit. As he moved up the elevator toward the game hall, the looks of those less changed than him were ones of disgust, leaving him to wallow further in his shame. That was one solace about the changes, as much as Glenn could figure. Having so little control over his bodily functions was a moot point when he was little more than an animal in mind, and something he wasn't sure he could live down otherwise. That was if he was one of the few likely to get out of here with a mind human enough to worry about such things!

If he was being honest with himself, Glenn wasn't sure where he was going as he made his way into the game hall that had carried with it so much promise just two days ago. He knew he had to try playing his hand at one of the games while he still had them, but there was no way for him to know which ones would give him the best chance of winning more chips. It was more than likely none of them would help his chances and he was subject to the same whims of chance as anyone else here, with no way to rig the system in his favor. Yet, despite the painfully low odds, he had to try, didn't he?

To his dismay, two things were directly obvious as Glenn made his way out into the main area. There were far fewer people than had been present the day before, less than half the number though Glenn had no way to measure such a metric. He would have thought everyone would be frantically trying to maintain their humanity, but the truth was likely more sinister than that. Given the number of fully animal residents in the barn area alone, there was every chance that many of the guests had already been changed, had already lost their chips and their humanity, and were nothing more than dumb animals. And that reality left him more concerned and dismayed than even waking up in the barn himself.

The other thing that came to his notice was that everyone who was remaining was in the later stages of change, just as far gone as Glenn or perhaps even more so. Very few people were wearing clothes, especially those who had outgrown what they had come in with already, a few horses like him, cows, pigs, and the like. Others were too small for them, people changing into dogs, foxes, raccoons, and even smaller creatures like cats and mice. Glenn found himself feeling

sorry for them, as much as he did for himself. They had all fallen so far and still had so much further to fall if they made it to tomorrow without enough tokens to buy back their human forms.

Worse, perhaps than those wandering around trying to figure out how to keep their humanity were those who were in the midst of losing what little they still possessed. Many were in the middle of their final games, and the smiles from the attendants were all condescension as they prepared to bring them into the bestial folds. An anthropomorphic cat working the wheel was distracting his two feline clients as they batted at it with shrinking, feline paws, ignoring the actual ball and its trajectory while sacrificing their bets and their humanity all at once. One of the two, a former woman, had a dress tied to her lower half, though she was already rapidly shrinking out of them. There was nothing to hide, however, the fur covering her nethers and a flicking feline tail distracting anyone from looking. The male was already naked, his own fully formed tail behind him as he gripped the side of the table, almost too small that he could not see over it. And soon to be smaller as the changes seemed to accelerate.

Glenn looked away, not wanting to think about what he would look like if he was forced into a similar fate. Yet, as he moved away, a horrid smell hit his nose, even stronger than his own equine odors. His heavy head moved toward one of the side rooms, where he'd seen the pie-eating contest being held. Two contestants were in the midst of eating, the size and shape of their hindquarters denoted a porcine fate for them. Each of them had puckered, protruding anuses with curly tails wagging over them. Their sex made it obvious they were both female, including the heavy jiggling breasts Glenn couldn't help but stare at. They were too large for clothes, and while their stances were a little awkward, hands in feet still present instead of pig trotters, that would likely soon not be the case.

The source of the smell was obvious as the two of them ate without regard for the world around them. It was the stench of their constant flatulence that was causing his discomfort, his equine nose too acute to avoid it. And soon to be far worse as without warning, one of the two defecated, not caring she was standing above her own waste as she continued to feed, as though it was the most important thing in the world. It was impossible for Glenn to put himself in such a place mentally, and it pained him to see how much of the animal took over in desperation to retain any semblance of humanity. But there was nothing to be done about it. The woman was unconcerned with her animalistic acts as she tried to win a chance to reverse it all with the real fear of what would happen if she didn't stuck in her devolving mind.

It seemed her competition was in the lead, however, and the boorish attendant raised the completely empty pie tin, while the snout-faced woman tried desperately to continue to lick at it. It scared Glenn to know her mind had already gone, and that even a win would only delay the inevitable. Mind already tipping precariously over the edge, she would easily be tempted with whatever treat was put before her. Glenn found he couldn't watch anymore, and walked away,

wondering if there was any chance for him to get out of here with his humanity. He had heard the phrase 'the house always wins' before but when the price was your humanity...it was something that could not have a price put on it.

Of course, those were not the only people in the throes of their final changes who were easily tempted by animalistic endeavors. At one card table, the man with the winning hand was offered a dog toy for his chips in reward, something his wagging tail seemed unable to deny as he got down on all fours, hips arched while he waited for his canine woman attendant to throw it for him. Another game had a woman changing into a cow and being offered a reward of a milling machine instead of the chips, something her widening lips couldn't help but bellow out her need for. Worse, perhaps, a woman with piscine features, similar to the shark Glenn had noticed before. While she had won on a blackjack table, it seemed her dry skin desired to be submerged in saltwater, even though taking her there would doom her to be unable to play more games and turn into a feral creature. Yet, with all the changes she had undergone thus far, what other choice did she have?

Eventually, Glenn's gaze forced on a pair of mostly changed dogs, the breeds escaping him though large and fluffy with wagging tails as they waited in a booth whose purpose was not immediately obvious. Other than their hair and the state of their hands, there was little to denote they were still human, naked and covered with fur as they were. There was something about the sight of them that drew Glenn's memory, though with all that had happened, he couldn't quite place where he'd seen them before. Yet, as the two of them raised themselves on their hind legs like they were asking for a treat, Glenn slowly started to realize that they were the men he had gamed with that first night. One of them, Jacob, perhaps, accepted the treat, getting pets by doing so. The effect seemed to have him lose whatever challenge he was facing, as his human hair steadily converted to dog fur. Thinking it was a test of wills, Mike seemed to be the winner, though, when he, too, was offered a treat for his victory, he accepted, leaving the same to happen to his own hair. Only their human hands were left to distinguish them from being any more than naturally hor canines.

Doing his best to avoid the sights and smells of those devolving into bestial shapes, Glenn found himself scanning the room at large, wondering if there was any game he should play in an attempt to preserve even a fraction of his humanity until Monday morning. It seemed likely any attempt was designed to make him devolve faster, yet, these were all games of chance, right? In the end, he figured it was better to try and fail than to not try at all and still reach the same outcome. In the end, there was nothing he could think of that would make things easier, especially if he was offered things like a sugar cube or brushes to try to win his remaining chips. *Damned if you do, damned if you don't...*

While he still had relatively functional hands, Glenn decided to check out some of the video gaming lounges, thinking that having hands still might give him an advantage. Of course, he didn't want to have to compete with anyone, knowing they would lose their humanity as a cost if he was to hold onto his own. But he was not the one changing them, in the end, and figured there was no one he would be able to help other than himself.

It took some time for him to find an opponent, feeling disappointed that he was looking at a man with a mostly canine face in the eye before he lost. While his eyes started out as human, it was obvious as he lost rounds they were changing, losing the color perception he needed in order to play. Surely, he was a gamer in his human life, but given the color of his fur, he was on his way to becoming a fox.

As bad as his opponent was, Glenn found that his own body was deteriorating in ways that would soon make his victories even harder. His body was too heavy, and, not wanting to sit on his massive ass, it was harder to stand there, feeling himself wobble. His fingers were starting to stiffen, unresponsive to the controls as much as he could as hoping. And, perhaps worse of all, the chip payout for one one-on-one game was so minute there was no way he'd reach the proper amount to retain his humanity. He would have to take a larger gamble in order to win back what was lost, and there was little chance of that, no matter what he did. How much did he have to win to pay off his humanity? Fuck, he didn't even remember!

Lost of thoughts of despair over what he had lost, the scent of something enticing was left unaware to his human mind, at least at first. Yet, it seemed to have an uncomfortable effect on his physiology, one that made him feel good in an otherwise stressful situation. In fact, it made him feel *really* good, enough that Glenn was unaware of where he was reaching before it was too late. The shudder of something against his cock pulled him out of his stupor, and any thoughts of pleasantries ripped from his mind at the horror of what he was about to do. Looking down, he was revolted to see his cock coming to erection, as though triggered by whatever pleasant scent had met his larger nose. And, despite himself, Glenn couldn't will his penis down, the odor having an effect on his genitals that surpassed his shame. And surpassed the maleness he had brought into the casino, to begin with...

Glenn wanted desperately to get to a bathroom and hide away as the blood rushing to his member started to engorge its length beyond anything a human could imagine. But his body was largely changed by this point, and he had not yet developed a member to match. That was soon to change as his member expanded outward several inches than his humanity could muster. Bobbing up and down as it grew, Glenn could feel the weight of it, blushing through the beard of horse fur that covered his juttled face. Despite how much his belly had bulged already, his penis continued to grow, the tip leaking as his testicles slowly began to swell to match. It was all too much, and yet there was little he could do to get away to hide himself, given how top-heavy and

awkward he was. He was hardly the only person naked there in the room, but the sight of his erection was able to turn many animal-shaped heads.

Glenn was cursed to stand there, not making eye contact with any of the others as his penis continued to expand, bobbing up and down as it thickened and slapped against his bulging belly. He had barely noticed, but his foreskin was no longer attached to the shaft, rather having thickened and peeled toward the base, deep enough to keep his penis confined once the blood had died down. It would surely take some time to happen, a little reprieve as the warm skin started to mold its way to the flesh of his groin. It hitched it up so firmly that Glenn could feel his horse's penis being hoisted up against his belly, and a pleased whicker escaped his lips, embarrassing him further to know how far he'd fallen.

Yet, with the head of his penis staring up at him, Glenn could hardly look away as it perhaps underwent the most bizarre change of all. The tip soon compressed toward the glans of his shaft, flattened and darkening as the skin turned toward a matte black. His slit lengthened as well, and a long string of horse precum leaking down and onto the carpet. The cleft soon swelled around his flattened head, forming a ring of small bumps that would have made him curious to feel under other circumstances. And a swelling of the skin at the fringe of what he could see under his belly formed another ring, about where he assumed was the center as his cock continued to shift.

It was all he could do but stand there, stamping his hooves against the discomfort of his expanding testicles as they weighed him down. They were closer to the size of softballs now, as much as he could perceive. While the heft of them hung almost painfully below him, Glenn was sure his hips and backside had some time to adjust before they sat comfortably on his underside. And as much as Glenn didn't want to change, to become a horse, there was something appealing about the notion of alleviating the discomfort, if only for a moment.

While the stench that had drawn his arousal was gone now, it took a Herculean effort for him to will his penis down and back to its new sheath. While the odor was clearly something designed to arouse a stallion such as he was becoming, the sight of such a cock was enough to appeal to the human male that still persisted in his mind. It was a powerful contrast, being proud of his new heritage but disgusted with all he had to lose to acquire it. And that conflict left him teetering on the edge, desperate for his cock to deflate and his mind to clear. With all the blood swollen within his penis, it was hard to think, taking more than what his half-changed body could manage. And despite his lack of privacy, there was a growing part of his mind that wanted to blow his load right there, whinnying his claim to the room.

Thankfully, blessedly, his penis finally retracted, its great girth flopping over and smacking against his legs before gradually sliding into his sheath. To his shame, he could still see

the head poking out, stained with sticky pre-cum and leaving him embarrassed as to its presence. At least it was hidden away, though that did little to alleviate his embarrassment. After all, the leathery black sheath was still hanging under his belly, clear for all to see. As were the massive black horse testicles, still swollen with seed from his close encounter. And likely to fuel a second erection at the slightest provocation.

The moment he regained enough sense to do so, Glenn moved to one of the card tables, sitting down on the heavy chair though powerfully uncomfortable as he nearly crushed his tail. Lifting it up, he was able to get comfortable in it, though only for a moment, his sensitive flared horse pucker pressed uncomfortably against the wood. It was all he could do to balance himself in the chair, having to force himself to ignore any discomfort. If he didn't, then he would break the chair with his growing bulk, forced down on all fours forever.

Glenn could hardly hear the dealer's words as he asked for the bet, and Glenn simply nodded his agreement when told the buy-in. His larger muzzle was focused on the four other people at the table with them, far more animal than human and likely on their way to fully change with a few lost hands. One was a woman in much the same state as he was, her body bulky and stance barely able to sit in the chair before her torso shifted to become a quadruped. Unlike Glenn, however, she had to be content with a massive cow's udder, hoisting it over the lip of the table as it oozed milk. Her lips were thicker and rubbery, horns atop her head as her cow's tail flicked in irritation. She still had hands to play cards, thankfully for her, though her nails were thick and covered the tips of her fingers. She was naked, too, and the smell coming off her suggested she had struggled with the same inability to control her bodily functions, though thankfully not at the table at least.

The next was dealing with her own stink, though not one of waste as Glenn had picked up on some of the animals. A long, fluffy tail sticking out of her backside indicated her fate if the smell hadn't. A changing skunk could likely hardly control her new body, likely having been scared or angered into spraying, though perhaps not at an employee if she hadn't been cursed to change all the way. She, too, had some semblance of hands, though they were smaller, the cards in them much larger in comparison to her body. She was sitting up on the chair like a toddler, likely still able to walk upright. albeit just. Smaller clothes still sat on her body, though it was likely any semblance of breasts were hidden away by the fur on her belly, and her sex covered by her tail if she wished.

The next seemed to be in the best shape of all, his hands fully changed but just as functional as their humanity had been. The black furry mask over his face was clearly that of a raccoon, and despite his largely changed body, his hands would remain very much a human shape, giving him the best chance at victory. Not that dimmer his eyes were easily focusing on

the cards or the game at large, but he wasn't fumbling with his cards, especially as much as the last man.

Glenn felt his heart sink as he looked the snake man in the eyes. Richard was so far gone already, his tube-like body coiled on the chair as he used every effort to keep his upper body above the table. He was becoming a larger species of snake, at least, though it was likely a small blessing given what was at stake. And he still had functional arms, with hands at the end, though it was obvious he was struggling to hold the cards. But there was very little left of his humanity, down to his slitted eyes, new membrane blinking often as he stared vacantly. Glenn wasn't sure if the snake man even recognized him anymore, but he figured it mattered little. It was every man for himself, and it seemed likely Richard couldn't even talk any longer, reminding Glenn of all he had to lose.

While the rules of the hand were being explained to him, Glenn did his best to focus on them and not the other animal people at the table with him. At least he could direct his much larger equine muzzle in the direction of the fox-man dealer, who could hardly repress a grin as the cards were dealt. Yet, the moment he picked up his hand, the rules were forgotten, like a distant childhood game he couldn't quite recall. All he could do was look at the chips before him, most of his tokens spent to enter the game and each carrying with them his hopes and dreams for his humanity.

Lost in his foggy thoughts, Glenn didn't even hear the bet, instead pushing a small stack of chips forward to the delight of the vulpine dealer. The cow woman, too, pushed a decent-sized stack, while the raccoon and Richard decided to back out. The skunk, however, had such a small pile, and in order to keep playing, she had no choice but to go all in.

At least the woman was able to score a win, adding to her pile and showing no further signs of change. Glenn, against his better inclinations, could feel his equine bulk straining against the chair, though such was precarious with the real threat of losing his humanity should he break it. But the skunk could do nothing but call out her panic, hands twitching as her small form fell from view above the table. Glenn felt sorry for her, though was a little alarmed to think she would be walking around the floor without human inclinations, prompted to spray should she feel threatened. Thankfully, another staffer, a skunk in his own right, came to pick her up, holding out a live cricket for her inspection. Without pausing, the former woman reached out with her muzzle and bit into it, eating it with gusto as the skunk man petted her head. "There would be some humanity left to bet, but you so readily ate our complimentary treat. That will cost you all you have, but given your reaction, I'm sure you'll think it worth it," he commented and carried her away.

Doing his best not to think about what his own future might entail should he lose, Glenn opted to play his next hand, though was starting to come to an obvious impasse. His fingers had difficulty holding the cards, their stiffness something that he kept trying to adjust over and over to try and work out. But even his best mental efforts seemed unable to move them, and it was all he could do to hold onto the cards with the waning flexibility in his digits. It seemed the cow woman was having the same problem as her own hands stiffened, and keratin insidiously crawled over the tips. Only the raccoon man seemed to be having a good time of it, pushing his pile toward the center and going all in. Glenn wasn't sure what to do in response, not understanding the rules fully and having a hard time thinking about it. The cow woman, worried about what was happening to her own hands, decided to fold as well. But Richard, on the other hand...

Glenn had a hard time reading anything in the snake's eyes, so little of his humanity remained. But it seemed like he had something in his hands, as much as he was able to use them. And as he used what seemed to be the last of his strength to push his chips forward, his cards dropped, in view of everyone left at the table. The raccoon man grinned, seeing that he possessed the winning hand, and preemptively took all the chips from the table. But for Richard, it was the end, even if he still possessed the hands or the ability to fight. Audible cracks echoed from his side of the table, the bones in his arms and chest starting to break apart and dissolve. If it was possible to perceive a snake expressing panic, Glenn was able to see it in his eyes as his arms dwindled, cracking like twigs in a fire as they slowly continued to dissolve before their eyes. It was a terrifying thing to witness, especially as whatever human life remained in his eyes was taken from him, and he slowly slid off the chair, a snake in mind and body that was collected by one of the reptilian attendants, likely to be rehoused to a terrarium.

It was hard for Glenn to concern himself with the fate of the snake, however, with the state of his own hands. He had played into the pot himself, and while he was not quite at the cost of losing his humanity, he was soon to lose the one thing he required to keep playing. The shuddering within his fingers seemed to intensify for a moment before it stopped altogether, a sign they were to enter their death throes. Glenn could hardly perceive their presence on his hands as they continued to decline rapidly, withdrawing into wrists that were staring to stretch before his very eyes. Efforts to move them were in vain, and Glenn was hardly able to think of the implications of what he was to lose, especially with all the changes to his body thus far.

While most of his fingers were doomed to failure, his middle digits continued to swell rapidly, taking up the rest of the space on his wrists. His ability to move them was also largely limited, and while he could still feel them, the joints within were absent to bring them to their stationary state. It was the swelling of the keratin nail on the ends of each that was of the most concern, Glenn losing the ability to feel through them as much as he was aware. They were soon so thick he couldn't see the skin at the tips, and soon to be more as it subsumed the tips. Glenn could only watch as what remained was pushed into the keratin nails, part of them now as they

swelled to the diameter of his digits and beyond. It was enough he was prompted to get up and back away from the table in the vain hope that such might spare him from such a fate. But he was clearly to lose his hands in one swift motion, be it a facet of his loss or a predetermined fate for this stage in the weekend.

Eventually, the rounding keratin tips started to take on what he would assume was the failure shape of hooves. The singular digit was the width of his arms by now, and the nails were larger still, rounded, and expanding even while he could perceive the remnants of his fingers within. Glenn could only look on with some trepidation though mostly concern as the rest of his equine hooves took shape, heavy against his wrists with still some room to grow. Yet, as much as he figured it would freak him out, it was harder for him to hold onto that worry. They matched his feet, after all, and it was getting so hard for him to walk. Maybe if he was down on all fours, with thick hooves to support him, then things would be easier. Enough for him to...

Moving back from the table, Glenn stumbled a little, almost enough to put him down on all fours for good. Panic rose in his mind, though it was harder for his mind to pinpoint a source. He wasn't in a safe place, his mind reasoned. Nothing smelled like him! That, and there were steady memories of being able to interact with the world, to touch and feel...that wasn't part of his being, damnit! Hadn't he always had hooves? Surely, he needed them to walk, but where were these memories of having something else coming from? Why was everything so damn complicated? All he wanted to do was to...

“Whoa there, boy!” Came a soothing voice, one accompanied by a relaxing scent. One of an equine, like him, albeit one he didn't recognize. Still, with the myriad of other strange odors in the place, it was comforting to find a degree of familiarity. It was enough for Glenn to calm himself, looking at the donkey man with anticipation, as though he might have some insight of what to make of the situation.

“I see you're feeling a bit overwhelmed! Besides, the card table isn't for you anymore! Why don't we take you somewhere to calm down and put your talents to the test,” he offered, and Glenn could think of no reason to disagree.

Nodding his head, Glenn followed, finding walking a little difficult. A part of him wanted to hold out his hands for balance, but all that existed at the end of his limbs were hooves. What good were they other than to hold his weight as he rested it on four of them? Then why was he struggling to stand on two? The disparity between his thoughts and reality was stifling, to the point he couldn't help but panic. If he didn't have an equine guide to help him, Glenn figured he might go mad!

Ignoring the myriad of sounds and scents from the world at large, Glenn allowed himself to be taken to a back room, one where the only scents seemed more akin to himself. There was a consistent odor of sweat and musk, one that came from others of his kind. One scent stood out above all the others, heady and pungent and triggering something down within his loins. Having never had an erection the size of which he now possessed, Glenn's already shaky mental state was all but removed. The scent of something intoxicating burned into his nose, Glenn let out a cry of elation, only to have it come out sounding more like an equine whinny. Such should have alarmed him, but he had a hard time focusing on such with the primal instinct flooding his thoughts.

Any embarrassment he might have felt about being caught erect was eliminated the moment his larger eyes settled on a massive, black stand. It seemed even enough to hold up his rather large weight if he was inclined to use it. The intoxicating scent was wafting off it, as though something had been applied to the underside. Needing to smell it more closely, Glenn moved forward, almost stumbling as he did so. His already massive ass and hips seemed to expand with the effort, though he could hardly bring himself to care. It was his heavy, throbbing equine rod bobbing against his belly that became his entire being. With plump testicles and a smell more pungent than anything in his experience, there was nothing on heaven or earth that could dissuade Glenn from his goal.

Moving toward the stand, Glenn's nostrils flared, and without thinking, he raised his head and pulled back his lips. The effect had his nostrils drinking in the pungent perfume, bringing his lust beyond measure. He needed to get off, his penis full of blood and engorged beyond belief. If he was able to get off in the moment, then it would be worth everything, maybe even his humanity. In the moment of lust, that was a concern Glenn couldn't bring himself to muster!

"There, see! I knew you'd be perfect! It just so happens the sperm from a stud like you is worth hundreds! Why don't you get on up there and give that stand a go, and then we'll transfer some chips to your account," the donkey offered, though Glenn was largely ignorant of the words. He wanted nothing more than to get off, his blood boiling as animalistic urges rose. There were no males larger to challenge him here, after all, and the stand would be all his. Once he got up and claimed it, it would be his for the taking whenever he needed it. Nothing his thoughts could put forth mattered more in the moment!

Awkward, Glenn stepped forward, feeling it harder to stay standing erect. A part of him viewed such a stance as a parlor trick of sorts, not the proper way for a proud beast such as him to walk. It mattered little, in the end, he supposed. As his spine lengthened, his hips widened, and his belly bulged, it was becoming increasingly harder to see himself standing on two legs anymore. It was easier to let the changes happen, to fall over with confidence in the fact he would not get up, or no longer desired to. Of greater concern was trying to aim his taut cock

toward the open folds of the stand. Instinctively, that was what he desired, though perhaps aware they would do little to match the warm folds of a mare. Still, with his awkward stance, he could barely brush his cock head against the stand, let alone rut into it. A frustrated whinny escaped his lips as his cock bounced off the edge. How could he be denied such pleasure!?

“Go on, she’s waiting for you,” the donkey man said, reaching down toward Glenn’s maleness. A part of him was surprised by the contact, though the moment his mushroom-shaped tip touched the inner walls of the stand, he was thankful for it. Glenn needed no further encouragement as he pushed in, feeling the stand envelop his penis on all sides. It was so much that Glenn couldn't help but shove himself in all the way, letting out a decidedly equine whinny as he did so. It felt amazing, Glenn leaving himself hilted for a moment as he grew accustomed to it. The force of blood within his penis was such that it made it hard to think, even if Glenn retained the cognizance to do so. The urge to breed and dominate was all-encompassing, and Glenn couldn't help but thrust with intent, feeling his cock leak from the stimulation.

Heavy testicles slapped against the stand as Glenn grunted and whickered, lost in the pleasure. The tension within them was quick to grow, though Glenn was remiss to care in his moment of rut. All other thoughts and concerns were washed away as his singular purpose became to rut and mate. As his pleasure built, Glenn was all equine in his thinking, as though a prelude to all his life was to become. And yet, nothing he could imagine could be more fulfilling, body slick with sweat and reeking of his male virility.

Lost in the heat of the moment, Glenn was hardly aware of the changes coursing through his body, save for needing to adjust his stance against the stand. His chest was massive, sweat running over the stand as it pressed against it. Fur crawled over his shoulders and back as the bones under the skin pushed out, showing against his equine skin. The added size of his back tore at his shirt, leaving the last vestiges of his clothing to be done away with. They were hardly given a thought, save their lack of discomfort over his growing frame. His organs, heart, lungs, and intestines seemed to expand to match his physical stature, allowing him the proper blood flow to slow his thoughts. But his mind was too far gone now, and all he could think to do was fall into orgasmic oblivion.

“NNNNNEEEEEIIIGGGGHHHH!” He managed to bellow, nothing human left in the cadence as his cock spasmed and he unloaded a fair quantity of horse sperm into the collection bag at the end. Pleasure burned through his being, and no sooner had he finished than Glenn got off the stand, sweaty and panting. His cock was still reeling from the orgasm, and he could feel its massive girth swaying below him, Glenn just now coming back to awareness of reality.

With that, Glenn was made aware of how top-heavy he'd become before he fell over abruptly, landing hard on his front hooves. He went to call out his panic, though once more, all

he was able to elicit was an equine whinny. Further attempts to talk were left in vain, and Glenn forced his mouth closed, ashamed of what he had done. Feeling his heavy body on all fours, held up only by his hooves, left him with the horror of what he had done and what he had become. There was so little of his humanity left, and it was a wonder he was able to think once more at all, as much as the mating act had consumed his mind and his being.

“Bravo! That’s quite the load! You’ll go on to sire many champion foals, I’m sure!” Said the donkey man, slapping him on the ass and making Glenn whicker in surprise. “That is if you don’t mind doing the deed in person! I’m sure you’ll make many mares happy with what you’re packing down there!”

A fierce blush crossed his still-human features at the implication. He was being treated more like a champion stallion than a former man, and Glenn couldn’t blame him. He looked the part already, and no amount of shame could deny that. He had given them exactly what they wanted, taking the chance to earn back some tokens at the cost of his humanity. In the end, it was no better than waiting for the change to take him, and there was little chance of his earning back the sufficient tokens he needed to return to his humanity. The system was rigged against him, and all he could do was wallow in his sorrow.

Glenn could hardly bring himself to get used to the sound of his clopping hooves as he left the area, lest he be tempted by equine pursuits once more. The smell of hay awoke a hunger in his belly, and resigning himself, he made his way to a bale of hay. There was no reason for him not to fill his belly, eating and chewing and swallowing without little regard for the rest of the world. Similarly, he made his way over to a water trough, finding it difficult in drinking until he managed to suck enough with a partially altered mouth. It was hard to find fault with anything as he ate, almost worth it enough to lose his humanity if it meant he didn’t have to think. His tail swished away annoying flies, and when he needed to relieve himself, he simply did so. Such didn’t bother him as much as he thought it would, and he was nearly ready to pack it in, come what may. Would it matter to him at all if he didn’t remember it at all?

Yet, a pair of animal people, this time a bull and a rabbit, approached him, and Glenn looked up from his meal, wondering what it was they wanted. Likely to fit him with a harness and bridle, he figured. And, there was a bridle in the rabbit’s hands, though Glenn didn’t think there was much purpose in resisting at this point.

It seemed his lack of concern did not go unnoticed. “So excited to be a horse! You’re quite the champion, stud, and it would be a shame to lose you! But you have enough tokens left that if you bet it all and win a race, you’ll be able to return to your humanity! That is, if you want to,” the bull offered, and Glenn felt his ears twitching at that. Surely, he didn’t want to be a horse

or lose his mind, as much as he figured was futile. But with the chance to return to his humanity just before him...was it a trap? Then again, what did he have to lose?

With that, Glenn snorted, hoping his intention was obvious. There was little of his humanity left, just the semblance of his face and his eyes, spread apart with his nose as they were. But with the power in his muscles and the determination in his heart, Glenn was almost sure he had a chance to win a race. And with that, he could surely gain the chips necessary for him to return to his humanity, and leave with himself intact. And yet...was he sure he wanted to?

Shaking his head and doftinhg his defiance, Glenn allowed himself to be led through the horse stalls, reflexively sniffing each of the animals as he passed them. Most of them were on all fours as well, though some did seem able to stand on two legs. It didn't matter, in Glenn's opinion. All fours felt right and natural, and he was sure he would win that way. As much as he wouldn't wish such a fate on anyone, he was sure they would end up on all fours if they lost. And Glenn had to win, had to be the best at all costs. To get back to his humanity, of course...

Being led to the edge of a line, Glenn waited there, stomping his hooves and whinnying a little in anticipation. He hated the idea of standing there waiting, wanting to go, wanting to *run*. He needed to race these other beasts, needed to *win* so he could...in his moment of excitement, Glenn had a hard time thinking about exactly why it was he needed to win. It didn't matter. All that mattered was the exhilaration of the run, of the chase. And the moment the signal was given, then-

BANG

The shot went off and so did Glenn, tearing along the track at a gallop. Other horses were on either side of him, but he was already sure he was in the lead. He was running like his life depended on it, and in truth, his human life was on the line, if he didn't win. And he did just that, pulling ahead of the other horses, loving the power of his body. He was breathing deeply, drinking in the power of his body and the determination of the other racers. It only served to spur him on, and Glenn continued, allowing them to fade from the background. It did escape his notice that as he ran, his view of the other horses around him seemed to widen, as though his eyes were shifting and allowing him an increased field of vision. Still, it only served to remind him that he was ahead, that none of the other horses would gain on him. Against all odds, he loved the power of his body, and it was harder to think about anything other than running.

Cries of panic soon turned to equine whickers as some of the racers fell down to all fours for the last time. Glenn couldn't help but feel happy for them, knowing it was for the best if they wanted to win in the end. Though he could not allow that to happen, he would not. Glenn was sure he was the strongest, the fastest, and the best. No matter what advantages the other racers

would achieve, it would not be enough to match his speed. The only thing that might make the experience better would be to have a rider on his back to guide and celebrate his success. But in his moment of trumpet, he felt he would make himself worthy. And he was almost there... so close to the finish line...

The click of a camera going off was barely heard as his hooves thundered past the line, and with his wide range of vision, Glenn was sure he had won. He eventually stopped, sweaty and panting but feeling a sense of satisfaction that surpassed anything he had known in his human life. He had won, he had proven his superiority. And he would surely have won enough chips to buy back his humanity, having bet it all.

The sensation tingling over his head was barely noticed as Glenn snorted and flicked his neck. His head was somewhat heavier already, and blinking a few times, he was sure the world around seemed somewhat duller. It was strange, having not felt such before, but Glenn paid it little mind. He wouldn't have to worry about it much longer anyway, he reasoned. Still, there was something cathartic about running as a horse, and the power of his body would surely be missed once he'd changed back. It was the first time he actually felt he'd miss being a horse since the weekend started. But he didn't want to be a smelly animal, trotting toward the bull by the door of the barn, eager to receive his reward.

“Congratulations! You've won! What a magnificent show! You're on your way to being a prized racehorse, for sure!” The bull said, rubbing Glenn on the neck and reaching out an eager hand to offer him a treat. Salivating at the sweet smell, Glenn lipped at it before savoring the flavor. The reality of the words took a moment to settle in, and Glenn missed it at first before his eyes flicked and his hooves stamped the earth. He wasn't going to stay a horse, right!? He had bet it all and won! So couldn't he bargain to buy back his humanity?

As though reading his mind, the bull was quick to explain. “Ah, I see you were eager to use your chips to buy back your humanity. Well, as part of our legal agreement, animals aren't able to own chips and are part of the property of the establishment. Now, that status only applies to those who have completed their changes, and before you started racing, you hadn't...but given your, shall we say, enthusiasm with the equine form, your changes completed during the race! I must congratulate you again, you've turned into a magnificent stud! The makings of a great racer, indeed!

With that, Glenn felt his blood run cold. He vaguely recalled such from reading the pamphlet when he got to the hotel. But to think he had come so close only to lose it all...Glenn's massive equine head sank, feeling all the energy drained from him. This was it...he was going to be a horse for the rest of his life. All that remained was his mind, for however long that lasted. All the animals here didn't seem to carry an inkling of their humanity, after all!

“Now, now, there's no reason to be so down! You can't bet chips as an animal, that's true. But if you're really looking for a chance to buy back your human body, there is something you can bet that is of great interest to our establishment. Your human mind. All you need to do is nod yes to take that chance...

Watching from his room full of monitors, Tiborg grinned, his tongue sliding between his lips as the numbers started to come in. It was a rather sizable amount for the first weekend in operation, and only promised to get better as his spells worked their way into the minds of those that had come. Most had been turned into animals and would be repurposed, albeit into better lives for their new species. And, of course, any remaining were allowed to return to the human world in the guise of being human, though always remaining part animal as the consequence of being tempted by their humanity. They would still serve him well, however, bound to his whims and required to do all he asked so as not to lose what he had so graciously allowed them to keep. They would make good publicity for the casino, bringing in the next crop to play and change. They had no idea through legal means they had already forfeited their mortal possessions, having only their humanity to give up in a limited bid to prove their worthiness to serve him or become livestock for his personal amusement.

With humans taking over much of the world, and his own kind being relatively in hiding for millennia, it took modern solutions to tackle the problem of building one's hoard in secret. Trips to the human world, stock markets, investments, and unbridled capitalism were facets a few of his remaining brethren had taken advantage of. With that, they had built their wealth beyond anything they could have once imagined. Any humans with hoards of resources of their own were made targets, either acquired through human means, legal or otherwise. Oftentimes it was the old magics that worked best, the humans who had accumulated massive wealth desperate for more, the only mountain in the world left for them to climb. Tricking them into games of chance, compelling them to bet it all to be rewarded with far more wealth than their peers was child's play. Then they would be rats in a cage, with a little of their minds to lament their fate as the dragon sat on their former hoards. Mergers happened all the time, of course, company heads retiring from public life as their new animal forms were left to lament their fates, often for dozens if not hundreds of years beyond even their human life spans. Tiborg was many things, though was not inclined to kill. It was much more his style to allow his victims to live with their shame in this mortal realm, making them beg for the chance to move on to the next one, only to be denied for as long as possible.

Of all the punishments that Tiborg could inflict, transformation magic was his specialty. Controlling the progression, the order and the nature of change was child's play to one of his

abilities, though the reactions of those transforming never ceased to amuse him. There were many things he could take from man, after all, but none more humiliating than the bodies they were born with. Oh, he took all those things too, of course, often in tandem with their humanity. And as of late, the notion of being offered those things freely with the chance to retain their humanity, only to lose that, too, was a particular current fancy of his. And with that, the idea of creating a modern-day casino for that very purpose was a stroke of genius, something to suit his new fancies for at least the next few hundred years.

The first humans to be found on these grounds, those who had aided in the construction of the facility in the first place, had already been repurposed into his personal servants. He needed a small number to tend to his hoard during periods when their human facade was not a full-time endeavor. Generally, he employed former humans-turned-kobolds for such tasks, making the best servants for dragons through their heritage alone. But as part of his game, some winners were kept in their hybrid forms to work in one of his many ventures. But they could always falter in their usefulness, after all, and the threat of being added to the stockades themselves was a viable threat. And with the number of prizes he acquired, those former humans needed care as well, especially as their numbers continued to grow. They, in their own way, made up part of his hoard, and it was all he could do to wait for the casino's next opening...