

Tyler walked hesitantly out onto the stage, trying to shield his eyes from the blinding stage lights. It was his first time in this sort of environment and he felt as though he was sweating bullets. Thankfully the makeup department gave him something to reduce the effects of the hot light for the duration of the show. If he could just make it through the next half hour without making a mess of himself or his appearance it would be a miracle. After all, there would be hundreds of thousands of viewers watching!

He, along with one other lucky contestant, a man named Jerry, had won the chance to play on an exclusive game show, something called 'Choose your Change'. He'd never heard of it before, though apparently it had aired once every couple of years and had gathered some niche attention. He couldn't find any online airings of the show, which made it all the more enticing. No one seemed to remember what they'd seen on the last installments, only that it had been exciting and hilarious. It wasn't a challenge of physical or mental prowess. All he knew was that it was a game of luck, which meant he'd have just as much of a chance to win as anyone else!

When the option to sign up as a potential contestant came up, he figured what the hell and sent in his application. He had no chance to get in, he knew, but he was bored and a little drunk one night and the prize was too enticing to turn down with a free application. Though it wasn't specific, it did promise a 'lifetime of luxury and comfort' for one of the two chosen contestants! Imagine his surprise when he got a letter saying he'd won the chance to play!

He'd met Jerry backstage and chatted it up over some free drinks. They had a lot in common, early twenties, fresh out of college, little prospects for the future other than living with parents and flipping burgers while they waited for the economy to repair itself. They had both majored in the sciences and lamented their low job prospects. Hell, they even teased each other about the same jobs they'd applied for, only for each to be turned down! Tyler wanted to win, of course, but Jerry was a cool guy, and he deserved to win it too if it were possible.

Their conversation quickly turned to what the prize pool might be. Maybe it was one of those 1000 dollars a week for life-type prizes, which would indeed make them want for very little. Perhaps their student loans would be paid, or they would be given stable jobs. It was fun to guess at what their prize might be, and Jerry seemed like a great guy to talk to. They both sincerely wished each other the best of luck!

Soon enough they were taken backstage to await their call. No further explanation was given, despite their questions. The waiting was the worst part. Tyler hoped he didn't make a total fool of himself on live TV. It was nerve-wracking not knowing how it was all going to go down!

After what seemed like an eternity, he was rushed up to the side of the stage into the blinding lights and cheering crowd. He knew all eyes were on him and he felt immensely nervous. However, he forced his best smile and wave as he tried to confidently move towards the center to meet Jerry's own entrance opposite him.

At the center of the stage was a rather attractive woman, thin and curvy in all the right places. She wore a score of make-up, though it only served to accentuate features that were already present. She gave them a warm smile as they strode out onto the stage to cheers from the crowd. It made both men relax somewhat to be in the spotlight like this. Both strode confidently over to the X's marked for them to stand on while the game was in progress.

"Alright ladies and gentlemen, let's give a big round of applause for Tyler and Jerry!"

The audience roared with applause, making both men blush. Neither was used to being the center of attention, much less on a literal stage. They were thankful for the stage makeup that prevented them from showing visible fear.

"Now, welcome to 'Choose Your Change'! Where a spin of the wheel will determine how the game ends for these lucky men! Now, without further adieu, let's get them started!"

Two wheels in the center of the stage drew their attention. The first had about 32 labels, all with images of common animals. Dog, Horse, Crow, Rat, Cat, Frog, Snake, Bat. The second wheel had fewer spaces and seemed to list various external body parts. Hands, Feet, Nose, Mouth, Chest, Limbs, and strangest of all, Tail. What did they mean?

"Now, I'm sure you're wondering, how will you compete? Well, it's simple! Just come on up and spin the wheel! It's all luck, and your spin will decide how the rest of the game plays out!"

Jerry and Tyler exchanged glances, feeling a little nervous. What was going on? Would they have to embarrass themselves acting like animals? What else could explain the very specific labels on the wheel?

Their hostess seems to notice their hesitation. "Now now, don't be shy boys! Step right up and give that first wheel a spin! The only way to win is to play!" She called, the audience cheering them on.

That was enough of an incentive for Jerry to walk forward and spin the wheel. He kept his shoulders back, a confident posture as he gave the roulette a mighty spin, reminiscent of what

he'd seen contestants do on 'The Price is Right' in his youth. The audience cheered as it went round and round, passing over the myriad of random animals drawn on its surface. After a tense minute of waiting the spinner finally stopped in the image of a cat. Jerry looked at the picture and smiled.

"Looks just like my cat at-" He started to say when he fell to the floor of the stage as though in pain. Tyler looked on in horror to see that Jerry's ears were stretching, growing as they rotated up his head. He tried to grab them, to hold them down but it was no use. They crawled up in between his brown hair as the tips grew pointed and the hairs inside of them got longer and thicker. To top them off, the tips and backs of his ears started sprouting a fine layer of black hair. By the time it was done, they looked like the ears of a cat!

Tyler stared in confusion as Jerry reached up to touch his ears. Though Jerry could feel them, he could scarcely believe what his fingers were reporting. As though reading his thoughts, the hostess pulled out a full-length mirror. Jerry stared in horror to see a perfect pair of feline ears atop his head, looking as though they belonged on his anatomy. Another touch elicited a yelp of surprise or fear which scared Tyler.

Tyler looked to the hostess, who was smiling back at him with an unnerving grin. He didn't know what was going on but he suddenly found himself less enthusiastic about the game show.

"Go ahead, Tyler," she said, an air of malevolence dripping from her voice. "Spin the wheel."

"N-no...I..." Tyler began before his leg moved forward. He tried to move it back but suddenly his other leg moved against his will. As impossible as it was, he was compelled to move forward toward the roulette. He tried with every ounce of willpower to stop himself but he was unable to prevent his forward motion or placing one hand on the wheel.

"You don't have a choice. It's all part of the game. It can't begin until you spin for an animal!" The hostess said as her pointed finger struck Tyler with some sort of invisible force. All at once his hand moved of its own accord and spun the wheel. Sweating in fear, Tyler watched helplessly as the pointer clicked through all the animal images. He shuddered in horror for what it meant for his eventual fate.

Soon, the spinner slowed down, passing cat, rabbit, horse, and finally landing on the image of a dog. He relaxed for a moment, an image of his family's Golden Retriever coming to mind. Yet no sooner had the image hit him than his ears started to burn. He yelped and fell over,

clutching his ears in pain. He could feel the soft hairs sprout up between them and froze at the realization that he was growing ears like his dog's.

Looking into the mirror that the hostess had brought out, Tyler could see that his ears had indeed grown golden fur and were stretching to be atop his head. They burned painfully as the entire surface grew flat and itched with the growth of what could only be fur. He could feel bits of skin hanging loosely as the tips fell to the sides, and soon he had the flapping ears of his childhood retriever!

“What the fuck’s going on!” Jerry yelled, trying to mask the fear in his voice. How did he have cat ears, and his buddy the ears of a dog? This shit was impossible!

"What, did we forget to tell you? You are going to be familiars! The members of our order are the winners! Every time we play, two lucky men get the honor of serving one of our witches or wizards for life as a conduit for their magic! Now, if you can keep yourselves human enough till the end of the game, of course, then you’ll get a chance to leave. But that won't really be winning, now will it? As familiars, you will live long lives, without want or need!

“No, we won’t play!” Tyler shouted, just now getting up from the pain of his changes. He started to walk off stage but found that his feet were rooted to the ground! Jerry, too, found that he could not move from the X he was stuck in.

“Now now, boys. No going anywhere until you win. Or we do. Let's see what part of you will change next. If you can resist, it will delay the changes, but if not...well, you’ll soon see,” she said as she got up to spin the roulette. The two boys could only watch in horror as the roulette spun round and round until it finally settled on ‘Nose’.

Jerry sneezed suddenly as something sharp tore out of his face, several pinpricks of pain erupting all over his nose. He looked in the mirror to see dozens of pointed hairs growing around his cheeks. But it was worse than that. His nose ached as the surface turned black, flattening into his face as the cartilage reformed into what could only be called a feline nose!

Tyler too felt his nose start to moisten as the entire surface turned black before his eyes. His nostrils flared as his nose thickened, the ends almost merging with his quivering lip. Reflexively breathing in deep, Tyler was shocked at all the myriad of smells emanating from the room. There was a strong scent of fear coming from both him and Jerry, which made him whimper.

Of all the odors in the room, however, one stuck out. It wasn't from a single source but seemed to be coming from the entire audience. They didn't smell at all like Jerry and himself. To Tyler, that could only mean one thing. They weren't even human!

"Well, how good of you both to use those noses like the beasts you are. It will make the transition much easier!" The hostess said as she got up to spin the wheel a second time. "Stop!" Both boys yelled in unison. Yet their efforts were in vain as the spinner landed on "Feet"

Both boys cried out as their feet began to ache and they fell to the floor, writhing in pain. Tyler felt his toes cramping and reached down to pull off his shoes and socks. He didn't want to know what was to become of him, but he had to look. To his horror, he could see his toes shrinking, especially his large toes while stretching back up his ankle. His toenails started to change color, darkening from their normal translucent pink towards a deep brown. The nails began to thicken, stretching out of his nub-sized toes. His heels expanded up his ankles while the soles of his feet reduced in on themselves. The entire surface itched as a series of golden-white hairs sprouted from every pore, covering the skin entirely.

Terrified, Tyler looked over at Jerry and saw the same thing happening to his feet. His new buddy's toenails were stretching into thin translucent claws as his big toes retracted completely into the warping flesh. His toes had shrunk into his feet as his heels expanded and became covered with black fur. He could see the bottoms of Jerry's feet swell with rough black skin in a pattern that reminded him of paw pads. Both were now cursed with animalistic paws. Worse, neither of them could stand like this!

The sounds of the audience cheering distracted them from the changes plaguing them. How could anyone be OK with this? It was akin to torture! In desperation, both yelled at the crowd, telling them to fuck off and change them back. But their cries fell on deaf ears.

"Well, looks like our boys don't like their new paws! What's wrong, boys, don't like being down on the ground, unable to stand? Well, let's help out these poor unfortunate souls with another spin!" The hostess declared as once again the wheel went round. Both victims couldn't help but notice that the words "Nose" and "Feet" were now blacked out.

"No! You can't do this, you bitch!" Tyler yelled as he struggled to stand. He grasped the handholds on the other wheel in a desperate attempt to right himself. Maybe he could get out of here, escape the changes. She had said something about resisting, right? How long was the show supposed to last? How long had it gone on already?



“Let's move right along shall we?” The hostess said to the two silent men as the wheel spun relentlessly towards their next change. They didn't want to look but curiosity got the better of them. The wheel slowly stopped and both men watched in horror as this time it landed on ‘Hands.’

Tyler stared down at his palms in horror, not wanting to lose his hands, his one way of interacting with the world. Yet he could not stop the relentless march of blond fur sprouting over the backs of his hands. He wanted desperately to clench his fingers but he couldn't prevent them from shrinking, from growing the dirty brown claws that were erupting from the tips. He tried desperately to keep his thumbs from retracting up his wrists but he had no power over the changes. He looked over to see Jerry suffering the same fate, holding up his new pair of black feline paws.

“Looks like our boys have a lovely set of paws! All the better for walking around on all fours! Nothing but a pair of animals now! No more hands, no more human speech. And soon, no more human thoughts!” The hostess laughed along with the audience. Without hesitation, she spun the wheel again, its clicking spokes a prelude to another horrific change.

What would be their fate this time? Tyler didn't feel like an animal yet and he had no intention of giving in. He would get out of here and return to his human form. He didn't want to be stuck as a dog, some witch's pet!

This time the relentless spinner landed on ‘Cock’. Tyler's mind started racing. That wasn't on the wheel before now, he was sure of it! Yet, clearly, it was there now and it would change that part of his body like everything else.

Tyler whimpered as his groin started to ache. No, no, not this! He couldn't imagine his maleness turning into something fit for a beast. Yet the tingling from his groin made it all the more apparent that was what was happening to him.

He could feel his crotch itching as what he knew to be fur began coating his groin, his balls, and his cock. To his shame, his member started to grow erect in his undies as his foreskin peeled away and began to pool around the base. He could feel the cleft melting into the cock head as the pointed, erect tip began oozing fluid. His cock was becoming canine!

The worst part was how horny the whole thing made him. He couldn't fathom how needy his crotch was. But he couldn't possibly do such a thing in front of all these people. Could he?

Jerry, too, tried to fight the changes but was helpless as his cock mutated in his underwear. The tip was changing, growing pointed as a series of barbs erupted from the head. Like Tyler's, a soft coat of black fur spread over the entire surface of his groin, while his fuzzy balls rotated back along his taint. His feline cock was powerfully erect, but he was thankful for his feline paws and the fabric barrier that prevented him from touching himself!

“It looks like our new pets are really getting into it now! You can't hide your shame from us boys! Those clothes aren't suited for a couple of animals!” Said the hostess, while her audience all cheered their approval.

She walked over to the prone Jerry and pulled down the front of his pants and undies, exposing his relatively small feline prick. Jerry blushed in embarrassment but there was nothing he could do to stop this humiliation. His erect member was on display for all the world to see!

Yet that wasn't the worst of it. Something entered his nose just then, a spicy scent that enraptured his attention. It was the musky fluid leaking from his cock! Jerry couldn't recall smelling anything better in his life. He needed to smell it, to taste it. Yet he couldn't do such a thing!

The hostess moved on to Tyler as he looked up with pleading eyes. “Aww, the poor dog is afraid! He just needs some time to get used to his new master! Here boy, let's get you out of those clothes. You're a needy boy, aren't ya! Let's get you a sniff of that cock!” She said in that condescending tone as she pulled down the front of Tyler's pants and underwear.

Tyler stared in horror at the inhuman erection that he now sported. His cock was red, with a fuzzy canine sheath attached to his stomach that pooled around a massive red knot, making Tyler blush with embarrassment. He had a dog's cock sticking out of his crotch!

The scents hit his nose all at once as his cock spurred to life, leaking down the shaft and towards his sheath. He needed to touch it, needed to get off! A mental image entered his head, of getting his muzzle around that lovely canine rod and sucking himself off. Like a dog...No! This wasn't right!

Tyler was too focused on the needs in his groin to notice that the hostess had spun the wheel once more. He looked up to see that more than half the spokes were black now. He was over halfway changed into a dog, and he had just let it happen!

This time he could see the spinner land on 'Tail'. His blood froze in his veins from the implication. A tail! Something totally bestial attached to his backside. Something that belonged



only to an animal. He couldn't let this happen. He could feel something poking out of his spine, pressing out of his underwear as it grew longer and longer. No! He had to fight this!

Tyler mustered all of his willpower to stop the growth of the thing on his backside. He clenched his buttocks, trying to prevent it from growing. And it seemed to work, for a time. He could feel the protrusion pressing painfully against his underwear and pants but if he really focused, he could stop it from moving. The more he concentrated, the slower the fur spread down its length, and the less it was pressing against his pants.

Jerry was having similar issues as something poked into the back of his underwear. He could feel the long spindly appendage trying to burst its way through his clothes. He, too, tried his best to concentrate, to will it away, but the pain was intense. He yowled, feeling its growth slow, reducing the agony against his pants, reducing the spread of black fur. If he tried, he could hold it back. Just a little longer...

Yet the scents wafting from his feline cock hit his flattened nose once more. They threatened to break his concentration at any moment, accelerating his change into an animal. He couldn't let that happen!

Jerry tried to reach down with his paw to cover it, to bury the smells. But in his attempt, he brushed his paw against the needy cock. The pleasure wrecked through his body instantly, removing all traces of pain from the change. It felt amazing! He wasn't even aware that his tail had started pressing against his underwear once more, a slight ripping sound as it demanded its freedom.

As soon as he removed his paw, the pain returned full force, making Jerry yeow in frustration. It was too much! If he could just touch his cock, it would feel better. A little couldn't hurt, could it? Just to make the pain from this damn tail go away...

He reached down his muzzle, trying to get as close to the leaking feline member as he could. As though responding to his internal pleas, he could hear the crack of his chest compressing, his spine growing more flexible as his feline tongue moved closer to his goal. Almost there...yes! His rough tongue brushed the barbed tip, and immediately the pain in his backside started to diminish. He reached out, lapping with gusto, unaware that his feline tail was getting longer, fur covering the tip as it threatened to burst from the taut undies at any moment.

Tyler looked over and saw his friend changing as Jerry sucked himself in front of everyone. The sounds of tearing were audible to his ears as he saw the massive black appendage

start to rip forth. He needed to warn Jerry to stop! He tried to yell but forgot his changes as a canine bark erupted from his muzzle.

No sooner had he done so that his own wagging tail burst forth from his pants, ripping apart the weakening fabric as golden fur burst forth down its length. He howled and whined from the pain, trying his best to stop it from moving. But it seemed to have a mind of its own as it wagged back and forth, stretching out even further.

He was barely aware that his buddy's long black feline tail had burst its way through its prison of fabric and began to wag back and forth in joy of being freed from captivity. Jerry was licking himself now, playing his tongue over a cock while rapidly becoming more and more feline. His body was shrinking, losing mass and definition as his changes raced onwards. His human hair fell away as black fur covered him from head to toe and his skull began to flatten and compress. His shoulders rotated forward and his hips compressed into his spine, restricting him to four-legged travel.

Yet Jerry didn't care. All that mattered were the sublime sensations emanating from his cock. He felt no pain as his body compressed and shrank, his form more flexible and allowing him to suck himself fully. His last human thoughts were of unimaginable pleasure as his feline cock shot several ropes of seed into his muzzle and his mind whited out from the long-awaited release.

Soon there was nothing left of the other contestant than a black cat, who walked out on the stage and meowed while the audience cheered. He sauntered over to the hostess, who reached down to pet him lovingly behind the ears.

"Looks like our new cat is all ready to go to his new home! Let's give it up for Jerry the cat!" The hostess yelled as the audience began cheering in unison. "Jerry the cat! Jerry the cat!"

Tyler couldn't believe what he was hearing. Even if they were witches, how could they treat human life so casually? Jerry was completely gone now, lost in the body of a fucking cat!

"Well, what do you think, audience? Will it take one more spin for Tyler here to become someone's good boy? Let's hear it!" The hostess shouted as the audience erupted into thunderous applause. The sounds were awful to Tyler's changed ears. He whined a decided canine sound that made his cock leak from the implication.

He looked up to see the spinner moving relentlessly around, this time stopping on 'Chest'. Immediately, he felt his chest compress as pain wracked him. His shoulders started to

rotate forward painfully as his hips began to compress. He tried once more in vain to stand, but as his spine lengthened he could barely get up before his top-heavy body fell forward. Everyone in the audience was laughing now, a deafening sound that made Tyler whimper. They were all making fun of him!

His new position drew him closer and closer to the throbbing canine cock in his loins. The scent overloaded his nose, and he longed to taste the dripping fluids that smelled so good. He had always wondered what it would be like to perform a self-suck, and as his chest compressed he realized that with his long muzzle he would soon possess the flexibility to do so!

He knew he had to fight, couldn't let himself become a dog. Yet the pain of his ribs compressing, the itching of fur spreading over him as his body contracted was too much. He imagined himself lost in rapture as Jerry was, sucking off his cock and forgetting all the pain and human worries. No...he had to fight...to retain his...what did he even look like? He was a dog now. Did that mean he was always a dog? Why was he fighting?

He looked up at the witch with pleading eyes even as they turned to brown and the colors in the room started to wash out. She gave him an amused smile, knowing that all resistance had left the former man. Tyler whined as his long, seeking canine tongue touched his throbbing member. The taste was better than anything he could imagine!

Tyler bore down on his cock with gusto, all the fear from before dissolving like the leaking pre he was producing from his cock. He felt warm, a little itchy as a tingling spread all over his body. His head lurched forward a little as his skull shrank, but he didn't mind. It only brought him closer to his cock.

His long tongue wrapped around it now, bringing him so close. All fear, all worries were eroded from his head as his fuzzy balls tensed and he shot a thick load into his willing muzzle. His thoughts whited out as he whined from release and eagerly lapped up his seed, cleaning his cock and the soiled fur around his stomach.

The Golden Retriever looked up at his master, barking in delight at being in the company of so many wonderful humans. He couldn't understand the words she was saying, but that was alright. She was a master, she was pack. And he was a loyal member. He sat there, tail wagging as she placed a collar on him and lead his leash off stage. Tyler barked and happily trotted after her, eager to follow her all the days of his life.