

# ***HARD AS HOOF***

By: Firingwall

Patron Story done for Danuki

Jerry gazed into his bathroom mirror with a proud grin on his face. He declared loudly and proudly, “New year, new me!”

He was excited. How could he not? Looking in his hand, he held the key. It was a hair gel bottle with the odd title of “Hard As Hoof”.

The bottle had been bought from a specialized shop that took a while to track down. However, the workers promised him that with this, he would have a brand-new look for the year that would satisfy him. All it would take is just a little use of it.

It was a big boast to be sure, but the palish man believed every word they said.

Jerry gazed at himself in the mirror one more time. *Enough of being... this.* He fidgeted. *Time to be something better for once. Just someone who's not me.*

He squirted some of the gel into his hands. It was bright blue and glossy with the bathroom lights shining upon it, almost giving it a sparkle. He put the bottle down and rubbed his mitts together before running into his dry, scraggly brown hair.

His fingers slid through his locks, his head tingling as the gel went through. He slicked his hair back, carefully going through every single bit. It felt odd, but certainly, this was the key.

*“You’ll look so fabulous using this!” “I’m sure everyone will love how handsome and striking you’ll become.” “All eyes will be on your mug.”*

*Those green ladies sure know how to talk a guy up. Still, they are professionals with this kind of stuff, so I’m sure I’ll be-oooh.*

A tingling sensation ran through his head as he pulled his hands away. His hair quivered as if a breeze ran through, his cheeks burning. *I guess this is it.*

Jerry focused on his reflection, his eyes on his slicked-back hair. It did seem to flicker and shake like it was caught by a current of air. However, there was something else to it.

His unimpressive mop was growing. The unkempt mess was straightening out, gaining volume and life to it. Afterward, his locks became wavy and styled, growing long and flowing in the back, past his shirt's collar. In the front, the hair puffed out, hanging a bit above his forehead.

Jerry nodded. *Not bad!* With all his might and time, he had never been able to properly make his hair look presentable in his eyes. "I wonder if I should keep it this way or maybe finally get it cut likewait, what!?"

The brown of his hair suddenly brightened. Going from the tip of his pompadour-like hair and rushing down to the ends at the back, it went pink. It went dark, but also, somehow, bright and gleaming pink. It even literally sparkled and twinkled depending on how the light shined upon it.

*What.* Jerry rubbed his eyes and looked again. *What?*

Words from before popped into his head. *Striking.* He frowned. *Pink is striking... but it sure as heck is not what I wanted! This isn't what I call handsome.*

He was about to grumble more when the moment was cut. A twinge of pain echoed through his head. His teeth gritted as he hunched forward, gripping the sink.

*What... the heck is going...* He looked into the mirror, realizing the problem. From the top center of his forehead, a large bump had formed and was throbbing. The bump grew and grew, extending away from his head.

The bump turned more conical, a spiraling ridge going from the base to the tip. Pale skin turned tough, taking on a bright blue tone. It pushed through some of the pink mane as it extended almost a full foot in length. Between the hair and horn, it was almost unicor-

*What the hell is happening to me?!* Jerry could feel his heart racing, panic setting in.

More and more, his appearance changed. From around the base of the horn, hairs sprouted. Bright, creamy white hairs packed and brushed close together, forming a soft fur coating that spread out. It cloaked the entirety of his forehead and flowed across all of his face.

*I... I should've expected this.* His eyebrows turned pink, just as pink as his hair. His heartbeat continued speeding along. *This is what you get from buying from witches. There's always a trick or twist to it.*

His ears began to grow, widening and stretching out in shape. They shifted up the sides of his head, piercing through his pink locks. They expanded further, smoothing out on the insides as their shape took on an equine appearance. Once fully done, white fur grew on the outsides of them.

Jerry frowned, his ears bending back like an animal's. *This isn't what I wanted at all!* He tugged at his ears. *I don't want horse ears!* He flicked his horn. *I don't want this.* He stared at his mane. *I don't want... want hair this pink and... nice-looking...*

Confusion set in. Didn't he just hate his hair a second ago? Where were these positive thoughts about his pink mane coming from?

Why did looking at it make him feel good? He trembled, his eyes clenching shut. His face felt odd like it was numb.

The remaining white fur cloaked his face fully, except for his nose. That began to widen and swell, nostrils flaring as the tip broadened. His jaws cracked and popped, cheeks stretching out on the sides a little. The bridge of his nose expanded as his face lurched forward, pushing out into a strong horse muzzle.

The numbness and changes lasted only a few moments before they left. Jerry opened his eyes, taking in his visage. He gasped, his hands immediately going to face and feeling it. It was real and not a trick of the eye. He had the head of a unicorn now.

His heart slowed, but still pumped swiftly. *Holy crap.* His hand ran along the bridge of his snout and across his longer jaw. *I... I look great!*

Jerry didn't understand. His concern and anger had fizzled out so swiftly. All that was left within him was this positivity. He looked handsome and that felt natural. There had to be something at work here, something to do with magic or the like.

Yet, did he really mind it? Was it so wrong with seeing this as anything other than good?

The thought of that would have to wait. His shirt felt oddly tight on him all of a sudden. It was only natural, his figure was growing as fur was rushing down his neck and further south. His shoulders were already a little broader, the muscle within them packing in. His torso was wider as well.

Jerry blushed, bringing a hand up to his chest. He placed it upon the area, finding it suddenly being pushed back a little. His shirt tightened further, outlining the shape of pectorals

beneath it, ones that were getting wider and bulkier. Below them, he could also make out the shape of a six-pack coming in.

*I'm...* His shirt tightened more as his hand slid onto his abs. *I'm getting... swole.*

A small smile formed. Now, this was something he wanted. He did want to be fitter, stronger, and bigger. He didn't expect hair gel to do such a thing, but again, anything was possible, seemingly. This he would enjoy to its fullest.

His arms trembled, that tight feeling stretching into his sleeves. He knew where this was going. If he was going to enjoy this, it was time for some fun.

He lifted his arms high, hands clenching. He could see their frames expanding, muscles and tendons surging. His sleeves were doing a great job highlighting how big and cut they were, but a question came to mind. *I wonder...*

He flexed his arms as hard as he could. His sleeves split and tore across them, prime, toned muscles and white fur showing through. *Yep, couldn't take it!* He chuckled. *Awesome! I always wanted to do that!*

White fur flowed down the rest of his limbs and onto his hands, which were growing to better match his increased arms. As the fuzz hit his fingernails, those became thicker and harder. The color turned blue, similar to that of his horn. The nails grew, slowly wrapping around his fingertips and encapsulating them. They became thicker and more solid, giving his digits mini-hooves.

It might be more difficult to pick things up, but Jerry didn't care. He just smirked, feeling prouder than ever. He shook his head from side to side, his hair bouncing and whisking about majestically. Even doing that, his hair returned back to form, not a hair out of place.

*God, why the hell was I worried before?* He stroked his chin. *I look amazing! Who wouldn't want to be this great?*

*Mmm, who wouldn't want to be me?*

Warmth was growing. It wasn't his fur coat alone heating him, something that he didn't mind. He was just feeling warm and pleased.

The last of his changes were barreling through now. He grew ever so taller, his body stretching out. His legs were bulking, his calves and quads impressively tight and ripped. Sure,

they weren't as visible as his upper muscles with his jeans, but still, he could sense their strength and power now.

Though, something did feel odd. His feet felt numb, their socks feeling like they didn't belong. Looking down, his stance was different and he knew why.

He sat down on the toilet and bent forward, removing his socks. He did so just in time to see his feet in the process of changing. His toes were merging into his feet, which were shrinking as well. The toenails weren't vanishing, however, they were growing and merging, turning blue and wrapping around the base of his feet.

The toenails hardened and thickened as they took over, forming hooves for the man. Hooves that were thick and giant, bigger than his fists. Jerry stared at them before standing up. He swayed and wobbled a little, trying to find a proper stance with them.

Eventually, he felt confident enough and approached the mirror again, thankfully not tumbling or stumbling. He gazed at his reflection once more, taking himself in. Smug satisfaction came to his equine lips once more.

*I look great.* His eyes went down. *Buuuuuut, something is in the way.*

Without a care, he grabbed his shirt and tore it off. It felt easy and so right to do. His pecs and abs were begging to be seen. He could always get another shirt.

Or not. Maybe he could walk around casually like this? Who wouldn't want to see this?

*Mom. Dad. Your sister. People at work. Police. Parents. Many others.* Jerry shook his head. His mind was betraying him, trying to bring him down. He can think about things later. Right now, he should just admire himself!

That was right. Jerry should just admire himself. He should admire that handsome unicorn in the mirror. He struck a pose, pushing his chest out and putting his arms behind his back. He should admire his striking, cool, handsome look. It was so...

Incomplete? He looked closely. *Fur, mane, horn, mug... it's all there. What am I miss-*

There was a sharp rip! He looked over his shoulder to where the noise was, but couldn't see anything. He turned his back to the mirror and tried looking that way.

*There we go!* He beamed. A pink, dazzling tail was behind him, having torn through his pants. It swayed happily, leaving sparkles in its wake with each shake.

Jerry turned back to the mirror properly. *Yeah, now this is a proper new me. I could get used to looking like this.*

His eyes lit up with joy. The old him was gone. All the unsightliness that he loathed seeing every day had been banished. He was a buff, handsome unicorn man. It felt right, like he was finally someone he was meant to be.

*This year is going to be good.* He flexed his arms, watching his biceps bulge. He smugly smirked. *I'm finally perfect, something everyone will enjoy seeing.*

*Including Monica! Wait til she sees me like... this.*

At that moment, a thought occurred. He looked at the gel bottle, holding it up. His girlfriend, Monica, how would she look with this? She did love unicorns after all. She was sure to like him, but would she like having the unicorn look too? Only one way to find out!

*THE END*