

6:00 am. Again. Fuck. I did not get enough sleep last night. And today was going to be a busy one. I'd be in the office late for sure.

I groaned, getting out of bed and going through my morning routine as quickly as I could. Thankfully, in my line of work, I could show up to the office disheveled and no one would bat an eye. Still, I had a reputation to uphold. I preferred to step up and put on my game face every day. Inspire the troops.

My commute to work was rather short, thankfully. Traffic was a nightmare this morning. I'd gotten up half an hour early and I'd be 45 minutes late. Bleh.

I got to my desk exactly one hour later than I had planned. Everything was already in motion in the lab, though I would have to make my supervisory rounds to make sure things were running smoothly. After I had my Starbucks. My order was sealed, of course. No way that it could be tampered with by the other employees. I had the antibodies in my system that protected against any... unwanted additives. But, one could never be too careful, especially in my line of work.

It was my prerogative to sit and get caught up on the department briefs while having my morning coffee. Or frappe, which was the case this morning. Normally, my assistant, Cory knew to only bring me this as a treat on Fridays. He must have figured that I would need it this week. He was right, bless him.

My job as director of our facilities was never an easy one. But, this wasn't the worst week I'd had as of late. I think that was the time we had a whole football team to deal with. The imbeciles who ran the operation tried to set up an entire bus load of college students to go missing without running it by me first. The damn event was on the news for weeks! There was no risk of it being traced back to my operations, of course. And the boys were well treated, once the changes finished and they got used to their new lot in life.

The man who thought that 'try a serum on an 18-24 yr. old demographic' meant 'steal kids off a bus' and not off the streets like the majority of our subjects! No one bats an eye if some homeless people go missing. That's the whole point of using them for our transformation experiments! Needless to say, for his transgressions, he joined the boys in the breeding stalls after that.

I think it was disciplinary actions like that which left the rest of my staff a little afraid of me. I mean, I wasn't going to punish someone for spilling my coffee or any extraneous bullshit. I needed a surplus of good employees, people who would actually follow the procedures I set out

to the letter. I didn't actively walk around looking for the next staff members to join the petting zoo, as it were.

Still, in some ways it was better for them to think I did. I've always been under the pretense that fear was the perfect motivator. Or loyalty, but in my line of work, fear was probably better. The very real fear that I would someday strip their humanity from them on a whim. Well, not on a whim, but it's best not to let them know that. A random subjugation of an employee here and there to keep them on their toes never hurt anyone. I kid. Or, do I? They'll never know.

There was time enough for reflections on staff discipline and difficult weeks later. I had hard days ahead. With a full schedule of observations to make today, I begrudgingly downed the rest of my drink and went out onto the floor.

My first stop this morning was a man being altered into the genus *Corallus*. It was a slow process, expected to last the course of several weeks. He was a little over halfway through his program. He was being dubbed 'subject 34621'. I didn't recall his former name. I didn't care, not really. He was going to be a snake in the end. Names were for those elevated to humanity. And, even most humans didn't deserve them, in my opinion.

Designations were so much easier to remember. The 5 digit code was randomly generated. We did not have over 10000 subjects come through our doors. So far. I didn't think we ever would while this facility was in operation. Though the designations were a little harder to remember, they did prevent mix-ups. They forced employees to double check the codes rather than assume it was the next in a sequence.

Luckily for me, I was just in time for 34621's feeding. Two of my employees, Cory and Kailee, were in his cage already, preparing his daily meal. He was being live fed; part of his program was to determine how the subject took to the idea of eating live animals while he still expressed human intelligence.

Of course, the subject couldn't speak any longer, having lost their vocal cords within the first four days of the program. But we tried to keep the facial changes to a minimum, save the prerequisite stretching of the jaw to allow proper feeding procedures. His eyes and facial muscles would be kept intact up to the last few days of the process. That way, we could best determine human responses to the treatment as long as possible, up to the moment that humanity was no longer reflected there.

Afterward, subject 34621 would simply be another snake. He was destined for a wildlife study center. A glorified petting zoo, to be sure. But, not the worst life. I never really thought

of it much in my line of work. We tried not to kill the subjects if they could be used elsewhere. For me, it was more about not wanting to create waste than what some of the more squeamish staff would consider humane.

Subject 34621 would go on to propagate his new species, likely with the two females that already lived there. They could host an exhibit on eggs and reproduction before the offspring would be relocated to other educational facilities. A better use of his life than the human one he had, in my personal opinion.

I took note of the changes since the last time I saw him. I always found this part to be the highlight of my workday, the reason I was so fascinated with the research and my job as director. Our serum's effects on the body really were fascinating, and the ability to program them in various ways made the results a joy for me to watch.

Surely, I wasn't the only one at our facility who felt that way. Those who were passionate about the work made the best employees. In cases where the employee's really enjoyed the work, I inducted them into the program in their chosen field. It happened from time to time; testing willing participants was one of the center's top priorities, after all. Many who found out that we had the technology to turn humans into animals wanted to experience this themselves, after a period of working here, of course. It was even considered by some of the staff to be a promotion, of sorts. I shared the sentiment. Generally, either people wishing to spend the rest of their lives as certain animals or sociopaths tended to apply for this job. I preferred the former, though I'd been called the latter before. Oh well. Sticks and stones.

Almost everyone who came willingly through my doors had some sort of transformation fantasy. Some were content with the idea that they might retire as an animal one day, while others had plans in the coming months to submit themselves for study. There had even been some eventually wanting to make themselves into hybrid forms, part animal while still able to work for us. Hell, it was a field of study that our financial backers had more interest in than even the staff who desired that sort of lifestyle.

But, the DNA was difficult to isolate for particular desired traits, much less for a perfect, functional blend between human and animal characteristics. Testing had led to some... unfortunate circumstances. The research was ongoing on those fronts.

I digress. Taking off on tangents is one of my larger failings. Writing a journal of what I do in a day would be half the size if I didn't prattle on about the myriad of thoughts drifting through my head!

It was time for me to make my regular personal notes from careful visual observations of the subject. Video was constantly being taken, of course. As were photographs, DNA samples, skin cells, and a variety of other specimens that would aid in other tests down the line. But, I liked to make daily records on the subject's physical and behavioral changes. My own personal opinion was much valued by our benefactors. And, it pleased me to do so!

Subject 34621

Species B. constrictor

Subject is on day 13 of anticipated 20-day change cycle. Epidermis calculations show approximately 78% altered into patterned scales. Tail seems to have extended approximately three centimeters from last observation. It is motile and moving as though in agitation, indicative of a human behavioral response. This is a common observation during the subject's feeding and handling times, since subject discovered the tail was motile. Tail covering is entirely scaled, patterns spreading up towards the mid-back.

Legs are vestigial as of three days ago. They seemed to have cracked prior to the last visual observation, hanging at an impossible angle relative to former human anatomy. Note; subject should not have felt pain from the event. It was likely due to a recorded attempt of the subject to escape through the bars of his cage. The neural connections to the vestigial limbs were expected to have been fully severed some days ago. The subject does not seem to react to my touch as I prod their scales. Legs are now expected to diminish at an accelerated rate.

Trunk is approximately twice the diameter of the tail and continues to reduce. Subject has one distinguishable lung as correlates with suborder Serpentes. Some human muscle definition still exists on the underside of the belly. Belly button is now absent. Nipples are still present and still retain sensitivity.

Arms are approximately one-fourth the size of their human equivalents. Webbing has continued to persist through the digits, rendering them immobile. They resemble the forelimbs of a legged squamid. Arms are still mildly functional yet are not expected to be for much longer. Scales still cover the dissolving appendages, again indicative of the genetic heritage of the squamous order.

The head remains in a hybrid state as per the effects of the particular serum we had prepared. Eyes remain mostly human, as do facial muscles. Mouth, ears, and nose have been fully converted to make the prospect of rat flesh more palpable to subject's human sensibilities. Brain is still 75% of its human mass, with higher brain functions still intact for now. Higher functions will remain for future studies in intelligence before subject has completely transformed.

Expectation is that the subject will take approximately six more days to complete transformation. Visible observation supports this timetable. Further tests will be conducted to ensure validity of serum, as per standard procedure.

I looked up from my notes to watch the visual demonstration of his feeding. Once subject 34621 finished his change, he would not have to eat daily. His shifting anatomy was determined to need regular meals to aid with the protein requirements of the serum. Several rats a day were sufficient for his increased metabolic costs. Plus, it served well for our behavioral studies during and after the change. One of the tenets of my lab was the efficiency of performing multiple tasks at once!

The rat squirmed in the hands of the researcher, evidently afraid of its fate. Was it the smell of the snake that elicited such fear, or the waning humanity left in the animal after a change? We had done some studies in the past using humans-turned rats to see how active their escape attempts were versus naturally born rats. Rats were inherently intelligent, of course, so we expected the results not to differ too much, regardless of whether they were once human or not.

Imagine our surprise when some of the changed humans seemed to accept their fate, not resisting in the presence of a changing predator. Some seemed to retain enough humanity they likely did not wish to persist as a rat, while others had evidently given into the rodent instincts and acted like any other rat in the cage. There was an ongoing study in place to see if certain personality types could be correlated to differences in the animal's eventual behaviors. It was why so many of our subjects were literally turned into lab rats! The vagrant population was already considered vermin by society, why not make the adage reality, I always said!

Truth be told, the rats being fed to subject 34621 were unlikely once human. There was a colony where we put our former subjects-turned-rodents where they were allowed to live and breed in safety. Those who were formerly human were marked with external tags, just in case they were needed for future studies. Still, sometimes markers were lost, or rats were grabbed mistakenly. Accidents happened in the lab, after all.

The rat was restrained so that our newest snake would not be harmed while he lacked the physiology to properly hunt. He could wrap around the creature, almost, but he was still a few days away from an easy kill. He would get there, of course, once our current experiments on him were completed.

I could almost see the look of horror on subject 34621's still-human eyes as the rat was brought closer to his lips. It was likely a combination of the live feeding, and fear of loss of

control and eating without being able to resist. It was always fascinating to watch the struggle. I never missed it!

Watching his face try to move away from the food stimulus, I couldn't help but sneak a glance at his torso as it tried to curl up as though to strike. The muscles subconsciously expanded, creating as much surface area as possible to coil around his meal. As the name of his soon-to-be species suggested, he was about to try to wrap his body around the rat to try and constrict it. The instincts of his forming brain were likely so strong that he had no choice, no matter how the human side felt about it.

More interesting to me was the growing erection from the scales just above his anus. It was totally serpentine in appearance, tapered, and split into a hemipenis. Such displays were one of the other aspects of the change I enjoyed observing so much. Subjects were always much more aroused during the process. Any stimulation could send them into a state of lust, such as eating for this particular specimen. It was a common sight to see his erection whenever we brought him out for his daily handling!

Of course, mating was a given when one was placed in a pen with a suitable breeding partner. I often made sure to introduce people of the same species to observe mating habits. Though, for sake of avoiding overpopulation, we tried not to do breeding experiments on more mundane creatures. Endangered species were, of course, fair game. As were rats and other common prey creatures, given the metabolic needs of some of the subjects.

Watching 34621 eat was always a wonderful experience. He tried his best to wrap around the prone rat, as the thing squeaked and tried to escape its captivity. There was a bit of hesitation as the human mind tried to resist, to put up some front against the change. Or so I believed. Taking notes of every action made by our subjects was paramount for successful operation. As I said, personality types and how they translated into actual animal behaviors was always a fascinating line of research!

Eventually, subject 34621's mouth was over the rat, wrapping around it tightly. Unhinging his jaw in serpentine fashion, he enveloped the rat in one go, his powerful muscles pulling it inward via peristalsis. The rat seemed to squirm inside of him, but, still restrained, quickly succumbed, evidently causing no internal damage to the subject.

I could see the look of what I considered disgust on his features and made note of it. It had been present for all of the feedings thus far, and I expected it to persist for at least the next couple of days. It was his general response to eating live prey, but that was to be his life now. Some subjects accepted it faster than others, my observations of which were part of ongoing studies.

I could see the rat still trying to struggle as it went down his throat, but it would be killed and digested in short order. The subject passed pellets at a rate five times that of normal serpents, but that would slow down as his changes came to their conclusion. Reptiles had much lower metabolisms than mammals, after all.

I finished my notes quickly, getting ready to go about the rest of the day. Subject 34621 was one of my more interesting specimens as of late. But, I had a lot of work to do, and there was nothing more of significance to make note of until his next feeding. I would check on him before I left for the evening to note the progression of the changes, but otherwise, he would be left for the rest of his day unattended.

My next subject, 79035, was one of the more time-consuming observations I had to make today. I expected it would take the better part of the morning. Then, I had two more appointments in the afternoon before the ‘big one’ that would keep me here well into the evening. Sigh. It was a busy time for our research outfit, after all. And next week, we were supposed to be bringing in at least ten more subjects for a variety of tests. What was the adage? ‘A busy man can always handle more work?’ I was certainly being put to the test as of late!

Lost in my own thoughts, I barely noticed the pungent stench of fresh manure before passing the bison pen. Looking in reflexively, I could see that he was in the midst of doing his business. I sighed. Subject 73645. Now an American bison. He was one of several animals we kept here on-site, a solitary male that had been with us for over a month now. And a messy one, judging from the stench of his leavings.

“Someone clean subject 73645’s cage ASAP!” I called out, perhaps sounding more annoyed than I’d intended. I wanted to make sure it was clean for the inspection this afternoon. It was just one more thing in a line of things that I did not want to go wrong today!

Subject 73645 was one of several dozen animals we kept onsite for a variety of testing purposes and other experiments. It was why we needed as big of staff as we had, to properly care for the animals as well as to run the predetermined tests. As the overseer, I had to make sure that everything was in working order for our benefactors, and today, this particular bison had a very special role to play!

His intelligence scores registered above average for that of his species, and there seemed to be a hint of human intelligence remaining as indicated by some of the tests. It was most likely, in my opinion, that he cared little for human thoughts, save when there was a food reward involved when asked to perform basic math or word comprehension. The proper motivation was indeed useful!

Cory, fresh from feeding subject 34621, came up quickly with a pail, shovel, and straw to clean up 73645's leavings. I smiled at that. Cory was one of my most dedicated employees. I would miss him when he left us. He was always so diligent, looking after not only me but all of the subjects on site with the utmost care!

Currently, we had about twenty or so individual habitats onsite for permanent residents. The aforementioned rats, fish, and insects made breeding colonies for feeding the other predators. We also carried some exotic animals full-time, larger species that we needed for longer-term intelligence and behavioral testing, mostly. Breeding operations were generally left to the facilities where the final animals were shipped. If there was a former staff member who wanted to become a particular animal and wished to remain on-site, we generally prepared a place for them. It became a permanent position with the company, indeed!

Sometimes, there was a particular specimen that we kept for a few extra weeks or months while we found a mate for them before shipping them off to the appropriate facilities. One such specimen was a male lion that had been here for about two months, subject 26573. He had been a willing convert, one of our former staff members that had eventually wanted a place as one of the subjects. We had changed him slowly so that he could enjoy the process as he desired. He would be taken to an out-of-state zoo in time, where he would live the rest of his days in comfort.

There was a catch to his claim, one that I readily accepted. He was to be used in several breeding experiments, ones that were left to my discretion. And, right now, I had the perfect idea for him. A test of the unwilling, to see when the mental changes took hold enough to prompt an initial mating act. How much did the mind need to convert to allow the new mating instincts to take hold? We had a subject just for that purpose.

There were a number of potential uses for his extended stay with us, of course. One of our staff wanted to become his lioness eventually before they were both taken to their new home. It was something we were happy to oblige when the time was right. Having one member change while the other was fully animal in body was a source of usable data. But, that was neither here nor there. I had no time today to be distracted by future tests.

The next task of the day was to observe subject 26573 being introduced to his prospective mate, subject 79035. The female had been at the facility for five days now and had shown enough of an alteration to mate. Several behavioral studies had already been conducted to assess the effects of lioness heat on her psyche. The idea would be to see if she would go willingly to

him during their first meeting. Mating acts were very seldom conducted between converts and totally non-human subjects until the subject had made sufficient physiological changes. The risk of damage was all that more prevalent, which would skew the data going forward.

I found myself hoping the desired result would take only one trial to achieve. We would only have a few more days where subject 79035 would be at a stage of change that would be acceptable for this series of tests. Otherwise, we would have to repeat the procedure with a new female subject, or perhaps another male and female pair of large cats if the departure date of subject 26573 was moved up. That was the nature of science, I suppose.

Rebecca, one of my more reliable workers, came up to me with the charts for subject 79035. I thanked her and gladly took them. It would be a shame to lose her in a few weeks where she began her own journey. But, it was a service we offered our employees and there was a myriad of data to be acquired by allowing them to be willing subjects.

I looked over her charts a few times, particularly the details in subject 79035's transformation. Her hands had been completely converted into paws by day four of the change, thus making it difficult to alleviate her feline heat via masturbatory efforts. Begging had begun a few hours later and well into the night by the observations of our night staff. She was ripe for introduction to subject 26573 from a biological standpoint. Now, it was time to see how her psyche fared!

I followed behind as two of our staff, Trevor and Fred carried a dazed 79035 on a stretcher to 26573's habitat. She would then be introduced to subject 26573. Our working theory was that subject 26573 would not initiate mating unless she allowed it. Lionesses were prone to choosing their mates and she had the paws and strength to physically reject him if she chose to.

As before, I took out my notepad to scribble my personal observations on her transformation status. She had changed significantly since I had last seen her, hormones likely accelerating the process. The level of the serum was programmed to change her at a slightly faster rate than other subjects. We had hundreds of test subjects worth of data to back that up with 96.82% certainty!

Subject 79035

P. Leo

Subject's hands have completely become paws, and the musculature in her upper arms appears, from an outside perspective, to support her proper use of them. Claws are currently retracted but have been measured within expected range for an adult female lioness. Fur covers approximately 60% of her upper arms and 27% of the total body.

Back legs have bulked up with muscle and hips have rotated to promote quadrupedal stance. Approximately one inch of hairless tail is sticking out of her spine, and observations indicate that she can move it slightly. I have a clear view of her sex; the darkened, puffy skin indicates that she has entered feline heat from a visual perspective. Further tests indicate that she is indeed receptive.

Face remains mostly human, vocal cords intact as of this morning. Incisors have elongated a few inches, and tongue has grown a layer of short spines as befit her eventual species. Ears are elongated and the insides are covered with minute hairs. Nose has flattened and slits have formed from the sides. From a visual standpoint, senses should be receptive to a virile male's presence.

Human breasts have deflated, and another pair is visible underneath. Vaginal opening has moved into its new position directly under the anus, her perineal region having significantly diminished. Current physiology denotes maximum comfort for mating position. Further physical observations will be made post-mating session.

By now, subject 79035 had started to stir, indicating that the sedative was starting to wear off. That was good. My preference was that she would perform before lunch. I had too much else that required my direct attention, and missing my lunch would not make the rest of the day pass smoothly. Alas, live subjects never worked the way they were required to and were often uncooperative. Oh well. The curse of my genius, it seemed.

Subject 79035 was brought through several glass isolation levels and carefully sat down through the double cage doors. Though our resident lion was relatively friendly with the staff, it was not advisable to have anyone come into direct contact, save Rebecca, his handler, and soon-to-be mate. I made a note to run through the staff directory to find someone who would make a more appropriate replacement lion-keeper once Rebecca underwent her conversion. But now was not the time. That was a problem for next month me.

Subject 79035 was waking at this point, and the two handlers quickly got out of the chamber and closed the outer door before opening the inner door and allowing her access to the male. She'd only been given a low dosage, and a body in change tended to reject any sedatives quickly. It was perfect for our purposes. I still had to have lunch today, after all!

"Rrrrhhat... Rrrrhere... am I?" questioned subject 79035. It seemed that her vocal cords were changing, after all. Oh well. We only needed her to have them for the next day or two so we could gauge her reactions. Though the serums were relatively stable there were always other factors that could influence the rates of the process. Subject 79035 had been masturbating

frequently ever since she went into heat, her sex one of the first alterations. It did accelerate the timetable slightly.

I decided to engage her a little. Some of the work we did here involves direct communication with the subjects, after all. Though, for much of the process, the goal was to treat the subject like the animal they were becoming.

“We have a special treat for you today, my dear! We are going to introduce you to our male, Sampson, here! He’s a willing convert and has been in our facility for quite some time in his present state. We also refer to him as subject 26573, but that’s neither here nor there for you. You can simply refer to him now as your mate!” I said, loving the occasional role I was able to take on as a mad scientist.

I didn’t consider myself a sadistic person, not in the slightest. It was a job to run the facility, and I treated it as a professional one. But, the moniker of ‘mad scientist’ did often come up from some of the less-willing subjects. It was a personal pleasure of mine to, on occasion, lean into the role!

“RRROOOOO! GGRRRRRRRRROOOOOAAAAAARRRRR!” yelled subject 79035, obviously in protest as she struggled to come to terms with the situation.

She had been subconsciously rubbing at the skin of her chest, where her four prominent breasts still remained. The nipples were red and swollen, a testament to her arousal. I knew the sight would be a turn-on in my staff. I, too, held... some interest. Still, that was not a part of the professional work we did here. Behind closed doors and all that.

“Now, now, my dear, no one is forcing you to mate! We are simply aware that you are in heat, and we have a virile male of your soon-to-be species present and available! You should be thanking us, though, of course, afterward, you may not be able to. As you know, the act of sexual stimulation accelerates the process of change, and lions have an active libido!

“Still, we need to keep you separate for the next day or so after this initial copulation. Partly to allow your body to adapt and partially for further study on your drives and desires. Not to worry, you’ll get to see him again soon enough. Lionesses strive to have a male to give them cubs, after all!

“I’m under the impression that he will not take you by force, if that is your worry. Male cats are the general instigators of the act, but females have the sway to fight back. We have made sure to allow your changes to progress to the point of you being able to physically say no.”

Subject 79035, or Amber, as she was once called, seemed to relax at those words. In this case, easing her still-present human mind would best allow us to see the effects of her feline psyche. I was sure that many formerly destitute subjects had human lives that involved hardships that even I would have a hard time identifying. It was of no matter any longer. Soon, she would be a lioness, mated and with cubs. A far better life than anything she had encountered on the streets, I was sure!

Turning off the inner panel to prevent her from seeing us any longer, I watched with a pen at the ready to see what would happen. It was best that the subjects be allowed to copulate without outside interference. We wanted no excess stimulation for them to be distracted by so they could allow animal instincts to take over. Then, I could observe unobstructed as they considered the validity of mating!

It was clear that subject 79035 was interested. Her vagina was swollen, red, and puffy in feline fashion. Paws seemed to feel no shame in rubbing at her breasts, then running down towards her sex. It was unlikely such pads could give her the proper relief that her sex likely craved. Nor had they in the ensuing days. All the physical aspects to encourage mating were all in place. If she chose to mate, it would be the human mind making the leap. The results would be exciting!

For a while, I held my breath. Subject 79035 had begun to sniff the male in the pen with her some minutes ago. It was clear from the fluids leaking from her sex that interest was present. But, she seemed determined to wait at the edge of the habitat, where she had initially stationed herself. A few low growls escaped her lips, though nothing to indicate she had the intention to meet the male and mate!

Subject 26573, for his part, had stood up, pacing in the habitat and flicking his tail with impatience. He had clearly scented the female, and his pink penis dangled behind him, semi-erect. Yet, he stayed in his place, apparently not wanting to bring on the ire of the changing female. He still had some human intellect, as our tests had indicated. Did he want to have the newly-changed female submit herself? Or was he simply a more submissive beast in the face of females? Either hypothesis was likely, and it was impossible to say for sure. Such was the majesty of my research!

It felt like an eternity of watching subject 79035 try to play with herself with her unwieldy paw. She seemed desperate, whining and growling and yelling insults at both us and the male. It was obvious that her sex was moist and leaking, red and inflamed, and desperately wanting for penetration. The wails of her need were clearly feline now, as though the mere proximity to the male was changing over her vocal cords. I scribbled a note to be added to the official document later.

I looked down at my watch, getting more and more annoyed at the time. I was going to have to miss lunch if she held out any longer! Feline mating was actually short, but she would have to make the attempt for the action to take place!

I found myself wondering how long I should have the team wait before darting subject 79035 back to her pen and going on with the day. I didn't want to do this first mating dance with her all over again, but the longer she held out, that was becoming more and more likely.

Lost in my reflections, I almost missed the would-be lioness getting up, moving closer to the male, yet still keeping to the side of the pen. She seemed not to want to get too close, though the needs of her body dictated otherwise. Subject 26573 walked over, also in a circular pattern, trying not to be too aggressive as to not piss off his potential suitor. It seemed to be a movement made partly in curiosity, partly in lust as his nose audibly sniffed the air, waiting for his lover to make her move.

The display was rather fascinating, and I kept my eyes peeled, needing to take notes but wanting to keep my attention on every second of it. It was of little concern whether or not I did write anything, in my defense. Every action was being recorded from every possible angle, so there was no chance I would miss any actions. But, I would rather watch first hand than let a moment of this go unnoticed! It was exciting to watch them go at it for the first time, after all!

I did not have long to wait. The female was still frantically rubbing at her sex, trying to quell every bit of lust that seemed to creep over her body. But it was evident that her efforts would be largely fruitless. Her sex was moving closer towards her anus, a sloshing sound coming from her body that only someone like myself could detect, given that I had so much experience in that sort of thing.

It was obvious she was losing the mental battle she forced on herself. Her body was inching closer and closer to the eager male that would quell the feline essence that I had gifted her. She would soon give in to the heat in her body. It was a need as great as air or water, as I had been told by some of our assistants.

I wanted to talk to her, to tell her how much better it would be for her to just give him. My motive was more sincere than simply speeding up the process. It was almost painful to watch when I knew that she would be so much happier just giving in. The wait was nearly maddening. People were so unnecessarily stubborn!

Yet, like all good researchers, I knew that my interference would dilute the desired results. It was her free will, for so long as she had a human variance of such, to hold off and wait for the male.

Besides, with the growls of lust and heat, it would evidently not take her long to give in to the urges that were obviously assaulting her. Subject 79035 yowled, turning around to face away from the male. At first, I hypothesized that she wanted to avoid a direct gaze at the object of her lust.

But, to my delight, her actions seemed to have the opposite effect. A series of truly leonine growls escaped her lips as she raised her tail up and to the side, stretching out with her paws as she raised her hips. The lordosis position, the one that felines used to signal their readiness to mate. She had given in, whether or not her mind wanted it. I was elated!

The male, instinct-driven as he was, had no reproach but to accept the female's willing invitation. He walked towards her, sniffing her invitation eagerly as his modest penis bobbed behind him. A few padding footfalls were all it took for him to get there as he reached her hindquarters and took a long, curious sniff.

Subject 79035, for her part, seemed shocked to feel his tongue on her backside, evidently unaware of what her instincts meant by putting her in that position. She turned around, hissing at the male and causing him to back up ever slightly. It was enough to make him pause, though not for long as he started to reach out again. Subject 79035 stretched her hips back, likely a reflex if my observations were correct.

Subject 26573 started lapping at subject 79035's hindquarters again, making her purr this time rather than react with hostility. She seemed to finally be receptive to the male's advances. I thought to myself finally, but I would be remiss to say that out loud in front of my employees! Certain aspects of the job needed to remain professional, after all!

The actual mating act was rather quick. Subject 26573, through frequently orally masturbating himself, was virile and ready to mate. After tasting his new mate's juices, he climbed on her back, hunching over in a typical mating position. Subject 79035 seemed to reciprocate well now, forcing her hips to meet his as the male inserted his penis into her vaginal opening.

A growl escaped her lips; it was likely the male's spines were injuring her insides, as mating typically did between feline subjects. But, the action was required to send the female into ovulation, which was likely pleasurable. I would be able to learn from asking Rebecca during

her eventual transition. Either way, the female showed no other negative reaction to the penetration, even meeting the male's thrusts as I watched.

I had to say, the process was rather arousing. My own cock was hard in my pants, already leaking at the display. I sighed internally. If there was a reliable way to revert subjects from their new form to their former human one, then I would have to admit that I would want to partake on occasion. The research was coming along on that front, but it was neither here nor there, as it was.

Eager to finish, the male gripped the female's nape with his jaws, seeming to thrust faster, his end likely nearing. Both subjects were eliciting growls that increased in intensity as they rocked back and forth together in their needs. A final growl escaped the male as his backside spasmed and he went into orgasm, pumping the female full of seminal fluids. The female growled as well, potentially undergoing her own orgasmic contractions. It seemed as though their mating was successful!

Rebecca had her hands down her pants, rubbing non-discreetly at her sex from the sight. I didn't care to stop her. Such was a common reaction to watching this sort of display. I would have chastised her had I not been here to make the necessary notes myself. I didn't really care from a moral level, of course. I often pleased myself in my rare downtime to the changes and the actions of our animal subjects. But, it was of utmost importance to prioritize the research over pleasures of the flesh!

I sighed, trying to ignore the boner in my own pants as the female pulled away, a disgusted look on her features as she yowled and reached around with her massive claws. The male was largely undeterred, though he backed up enough to avoid being hit, eyes wide in feline discernment. It was as though he wasn't used to being slapped after a good fuck. Ha! He would have to get used to that soon!

Continuing to hiss, subject 79035 tried to stand as though forgetting she had already lost the ability. She did manage to stumble forward a few inches before falling over on her face, growling all the while. Crawling now, she made her way back to the edge of the habitat's entrance, rubbing at her sex and the white seminal fluids that were leaking out of it.

To my personal interest, subject 79035 continued to look back at the male, as though wondering whether to initiate mating once more. It would have been an interesting display, to see whether she would mate with the cat a second time. But, that was not on the agenda for today. And she would have another chance to mate, soon enough.

“Dart her,” I simply said, noting the sadness in Rebecca’s eyes. It was clear from the scent in the air that she had reached orgasm. But, there was no time to bask in the afterglow, so to speak. I didn’t have the time, after all. Promises to keep. And hours to go before I slept.

Lunch, thankfully, was a peaceful affair. I was relatively satisfied with the morning’s events. Rebecca and Trevor had taken subject 79035 back to her cage. We would need to keep her under observation for the next 24 hours before she would be introduced to subject 26573 again. She was a handful, but no trouble after we darted her.

Unfortunately, I had some paperwork to get through over the break, if it could even be called that. Typical government requests for more funds, update reports, plans for future projects, that sort of thing. It was annoying to have to explain myself to those idiots. Don’t get me wrong. I had everything down to a tee when it came to my own plans. Weeks and months and sometimes years of ideas and experiments ahead for me and my staff. But to constantly be reduced to justify myself on every decision. Explaining my genius to those incapable of truly comprehending was maddening!

But, I needed their money, in truth. The military had an absurd amount of resources to waste on weapons of war. Why not give their money to me? My research was dealing with a wide variety of world crises; over-population, long-term substantially, hunger, famine, species decline. I had the ability to reinstate an extinct or critically-endangered species in a matter of months. More to the point, my research was ending homelessness and poverty by transitioning people into other animals!

It mattered very little to me that there was a market for using my viruses for international conflicts. Turning a foreign dictator into a rat overnight, though nearly impossible to find a way to infect them, was preferable to an assassination attempt, or so I figured. Therefore, a great deal of my resources was dictated by how our benefactors would have them used. I sighed at that. It was better than nothing, I supposed. But still. An annoyance I’d rather not have.

And, so, the paperwork. A steady stream of files that needed to be filled out in order to secure the funding to allow our continued operations. Ah, if only I were independently wealthy! Then I could really do this work for the good of mankind, or, rather, myself, than those generals in Washington. But, that was neither here nor there, as I seemed to be fond of saying.

It was far too short an hour for the amount of paperwork I had to do, but I somehow managed to dot all my I’s and cross all my T’s. I would have an exorbitant amount of work to document later in the week from the backlog of data and observations I had been taking. But, I

figured, for once, it would be worth it. After all, tonight held with it one of the delightful pleasures of the job, and I didn't want to miss it due to bureaucracy!

My next appointment for the afternoon was a woman that was classified as subject 39182, a special case I wanted to be present for lest something went wrong. There were a myriad of potential complications as it was the first time we were attempting to do such a thing. Transitioning a land-dwelling animal to an aquatic form for the rest of her life.

The key was making sure that her lungs did not become vestigial and her gills did not form before we could transfer her to the right habitat in time. Coding the genetic sequencing was a pain for our staff, let me tell you! It took us this long to make sure that our research had progressed enough that we could even attempt it! And now that it was time to see the fruits of our labor, I had no intention of missing it!

Walking down the hall, I came upon Rebecca and another of one of my colleagues, Yvette, preparing subject 39182 within her tank. She had been kept in a moist environment for the past few days so that her scaly skin hadn't had the chance to dry out. She was on a tray now, being held down as she squirmed and thrashed. Now-familiar orange orbs persisted there as well, having been expelled sometime during the process.

It was interesting to me that she still had so much fight in her against our procedures. Resistance against what we did here was rather common, of course, especially with unwilling or stubborn personality types. Naturally, her legs were changed first, as well as the development of her new tail. Vocals were also one of the first things to go. Yet, her resilience was, if anything, stronger the more she changed. Constant thrashing against handling was common. I made a note to include it in my daily report.

I was in time to see Rebecca preparing the syringe of the carefully crafted solution. I couldn't help but notice her disheveled appearance; she had clearly been masturbating during her break from the sight of the mating lions. I would have offered to help her out, as I had in the past, though as of late she had no interest in human males. That, and I had been far too busy lately myself. She seemed on the edge of asking me to enter the cage with subject 26573 to quell her job-related lusts, but that was unbecoming until she herself was injected!

Pulling out my pad, I started taking notes, making sure to document the physical transition of the subject before placing her in the tank. It would be harder to view her condition underwater, but a worthwhile sacrifice. Progress in transitioning subjects to aquatic creatures was worth it, in my opinion!

Subject 39182

G. Salmon sp.

Day eleven of subject 39182's observation. Subject has shrunken to approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ of former size, and her surface skin is nearly covered with scales. Arms are entirely vestigial at this point, retracted into the torso up to the elbow, and fingers are all but absent. Webbing between the new fins appears to be intact. Former arms should be functional as working fins, though effectiveness remains to be seen. Legs are still present, approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ their size in relation to the subject's diminished stature. Webbing has covered the space between the toes and they appear immobile.

Tail has grown approximately half the length of the body from the initial growth phase. Its width now matches the subject's body and appears fully functional. The entire surface is covered with scales and it appears that the rear fins are fully formed. Subject should be able to use tail for aquatic locomotion.

Body is compressed and flattened, approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ of the starting mass. Ribs seem to be showing through the body, indicating lack of alternation in skeletal structure. Initial tests performed yesterday indicate that the swim bladder is full of air and should allow the newly formed fish to retain buoyancy underwater. Careful observations will be made of the subject's ability to function in her new environment once she has been transitioned.

Eyes comprise $\frac{1}{3}$ of the surface of her face and there is no evidence of hair. Head appears flattened and lips are pursed in a piscine configuration. Nostrils still persist in human state as do external ears, but there is no evidence of their human functionality.

Oviposition continues consistently, even without the presence of a male or other stimuli that might explain such a phenomenon. Subject goes into frequent contractions, evidently orgasmic in nature. Moans from the subject potentially support this hypothesis. Periods of resistance decrease in the time before and after these orgasmic contractions, similar to other transitioning vertebrates. Findings will be used in future piscine transformation studies.

The frequent oviposition was a surprise for all of us here, to say the least. We weren't expecting any increased sexual activity from any piscine subjects, though, in our defense, this was our first procedure. Subject 39182 began laying after three days of change, moans of what sounded like pleasure escaping from her lips as she expelled. At first, it was only a few eggs at a time, but as the days went on, she seemed to expel upwards of a dozen every few hours. Notes were made to provide her more food; the egg-laying process was rather strenuous for salmon and we didn't want her to expire before we received all important data from her!

It was time to administer the next injection series to make her transition to aquatic life complete. It was a hormone series that would activate a latent sequence in the virus that we had pre-engineered. This process was experimental, the first time we tried anything like this. Before, there had never been any real need to control the change to this degree. We really were embarking on new frontiers with our research here!

Naturally, the woman struggled when her glassy eye saw the needle coming for her. She still had the cognizance to try and resist us, bless her. She was truly the perfect specimen for this particular endeavor. A lesser human might easily expire in the face of such changes, especially with the drastic transformation to her anatomy required to become a fish.

The needle went in seamlessly, piercing the still-human skin around her fattened neck as the fluid entered her system. We waited a minute, then two, as the hormones flooded her system and prepared the proper gene sequence for activation. It wouldn't take too long, according to the calculations that we had made prior. We needed the transition to be fast, after all.

I'd been staring so intently for several minutes that I hardly noticed the minute slit that was forming from the center of her neck and spreading outward parallel to her body. It soon ran about half the length of her neck as the still-human skin around it started to darken, forcing it into a covering of sorts. The external anatomy for her eventual gills had formed.

We had to wait till the last possible minute to make sure that she would not be negatively impacted by being placed in the water too soon. Any sudden attempt could kill her outright, particularly in her current hybrid state. As I said before, I hated waste!

The subject had been taking slow, shallow breaths the entire time, calm now that the injection had been administered. She seemed to be wheezing, though it was harder to tell with the way her anatomy had shifted. It was when her tail started to thrash in panic that I realized she could no longer effectively breathe atmospheric oxygen.

"Alright, she should be good to go. Get her in!" I said as Rebecca and Yvette lifted her up and took her to the tank. It took them some effort; subject 39182 seemed to be struggling either to survive or to avoid being placed into the tank and assume an aquatic existence. Either way, I had to step in, lest she fall on the floor and injure herself!

It took the three of us to manage the thrashing fish-woman, but somehow we managed it without dropping her. A final thrash of her tail sent her into the water with a hard splash. There was no doubt the exposure hurt, but she seemed to be fine, her tail moving of its own accord as she swam down to the bottom of the tank.

She seemed to be moving rapidly, as though afraid of her new surroundings. She was larger than the other fish, and they quickly got out of her way as she raced through the aquarium. I walked down to the lower level, trying to keep track of her as best I could from the angle. The aquarium was rather large, enough to keep our aquatic food stores stable for all of the subjects that required them. It was enough that even a human-turned fish would be able to explore for several days before her thoughts simplified.

It took a few minutes for me to spot her, but when I did she had settled near the bottom, clearly over the initial panic of being placed in a new forever home. She seemed a little stunned and disoriented in her mannerisms, as though trying to get her bearings. Eventually, she settled in the bottom, gills flaring as they grew accustomed to functioning for the first time.

Her purpose at the bottom of the tank was soon made clear as she reflexively started to push away at the sand at the bottom, using her tail and fins until a tiny hole had been dug. The work was slow, given her hybrid stature. But soon, she had made a small depression; large relative to her body. I watched on, curious about the behavior even if it was cutting into my afternoon!

Its purpose was soon clear to me as the woman's new vent started to pulse rapidly. An expression I could only categorize as pure pleasure enveloped her features as one egg, then several more were expelled from her cloaca. In mere moments, she had laid a clutch of more than a dozen, heavy enough to float down towards the bottom of the tank. Most settled in the hole that she had dug, clearly marking her as a desirable piscine mother.

Soon, she was done, having been apparently spent from the act. Surely, one of the other males would be by to fertilize the eggs, and we could continue to have a thriving colony of fish for feeding our residents.

I made my final visual observations, almost mesmerized by watching her swim. I really did enjoy watching fish go about their business, seemingly part of another world. She was easy to spot among the other members of the tank, of course, given her hybrid state. But, she would soon be indistinguishable from any of the other salmon that we kept there. Hopefully, she would successfully mate several times in her lifetime, compelled by the increased sexual needs of her body. All in all, I considered this a successful endeavor.

There was one more subject I had to examine before the day was over and I was able to attend to more prudent business. It was another lengthy procedure, potentially keeping us all here longer than I had hoped for. Cory and Kailee walked by me in the hall, carrying a large

structure that looked like an egg. It was to be, for all intents and purposes. Soon to be placed in our resident female ostrich, as strange as the reverse was to be.

We had two-well technically three-ostriches in the facility, but they would all be rehomed soon enough. There was a zoo that would welcome a mated pair and the two eggs they would bring.

The two we had in our possession were once both male, and the third was a woman brought in some days later. It always amused me to see new pairs mating, especially ones that were once of the same sex. The looks of first horror, and then pleasure were priceless, while they could still express themselves in human terms.

The pair had already laid one egg sometime during their transition. There was every likelihood that they would lay another, given enough time. But they did not need to do so in this case. Their second embryo would be in part provided by us.

It was an unusual experiment, even by my standards. It was possible to use the DNA of a juvenile ostrich to regress someone back to a pre-natal state. Isolating the genes to do so safely was one of the more difficult trials and only possible with cross-species transference. The human genome was not meant to be regressed in such a manner, meaning there was no chance of using my research for such fool-hearty errands as researching eternal life. Now, if one wanted to regress to a prenatal animal, losing their mind and memories each time in the process, well, then that was a potential prospect for immortality! Though, I doubted anyone would be in the market for the limited experience we could offer.

Still, the research had merit. This test was several-fold. First of all, it was to see if someone could survive being regressed to that state. It was fairly new territory, and birds were chosen for their formation of eggs and thus the provision of nutrients in an isolated space. It would be nearly impossible to perform this sort of experience with a mammal, being unable to reattach an umbilical cord. Another reason for use of this particular species was that ostrich chicks were born fully developed, requiring very little parental care. This was ideal with the longer gestation times that would allow her to develop once she had sufficiently regressed.

Of course, there were several potential roadblocks. There was always the chance that she would regress to a state further than anticipated, a single-celled existence that would create a total death-of-self scenario. There was a very low chance of this, but it was not something that we could entirely rule out. Naturally, there was always the chance that she wouldn't take to the egg at all, thus dying without the proper nutrients.

We had to make sure that her vitals were watched the entire time as she regressed beyond the point of a hatchling. Keeping her in a warm environment, feeding her, that sort of thing. Same as any premature hatchling. But, it could only last so long before she regressed to a point that she could no longer persist without an egg. The egg that we were to place her in would allow her to survive until she reached the point of an embryo and was laid into a true ostrich egg.

We were curious to see what impact, if any, a DNA infusion would have on the subject once exposed to the sperm of the male. The subject would take the place of the female's egg, but there was precedence for the male's sperm to overwrite the genetic code that we had programmed for the change. She, in essence, needed to regress to the point of a haploid individual before being exposed to the sperm to make her diploid once more. Timing was everything in this trial!

Finally, and this was only to be supplementary, we wanted to see if there was a chance for any intelligence to be retained as the chick grew up. This was nearly impossible for us to test, of course. Many subjects only retained a modicum of humanity, mostly from the simplicity an animal mind gave them regardless of how we tried to hybridize their structure. Still, it would make for a fascinating aside, without taking an entirely separate trial to do so!

The subject was being kept in an isolation chamber to prevent any instances of infection as her immune system deteriorated. Kailee was the only one allowed in, though, today, the additional hands were needed to transfer her into the artificial egg. It was manufactured as a contained capsule that would dissolve, applying a nutrient to stimulate ovulation in the female.

Of course, the subject would need to be injected with a formula that would accelerate her regression today so that she could be the new embryo introduced into the female's egg. If all went well, then the subject would regress to the point where the body recognized her as an embryo and formed an egg around her. As I said, so many things could go wrong. But risk was a part of progress!

I took out my notepad before regarding the rather pitiful creature sitting in the container, heat lamp on her as she was hand-fed a nutrient paste. She looked, for all intents and purposes, a bird. Skin was covered with feathers, hands had regressed into vestigial wings, and mouth had stretched out into a beak. Save the premature form she possessed, subject 16583 was the perfect specimen of an ostrich chick. It had been quite a journey watching her change. And, I was sure it was a journey for the subject as well!

Sadly, she was largely uncooperative in giving us useful data pertaining to her experiences during the regression. Perhaps in the future, I would try to convince one of my

associates to undergo the process. It didn't seem likely for us to get a willing subject, however. Why people weren't more cooperative with scientific advancement always escaped me!

Subject 16583

Struthio camelus

Subject has almost fully completed regression into an unborn specimen. Current changes put her at 3 weeks premature and she will continue to regress several more weeks as the mother's egg develops around her in the ensuing days. Little humanity remains, save her eyes, which still retain their blue color. Intelligence seems intact by the expression but she has little energy to move in her present state.

Subject is being hand-fed one more time before being placed in the makeshift egg. Goal is to have the female sit on it where it will be taken inside and dissolved, placing the regressing embryo into her womb. Mating act should secure the development of the egg casing and it is expected that she will be laid in the egg before completing regression and developing anew. As previously indicated, genetic markers have been placed with the serum to indicate whether she ends up as the primary recipient of the DNA donation from the father.

I stopped there, not really sure what else to write. It had been several long weeks to get to this point, after all. All of the data about the process had been recorded and logged long ago. It was now time to see the fruits of our labors, as it were.

Cory brought forth the artificial egg, while Kailee gently picked up the underdeveloped chick and placed her in the warming chamber at the bottom. Securing the device tight, all that was left was to place it in the habitat. Easier said than done. Ostriches were the closest descendants to large, flightless predatory birds, and were not to be trifled with.

Fortunately, it only took a food distraction to achieve the required goal. Anesthesia was expensive, after all. That, and putting the mother to sleep was not a desirable outcome when we needed her to sit on the new egg as soon as possible. Cory provided the meal while Kailee opened the door to place the egg inside. It was set far from the nest and the other egg, but the parenting instincts of the new mother were strong and it was hoped she would act on them as soon as she detected the foreign object.

Leaving the birds to their own devices, we decided to use the rest of the afternoon to observe. The hope was that the female would sit on the egg right away and give us the desired effect early on, thus lowering the risk to the embryo within. Cory cleaned up, bless him, while Kailee and I watched with anticipation. I had to admit, it was breathtaking to watch the behavior of humans-turned-animals for desired reactions. It was one of many reasons why I loved the job!

I would not have to wait long, it seemed. Evidently disliking the presence of something foreign in her habitat, the female waddled over, looking over at the egg with an expression of confusion, if such things still persisted in the being she had become. Even going as far as to wrap her beak around the top, she seemed to determine that it was indeed an egg of sorts. At least, her next action seemed to indicate as such.

Turning around and backing up, she lowered herself on the egg, as though to sit on it. However, her center of balance was off as it remained on its base. Part of the faux egg's design was so it would not fall over. Struggling a little, the female seemed to try to readjust herself several times, trying to get comfortable. It seemed as though she was attempting to sit on it to incubate it. But I knew better. The moment that the top of the egg touched her cloaca, the process would begin.

A bizarre expression seemed to envelop her features as her body slid down, hindquarters stretching over the egg as though trying to envelop it. Which was, in effect, exactly what was happening. She was unconsciously spreading her opening over the egg, wincing a little as it was drawn up into her capacity.

Eventually, she stood up, the egg over halfway inside of her as with a slurp, it slowly disappeared from sight. Her belly was massively distended for a few moments, struggling with the size of the device inside of her. Yet, soon, it slowly began to deflate as the egg settled inside, its make-up dissolving the outer wall from contact with her juices. All was going according to plan, so far at least!

The now-expectant mother seemed to be agitated by the thing inside of her. Getting up and squawking, she flapped her wings, clucking gently all the while as the bulge in her belly continued to deflate before our eyes. The display seemed to attract the attention of the male, who got up off the nest. He was evidently interested in the female in another way, as we were soon to see.

Swiftly, the male came up behind the confused female, gripping her by the back of the head with his beak. The female reflexively went still as the male forced her to lower herself and came up behind and mounted her. He was quick, as avian mated tended to be. A few humps were all it took to transfer the male's sperm to the female's cloaca, thus sealing the fate of the soon-to-be embryo we placed inside of her.

I made a few last observations as I allowed them to settle back down and take their turns sitting on the nest. Hopefully, in the next couple of days, they would be laying another egg, if nature took its course. There was every likelihood of something going awry, as I mentioned previously. But, if all went as planned, the genetic marker we implanted would show the new

egg was the subject, and we could watch the new organism grow up and provide us with valuable research data. Ah, the miracle of science!

I did not have time to look into our other subjects for that day. I would have to work overtime tomorrow too, making sure that everything was on schedule. I trusted in my employees, of course. But, as a good director, I preferred to keep my own eye on everything going on. After all, I had to deal with the government shareholders by giving them useful information so that they would continue to fund my efforts, both the ones that benefitted me and them!

I stood there in my office, holding a vial labeled ‘Subject 99374’. It was a specially crafted formula with an adrenaline shot that would accelerate certain aspects of the change necessary for the display I wanted to show.

I sighed loudly as I buzzed the remaining on-site staff on the intercom. I really hated doing this, but it was necessary for several reasons. I already knew what I needed to know from the future subject’s transgressions, of course. There wouldn’t be an interrogation. It was all on film, so to speak. A little hacking of bank records gave me the rest of my information.

We had our share of competitors out there, naturally. Companies with the knowledge to start up an operation similar to ours. There were a few already that I was aware of. Likely with more dubious intentions than I had. Short-sighted fools. I doubted anyone could match my level of vision! But, it was neither here nor there. I had other duties to attend this afternoon.

The remaining staff on site, Cory, Rebecca, Yvette, and Kailee all entered looking a little nervous. I couldn’t blame them. It was not the first time they had been privy to such a scene. Not every time I called everyone in was to discipline an employee, mind you. But each time I had to do so, I tended to bring everyone inside for the show.

Rebecca was particularly nervous. If she was in trouble, then it could mean the end of her chance to be a lioness and to have some worse fate befall her. I sympathized. I really did. But, now was not the time for compassion. I had a job to do.

“I just want to thank you all for your valuable service today, and for your tenure here as a whole. It has been an honor working with you all, and you have all contributed valuable data to our operation. I want you to know, whatever your fate will be in the end, and you will all contribute to the cause. But, today, one of you will be contributing in a different capacity than you might have expected,” I said, making all four freeze.

Both Rebecca and Yvette looked towards the door, though they quickly turned back, not wanting to give anything away. Of course, they knew with the press of a button the door would be sealed and they would be locked in. Not to mention, both would seem all the more suspicious in my eyes if they tried anything. I made note of that. Rebecca had the most to lose, so I could forgive her transgression. Yvette, on the other hand...

“I’m sorry to say, but I have evidence of one of you being a mole, if that is the proper term,” I said, reaching into my desk and pulling out a dart gun. “Not a literal mole, mind you, as I need to clarify in our line of work. Still, it brings me great shame to know that I’ve worked with you all this time and that you would betray my trust and the goal of this company for mere money.

“And, to think that I wouldn’t find out! I don’t know whether to consider that bold or foolish. Either way, it is of little difference. I don’t plan on punishing you, far from it! You’ve been working for me and this organization for so long, so I’m sure it will be a privilege to have you continue the work, in a somewhat reduced capacity,” I continued, leveling the dart gun from one to the other.

Each stayed perfectly still, knowing what was likely in that gun and not wanting to be the one to have it fired upon. Within would be the start of whatever new life I would have them live as punishment. And the other three would witness me carry out that punishment, as they had in the past and would likely have to witness again. As I said earlier, I didn’t allow major transgressions. I had no intention of turning everyone who worked for me into an animal on a whim for minor slights. But, it paid to have an example made every now and then.

This was going to be more difficult for me than I thought. They had been the model employee for some time. In fact, upon retrospection, I think they were always trying to suck up to me. It made sense, I suppose. Well, from their point of view. Bringing me my favorite beverage on busy days. Cleaning up shit without complaint. I would miss him. But, I would still see him around from time to time as I did my rounds. Assistants could be replaced. Traitors could not be tolerated.

Without a word, I pointed the gun at Cory and fired, the dart flying true and hitting him in the neck. He staggered a bit, frightened as the injected chemical did its work. It slowly worked its way into his system as intended, one part anesthetic, and one part transformative agent. Unlike me, my employees were not inoculated against potential transformative solutions. They didn’t even know such an inoculation existed. For the best, I always said.

Rebecca and Yvette grabbed Cory before he could hit the floor, not wanting him to be injured. Kailee moved in to help, and the three of them looked up at me, relief on their faces. They would not be the ones to be punished this day. Rebecca would still have the future she desired. The other two women would work here until they, too, decided on a fate that sat well with them.

“Take him to subject 73645’s pen,” I said, simply. The three women did as instructed, picking him up as best they could, dragging him out of the now-unlocked door. I didn’t mind if he was roughed up a little. The transformation would fix any damage to his being, after all.

The sedative wasn’t designed to be in effect for very long, a very deliberate choice. This particular serum would work fast at onset, and I wanted the subject to be awake when it did. He would make a perfect example of why not to cross me or the organization. I wanted him to be aware of that, while he still retained the ability to do so.

Subject 73645 was in his pen, eating from the feed trough that we provided for him. We had an outdoor area for him, at least one where we could raise the skylight so he could have that experience. We had considered transferring him into a larger outdoor habitat eventually, but that was neither here nor there. Though, it might be prudent given the expansion of his herd.

Subject 73645 was extremely docile and had no problem with having another subject placed in the pen with him. Subject 99374, as I would prefer to now refer to him as, was starting to wake up, stirring as the sedative in his system wore off. That was perfect timing. I wanted him to be awake for this. I had been accused of having a sadistic side, and I suppose that’s true from someone else’s standpoint. But I wasn’t about to abide by a traitor, and it was my prerogative to enjoy the punishment I was to deal out!

With practiced precision, Rebecca and Kailee were able to remove subject 99374’s clothes without trouble, taking them outside as they closed the door. The subject didn’t seem to wake up during the process, which was a shame for him, I supposed. It was to be the last time he’d be naked like that in front of a woman. I didn’t really care.

Subject 99374 was starting to come to now, a groan escaping his lips as he did so. I stood there watching, waiting for him to rouse enough that I could give him the explanation. Also, I was interested in witnessing the beginnings of his change. His penis was already erect from the effects of the serum. He would likely forcibly ejaculate soon.

“Wake up, subject 99374,” I said, loudly. I wanted to see the expressions on his face as he realized what was to happen. Better than that, I wanted the rest of the staff working today to see. It was an important lesson, after all. And not one I could make often.

“W-Wha-oh fuck no!” Subject 99374 exclaimed, getting to his feet and stumbling a moment. It seemed as though he was not prepared to awake naked in a bed of straw. Moreover, his erect state quickly overtook him, a series of moans escaping his lips as he reached down to either cover himself or stroke off. I had my notes at the ready, wanting a read on his personality type for the purposes of the change and his behavior towards it.

“What did you inject me with?” Subject 99374 questioned as if it wasn’t obvious. I really hated to explain myself. For new subjects, it was a courtesy I afforded them to explain the process before they changed. Cory knew better. If he didn’t figure out where he was to be in a few moments, he was truly hopeless.

“Sigh. You know where you are, don’t you?” I said, exasperated. “You were here not eight hours before if I recall correctly. Shoveling shit. Well, now you’ll be the one shoveling it out of your ass. Ironic, really,” I said, what some might consider to be a sinister grin on my face. I’d had a long week and had an even longer weekend coming up. I deserved to enjoy this.

“W-what? A bison! I don’t want... w-ooohhh...” he moaned as the tension in his testicles grew. I could see from here that his cock was throbbing, preparing to blow its load.

“Feel free to touch yourself. It will be the last time you get the chance, I figure,” I said, grin widening on my features

Subject 99374 seemed to take me up on the offer, stroking himself off with the enthusiasm of a teenage boy wanting to cum for the first time. It took no time at all for his moans to intensify, and his cock to shoot a thick load of jism all over his hand and the straw below.

I made another few notes on the page that I would work into the report in a few minutes. He knew it was hopeless to try and resist and was putting that to practice by touching himself. He had seen enough subjects struggling with the changes over them to make the conscious decision to allow himself a modicum of pleasure.

His hands were still rubbing his flesh, making it harder to see the changes that I knew were occurring. Yet, even through the flashes I was able to get, I could tell that more seed was continuing to leak from his crotch to the point that even his balls were deflating. They really

were expelling their entire burden, so much so that I could smell it from here. He was well on his way to the desired transition.

Subject 99374 continued to stroke himself, as though eager to expel the rest of his seed. I didn't want to make assumptions. But he did seem to be taking pleasure from the act. It must have been erotic, that moment of releasing all of his cum when his sex was becoming more sensitive from the formation of vaginal lips.

Subject 99374's hands finally came away enough that I could see the slit starting to form on his underside, pulling from the base of the shaft and moving down towards his ball sack, which he would not have for long. The testes within continued to deflate, becoming vestigial as they were pulled in through the opening, likely to form some of the internal female anatomy that he would now possess.

The visible changes were coming faster than normal, as the added adrenaline in the formula dictated. That was the goal, after all. I wanted to watch him give in to his new role before I left today. Everything after that would be recorded. But, he betrayed me. This was personal.

The opening spread nearly all the way to his anus now, his still-erect cock still leaking watery fluids. It was less than one-fourth its former size and still seemed to be shrinking, much to my delight. I loved the notion that I was robbing his manhood from him. But more than that, I was taking a choice from him, one that was more personal than any choice he would ever make. Such was the price of failure!

The opening was growing wide, as though carving away any traces of his masculinity. His testicles were all but gone at that point, leaving nothing but a deflating sack of skin that was being sucked into the sopping folds. His diminishing cock was started to crown at the head, the reddening shape shrinking in to be the start of a bovine cliterious.

I couldn't see the internal anatomy, but the serum was designed to give him a fully functional bison's vagina within the first few moments of change. The process would slow after that, to give him time to adjust to the reality that he would be a bison cow for the rest of his days before the new instincts took over completely.

I tried my best not to chuckle as his vaginal quickly grew larger than his human frame should have been able to support. It wouldn't kill him, of course. That wasn't the point. I wanted to make him suffer slowly. Surely, some of his organs would likely have to be rearranged in order to make it work. It would be terribly uncomfortable. But, given the side effects of the change, he likely wouldn't mind so long as he was taking bison cock.

Given the state of his change and arousal, the scents wafting off his body were not surprisingly an attractant to the male that had been regarding his new cage mate with some interest. He started walking behind the soon-to-be female, thrashing his tail and allowing his cock to slide from its sheath. Cory regarded the beast with a look that I could only describe as a mix of arousal and fear. It was perfect!

“No, please... I don’t... want... need...” he muttered, keeping his body still and ready as the bull came behind him and started to smell the offering that was literally wafting from Cory’s body. He was prime for a good breeding!

I stifled a laugh when Cory pissed himself, his body’s way of enticing the male to mate him. Not caring about the presence of urine, the male seemed inclined to make his way to Cory’s rear, sniffing excitedly. Cory stiffened, a moan escaping his lips as the bison teased his new cunt lips. The looks of panic and pleasure on his features were everything I had hoped to see and more.

Still, the bison had needs of his own, and, being an animal, had no qualms about taking what he wanted. Without hesitation, the bull stepped over the prone former man, not needing to mount to reach his target. With precision that denoted the faded bits of humanity, he started spearing for the former man’s newly-minted cunt lips in an effort to christen them into bovine-hood.

Cory, for his part, could have run. He could have put up any kind of a fuss. But, that wasn’t to be the case. He wanted it as much as his new instincts dictated, of course. He even raised his hips, trying to aim his new vaginal opening for the bull to take full advantage. And the bison bull was very much inclined to take what was offered.

A series of moans between pleasure and pain was all that could be heard until the slick sounds of sloping fluids running together drowned them out. Cory’s body was wracked forcibly as the much larger animal fucked any traces of the male out of his body. I wasn’t sure what Cory had been expecting to do tonight. But down on all fours being fucked by a bison bull likely wasn’t high on that list!

As I watched the mating display between the new lovers, I realized I would be remiss for not pulling out my notepad to make the initial observations. Despite the delight that I took in the display, I had a job to do. It was a professional one, after all, and I was duty-bound to due diligence!

First journal entry

Subject has completed first successful mating with subject 73645. Vaginal lips have grown enough to take a phallus the size of subject 73645's. Given the expression on his features, the changes in subject 99374's body were sufficient to invoke feelings of pleasure and desire. Further conversations with the subject will commence before his vocals have been regressed.

The mating act has prompted the beginning of other observable changes. Two nubs seem to be forming on the sides of his head, likely the beginnings of horn buds. Nostrils are flaring, likely starting to expand as the skin turns red. And a prickling of hairs seem to be sprouting from the back of his neck, the start of his shaggy fur coat.

Subject 99374 will be left overnight to be observed tomorrow. Watching the recording of their mating activities during the night will commence tomorrow as well. The expected change should occur within the standard three-week window, emphasizing sexual characteristics such as udder formation. Notes will be made to conduct pregnancy tests to see when copulation becomes successful.

There wasn't much else to write from a scientific point of view in this case. At least, not for a few days. Oh well. It was probably for the best, given the late hour. I would have plenty to observe and record in the coming days on my new favorite subject!

Instructing the rest of my associates to clean up, I took a look at my watch. 6 pm. Shit. I still had a few hours of paperwork left, and no assistant to order me supper. Pros and cons of the job. I would need to hire for a few new positions soon. We were always so short-staffed here, for reasons that I'm sure are obvious by now!

The initial mating was done, the bull pulling out with a rush of semen that was too much for the new cow's womb. Subject 99374, for his part, seemed to be stunned, not truly taking in the consequences of what had happened. That was a common reaction to the initial mating act, I found. I couldn't wait to interview him after he'd been properly fucked a few more times into his new life!

Still, that was neither here nor there. Paperwork waited for no man, no matter how tired or hungry. I sighed. Tomorrow would bring on even more challenges, and it was so close already. But, for me, it was just another day at the office.