

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"May I help you, sir?" A zebra-themed woman asked, and Glenn was guided toward a series of booths where he could pick up his chips and keep track of how much he had remaining. He was a little surprised to find the offer for a thousand free tokens was honored, but so far everything else about the establishment had been proven true. It was a delight to know that the games were his to play for the weekend, and the chance to win big was enough for him to give it a try. He didn't have much in savings to bet if he lost that, but it was OK just for the weekend of fun and experimentation he was privy to.

"Oh, before you start, can we interest you in any player's insurance?" The woman asked, and Glenn decided to turn her down. He didn't have the money to spend, and he wasn't going to be spending any of his own money. Word of mouth if he had a good weekend, sure. But with his minimum wage job, it was all he could do to take the time off, much less gamble away the

money he didn't have. Glenn was sure he had the self-control to say no, and didn't even have credit cards to max out, so how could he possibly get in financial trouble?

"Do read our terms of service, and be sure to sign at the bottom," the woman said, her voice a little deeper than Glenn might have thought. Pulling out a binder, Glenn was shocked by the sheer amount of documents that were present for him to go through. Skimming them briefly, and not seeing anything unusual, Glenn figured what the hell and signed where was required, and the woman smiled, taking it back and putting his documents into a folder. All fairly routine, Glenn thinking nothing of it as he got his chips and went to give some of the games a try for the first time.

It was a little overwhelming to see all the games around him, some that were easy and some he had no idea of the rules. Thinking he might start at the slots, just for a few spins, Glenn was privy to the animal themes on the display, in particular, each one illustrated with an animal's head. Taking a quick glance around the sides of the machine, he had no idea as to the value of each of them and looked around for someone to ask. After some time without seeing any help, Glenn figured it was a moot point, likely random chance, and pulled the lever, hoping he was to get lucky. Surely, he just needed three of the same in a row, regardless of what they were, right?

Glenn flicked through them rapidly fast, not really sure which ones were which. Without really knowing anything about the game, Glenn decided to say fuck it. Eventually, pulling the handle at random intervals, the center ring all fell on the image of a horse in succession. At least it was three of the same animal, but...was that...good?

The dinging of the bell seemed to indicate that was the case, as several alarms started to signal all at once, and a barrage of coins poured out of the machine, collecting in the tray almost enough that some of them spilled on the floor. It was the first time Glenn felt he had won anything of the sort, and he was excited, though a little intimidated by the sheer amount of coins that seemed to be coming out of the device. 'Horse' seemed rather lucky, as much as he understood, and he was excited by his winnings enough that he wanted to try again.

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

"You might not think you need it, but these machines are rigged. They get you with the first spin, but if you keep putting your money in...well, I bet you can guess how that will go," the man said, as he placed his device on the side of the machine. It stuck there a few moments

before something lit up on the side of it, as though it was turned on. Grinning, the man pulled the level three times, getting a trio of snakes on the screen, making him grin.

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

The beeping from the machine seemed to indicate it was, and a pile of coins fell from it, larger than Glenn’s own. He was somewhat impressed, though a little nervous about trying the device himself. He didn’t want to get kicked out on his first day here, after all. Not like he was going to snitch on the man or anything. To each their own.

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

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

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

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

Moving down to one of the lower levels, a room with a small group of people playing Smash Bros caught his attention, and he walked over, a matron at the door to take his chips, and presumably payout when he left. Not really sure what to bet, Glenn went with the minimum amount, confident in his gaming skills but hesitant about betting too much and ruining his weekend

The two guys seated in front of the game introduced themselves, Mike and Jacob, and had been competing with each other for the better part of an hour. Mike was up on him, and it was looking like Jacob needed to either pay up or cut his losses. But with a third player, both decided to stay in and give it a try. Glenn felt a little nervous, knowing he was a good player but never having done so for money before. But there was a much higher chance of him winning at Smash than any of the slot machines, and he figured he would at least give it a go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey, any more luck?” He asked, lifting his hand. “Richard, btw, I don't think I introduced myself yesterday.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Just ten tokens for another! The first one was on the house, of course,” the man said, and Glenn was almost tempted to say yes right there. How they tracked his chips without any positive way to ID him, Glenn wasn't sure,

A strange sensation played over his backside just then, as though something was twitching in the back of his pants. Glenn wanted to reach back and grasp at it, but as a blush crossed his face, he realized doing such would be powerfully embarrassing and opted not to. Still, he was reminded of the sight of the bulge in the Smash player's pants from the other day. He had thought them to be prosthetics like the attendants were wearing, but then why did he feel something similar in his pants? Surely, it hadn't been there this morning when he'd put on his

pants! Still, with as embarrassed as he felt over the whole thing, he tried his best not to focus on it, moving to the room intentionally clenching his ass cheeks and wondering what the hell it was bothering him back that.

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

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

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

It was a little bizarre to hear someone being called that outside of some sort of kink setting, made more so as something seemed to twitch in the back of their pants at the words. It was as though they possessed tails in their own right, ones that responded to canine words of praise as though they were attached to their bodies and not some sort of mobile prosthetic. Glenn was a little surprised they didn't seem to notice at first, though eventually, one of them reached into the back of their pants, pulling out a full-bodied, fur-covered growth, almost matching the

one their benefactor. One was blond, while the other was black as he, too, exposed his growth, shorter cut than his counterparts. Still, the two growths wagged as much as any dog's tails might when presented with the same words as the wolf once more whispered. "Good boys". It was almost like either they were acting the parts of dogs or something about them made them more canine in inclination.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

half of what he started with, and he didn't have his own money to waste on the establishment. If he didn't start winning soon, then he would be done for the weekend without a cent to his name. At least he had to try out all the games he could with what chips he had left!

Still, there was no reason not to spend them all, seeing as they were free. He could always just lounge in the room or take a swim, or hell, even run on the track more if he wanted to for the rest of the trip. And damn, did he want to! Even though he was sweaty and figured he should have maybe showered first, the scent of his body odor didn't seem overly pungent or detestable. Besides, everyone kind of smelled at this point, even if the odors didn't really bother him as perhaps he might have assumed they might.

In the end, Glenn decided to go back to the slots, partitioning part of his money out in order to make sure he could try one more game before the chips were up. As he did so, it didn't escape his notice that everyone he passed had something in their pants, not simply one or two. And, to his embarrassment, there seemed to be something in the front of their pants as well, though Glenn found he wanted to look away if he could. Almost as if everyone was becoming an animal person, though no matter how much evidence was before him, Glenn couldn't give credence to that idea. Still, there was no denying the thing in his own pants, or the ones that everyone else seemed to possess, to the point he did his best to put it out of his mind for the moment.

Naturally, the slots didn't seem to pay out for him either, to the point he was getting a little annoyed with himself. Each one came up as a dud, making Glenn glad he had set aside a certain number of coins for the endeavor. One even seemed to give him a few coins, though the alarm was a little too loud to his ears. And even those winning were used for more failings to the point the pressure in his pants grew to the breaking point.

Sure he needed to get to the bathroom to pull the thing out, but the pressure soon grew to the point that he was forced to moan, bending over in front of everyone in some embarrassment. It was like a wave of growth had shot through the thing, to the point he could no longer contain it. And that was quickly seen to be the case as with a resounding rip, the force of what he soon discovered was a horse's tail burst through, the wiry hairs hanging down over his ass and making it clear to him that it was not a costume.

Panic flushed through his features now as he moved past the other players, some of whom were starting to show the same level of concern on their own about their animalistic developments. He found himself figuring the staff were not wearing costumes, either, though he had no idea who else to turn to for help, even if they were into it or not.

The zebra man from before missing, Glenn turned to the card tables, the closest staffer seeming to be either wearing a shark costume or perhaps was part shark himself. He wanted to interrupt, but the shark was dealing, and all the people at the table were so focused on the game that he paused for a moment. The irony of a shark man at a card table was not lost on Glenn, though it did matter little with what was happening to him, and evidently the rest of the people at the table. Hell, he even seemed to have scuba-like gear attached to his neck, and the sight of pulsating slits made it seem like he was breathing the water like reverse scuba gear. Could he even breathe without it? Glenn found he didn't want to know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Glenn, too, could do little but look on in horror between the man's webbed fingers. It seemed as though his neck was starting to open up, like a slit was spreading down in a single line, pulsating as much as the shark at the table. Unlike him, however, the man did not have a breathing apparatus to stem the airflow from what had to be a shark's gill slits, and he was left to struggle there, lungs evidently unable to take in oxygen anymore and he writhed, falling out of his chair and still clutching his neck.

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

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

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

"Hey, can you help me?" came a somewhat familiar voice, and Glenn looked down to see the man from before, the cheating guy, shivering and shaking and scratching at his skin. Glenn didn't want to stare, but it was obvious that plates were present underneath, as though the start of some sort of reptilian scales. There was something in his pants as well, almost like a tail pushing

its way through. However, the real oddity was the man's mouth. It seemed...off, somehow. Like his lips were puffy, almost as though he could open them further than what should have been comfortable for a human. Almost as though he was changing into a...

"Dude, do you have some chips to lend me or not!?" The man demanded, and Glenn shook his head, realizing he hadn't been paying close attention. His ears twitched in embarrassment, and he wanted to reach up and touch them, though was a little ashamed about it. Damn, he was changing as much as the rest, and he was just letting it happen!

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

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

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

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

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

"This is all too much. I want to leave, get my stuff, and...is there any way to deal with *this* first?" Glenn asked, pulling out what could only be described as a tail. A horse's tail, he was starting to realize. It was thick and wiry, like straw textured, and it made him shudder deep down to know he possessed such a thing. It made him all the more ashamed to have given in to whatever forces had altered him, and

"You don't want to leave yet, do you? It's a free weekend for you, after all, I would stay around and enjoy it if I were you. Especially if you want to maintain your humanity..." She said

a sly gleam in her equine eyes that made Glenn shiver. Would his humanity be forfeited if he tried to leave? What would happen if he tried to play? Surely, he would lose to the house in the long run, as much as games of chance were skewed in the favor of the house.

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

“Of course, you’re not obligated to play, either. But again, if you want your humanity to remain intact, you should try one of our many games here! The tokens you came in with won’t save you from that! You’ll need to have at least some humanity at the end of the weekend in order to leave here, after all! The reward, of course, is the body that you walked in with. And if you aren’t able to win, well, there are a myriad of animal forms that people can be used in, after all! Animals that have been in human captivity can’t be allowed to leave and fend for themselves, after all, ” she said, the smile on her face almost creepy.

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

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

“I’ll just refuse to play!” Glenn eventually said, definitely. If he still had some tokens, surely, they wouldn’t be able to change him all the way. Not like that poor man that was turning into a shark...

“Suit yourself. It’s not the way I would go, but you will be fully changed by the time the weekend is over, as will anyone without a surplus of new chips. The only way out is to win, after all! Best of luck!” Said the woman, and with that, Glenn figured there was no point in the argument. There was nothing he could do as much as he figured, them having all the power. He would literally have to play their game and hope to all hope he was one of the lucky ones. Not that he had any idea what it took to change someone, and the odds were likely in the house’s favor.

Yet, the moment he turned away, a tingling started in his hips and ass, and Glenn bent over, trying to alleviate the sensation. It was as though his ass was growing, pressing almost painfully against the back of his jeans. And before he could react, the pain reached the point of a series of tears down the back, and Glenn felt his horse’s tail twitching out of the away as a

massive, horse's ass torn from his pants, hanging there and covered with brown fur the moment the skin touched the air. It was powerfully embarrassing, though it was unlikely to have reached its final size. And already, it was so big!

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

From a cursory glance around the floor, it was obvious Glenn was not the only person in the midst of change. Many people with animal appendages were walking around, looking as confused as he was. Everyone seemed to have a tail now, most of them out of their pants and on display. There were a myriad of tail types, almost too much for Glenn to count. Rats, foxes, dogs of all varieties, cats, cows, pigs, goats, donkeys, and more exotic forms, generally come with fur accented their faces and ears to match. Some were getting large in their clothes, some seemed to have gotten clothes that were far too large for them. All were in some state of change, however, no one was spared from the fate of the casino as much as Glenn had been told.

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

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

Yet, like everything else in the casino, it was not to come without its price. "That will be 50 chips, sir," the man offered, and Glenn found himself back away, trying to say no politely, but afraid of the temptation besides. He didn't want to walk around naked, certainly, but if he lost

more of his chips...would he lose more of his humanity? And if he had nothing else to give, would he change immediately? Fuck, Glenn had to get out of here!

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

A grumbling in his stomach made Glenn all too aware that he was starving, and making his way back to the cafeteria, he was hit with a series of nauseating smells, the strongest of which was cooked meat. Figuring meat was off the menu for his stint as a horse, Glenn opted for the salad bar, thinking he could eat his greens and carrots raw. He didn't want to move directly to things such as carrots and apples right away, but they simply seemed too mouth-watering to resist and were things he could at least stomach in the interim. There was also a craving for sugary treats as well, something that likely sat with his horse senses as well, though he didn't want to reflect too much for the time being.

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

No. Glenn couldn't begin to imagine such a thing. He had to focus on making his money, on slowing the changes and hopefully leaving here with some of his humanity intact. He didn't want to be trapped in that self-defeating mindset. And besides, there had to be some way to beat the system, right? Except...had the man at the table been a card shark, and changed because of it? The irony was too much for Glenn to ignore. Then there was the man likely turning into a snake...he had tried to cheat as well, as much as Glenn had been aware. Were those actions that had not only started them on the path but changed them faster? Did the place work like that, or was it because Glenn had hit triple-horse heads that set him on an equine fate? He had so many questions, ones that would likely not be answered before the weekend.,

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

It was unfortunate that he was already so low on chips, having lost to house odds as he was prone to do in a casino. He would have brought his own money to escape his fate, but that was not permitted as much as he knew. And there was something to be said for the rich not getting a pass out of here so easily, for whatever comfort that provided. There might be other things to bet, but Glenn had a hard time thinking what that might entail.

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

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

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

"Yau can't do this to mee...meehhhaaww! HHEEEEEHHHAAAWWW!" the man brayed, seemingly unable to control the animalistic sounds as he put his hands over his muzzle, terribly embarrassed by what he was unable to control.

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

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

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

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

Two men, both with the ears and tails of canines, were at one of the wheels, a declaration of "all on black" As the wheel was spun the ball moved around with its discriptive clicking. The sight of it made Glenn confused. For a moment, seeing the wheel wasn't even and there were, in fact, many more red squares than black. Even as the ball settled on a red number, the two canines howled their excitement, as though they'd won. Yet, judging by the sagging of their clothes and the lengthening tails, they had clearly lost and were changing faster as per the rules of the game. It took some thought for Glenn to understand their excitement, before the reality of the changes set in. As far as he recalled from trivia, dogs didn't have the ability to see reds and greens, and, likely to them, the wheel might appear in different colors, the reality of which would likely settle in soon...

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

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

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

“Fuck we can’t even still them...”

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

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

A small gathered crowd near the front door drew his attention, and Glenn couldn’t help but look over to see what had everyone’s interest. The sight of which was more horrific than anything he’d witnessed thus far, though it was not something he could look away from, like a disaster. A man with a long rat’s tail sticking out of his pants, body shrinking as he struggled with shifting hands to keep them on. It seemed he was pawing with the other hand around the main door, looking for a way to open the door in vain. The act itself was clear enough to incur his changes faster, and eventually, the man was forced to step out of his pants and shuck off his shirt. Such should have been alarming, though other than the man’s hairy rat testicles, there was little embarrassment to show for it. His back was entirely covered with brown fur, spreading up his back in a wave as the man continued to shrink, as though callous about the changes he was incurring upon himself.

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

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

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

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

"We'll find a new home for him, one appropriate for his new body. We look after our guests here, after all!" said the leonine attendant, though Glenn couldn't help but notice the hungry grin on his face, as though the newly changed rat would make a nice snack. Glenn decided he really didn't want to know.

In the end, all the excitement left Glenn to retreat to his room, but he was not really sure what else to do. Surely, he could barter his remaining tokens, but what then? He would be privy

to the whims of the attendants, who would use all sorts of bestial distractions to prevent him from winning. And then he would have to bet what remaining humanity he possessed to their whims until he ended up losing regardless. And if he tried to get away, well, he'd just seen the results firsthand. He wasn't the only one, the desperate few preparing to bet their humanity by the expressions on their faces. And Glenn felt he didn't want to be present for that, as much as he could avoid it for now.

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

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

In the end, Glenn ended up going to bed early, not sure what to do. He was far too nervous that such an act would change him further, but then, without a plan, he was doomed regardless. And there was a slight chance it would be the last time he would sleep in a bed if the changes continued. Would he have to sleep in a stall from now on if he lost it all? Glenn could hardly let himself think like that. He had to come up with a plan to regain his humanity, no matter the cost. The alternative was simply unthinkable...