

“Just to confirm, when you sign, you’ve agreed to the terms and there’s no way to reverse the process or return to your prior form. Do you wish to proceed?” The receptionist asked, and Matt simply nodded, signing the paper without a second thought. Not only had he thought this decision through already, but there really was no way better for him, and wasting any more time would be detrimental to his future health. Besides, with all his affairs in order, there was nothing to go back to, and he’d always lived his last few best days in his human body, the rest likely to be painful the longer he put off this decision.

With that, Matt was guided into the doctor’s office to await the series of injections that, as much as the consequences would be undesirable for most people, Matt decided to look upon as the first day of the rest of his life. He was naturally nervous about it, but he knew it was for the best, and was more than a little eager to go through it. There was something about the notion of his future that sat well with a childhood dream and with it that same sense of wonder that had been largely absent from his adult life. And it was literally new territory for him, with some advantages that he had hyped himself up for and was eager to experience firsthand.

There really was no going back once he’d received the first series of injections, but Matt was OK with that, the consequences of which being obvious. With a terminal disease, Matt’s life expectancy was likely only a few months left, and he was not ready to leave this earth just yet. With no other treatments available, given the disease was literally caused by his DNA, Matt had accepted the fact that any conventional treatments were no options in extending his life, much less in a state where he wasn’t constantly hospitalized. And without any chance of being cured in his current form, Matt found it easy to accept that the only chance of life was to change his form to something that was disease-free. Another human body would be ideal, of course, but with strict restrictions in changing one human into another, his options for a new body were rather limited. But his body could be changed into that of another species and with the ability to at least choose which species that would be, Matt willingly signed up for the program, not seeing any other way and able to relive a childhood dream beside.

Naturally, he was not the first person to agree to have his body altered into that of a different species. It was a rather unique side effect of DNA reconfiguration technology, and among a variety of other implications, had the unique effect of curing diseases that would otherwise be fatal. There were only a handful of people who had undergone the procedure to change one’s body into that of another species, though by all metrics it seemed to be a safe procedure, even allowing one’s mind and memories to persist into the new form. And even if it was to be in a different body than the one he had known all his life, Matt decided it was worth it to give himself a new lease on life.

Having always loved the woods and growing up in a rural town, Matt loved watching the deer outside, admiring their stature and even delighting in feeding them on occasion. He never

relished the idea of hunting season, though it was something well-regarded by his parents and the other adults in his hometown. But that would not be an issue for any of the deer within the nature preserve that he would be able to live in once the procedure was completed. And as much as he had always admired the one stag that always seemed to preside over the herd of does each spring, Matt decided that life from that perspective might be nice in its own way, a new lease of life and freedom that his years of hospital beds made him long for. It would be a shorter life than what he would have lived as a healthy human, for sure, but far longer than his human body was able to provide him, especially as it continued to give out and put a very clear expiration date on his mortality.

As his parents had passed some time ago, and having very few friends after his constant stint in hospital beds, Matt decided it was best for him to undertake the procedure alone, having said his last human goodbyes already. It was for the best he figured, not wanting to keep any ties with his humanity and letting himself focus entirely on his new life and all that came with it. There was something lonely with that as well, especially knowing he would be the only one with human intelligence in his new reserve. But instincts would prevail as well, and he figured he could lean on those to get him through his new life, looking at things from a human perspective while living the life of a stag in his prime. It would be an adjustment, for sure, but a welcome one to have a healthy body and one more powerful than anything he had ever known in his human life.

He was not to be the only one in the facility who was changing toward a new life, Matt had been told. There were facilities in place for those in transition to ease the process, as Matt was currently assigning himself to by signing the papers. There likely weren't many people there, and the staff could not disclose the nature of other people's medical status, but Matt was curious to talk to his contemporaries as much as they might be willing, wondering what life events would bring them to the same place while they still had the ability to discuss such in human terms. It was of little comfort but one he planned to indulge in while he was still able to.

The sound of the door opening drew Matt's attention from his self-reflection, and the doctor gave a quick rundown of what Matt could expect over the course of the treatment. There would be very little pain, thankfully, though not all discomfort could be removed from the process. It would take about a week or so for him to fully change, and there would be an adjustment period in between where his anatomy would require him to receive direct care as it adjusted to his new body. Other than that, he would be allowed his autonomy and to do as he would within the facilities that were provided. There were some amenities present, a TV, an outdoor area for him to exercise, and people to care for his more animalistic needs once they were required. While there were some guards present, their services would largely be unneeded, and Matt assumed his safety would be their top priority, Part of him hoped that no one there would be turning into a predator!

Still, Matt didn't give that last part too much thought, even given that he would be living in the wild and subject to all the whims of the wilderness, predation included. He would be a mighty, virile stag in his prime, able to live up to twenty years, which was twenty more than he had as a human. The Doctor did go over some of the effects of the process with him, but it was largely something Matt had already been prepared for, and there was so little data from those who had chosen to live out their lives in the wilderness that there was little they could do to prepare him. At least his new form would be immune to most common diseases and parasites, which was something he appreciated without access to medical care for the rest of his life. Though given how much time he had spent in a hospital before now, Matt figured it was a worthwhile trade-off!

With that, Matt was given a series of injections, the process having been condensed into one treatment that would carry him over until the changes were done with him. His arm was left a little sore, but otherwise, he was no worse for wear from the process. There was a chance his weakened immune system might be compromised by the process, though his core DNA would be altered in enough time it would be unlikely to cause him any ill. It was a minor risk overall, compared to the certainly his life was forfeit in a few months regardless. And the longer he waited, the greater the risk.

Afterward, Matt was shown to the main facility, given the chance to strip down, and was given a hospital gown for his comfort. He opted to keep it on for now, for his modesty's sake, though it was not required for his stay and ill-advised for some of the forms the patents were taking on. He would need to be naked for now but wasn't inclined to do so until his penis was carefully hidden away in his new sheath, however long it would take for the change to progress that far.

With little else to do, Matt opted to explore the facility, his home away from home while undergoing the first day of the rest of his life, so to speak. There wasn't anyone around that he could see, though as far as he knew, there weren't many patients here at any given time. He both hoped and feared he would not be the only one, curious as to what might bring someone else to this decision though not wanting to be judged for his own. And the chance to communicate with human words for the last time... would he regret it if the last time was with his doctor just now? Would the whole ordeal be one of regrets with too much time on his hands to think about all he had lost? No. Matt resigned himself to look at it from the perspective of experiencing life over again, and in a way that appealed to a childhood fantasy, a whim that he'd entertained more than once while watching the deer.

Stuck in his fantasy, Matt nearly let out a gasp as he stumbled upon a woman in the next hallway, clad in the same hospital gown as he was. "Oh, shit, sorry!" She said, turning around

with a blush on his face. Matt went to apologize as well when something about her features struck him. When had he seen her...

“Wait, Helena?!” He exclaimed, the face of a childhood friend coming back all at once. It had been several years, sure, but she looked largely the same, soft features and today cheeks that had always smiled at him slightly when she looked his way. He'd never had a crush on her or the like, and the two hadn't kept in touch past high school, save for the occasional Facebook post. Hell, they hadn't really talked much in grade school, save for passing by each other in day-to-day life. There was one instance, however, when he was being bullied by some guys a year old, something about being scrawny or being called gay, something childish he didn't remember anymore. What he did recall was that Helena had chastised them, threatening to call a teacher and prompting them to leave, hurling a few insults but never coming back to make good on them.

He hadn't thought of that incident in years, but at the sight of her, it all came back. He had been a little sad when she moved away and didn't continue on in his class for high school, but it had been so long ago now. Another life, soon to be quite literally for him. But it was a familiar face, at least, and not one he was expecting to see, here of all places. All he could hope was that she recognized him, too, the awkwardness of such a little more than he was willing to bear.

“Matt? Oh damn, hi! It's been forever!” Helena said, recognition crossing her features. Matt smiled at that, glad that he had made enough of an impression, at least. It would have been awkward otherwise, especially if they were the only ones in the facility!

That realization settled in his mind just then, and Matt found himself checking her for changes, wondering what form she had chosen for being a patient here. She had to be part of the program; the hospital gown was a dead giveaway that she wasn't part of the security or care staff. Yet, even as she rubbed her shoulders shyly, Matt couldn't discern any animalistic features to denote the start of her change. She had to be changing, but Matt wasn't sure how to pose the question, figuring it might be rude or taboo. It would probably come up sooner or later, assuming she didn't want to be alone for the last days of her humanity. Not that he could blame her either way! With such a change to one's life and circumstances, it was impossible to know how someone might react to it.

“Yeah, I didn't know the procedure was the place to reunite with people!” Matt said, feeling a little shy as he did so. It was a bit of a bad joke, but Matt was suddenly feeling rather nervous and self-conscious, hoping that she shared the same mindset.

Helena returned a brief smile, appreciating his outlook. “Probably not, huh,” she commented, a little sad. Matt felt bad, but couldn't blame her for feeling that way. Hell, humor

was all he had to help him truly and a positive outlook that was suddenly feeling more forced than he was hoping.

“Sorry, I didn't mean it like that...” Matt said, feeling a little ashamed.

“No, it's OK. It's just...it's all-new, that's it,” Helena replied.

“That's one way to put it,” Matt said, nodding. “It certainly will be new.”

“Can I ask why? Sorry if that's too forward. I know everyone has to have their reasons, and I don't want to make anyone feel bad,” Helena asked, in a way that actually made Matt feel a little sad. Damn it, he had already come to terms with this, right?

“Yeah, it's OK. I've been through the emotional ringer by now. Would have only had a few months to live. Not that finding out any sooner would have mattered. But at least I had time to get into the program,” Matt said, trying to sound optimistic.

“How about you? That is if that's OK to ask,” Matt inquired, taking the opening.

“Same for me, really. Well, not cancer. CF. Wasn't a candidate for a lung transplant. And I figured instead of five more years not able to breathe, a body that could run all out,” Helena said, blushing a little. There was some sadness in her tone, though a twinge of excitement as well, as though she was excited for the freedom a new body might grant. Being sick for most of her life, as he understood she would be, the chance to change into a new one, even an animal, would be welcome. How did he not notice her being sick before? How young did most people start showing symptoms? He wanted to ask, yet figured in the end there was little point given the more prudent information he wanted to know.

“What animal are you turning into?” He asked, waiting with some anticipation. It didn't matter, of course. The two of them were to lead very different lives in the next week or so. But it seemed to bother him, for some reason, he couldn't quite place it.

“Oh, a wolf! I always liked them growing up. Cliche, I know. But I figured since I always had so much trouble breathing, it would be perfect to become something that can run all out, right?”

Matt couldn't help but feel his heart sink, though he did his best to keep such an expression off his face. “Oohh,” he said, voice trailing a little as much as he wanted to hide it. He didn't want to admit he was becoming a stag, finding the coincidence almost funny, a final cosmic joke. At least he was sure he would be safe here. They would keep their minds, of course,

despite their persistent instincts. And she would never harm him. Surely, maybe she was part of a pack trying to take him down, neither having a way to know who they were in another life. But they wouldn't be released anywhere near each other, right?

“Yeah! One of the first things it fixed was my autoimmune disease! I've never had it so easy to breathe! Well, not since...hey, is something wrong?” She asked, having clearly picked up on the odd reaction.

“Oh, haha. It's nothing. I'm becoming a stag! Pretty ironic, right? Not that I can go back and switch!” He said, trying to make light of things.

“Oh, that is really funny!” She laughed, a little nervously. “Hey, can I buy you a drink? Can't be alcoholic, sadly. Or coffee. It doesn't sit well with our new...ok, so it's only water. I can buy you water! It's cold!” She exclaimed, sweating in hopes she had salvaged the situation.

“Sure. It's no worries,” Matt said, feeling his body become damp and sticky. It was worse than trying to ask a date out of a high school prom!

As they walked toward the small kitchen area, Matt tried his best to quell his racing thoughts. He had expected a few days of quiet reflection, followed by getting used to his new body, and some anticipation of what his new life would be like. Even if there were any other residents, their interactions would be kept to a minimum. Right? And yet here he was, nervous as hell about chatting with a childhood crush, the last person he would have expected to meet here, of all places. And quickly finding himself thinking he would have it no other way.

Sitting down, Matt made sure to keep his gown closed, not wanting to be seen in a compromising position. Not that it wouldn't be the case over the next few days. Helen's, too, was closed tight, though the outline of her breasts showed through. She was small, likely a result of her chronic disease. No wonder there was so much appeal in becoming a powerful wolf. Hell, she probably fantasized about it before her illness became life-threatening. Not that he could ever ask. Or could he? What the hell was there to ask about, anyway?!

There were so many things they could talk about, their lives since their youths, their jobs, hopes, and dreams before now. But that was stupid. It was all from another life, one they were leaving behind, even if it wasn't their lifelong dream. So, deciding whether to live in the present, Matt instead asked “How long have you been here?” He was sure it couldn't have been if she wasn't showing. But of course, it could all be under her robes. *Stupid, stupid!*

“Oh, just last night. I was able to sleep for the first time in years without coughing. It was amazing,” she said, a certain glow about her. Surely, after all those years it would be nothing

short of a miracle to be free of it. Something Matt had avoided with his rapid onset of illness. Small blessings.

“Is there anyone else here?” He asked the other thing that had been bugging him. Not that he wanted to have her to himself or anything. But everyone would be dealing with their own reasons to come here, and not all might carry the sunny disposition of his childhood friend.

“I'm not entirely sure. I know there are a couple, but I haven't talked to them. There's a guy who lives outside now, he's turning into a horse, I think. Almost halfway done, and I think he's got someone working with him to help him through the hard part of the change. I assume, I just saw them outside this morning,” she replied. “Oh, and one of the doors is closed, so I think there's someone in there too, but I don't know what they would be changing into. They haven't come out since last night, at least.”

Matt nodded, not sure how he felt about that. It was a little nerve-wracking to be thinking about what others were going through, especially through the hard part of the change. He wouldn't want someone coming to gawk at him if he was struggling to walk, to eat, to...well. But with someone changing with him, at about the same pace...what would that be like? He was glad she wanted to talk to him now but as they changed? And of course, he would be seen less as a friend and more of a snack as he changed himself.

“Oh, wait!” Helen said, snapping Matt out of his inner monologue. “My doctor told me something really cool. There's a massive saltwater tank outside, I think they got the funding from someone really rich. Donated all his money for the chance to be a killer whale. Ironic, I know. A rich guy getting back at all those orcas sinking yachts or whatever. Anyway, he's over halfway changed, and I think they are shipping him out at the end of the week. Want to go see?” She asked, sounding excited.

Matt wasn't sure what to make about that, but there was no reason not to go, right? Unless the man wasn't a fan of someone moving in to gawk at him. But he couldn't say anything in protest, and Matt wasn't sure if the man would even be able to know they were there. Matt wasn't one to judge someone's choices, but rather more curious about the process and wondering what it was like for anyone else who had not undergone a total change, but one that allowed for an entirely new medium, no less!

“Isn't that a little rude?” Matt asked, figuring it was best to know nonetheless.

“I don't think so. At least not what the doctor told me. I guess he's actually a bit of a show-off. Guess he really wanted to be a whale. I don't think it would hurt,” Helena said, face drooping a little as though she was partially embarrassed.

Not sure if touching her was appropriate, Matt simply flashed her a reassuring smile and bid her to lead the way. He was rather impressed by how fast she'd learned the lay of the place, given she hadn't been here much longer than he had. But their destination was obvious with the only path from the facility leading some distance off, into another newly constructed building. He supposed the man wouldn't need it as an orca, and it could be used beyond him for any number of aquatic species. It wasn't Matt's place to question why he'd chosen that animal or even his life circumstances leading up to this decision. Still, curiosity won out in the end, and he headed up the stairs to a side door, unprepared for what he would see.

The massive creature in the tank was clearly not quite a whale, but it was hard to see many human features about him. Legs still persisted around where his waist surely once was, but they weren't moving, either unable or unwilling. A massive fluked tail waved up and down as the former man swam lazily in a habitat that, while too small for the long term, was far larger than what aquariums employed for similar animals. His skin was entirely changed, Matt was unable to see much human skin in the black and white. His hands, too, seemed slightly functional as well, mostly webbed and able to move slightly, though the man was keen on keeping them stiff like the fins they would body. While his body was largely streamlined, it seemed like most of the necessary changes for him to move like an orca had been completed, and he was clearly enjoying the ability.

As he turned around, Matt was able to get a good look at his face, finding the sight somewhat embarrassingly alarming. The man had no hair, skull warped largely to accommodate a cetacean melon. His mouth was massive as well, teeth peg-like and mouth fat. But his very human eyes gave the man a haunting expression, and Matt found himself wanting to look away, though was more concerned about offending the man. Or, maybe it was Helena's opinion he longed to keep in high spirits, but either way, Matt steeled himself.

A minute later, he wished he hadn't. The man started rubbing himself on the side of the tank, in front of the pair as they looked on with confusion. It wasn't until something twitched on his underside and a long, pick thing started rubbing against the side, leaving a slimy trail as the future orca continued to push against the side. The sight was so foreign it took Matt's brain a moment to process it. Its writing pink shape was well beyond anything like its human equivalent in both shape and size. Eventually, its purpose dawned on Matt, and he felt powerfully embarrassed. Of course, the man had a right to masturbate as much as anyone. And if someone really wanted to give their life to be an animal, they had every right to enjoy it to the fullest, so to speak.

"They said the changes were supposed to be arousing," Helena mused.



Matt felt himself blushing at that. He had heard such, of course. It was part of the intake. And he figured it might be something worth exploring as the changes started and he was alone in the last days of his humanity. And he still would have, but...another furious blush crossed his features at the realization. Not only would he not have the privacy from Helena if her ability to smell came in, but he would know if she tried to play with her sex as well. He didn't want to think about it too much, at least not for now.

Matt was a little relieved when Helena offered for them to leave, not wanting to see the former man masturbate himself to conclusion. If the orca could see them, he didn't appear to care, eager to rub his cock against the side of the tank and likely to climax. Helena had mentioned hearing he liked to show off, but being an animalistic exhibitionist was not something Matt could have expected in his wildest dreams. This really was a place of pursuing fantasies at the cost of any human inhibition, though when given the alternative, Matt would come to accept the pros of that.

"Did you want to get dinner later? I don't want to take too much of your time or anything. I know you probably want to sit with the start of your changes. I know I want to," Helena asked, and Matt felt himself relax a little at that. It took the pressure off things, as much as Matt had been nervous about it. He hadn't allowed himself to admit it, but it was very much the truth.

"Yeah, I think that's a good idea," Matt said, and Helena moved toward her room, giving him a shy smile as she did so.

Matt took off for his own as well, realizing that even in the first hours of his changes, there was a lot to think about. He had already resolved himself to forget about his humanity, having forsaken it with the promise of a new life. But with someone else changing at the same rate as he was, and into one of his predators, to boot, left him a little worried about how things would turn out. Not that she would ever hurt him, of course. But animalistic instincts were part of the package, and he was sure he would be scared in the presence of a wolf, or someone turning into one. It didn't take much introspection to decide that would be fine in the long run, but it was still something he would have to deal with.

It was silly, he knew, to have any regrets with all he had in life already discarded. He had resolved himself, researching everything he figured he would need for his new life. Meeting a woman, even an old childhood friend, wouldn't make any difference. She had her own fate as well, something she had chosen for reasons similar to his own. There was little value in them spending this little time together when there was much to think about getting ready for their new lives. And yet, the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to see her, to get to know her before they changed too much. Of course, he would remember everything going into his new

life, that was part of the process. And he would always regret the chance he had over these next few days if he didn't act.

Casually rubbing his body, Matt was a little shocked to feel something out of place, a thicker patch of hair and something he had never felt over his body. With a mixture of excitement and trepidation, he reached for the spot once more, rubbing it a few times before he braced himself to look. It was just a patch for now, a small circle of brown hairs, the consistency different than what he was expecting. It was mostly soft, the hairs short and so close together he could barely see the skin. There were longer hairs there as well, though not as thickly grown. They were likely guard hairs for the coat he was starting to form, and the more he thought about it, the more the idea appealed to him. Fuck, he couldn't wait to be covered, just like he'd dreamed of for so long!

Yet, his excitement was short lived, reflecting on all that the change would entail and what he stood to lose. His hands, for one. Not that stags needed hands, of course. It was a little daunting to think about now that it was time. It would be a different life, and he couldn't think of any use for them in the woods. A set of firm hooves would do him a lot better, able to run and spring and protect his feet from the forest floor. Such might not have been the most appealing prospect, all things considered. But the change didn't work that way, and there was no way for him to take a hybrid form and be cancer free. It was his lot in life, and while not the most appealing for most, it was certainly better than the alternatives.

With some time left before dinner, Matt found himself wondering what to do with all his free time. Eventually, he decided to go for a walk around the facility on his own. Part of him wondered if there were any more people changing, as much as Helena wasn't sure whether there were. But the exercise wouldn't hurt either way, and Matt was sure he would go stir crazy if he stayed there thinking about life as a deer. And as much as he wanted to play his hands over his skin for more fur, it would likely take more time for that to come to place.

The building wasn't really much, save for living quarters, the kitchen, and a living area with TV. There were larger buildings along the sides, likely farm stalls and the like for people changing into larger animals or needing help mid transition. He hadn't really been given a tour, though there were supposed to be staff on duty to help them with any needs. He did see a call button on the wall with that label, though he needed little. A few posters reminded guests to respect the privacy of others, something he could get behind, especially when it was him half changed. But for now, no one seemed on duty, at least in the main area where he was living.

In the end, Matt decided on some TV, something that seemed pointless in the grand scheme of things. It wouldn't do to be reminded of things he wouldn't have access to any longer, in his opinion. But there was little else to do, and he doubted much on day time TV would really

make him miss humanity. Talk shows, news, and sitcom reruns left little regret in his mind. It was nice to take his mind off things, at least for a while. But nothing he watched, even latest news stories and the like, would have any effect on his life going forward. The climate situation, he supposed, though climate change had been on the mend in recent years with new technology. There was nothing he could do about it regardless, and the area he'd settled on living was seasonal, not at a significant risk of wildfires or the like. His life in the woods would be as carefree as he would have hoped for, giving him a literal second chance. Despite the losses that came with becoming an animal, Matt still found himself thankful.

Naturally, he didn't have a phone anymore, or Internet access of any kind. That was something he'd relinquished upon submitting himself to the program. It didn't really matter in the end. Matt had said his goodbyes already, and should he panic in the middle of the change, it wouldn't do to have himself trying to reach out in vain. Some people wanted to document their own changes for research purposes, but the facility wasn't allowing that at this time. And, for the most part, Matt didn't mind not having such access. Other than the boredom that came with the early stages of change, at least. That would soon be fleeting enough, the last hours when he was human enough to be bored such as he knew it.

Eventually, bored of the dribble of humanity, Matt figured he would head out to the track to take a run. Not that he would need the exercise with the change given him the body of a muscled stag in his prime. But at least it would be something for him to do, and part of him was excited to try his body for the first time in months. Having been weak and fatigued from the disease eating away at his body, already Matt felt a surge of excitement and energy. It couldn't be happening quite that fast, he was sure. But it didn't really matter, given its rapid spread at his new lease on life.

With all he had to wear being hospital slippers, Matt wasn't sure he could really run much. He opted to take them off, at least, bare feet better than their slippery surface. Looking around the building, a paved walkway would likely do the trick for him, and he decided to take it, jogging slowly at first, but picking up the pace as soon as he felt he was able. His feet were sensitive, but that mattered little when they would eventually be converted to hooves. And he could bear the inconvenience as he ran faster, excited he was able to do so. It had been forever since he'd been able to run like this, and it was only a drop in the bucket to what he would experience as a stag. Fuck, if he didn't know any better, he was already faster than he'd been as a human, a sign his muscles were already altering!

Still, he was hardly in shape enough to run very long, not to mention his soft human feet didn't do well on the concrete. He was sweaty already, and making his way back to his room, Matt found himself thankful he had his own bathroom. It was likely for the privacy of the guests while they were changing, though Matt was thankful for it either way. He had to chuckle a little

at the notion this might be one of the last times he ever had a shower. It wouldn't matter in the end, he figured. Animals used the world of smell in ways that he could only imagine until it was time. But having a few last showers wouldn't hurt, as much as he didn't think he would miss them.

Taking his robe off was reason enough for him to take stock of his body, and he was rather glad to see the patch of fur had spread. The skin around it was red, as though irritated by the fur that was coming. It was a wonder the technology existed to change one being into another without causing the body to reject it outright. Matt was thankful for it, though a little sad it was a one way trip. It seemed with current technology there was no way to change his DNA without making him into an entirely new organism. And that caveat was certainly worth it with the alternative. Hell, he had even psyched himself up about the possibility of being a stag and all the freedom that might come with it. And even now, he still did. But now...

The warm water over his skin was pleasant, and Matt's careful exploration didn't reveal any extra hair. There was every chance his internal structures were altering, or that the serum needed some time to settle into his system. He would find out soon enough, he figured, and took the time to enjoy his fully human body and how nice it felt to be clean. Something he always took for granted but something that made him regret. Not for his choice, of course. And these things happened. At least he would carry on with life, albeit it in a different way. Something very few people would ever experience, making it unique and special all on its own. Still, it was hard to work through that mental disparity, and Matt did his best to put it to the side, washing and drying and putting his gown back on. He had a dinner date, after all, one of the last times he would be able to claim such.

It was Helena to come to him, knocking on his door just as Matt was tying his robe. He was quick to answer, feeling a little flutter in his heart as he did so. It was a silly thing, he knew, to be attracted to a woman from his childhood, and one that would soon be a different species. But there was no denying his interest, at least in spending time with her while he could. There was no reason not to, Matt having learned the hard way there was little time in life for regrets. So, grin on his face, he opened the door, happy to see Helena showed as well. She wasn't made up or anything, that would be rather out of place. But the clean smell was pleasant, and he was happy to greet her smile with his own, legitimately happy to be spending time with her.

"So, what's on the menu?" Matt asked, chuckling a little. He actually wasn't sure, other than it was likely something vegetarian to suit his changes. Not that he wanted to eat meat anymore, knowing he was turning into a delectable for many. His diet would be plain from now on, and he took the time to have his last meals, so to speak.

“A candle light three course extravagant...fuck I can’t say that with a straight face!” Helena chuckled, and Matt couldn’t help but laugh himself.

“I just hope they don’t have me eating leaves and berries yet!” Matt chuckled, but he was a little nervous about it. Not that he had the most restrictive pallet, but he did figured everything would likely be bland.

As it turned out, he was right. A variety of fruits and veggies were provided for his choosing, as well as the fixings for a salad, though with little in the way of dressings. Matt figured that would be fine, not wanting to upset his changing anatomy. Helena was given a similarly bland meal, a sizable steak with little else, raw from what he could tell. Matt almost felt his stomach churn, though he figured it was largely his predisposition. Helena was almost drooling from the scent, and Matt almost wondered if she could smell it as well as a canine. He didn’t want to ask, figuring it might be rude. What was the social etiquette for these situations? He really was trending new ground, at least for the few hundred people to undergo this same procedure!

It seemed Matt’s hesitation did not go unnoticed. “Don’t worry. It’s not venison. Besides, I would never be able to catch or eat a might stag like you’ll be! I’d never want to hunt you...I’d probably be able to tell you by smell,” Helena said, by way of explanation.

“I mean, I don’t think we’d be in the same woods, right?” Matt responded, though regretted the words the moment they were out of his mouth. He didn’t want to make assumptions, nor did he want to want to say something offputting. But they wouldn’t be taken to the same place, right? He was to be taken to a place without wolves or other predators, and Helena would need a place were wolves were present in case she wanted to...well. Wolves were pack animals, of course, and he wouldn’t want her to be alone. As much as he wouldn’t want to, even if his company was only other deer.

“I mean, we could be, right?” Helena said, a little coyly. Matt felt himself blush at that, not really sure what to think. The more he thought about it, the more he thought such wouldn’t be unwanted. She wouldn’t want to eat him, he was sure, instincts or no. And, if he was being honest with himself, a friendly face in his new life would be welcome. As removed as he would be from his old life, he certainly didn’t want to forget about it forever!

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