

Walking on Two: Prance in the Night

By: Firingwall

The camp was quiet that night. All the young campers had gone to sleep along with their counselors, the lights out and the campfire, at best, just tiny, fading embers. Things were peaceful, the soft sounds of crickets heard in the background.

In its center, not far from the main hall, was a small, outdoor stage with a canopy above it. It wasn't much but was often used for one of the camps' activities, a show that the campers would perform for their parents when they came to pick them up. This year, they were going to put on a ballet. An amateur one, but one that everyone was trying their best to learn.

During this quiet night, a figure slipped out of the woods and trotted quietly onto the campgrounds. It was a small doe, one that couldn't sleep and was out wandering the area. It normally stayed away from the camp, such loud and uninviting noises coming from it during the day. But during the night, the quietness allowed it to bravely venture in.

The animal passed by some of the cabins and came upon the stage, curiously sniffing its old lumber. It stepped onto the smooth surface, caught off guard by the noise its hooves made when stepping on it at first. It walked around until it came upon an odd thing.

Right in the middle of the stage, somehow forgotten by the kids, was a pair of pink, ballet shoes. They were both sitting there, untouched by the elements or any bugs. The doe walked over to them and gave them a sniff as well. They were a bit odd, causing her to sneeze.

She shook her head and began to walk away, interested in continuing its exploration elsewhere. However, as she walked along, one of her back legs stepped into a shoe. The other back leg followed suit after she paused, surprised to feel the different texture on her hoof.

She glanced back at her legs, staring at her hooves that rested in the shoes. Without a second thought, she lifted them out and continued walking along. However, not without any misshapes. After pulling her hind legs out, she walked about two steps before tripping and stumbling forward. She ended up lying on her belly with her legs spread out, like Bambi on ice.

"Ow! That hurt!" The light, girly voice echoed out of the doe's mouth. She shook her head and groaned, blinking her eyes a few times. With each blink, her eyes brightened, whites appearing, and her irises shrinking. They looked rather human and filled with life.

The fall was embarrassing. She wasn't intending for that to happen. She was usually much more graceful and composed with her steps. She shook her head again, her face softening and muscle structure shifting. She let out a sigh, her face showing sadness and frustration, "Gotta be better than that!"

She wiggled her body, shaking it a bit to get feeling in it. It felt so numb and odd all of a sudden. Did the fall hurt her somehow?

She looked to her right forehoof. Giving an annoyed huff, she gave it a small shake. Her cloven hoof twitched as her split toes extended out by an inch or so. The hoof portions shrank a

bit at the ends as the digits formed two fingers. As for the inner, medial claws, the two points merged into one and slid to the left. They grew outwards as well, the portion shortening and forming a thumb for her.

She shook her foreleg again, the limb shrinking as some of its muscles and bones changed. Her fingers pulled backwards until they stopped around the middle of her foreleg, bone structure morphing into that of a wrist. The upper portion of the leg, after all the shrinking, began extending out once the wrist settled into place, extending out to human arm length.

The doe sighed, bending her right arm and wiggling her fingers. It felt good to have sense and feeling back in them. She turned her attention to the left foreleg and gave it a shake as well. Feeling entered it, rapidly morphing into a human-ish arm like her right.

“Much better,” she mumbled, shaking her head again, “Gotta... gotta get back up. I finally got in and I can’t just crash like this now!” As she shook her head all about, her neck shape and length started transforming. It shrunk several inches while thinning, bringing it down to a more human look. Her vocal chords shifted a tad, her tone womanly with less beastly noise or roughness.

The doe took a couple of breathes, in and out slowly. Her large torso lifted and fell, the area around her neck beginning to shift now with the breathing. Her neck repositioned itself straighter, causing her muzzle to face the ground. From her shoulder blades, their position slid from the sides of her body towards the back.

Okay, let’s get back up. The doe put as much pressure as she could onto her new hands and started to push herself up. However, the heaviness and weight of her still feral body sent her falling back onto the ground after only lifting herself up an inch.

The doe huffed, frowning away at this development. She put more pressure onto her palms and tried again. As she lifted, her barreling chest sank back. Her ribcage shrank, her chest flattening and toning to more human-sized proportions. Her stomach and waist followed suit after, thinning out considerably to match the flatness of her chest.

“One... two... three...” she groaned. With one final heave, she pushed herself up and onto her butt. She sat up straight for the first time, yet, it felt right and normal to her. She was a little wobbly with her hindquarters and lower legs still being feral, but it was right enough.

With her legs spread out, the doe readjusted her sitting, trying to best get comfortable. Her hips creaked and twitched, rotating down as her spine shortened. Her tail and butt shifted up a tiny amount soon after, no longer having her sit on them completely.

She took a deep breath and brought her hands down to her right leg, still a feral build. She grasped the area close to her groin and started to rub. She shivered, mumbling, “come on... gotta get you feeling better for the routine tomorrow.”

Her leg shivered gently under her touch, bringing a sense of pleasant relief. Her thigh thinned while widening, her muscles restructuring to make a different shape. Soon after, without any rubbing, her leg straightened out fully as her knee became more distinct, noticeable in

appearance. Her foot twitched lastly, its form greatly shrinking. By the end, only the doe's cloven hooves themselves remained unchanged.

Much better! She smiled for the first time, turning her attention to her left leg. She quickly moved in and began rubbing its thigh as well, the transformation spreading to there then. It went by as quickly as it did with her right leg, her lower legs now plantigrade. With them changed, her form was fully changed, matching that of a young human woman, but with much more fur and animal traits.

The doe shook her legs gently one last time, her smile growing wider. "Finally," she spoke, stretching her arms. She slowly got to her newly changed feet, her balance perfect with no sway at all. "Glad no one saw that. It would've been embarrassing!"

She glanced down at herself, her figure fit and toned. Only a little bit of her fur was ruffled after the fall with no injury as far as she could tell. Things should be fine, much to her relief.

She wiped her brow and stretched again, creaking her waist to the left and right. Her body trembled and warmed as her muscles stretched. Her eyes clenched shut as she got primed and ready, missing the sudden appearance of a black leotard wrapping around her soft form. Even then, with everything changing, it was less than likely she would have noticed something was off with suddenly appearing clothing.

You can do this, Stella. You've been training for this your whole life. The doe sighed, dropping her arms to the side. She took a deep breath and exhaled.

She surveyed her area one more time, this time taking a moment to kick the ballet shoes off the stage so she wouldn't trip over them again. With the area cleared, she held out her arm and rose a foot into the air. She leapt forward, her cloven hooves clicking against the wooden beams below. Her routine began again.

After so many years and so much practice, Stella had finally hit it big. She had been accepted into a major ballet company, the kind that put on real productions instead of the old tired song & dance routines that smaller ones put on every year. She was nervous, and a bit anxious to boot, the next day would be her formal meeting with the rest of the company.

At times like this, she returned to her roots, the small camp she attended as a smaller doe and put on her first performance. It was the right amount of nostalgia that cooled her down and relaxed her mind and soul. Sure, she had to sneak in at night due to being much too old to be there nowadays, but it wasn't a problem for her.

The doe gracefully danced away, her audience the night sky and the insects she buzzed around the area. Her old life, both new and old, were floating away. Tomorrow, she would begin anew, and she could not wait for it.

THE END