

Taking a generous sip of my wine, I looked around at the gathered crowd, trying to find a group I could interact with. I didn't know anyone here, which was a little unnerving. But I was willing to mingle, and, surely, there was someone else here with common interests. Maybe someone of the opposite sex, but that was getting a little ahead of myself. I wanted to at least make coming out to this event worth my while, and not just for a few drinks and a chance to see the zoo before it opened!

I was one of two dozen high-tier donors toward a new zoo opening in our town, a wildlife sanctuary of sorts that would be opening within the next few months. As a computer programmer, I had more than a few spare funds, and I always did love animals, to the point I considered myself a 'furry'. Though I was too shy to really get out of conventions or buy suits like some, I did have a lot of disposable income, and with my love of animals, it seemed like a non-issue for me to donate a good portion of my funds toward this endeavor. I would likely visit the place, and the VIP treatment would be a benefit for those times when I wanted to come to see the animals and just get away from it all for a while.

So when the zoo offered a function to allow high-tier donors to come out and see the facilities early, I jumped at the chance. For whatever reason, I didn't realize it was a social event, and my anxiety rose to its apex at the thought of going. But with the promise of early access and the chance to meet other animal lovers and maybe get to know someone...well, at least I had to force myself, get dressed up, and get out for the first time in what felt like forever.

Of course, most of the animals weren't here yet, the zoo had only just been finished in the last few months and there was work needed to get the facilities all up and running before the animals were brought in. Talking to the director, it seemed as though they were ready and would be getting the animals in within the next few weeks. I felt my elation growing. I couldn't wait to see what species were being brought in, though even the more mundane ones would be exciting to see.

But, as the night went on, my excitement seemed to wane. Working through some awkward conversations, I was soon reminded that I was very out of practice and that it was hard to muster up the energy to say more than my name to some of the people, and what I did. Boring as my job was, there was little in the way I could contribute, and I often found myself milling around, looking busy at the cages we could see and listening in to conversations from afar that I could not hope to get in on.

There was another problem that soon came to my attention, one that literally made me sick to my stomach. With as little experience as I had with alcohol, I was soon ill after only a few drinks I'd had, and there was only a little time for me to make it to the bathroom without an

embarrassing incident. Thankfully it wasn't too far, and I made it in time, trying my best to keep things on the down low.

About half an hour later, I finally stumbled out of the bathroom, presentable enough that it didn't seem too suspicious that I'd gotten so sick. At least there was every chance I wouldn't be missed, something I was thankful for. But when I came out to the sights of no one there, I figured I had fucked up. Surely, they were starting the tour already, and I had missed it!

"Ah, there you are!" Came the voice of the organizer, a Dr. Pratt, I believed, and I looked up with some hope that I wasn't too late. "I've been looking all over for you! You're the last one, after all, and I thought maybe you'd left the premises! But, there you are, and you won't be...well, that would be telling!"

There was something in the man's words that made me confused, almost sinister. but, surely, I was just imagining things. Because even as sick as I had been, the booze had its desired effect, and there was no denying the simple fact that I was well and goodly drunk!

"Wait, what?" I asked, eyes feeling a little blurry as I did so. The man was more than a little confusing, and no amount of focus could make me figure out what was being said.

With that, the man chuckled, obviously aware of my condition as much as I was, much to my disappointment. Rather than being disgusted or ashamed of me, however, he seemed delighted, even going as far as to walk over and put his arm around my shoulder. "You'll see, you'll see. I don't often get to show off my process very often, but your delay has given me the perfect chance to do just that. What do you say? How about a personalized tour of the facilities?"

In my drunken state, I had to admit I didn't really understand what was going on. But the idea of getting a private tour was too exciting to pass up, and nothing within me could come up with a reason why that would be a bad idea. So I stumbled forward, following the guy as we left the meeting hall and walked toward the field of open pens, ones used for the larger animals that needed the space to graze. I was excited to see the habitats, even though I was perhaps a little too buzzed to enjoy them. Oh well, there was still-

My thoughts were derailed the moment I saw a figure in the field, a large creature that I couldn't quite make out from this distance. Looking at the signage on the fence, it seemed that it was a pen for rhinos, though I was pretty sure it was safe to keep other animals in with them, so it really could have been a variety of things. It took all I had not to race over, but following the doctor, I figured he was going to show me soon enough.

What I saw, I could not have been prepared for if given a thousand years. Rather than a rhino, it seemed as though a very overweight man was on his hands and knees, still clad in clothes that looked somewhat familiar. It didn't matter, as it looked like the guy was struggling to be out of them the more I watched. They were far too small for his body, even starting to give way in some places. And underneath, far from human skin was a grayish shade that I could make out even from this distance.

Moving a little faster now and trying not to trip over the rocks and gravel along the path, I was privy to the sight of something wriggling in his pants, as though trying to get through. It soon poked above the waistband of his underwear, stretching over his expanding ass as it moved back in froth as though in a sign of irritation. There was no denying the sight of it reminded me of some sort of tail, but that couldn't be right. Yet, no amount of alcohol intolerance could account for what I was staring at as it moved down over pants and underwear that were parting at the seams.

A moan escaped the man's lips as his mouth started to push out, though it was clear he was being ailed by the pains of his clothes being stretched impossibly from growth within. I stared, dumbfounded as the back of his shirt ripped, shoulders hunching and literally moving through the skin as they adjusted in painful ways. Thick, trunk-like feet could hardly be contained within formal shoes, and it was clear his fingers were going the same way, nails so thick they made it impossible for the fingers to part. His hips, too, were rotating, too much for his formal pants as his growing backside and puckered anus tore through them and his underwear, though his embarrassment was mostly hidden by his tail. What could possibly be happening to him?!

I continued to stare, dumbfounded, not sure what was going on. It was surely a scene out of a nightmare, though, in my drunken state, I was scarcely able to process what I was witnessing. It looked like...the man was changing, becoming more of an animal. It was hard to truly understand with his off-putting body proportions, but as I watched his face stretching, and the nub of something forming above his nose, I was starting to get the idea that he was turning into a...rhino?

"Ah, I see you're finally starting to get it! I love watching guests' reactions to my work, and I so rarely get to see it from an outsider's perspective. I hope we're able to catch several of my newest residences in mid-change, so I can truly understand how you feel about the whole thing. You don't need to say anything. If you approve or are impressed by my work, I'll know," the director said, and I was left staring at the man, unable to take my eyes off him. In particular, the obvious erection pushing at his underwear. How could such a chance possibly be arousing?

“There are a few other specimens down the way, but I don’t think we’ll make it in time to see their changes in progress. The magics work rather quickly, and those particular residents will be likely adjusting to their new bodies by the time we take that ten-minute walk. A pair of Okapi and Zebras, if you are curious. But that’s neither here nor there, and I have another destination in mind for you,” Dr. Pratt said, and in my drunken state, I really had no reason to ignore him. I could run, I supposed, but I wouldn’t get very far. And besides, even if I was able to, I felt such would anger the man, who could...what? I didn’t want to think about it any further.

As we walked, I couldn’t help but wonder what I had just seen, as impossible as it was. The man was changing, turning into an animal. And I couldn’t help but let that notion excite me. Given my status as a furry, I was no stranger to the thought of turning into an animal, a partial one or not. But I was no fool, knowing that to be a biological impossibility. Then again, the man had said something about magic, right? I had to follow him, to learn more. Even the parts of my mind that decried that as a bad idea, I was inclined to follow this through to see what became of things.

Looking up along the way we were traveling, it seemed as though we were on our way toward the reptile house, something that sent a shiver through me. I liked reptiles well enough, but in a closed space with a man that was possibly...had I really seen what I thought I’d seen? I needed to make sure. So then I could...what? Damn, it was hard to think!

The sight of a cage on the way caught my attention, and I nearly gasped out at the image of a man within, standing with his back to me and scratching furiously at his chest from what I could perceive. I had to assume that he was growing hair or fur, and I found myself squinting, trying to get a better look. His clothes seemed a bit loose as well, and some areas of exposed skin showed me what he was scratching at. It wasn’t fur, the pinpricks sprouting from his skin looked more like...feathers? Was he turning into some kind of bird? The larger feathers sticking out of his shirt gave me the notion of tail feathers, but again I wasn’t sure if my eyes could be believed.

The man was still standing with his back turned, and I could see that the fingers on his hands were longer, covered with feathers as much as what I assumed would be replacing his hands. Yet, as we watched, he seemed to hear us, and I panicked for a moment as he suddenly turned around, staring at us with glowing eyes. And when I say turned around, I don’t mean he moved his body. He was able to move his neck entirely at a 180-degree angle, starting at me with eyes that had already altered into the haunting visage of some sort of owl. It was hard to determine anything human in those eyes, but there seemed to be some discomfort and regret if I could tell through the animalistic features.

I could only stare dumbfounded as the man continued to shrink, shirt falling off him and exposing a tightening belly that was completely covered with snowy white feathers. His pants

fell down as well, but there was nothing exposed on his groin, either obscured by the feathers or converted to more avian physiology. I couldn't see his legs, though I expected they were starting to cover with scales, talons forming from feet for the deadly predator he was becoming. It was his hands that had my attention, fingers merged together as the gooseflesh peppered with more feathers, the skin widened and bones adjusting underneath to form the beginnings of wings. Something he would be able to fly with if he was to escape. It was a childhood dream of mine, but not something I was inclined to wish on the uninterested

"I'm very sorry to take you away from such a display, but there's more I should be able to show you. Shall we head into the reptile house next? The process affects everyone differently, and I have it under good authority that two of the subjects are just beginning their transition," the doctor said, and I reluctantly followed, stumbling forward as I tried to keep my mind on the owl man. I had to feel some sympathy for him, stuck in a cage while he possessed wings to fly, but there was nothing I could do about it. And, curiosity had the better of me by this point, wanting to see others in the midst of a process I'd wanted to undergo since I was a child. Except...even in my drunken state, I wasn't so sure it was a truly desirable outcome.

A blast of warm, humid air hit me just then as I walked down a corridor, trying not to trip on my own legs as I did so. Several thick glass cages lined the place, and I found myself wondering how a human being could crawl into one and change into one of the smaller creatures, like some of the snakes and lizards I saw in there. They were all exotic, like what I'd assume I'd find in a zoo, but how were they human before now? I wanted to ask about it, but there was something about the way the man presented himself that unnerved me. If I pissed him off, what would he do to me? Or, more to the point...

I didn't have much time to reflect on things much further as we came up to the pair of larger, glass habitats, one that a human could easily get inside of. The first one caught my attention first, the sight of discarded clothes on the ground a sign that the creature inside was human at some point. Though there was very little humanity in the creature, it wasn't a python, not yet, at least. There was still some hair and skin on its head, tiny, toddler-sized arms reached up in an effort to try to touch the glass, and the torso and truck of the being were too thick to be a snake. The tail, too, was short, and there seemed to be nubs of feet along the trunk as well. Still, even with the human features still present, it was obvious that the creature, the former woman, it seemed, would soon be indistinguishable from some kind of python or other constrictor snake.

It was the other cage beside it, this one containing a man this time, that really had my interest, however. The man was much more human, staring into the pen beside him with more than a little fear. He was wobbling on his legs, as though they were getting weaker, and there was clearly something akin to a tail poking at the back of his pants. His mouth opened wide in a gasp, and the sight of a lack of teeth, gummy lips, and a long forked tail left me looking rather

disturbed. Scales were spreading across his cheeks and neck, and he reached up to rub at them with hands possessing stunted fingers. For all intense and purposes, he was turning into a snake as much as she had been.

Still, he seemed to be ignoring us, looking at the almost fully formed snake in the cage beside him. His eyes were wide, slitted as much as they would be for the rest of his life as a snake. “Can he see her?” I asked, not really sure how to perceive the situation before me.

“He can, though he won’t care in a few moments. Snakes tend to find mates by smell, and he’ll be in season for egg laying when I put them together,” the doctor said, interested in their behaviors.

“Wait, what?” I stammered, not really sure if I had understood him correctly.

“Oh, the former woman is the male now, just as he is becoming female. The process works that way sometimes, it seems, though it matters very little to me in the end. The end results are the same, and they will be snakes regardless,” Dr. Pratt said, as though turning people into snakes was entirely scientific and not a violation of human rights. As much as I found the process fascinating, I couldn’t deny that it was fundamentally wrong for it to happen. Right...?

By this point, the man had largely lost the use of his legs and fell over in the cage, his shirt sliding off and exposing a spreading pattern of brown and yellow scales. His serpentine tongue was moving out and sniffing the air, likely looking for a male to inseminate his newly minted snake cunt. It was hard for me to put myself in his body, so to speak, wondering what it would be like to be in a cage changing into an animal, possibly forever. Not something that I was sure I could get behind, even though the idea of transformation wasn’t entirely foreign to me. Which lead to another question, one that hadn’t occurred to me inebriated mind until now...

“What’s going to happen to me?” I finally thought to ask, wondering what the endgame of being shown all this was. Surely I wasn’t going to head home after seeing people turned into animals, likely against their will. Was that the reason we had all been brought here? Why was it taking so long for me to come up with that conclusion?!

“Well, that would be telling, my alcohol-intolerant friend!” The man said, guiding me through the rest of the facility. I couldn’t imagine being one of the animals in the cages, but it was likely to be the case, and there was nothing I could do about it now.

So, still buzzed beyond belief, I followed him, looking into the other pens and waiting with bated breath to see if any of them were in the middle of their own changes. They were occupied, by a variety of reptiles that I would, in normal circumstances, be excited to see in

captivity. But knowing that some of them, if not *all* of them, were formerly humans, ones that were not put in there by choice...it was unnerving, to say the least.

“Were they all human?” I asked, not realizing I had said the words out loud.

“Of course!” The doctor said, as though he was excited to show off his collection in grade school.

We were standing in the middle of the room now, and I could see piles of clothing strewn in the pens that were a sign of whatever the former humans were wearing. Within the pens were a variety of reptiles, crocodiles, tortoises, a Komodo dragon, and some other species I would need to read the signs for. Some of their clothes were present, but some were not, leaving even my buzzed mind to wonder how long they had been there or been animals in the first place.

Yet, the most shocking thing about the whole room was when I saw a pair of mice running by, shocking me and causing me to jump back. Normally, I wouldn't have thought too much about it but the sight of a pair of clothes on the floor in the corner outside the pens. Almost as though, for some reason, the mice had been humans themselves. For what purpose would the doctor have to change some people to free-range mice?

“Were they human, too?” I asked, stumbling back toward the exit where the doctor waited for me.

“Coincidence?” The doctor offered, not inclined to say much else. I was terrified of what that meant for me. If the doctor was willing to turn people into short-lived mice, then what else was on the books for the other members of the group? Specifically...me...

Yet, scared to bring anything to the doctor, I decided to follow him out of the reptile house. “It's a shame that most of the participants are in the later stages of change. The spell works on a number of factors, the amount that they've drunk is so small factor, believe me! But I'm sure there are a few more specimens that are in the process of change to show off my process, I should think. Let's do, shall we!” The doctor said, and with that, I followed, in a little bit of a drunken stupor though sobering with the fact that it might be me in one of the cages before the night was out.

Looking around, we seemed to be in some sort of Animals of the World exhibit, with signs for several species, tigers, maned wolves, pandas, and the like. The man seemed to focus on the panda exhibit, and with a skip in his step, moved in that direction, while I followed, begrudgingly. “Oh, a panda, yes, we only have one from this batch of subjects, sadly, but one is a good start!” He delighted, and with that, motioned to a pen down the road, one where I could see

a man swaying back and forth, muttering to himself and struggling with clothes that obviously looked like they were about to tear away at any moment.

“Ah, he’s trying to fight back, wonderful!” The man said, delighting in the obvious suffering that the man was undergoing. I could only stare in awe as black and white fur started poking through the shirt, clawed fingers that were temptingly picking at the fibers to be rid of them. A beastly growl escaped his lips as he looked up to regard the two of his with beady eyes. I could almost hear the cracks and pops of his face pushing out, getting thicker and larger, toward his eventual form.

“Will he remember who he was?” I asked, not really sure what to make of the whole ordeal. Surely if he was struggling so much against the changes, then I couldn’t help but think...

“No, the resistance will dissipate once the changes are solidified. He might recall some things but will only be happy with the new form I have given him,” the man said, though didn’t seem to feel a shred of sympathy for them.

I couldn’t help at that but wonder what was about to happen to me. Surely, I wasn’t going to be this panda’s mate. I didn’t feel the start of changes in my own person. But I had no idea what the whole thing would entail and was well aware that I could change at any time, likely on the whims of this man.

With that in mind, I felt there was no choice but to move with the doctor, the buzz wearing off even with my low tolerance. The reality of my situation was literally staring me in the face, thinking it was very likely I would be next. And as much as I’d dreamed about the chance...no one wanted to be here, right? We were all high-tier donors for the betterment of the zoo, but how many of us would want to be its newest attractions?

“Ah, I think that we still have time to see one more!” The man said, either not noticing my despair or not caring in some sort of psychopathic way. I could see no way out but to follow him, shuffling my feet as I did so, still a little woozy from the effects of the booze.

I was barely aware of reading the sign that read ‘Maned Wolves’ before the sight of the cage's inhabitants caught my eye. There appeared to be a man and woman in the cage, the woman down on all fours with her face pushing out into the form of some kind of muzzle. Dress dirty, a tail was sticking out of the back of it, wagging as though in eagerness. With her longer, canine tongue, she was lapping at the rather eager erection of the male, who was rubbing her hair with tenderness, encouraging it to change into a canine coat. I couldn’t really see much of it, given it was in an elongating muzzle, but it appeared to be shrinking, thinning, and red, likely the member of a canine if I was not mistaken. He was not able to rub her head much longer, the



fingers shrinking and claws forming making them into paws. The other thing that made things difficult was the length of his arms, spindly and ungainly like the canine he was becoming.

“Maned wolves?” I asked, as though I didn’t see the sign on the walkover.

“Yes, good! A breeding pair!” The doctor said as the female pulled back, sliding out of her dress with her slimmer frame and raising her tail, exposing a backside that was ready for his penetration. The male, for his part, seemed to be trying to resist, though as he fell down onto all fours with his nose toward her cunt lips, it was likely to be a futile endeavor.

“Ah, I love how the change raises one’s libido. It makes for rather rapid copulation, ensuring the next generation and the placid state it puts them in as they enter their new lives. It’s the best outcome for the breeding program we hope to cultivate here. Sometimes it requires the participants to switch sexes, though, in the end, it surely doesn’t matter. I don’t have full control of the magic’s effects on each person, so I have to wonder if what happens to you matches your proclivities!” The man exclaimed, and it gave me a moment of pause. I wanted to stay male...I thought...but even for the chance to change...but there was no way I could want it...

“I don’t...” I started to say, but the words didn’t come out.

“Well, it’s not like you have a choice in the matter, so I’ll be blunt with you. Since you’ve been following me and have provided me valuable feedback for my purposes, I would almost be inclined to give you any spot in the zoo that you wish. But alas, you’ve already had your drink, and its effects will soon take root. So, I’ll have to take what I can get,” he said, turning around and looking down along the way. “Why don’t we take a look at this one, shall we?”

Like in a trance, I walked down the path to where the man was gesturing, watching with a mix of trepidation and terror. It was as though I was walking toward my own grave, doing so willingly and of my own volition. I could tell there was a figure in there, though I was terrified to actually look at the signs to see what my fate might be. It was a male, as much as I could discern, already ripping out of his clothes from the rags that were still around him. And he was alone, the only figure that I could see in there. As though he was waiting for someone else...

But it was his acts, rather than the sight of him, that had me mesmerized the closer I got. He was jerking off, a massive hand with thickened fingers that seemed somewhat stunted. I could hardly see his cock, it was so small in comparison with the rest of his mammoth form. It was still human-shaped, as much as I could tell, though, with the size of it, I needed to get closer. For some reason, I *wanted* to get closer...

The sounds of shoes tearing caught me off guard as his toes twitched, glad to be free of them and his socks. The feet within seemed not to be altered too much, with four blocky toes. It was the massive toes where his big toes once persisted, they were as flexible as thumbs, and he was able to use them to grab the remnants of his shoes and pull them off, throwing them to the wayside. That was not the only change, his belly massive, canines pointed, and body hairy with black fur. As best as I could tell, a gorilla. A male gorilla, but the sight of the cock he was jerking off. Like he was lonely...

Without thinking, I continued to move toward him, as though being drawn in that direction. His body was large, powerful, and enticing in a way that defied my understanding. In fact, it was doing more than that for me, my cock coming to arousal. I was never really inclined toward other people, men or women, but this changing beast, this masculine specimen, made me more aroused than anything had a right to be. In fact, I was so turned on that even walking toward the cage with my cock hard against my underwear, made me moan as I blew my burden into my pants.

Stunned by the unexpected orgasm and the continued pleasure it granted me, I was almost unaware when the doctor moved in front of me, opening the cage and motioning for me to go inside. Part of me, a fading part, had wondered why the changing individuals had gone into a cage willingly when it would signal the change into an animal. But with the option to enter my own cage before me, I did so eagerly, willing, without regard for the consequences within. I certainly needed it at the time!

The moment I entered the cage, a tingling went over me, as though it was the catalyst for further changes. My skin started to prickle as hairs rapidly began to burst from the follicles, itching against my shirt as it started to coat my skin. My muscles and gut, too, were starting to expand, making the already confining clothing tight against them. My belly bulging, it was rather with muscle than the usual fat, though with the arousal I felt, it was hard to think about what the changes meant for my form. Strangest still, there was a pressure around my shoulders and upper arms, the muscles massive and a hump over the back of them making me sure I would be in possession of more gorilla anatomy.

Yet, it was the tightness in my shoes that demanded attention, the large toes cracking and being pulled back along the stretching heel, making it impossible for me to keep them on my person. I didn't want them any longer, though, delighting in the dexterity of my feet in their current configuration and the changes to come. I couldn't deny it but there was something beyond the man's spells that made me aroused by the process. The thought of being a furry for real was a powerful turn-on to the point I felt I could cum again in short order! It was impossible to think about anything else as the heat burned into my loins, making me horny as hell.

Though it was not my cock to come to arousal, even with as excited as I was. Rather, it almost felt like my cock was inverting on itself, pulling in and creating a slit that was soon damp from oozing fluids within. I was horny beyond belief to the point I couldn't think straight, the ache in my loins was not for stimulation but for penetration. And with as small as my opening was the male's member was the right size for it as I stared at it, almost hungrily. I'd never been inclined to males per se before but the fully formed gorilla and his thick musk burned into my mind to the point it was all I could imagine wanting. I knew my mind was devolving, that I was falling into bestial instincts as much as any of the other participants in the program. But I found it hard for me to care, wanting as much to give in and enjoy myself so long as I had awareness of my soon-to-be former humanity.

With surprising strength, the male reached over and grasped my pants, tearing them off my hairy legs and exposing the growing muscles within them. A whiff of my musk hit my nose just then, and my moist, aching cunt lips were on display, the scent of which had my male erect once more. He was my mate, my male, and a sense of servitude fell over me to the point it was hard to think about anything else. As soon as the notion played over my mind, I got down on my back, raising my legs and allowing the male to take my pants off as he got into position, taking his penis in his hand and guiding it toward my moist slit.

The moment I was penetrated was the moment I lost any notion of my masculinity. I took him inside of me before the changes were halfway done, and as he started breeding me, it felt like he was fucking the female gorilla into me, taking me in a missionary position. I'd never had sex before, and it was amazing, likely far better than anything in the human world. A bestial need to rut, to take cock and cum inside me surpassed all my expectations. Even as more fur covered my chest, my muscles swelled almost painfully around my skin before it could stretch, and my skull started to compress, giving me the start of a crowned cranium and furrowed brow, I was eager to fall into the sensation, crying out with a series of hoots that were less human the more I got into it. But I cared less, feeling the cock teasing my inner walls and giving me more pleasure than anything had a right to.

As my body changed, my thoughts started to get hazier, like I was losing the the more I was fucked. Yet, despite the dissonance I felt there was no fear, no despair as I gripped the male arms with my altered hands and felt him preparing to blow his load. All my human worries, my fears, and concerns were fading from my head at this point, and I didn't want them to return. Hell, a last human thought, as I felt the beginning of orgasm wash over me, was that I was finally getting laid, though not in the way I was perhaps expecting...

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Dr. Pratt watched the new gorillas mating, the female surely pregnant in such short a time. That didn't mean they wouldn't spend the next few weeks getting to know each other in an intimate way. As with all his subjects, it would help them settle into their new lives, forgetting everything about their humanity for the simplified existence of zoo animals. Of course, the spells to erase their existences from the minds of their loved ones and the records of the human world were difficult, but not impossible, something the doctor prided himself on. And soon, the zoo would open, though the real value in the process was the valuable research data he would receive from watching humans-turned-animals adapting to animal existence.

Of most interest was this final subject, Dr. Pratt not expecting the man to avoid his spell for being in the bathroom, much less long enough to experience seeing the changes firsthand. The doctor was the only one immune to his spells entirely, and he never had the chance to have someone watch while the rest of the new zoo's inhabitants were directed to their new cages. Hell, the last man seemed to welcome the changes, as much as anything, and it would have done to let him choose his new life if such was possible. But it was of little matter, and it seemed that he, now she, was just as happy as any of the other high-tier patrons of the zoo, who would provide with both their donations and their very lives...