

“Fuck yeah! ” Travis yelled, trying not to shout too loud lest he alert the entire establishment. He'd had shitty luck all day, but finally had won something! Yet in his inebriated state, he wasn't sure how well he could control the volume of his voice.

Travis had decided to let loose for once, heading to a casino near the outskirts of town. It wasn't Vegas, though a nice enough establishment with a decent prize pool. He'd been working for weeks straight on a photography project, and now with a fat paycheck and a week off, he wanted to do something fun and impulsive. He'd never been to a casino before, so he figured what the hell. Carpe Diem, right! ?

He hadn't had any luck all afternoon, embarrassing himself in front of the blackjack and craps tables and getting jeers from the more seasoned players. So he'd made his way to the slots to try his luck. A few drinks in, due to the diligence of the wait staff, Travis didn't want to leave until he'd either won or expired the few hundred dollars he'd set aside for the trip. He was certain he'd figured out the winning pattern sooner or later, but was always just slightly off.

Feeling frustrated, he finally turned his head around and pulled the lever without peeking. Imagine his shock when the sounds of the machine's music alerted him that he won something! Yet he didn't see the usual rush of coins that signaled his winnings. He sat there for a full minute, getting annoyed now that he was once more the unwanted center of attention.

Finally, a woman came up to him, sporting an elegant, glittering dress and a warm smile. "H-*huc* hey miss! Did I win? What did I *huc* win? " He called out, laughing at his own voice. That last cocktail was one too many!

"The Grand Prize! You're one lucky customer! I don't think I've seen you before. Is perhaps your first time at our establishment? " She asked, holding that welcoming smile. Travis knew deep down that it was likely a practiced gesture, one she gave all the patrons here, but he couldn't help but feel special.

"Yeah *hic* Yuppers! First time! It's fun! " He said, not realizing how silly it sounded until the words were out of his mouth. How drunk was he?

Yet the woman seemed not to be deterred by Travis's drunken stupor. "Well, then how lucky! You've won a chance for a special game! Regardless of how you spin, you win! Now just follow me! "

Travis got up, careful of his balance as he moved to follow her. She led him through a set of locked doors into a single room with one lone slot machine in the center. The room sported the

same red velvet to match the decorum of the rest of the casino. A unisex washroom sat in one corner. Another door stood on the wall alongside it, and given the line of light coming in, it likely led to the outside world.

Travis walked over and plopped himself down at the stool, doing his best not to trip over the carpet. He gave the machine a once over before deciding to reach up and grab the lever. Travis noticed a myriad of animal silhouettes, frogs, horses, lizards, snakes, wolves, panthers, and other symbols Travis couldn't quite make out. He stared at them for a moment, wondering why they differed so much from the other machines. He had no way to tell what each one meant!

"H-hey miss! *Hic* h-how do I *huc* win? Haha! " Travis said, laughing at his own lack of sobriety.

"Why, you spin the slot, of course! You have unlimited spins, but you'll know when you've won since the machine will ding several times. Now, if you need anything, I'll be right outside! Enjoy, and congrats again! " The woman said as she opened the door into the main area with a soft click behind her.

Travis wanted to ask once more what each token meant. But, he figured, that might be cheating, knowledge he wasn't privy to. *What the hell*, Travis thought as he took the first spin. He hoped he'd win at least enough money to compensate for the few hundred he'd already spent. But whatever. It was the first time he'd ever won something like this, so whatever the outcome, he was a winner, right? Just like the woman said!

Travis waited a long moment before pulling the lever. He looked on as the first slot started to slow, then stop, landing on the picture of the wolf he'd seen. Was wolf good? Upon further inspection, the features were too thin, the body too small on the silhouette to be a wolf. A coyote, maybe? That made more sense. There were some in this area, after all. All the animal images seemed to be local, for whatever reason.

Bracing himself, he pulled the lever twice more in rapid succession, waiting with bated breath to see where they would land. He didn't want to look lest he once more got caught in the trap of trying to force things in his favor. This was all up to lady luck. He slowly opened his eyes, seeing the second line land on... a second coyote head! If the third lined up, then...

The spinner slowed, then stopped, passing frog, rabbit, bear, and then finally, a third coyote! Travis braced himself for the expected ding of victory. But to his surprise, nothing sounded.

As he regarded the screen in confusion, he realized that the symbols had unexpectedly changed. Instead of the animal silhouettes, images of paws, ears, a tail, and others such as a human, a flame, and a circle with a cross underneath were now present.

He sat there a few moments, wondering if he should spin the wheel again or wait. Yet the woman's words echoed in Travis's head, recalling that he was to play until his prize became evident. So, without any further thought, he pulled the lever, this time all three bars spinning in tandem. He watched them rushing by until the first stopped on the human icon. The second bar hit a pair of pointed canine ears, as did the third, yet still did not elicit the telltale beep he was expecting.

Travis wanted to spin again but was aware that his buzz was wearing off. He could have one more drink safely, right? Travis got out of the seat for the door, absentmindedly rubbing at a tingle coming from his beard. A thick patch of hair greeted his fingers, leaving him puzzled for a moment, sure he had shaven this morning. And when was the last time his beard was so thick and... soft? He chalked it up to numb fingers and slightly buzzed state.

Yet as Travis grasped for the doorknob and twisted, he found with shock that it appeared locked. He struggled with it a few more times, but no matter how he twisted and turned, it wouldn't seem to budge! Grunting his frustration, he tugged with all his might, but to no avail. It was as though he was locked in from the inside!

Before he had the chance to call for help, an ache in his ears drew his hands to rub them. The same soft texture greeted his fingers, followed by a shifting of tissue that he found disconcerting. His seeking digits played over the tips, tracing them as they started to expand into a point of flesh soon overtaken by hair. Both ears seemed to throb as they grew longer than a human ear should be. No amount of drunkenness could explain this!

Travis suddenly recalled there was a bathroom and took off towards it, hoping to find a mirror. Despite his fear of the unnatural alterations, he still needed to see what was going on. Yet he was ill-prepared for the image reflected back at him. His ears looked inhuman, sticking out of his head at an odd angle and definitely more triangular than he was used to. It appeared they were stretching before his eyes, growing more pointed as a light peppering of brownish fur covered their tips.

That was not the only change to his face. Travis's beard was replaced by the same brownish hair that bore a resemblance to fur. It continued to pepper his cheeks, spreading up towards the ears and even running down his neck. If he looked carefully, he could see a strange

discoloration on his nose, the tip having turned slightly black. If he didn't know any better, he'd say that he was slowly developing animalistic features!

Yet it was his ears that were the primary source of change, leaving Travis feeling disconcerted. They continued to elongate, molding as though made of putty as they swept back the length of his head. They expanded well beyond the dimensions of his former appendages as they grew curved and long, sparse hairs adorned the insides. As Travis focused on them, they suddenly twitched, making him cry out in shock.

A knock on the door startled him, much louder to his new ears as they rotated in that direction. He excitedly realized that beyond the door might be his salvation, someone that could explain the pair of coyote ears now atop his head!

Yet his hopes were dashed at the sight of the woman from before. It was not her presence that disheartened him, but rather the sinister grin on her face at his exposed canine appendages. It was as though she was expecting them and pleased they were present!

“Well, it seems you've settled on your prize! Looks like you'll be right at home as the desert's newest coyote!” Said the woman with a laugh that sent shivers down Travis's spine.

“Wh-what the fuck's happening?!” He yelled, trying to ignore the itching running down his neck, or the discomfort in his leaking nose. He was clearly changing, even though such a thing was impossible! Yet he still needed to know what was to become of him.

“Humans are so stupid. I just told you! Your first spin dictates the type of prize you'll win. You got rather lucky, I think. Lower risk of predation, relative safety from humans, should you choose to live in the wilderness. And you'll never want for money again! An animal such as you will be content simply with the company of fellows and a full belly!”

“Change me back, please! I didn't want this!” Travis begged, not caring about the fear that was oozing from his cries. Such a thing was impossible to fathom and left him shaken to the core!

“Even if I wanted to, I no longer possess that power!” The woman said with a chuckle. “You've chosen your category, and you cannot leave until you've won! Of course, there is a chance that you'll lose it all. Should you get three 'human' silhouettes, you'll be free to leave as you were, with nothing to show for it,” She finished with a smirk.

Travis's ears perked up at that. “I'll do it!” He said, making his way towards the machines. He didn't know what sick and twisted game she was playing, or how it was even

possible to change him in such a fashion. But even if he could leave now, how could he live with a pair of coyote ears? He had no other choice.

The woman followed, her make-up unable to hide the expression of excitement. “I do love to watch one of our guests play our special prize game. Each has such a wonderful and unique expression when they receive their winnings!” She said, the malice dripping from her words not lost to Travis.

Yet, for now, he ignored her and sat down at the slots. He looked over the images on the screen one more time, trying to figure out what they meant. Many of them were body parts, like the ears he’d landed on the last time. Would getting three of another image change him more? And what were some of the other symbols? A flame? A circle with a cross underneath? They didn’t make any sense!

Forcing his courage, Travis pulled the lever as he closed his eyes, knowing the game was rigged if he tried to line them up from sight alone. His eyes carefully opened as the first bar came to a stop, on the symbol for 'human'!

“Yes!” He yelled, hopeful that he would win his freedom from just one round! Excitedly, he pulled it again, only to have it slowly come to a stop on an image of a flowing coyote’s tail. His heart sank. Yet his hand was already on the lever, and before he could stop it, the third image was on the screen, a matching tail side by side as the device flashed.

Travis turned around and looked helplessly at his captor before a shooting pain assaulted his spine. He climbed from the chair, holding his ass as something began tearing its way out of his backside. A trembling hand rubbed its way over the bony appendage as it twitched impulsively, and it worked its way out inch by inch. A shudder ran its way all up the length of his spine, his brain suddenly becoming aware of its new connections to the growth.

Yet he could do little more than feel it lower itself between his legs as the entire surface became adorned with the same brown-gray yote' fur that was stealing his humanity. He looked up helplessly at the woman, his tail moving out of his control, a constant reminder of his fall from humanity.

“What a lovely appendage you’ve won! Congratulations!” Laughed the witch, clearly unsympathetic. How could she do this to him, to anyone? ! Travis had a life, friends, and family to get back to! He’d only come here to unwind for one day! He didn’t deserve this!

Defiantly, he stood up, ignoring the pain in his backside. He glared at the woman, his only act of rebellion as he turned around to the machine. "Time to land on 'human'," he said as he pulled the lever.

The woman said nothing as the first of the slots slowed to land on ears once more. Travis was a little confused as to what that meant, but he wasn't deterred. It couldn't influence his change if it already happened, right?

The second bar got his hopes up as it landed on 'human'. He wouldn't change back, but there was no way he should succumb to an additional change this round. Without the worry of falling further, he pulled the lever one more time, this time seeing it land on a picture of a coyote's face, a black nose at the end of a long, pointed muzzle, a sloped forehead, and pointed ears the same as the ones that now adorned his head. The image sent a shiver down his spine, the idea that such a visage could someday adorn his own head.

He turned to smile at the woman, a brief moment of triumph before his gums started to ache, and his eye teeth stuck painfully outward. He reached up to touch them, only to realize that his entire face was stretching, and he'd hit his nose harder than intended. He sneezed a little, feeling that his nostrils were different than what he'd expected. A tentative rub reported flesh that was rough and a little moist, much like the nose of a canine. There was no denying it. He was changing, even without having landed on more than one symbol!

His pained, frightened, grimace was greeted with a cruel expression that he had come to loath. "You'll find the rules aren't quite in line with those of the main floor. But I can assure you that you still require three human silhouettes to reverse the changes!"

"Why rrrreeeee rrrou rrrroing this..." Travis tried to speak, but words were becoming more difficult to form. He could feel his jaw crack as his face was forced painfully forward. The sensation left him numb as the muscles writhed underneath, pressing into a thin snout and taking his black nose for the ride. His tongue seemed to lengthen beyond that, its flattening surface panting a canine stink into the air. His powerful snout breathed in the scent of canine breath, leaving Travis revolted. He didn't want to be a coyote!

Yet whatever magic was in this place had no intention of granting his wish. Travis could feel his teeth ache, sliding out of gums that were now rubbery and black. His maw filled with fangs, sharpened predatory teeth that felt like they were tearing through his flesh in some places. Extra teeth filled the gaps to form his new canine maw, one he would be cursed with forever if the changes did not cease!

Yet it was his nose that garnered the most attention, as it merged with his quivering lips. Pinpricks of pain erupted from the sides as sharp whickers poked from his flesh. The twin nostrils breathed in the air of the room much more deeply than his human consciousness could fully comprehend. Most of the scents were of little interest, artificial human things like the carpets and machines. But underneath that were smells that scared Travis to the core. The odors of other humans merged with animals that he could only begin to guess at, all peppered with the fear likely felt by the changing patrons as they succumbed to their animal fates. How many people had been changed similarly?

He could feel his entire face itching, brown and gray and black fur spreading over his muzzle, and leaving every inch of his scalp covered. His forehead started to crack audibly, sloped to fit the streamlined appearance brought on by his muzzle. His eyes began to water, and Travis closed them, trying desperately to alleviate the discomfort. He could feel them bulging a little with the shape of his shrinking skull. Travis didn't want to open them, knowing they had changed, but couldn't keep them shut forever. Tentatively, he opened one, and then the other, to a world that was far removed from the one he'd seen moments ago. The image was dull, the colors seemed washed out, certain shades appearing only in off-green or red that were nearly impossible to distinguish. He had the eyes of a coyote!

The woman held down a mirror, and despite the horror of the visage that regarded him, Travis had to look. Staring back at him was an alien image, one of an animal, a head that looked awkward on his still-human neck. But try as he might, the image would not go away. It was his head now, the head of a common beast!

*AARRROOOWW RROOOOWW RROOOOWWW! " Travis tried to yell, but there was nothing human in his voice any longer. After a few failed attempts, he stopped, not wanting to act like a beast in front of the woman, lest she capitalized on his shame.

"What was that? I can't understand you. Perhaps I should bring in one of the beasts from outside to translate, hmm?" Chuckled the witch, taking obvious pleasure in his suffering.

Travis was changed so much already, but he couldn't give up. He would show this witch that he was a man and that he deserved to be one again!

This time his fingers hesitated on the lever, not wanting to accelerate his fall from humanity. But he had no choice but to keep playing this sadistic woman's game. How could he live the rest of his life with these changes, even if he was allowed to leave? He pulled more slowly this time, allowing each image to fall into place before tugging it again. He had to be careful, to hold onto what humanity he could.

Yet, to his surprise, none of the three bars landed on an image of coyote anatomy. In fact, all three were showing the circle with the cross underneath. Travis squinted, trying to make out anything familiar in the image. It did seem to strike a chord with him, but he could not for the life of him recall where he might have come across such a thing before.

Lost in thought as he was, Travis was hardly aware of the throbbing in his crotch, one he initially chalked up to spreading fur. Yet the ache grew more insistent, centered in his cock head and making him moan. He crouched over, feeling his asshole widen and sending tremors through his groin. What the fuck was happening to him?

Despite his disgust of doing such a thing in front of the woman, he needed to see what was becoming of his sex. Travis tentatively touched the skin through the fabric, before lowering his fingers and forcing off his pants, until he was left clad only in his undies. Gone was the usual imprint of his bulge; though he was not large by any means, he was shocked to see only a damp spot in place of his human member.

With only a hint of hesitation, curiosity winning out, he pulled down the waistband of his underwear, bracing himself for whatever sight that might greet him. To his horror, the shape of his groin was far removed from what he'd grown accustomed to. His balls were shriveled, and with a gasp, he could feel the last of his tiny load blowing onto his hand without even having touched himself. He whined as his balls continued to collapse in on themselves, now empty of their cum.

But it was his penis that caught his attention most. The shaft was nearly gone, his cock head had opened up into a cleft that was steadily widening to take in his shriveled balls. What little remained had sunk into a fold of flesh near the top of the new cavern. The entire orifice was now composed of lips surrounding a hot, moist tunnel, the image frighteningly familiar to Travis's mind.

It was then he recalled where he had seen that symbol before, on countless ads, bathroom signs, and books. It was the symbol for 'female'. Not only had Travis been robbed of his humanity, but it seemed he was doomed to lose his gender as well!

He whined, looking pitifully at the woman with sorrowful eyes. Had he still had the ability, he would have sobbed from the humiliation of losing his manhood in such a shameful way. He couldn't believe he had a female's cunt lips now in addition to the backside of an animal!

“Why so distressed? You now have an important role in populating your new species! What was a waste of a human like you going to achieve that was more fulfilling? No mate, and a

job lousy enough to bring you to an establishment such as this to blow all that money? No, I think the bestial life I've granted you will do much better! '

Travis's whines of depression were replaced by a furious growl of anger. How DARE she make that assumption! It might not be the ideal life, but it was HIS, damnit! His humanity hung in the balance, and this witch had no right to take it from him!

Travis reached up for that cursed lever, pulling it three times in succession, hoping to all hope that it would not change him more. Once more, the human image taunted him, staring back on the screen from the first slot. Another one stopped, though Travis was horrified to see the back legs and paws of a 'yote'. Was that to be his next change?

The final image settled on the flame, allowing Travis a momentary hope that it would, in fact, not change him any further. But those hopes were quickly dashed as his hindquarters cracked, his hips flattening forward and taking his pelvis along for the ride. Helplessly, Travis fell forward, feeling his spine lengthen to readjust to his new posture. He tried desperately to stand once more, but his backside no longer worked that way.

His hips were contracting, smaller than his human frame was meant to hold as his pants and underwear fell uselessly to the floor. Feeling confined, Travis stumbled out of them, losing his shoes and socks in the process as his heels thinned and pulled up his calves like putty. The calves themselves began to contract while his haunches sank into the folds of his belly. He was on all fours for life now!

Travis winced as a now-familiar change enveloped his feet. His toes contracted into the soles of his feet even as the tips became adorned with thick coyote paw pads. He could feel a slight ache as nails burst forth from the flesh and dug into the carpet, desperate to stop the changes. But Travis was helpless as his toes all shrank into minute stubs as his large toes reduced and rotated into the dewclaw atop his heel.

Finally, the sensations of change centered on his new sex, and he could feel it shifting backward, pushing his anus up just below the flesh of his tail as his labia situated itself just below that. Travis panted, feeling the already aching cunt lips start to expand as a bead of fluid leaked from the lips. It was followed by a slick moistening that moved all the way through his insides. The tingling sensations sent Travis shivering, as though every inch of his cavernous sex was desperate to be touched.

It was then he realized what the fire symbol meant. It was heat, like the heat now being given off by his loins. His female body was in season! He growled, trying his best to focus on

anything other than the ache in his crotch. But still, it sat there, burning a hole in his backside as every inch of it begged to be stimulated. Alien thoughts started to flood his psyche, of male cock and knots and warm cream that would fuel his future cubs, allowing them to suck on his... *NO!* His mind screamed at him. There was no way the changes could possibly make him want that!

Lost in his fight against the sensations wrecking his body, Travis was hardly aware of the woman's words. "I'd say, you have about once more chance to spin the wheel before you're too far gone. That heat in your loins is only going to get worse, and soon you'll be begging to be let out to get fucked by the first male you meet!" Laughed the woman, a horrible sound that was beginning to grate on Travis's changed ears.

Desperate, he got up on his hind legs and reached up to pull the lever. Yet even the slightest movement triggered the heat in his loins and made him whine his lust. He could feel his belly tingling, his nipples growing more sensitive as they stood pronounced on his increasingly furry chest. How wonderful it would be, to have them filled with milk, to suckle pups from them...

No! His mind cried out at the intrusion as he spun the slot. He was not only losing his body, but his mind as well! The woman was right. If he didn't pull the lever, he might not retain enough humanity to do so!

Pulling himself up onto the chair, he hoisted up his hips till he was somewhat stable. The chair felt embarrassingly awkward against his exposed anus, but at the angle he was attempting, lifting up his haunches would cause him to fall. So instead, he gingerly reached up to pull the lever, hoping that his body was up to the task. It was close, but he managed to pull the lever down, feeling his balance on the chair starting to falter. In rapid succession, he pulled it two more times before falling to the ground with a yip and a spilled chair that missed him by inches.

Even with his dim eyesight, he could still make out the slots slowing, forced by his desperate ministrations. The first bar slowed, the human form staring him in the muzzle. He could do this! The second, too, slowed and stopped on 'human' as the last one followed suit. He was so close... just a little more...

The machine dinged as the final bar stopped, and the image displayed his fate. It took a moment to register the image, and Travis was sure it was the third 'human'. As if to confirm his suspicions, a tingling on his arms where the fur had grown seemed to intensify, and he looked down to see if his fur had retreated, that he would soon regain his human form.

Yet the sight that greeted him sent shivers down his spine. The fur was growing, not retracting, spreading down to his hands as it covered their backs in a relentless wave. Yet that was the least of his worries. His fingers started to ache, the tips bulging with thick flesh on one side while his nails darkened to a muddy brown. He watched in horror as thickened flesh adorned the tips even as the digits themselves began mercilessly shrinking into his diminishing palms. The image on the screen hit him full force. It was an image of a canine paw!

He looked on in terror, trying desperately to maintain the flexibility in his digits. Yet like all the other changes, he was helpless to slow them as the cracking of bone and muscle assaulted his hands, forcing the fingers into tiny nubs that remained perfectly motionless. A fine layer of webbing held them in place. They continued to crack and shake, making Travis whine as his palms extended relative to his tiny wrists. Worse of all, his thumbs twitched and became useless as they crawled up his wrists. The thickening pads and claws solidified their presence as canine paws. He would never be able to grab, to hold, or lift or turn ever again!

Travis howled pitifully, holding the useless things in front of his face, even as his ribs started to crack, making the position uncomfortable. All he could do was to mourn their loss and with it any chance of his humanity. How could he attempt to free himself if he had no way to pull the lever?

“It's nice to see how eager you were to join the desert! You'll make a wonderful coyote, and likely make a male very happy when he helps you deal with your heat and fills you with his cubs!” The woman laughed cruelly, no remorse for that fate she had forced upon him. It was becoming increasingly true, however, that her words would come to pass. Without hands, how could he work the machine?

Travis regarded the device timidly, not wanting its fate to be true, but unsure how to reverse it. He still had a chance, if he spun the wheel again, right? Even if he was fully changed, Travis still had to cling to that minute hope and not give in to the heat that tormented his body. The last thing he needed to do was to listen to the coyote's thoughts plaguing his mind!

He walked around the machine again, his dim eyes trying to make out the shapes in the display, certain that the human silhouettes were all over the screen. If he was able to pull the lever, he would surely be able to change back!

Yet no matter how he stared at the device, he wasn't sure how to jump up and grab it. It seemed so far away to his much smaller stature. His body was still altering, shifting into a form better suited for a bestial existence. The remains of his skin were covered with coarse, brown and white fur. All of the body fat from his human frame had faded away from the lean muscle of the

beast he'd become. His torso had barreled into a proper canine chest, his shoulders and hips sinking into the new flanks, nearly completing his transition.

Yet Travis hardly noticed it with the lusts still playing over his form. It was getting so hard to think with the heat building up in his vagina, the need for stimulation nearly-all consuming. Though he was focused on the machine, it became increasingly difficult to recall why. It smelled of human things and held little interest in his devolving mind. Of much more importance was the heady stench wafting from his loins!

Without really thinking, Travis bent over, using newfound flexibility to bring his nose closer to his loins. The smell was even more intense, and Travis's tongue was out before he realized what was going on. The flavor of his feminine juices was a little off-putting at first, but the sensations of satisfaction ebbing from his cunt lips removed any hesitation he might have had. Soon, his canine tongue was lapping with gusto, savoring tremors of pleasure flooding from his vagina. It was a far cry from alleviating his heat, though it served to soothe his sex, and Travis lapped over and over, targeting his clit. His thoughts started to drift, recollections of human things, of why he was trying to resist, all buried in bestial pleasures.

"Haha! It looks like you are a beast in body now! In a few moments, your mind will follow, and there will be nothing of the human to save! But don't worry my little beast. The outside world is kind to a predator such as yourself, and I'm sure you'll come to love your new life," The woman said with a chuckle.

Travis, hearing her words, trying his best to pull his tongue away from his crotch. Yet each lick sent shivers over his sex and spurred on the advance of his canine tongue. It was a monumental effect to resist the pleasures of his femininity, or even to remember why he needed to. Yet the woman's voice grated on the last nerves of his humanity, forcing his head up in defiance. How dare she embarrass him like this, by taking both his humanity and his masculinity!

Yet a wonderful smell entered his nose, one that beckoned his attention more than the prospect of retaining his humanity. It held much more promise to his developing mind, a stark contrast against the stale human stink that existed in his presence. He was hardly aware of it, but in the back of his mind, he had heard the woman opening the exit door, the one leading to the outside. But instead of the expected parking lot filled with cars and the lights of the city beyond, Travis only saw miles of a vast desert, patches of grassland and woods that much better suited the form he now possessed. What would it be like, to explore that world and fully indulge his new senses?

Travis shook his head several times, trying desperately to fight against the animal urges running through his mind. He did his best to focus on human things, his work, his friends, and his family. But all of that seemed like such a struggle against the promise of excitement that existed beyond the door. The night air carried with it a myriad of succulent scents, begging for him to explore. It seemed so exciting a prospect to spend a lifetime there, far more fulfilling than the life of monotony that his humanity would grant him.

Hesitantly, he took a step forward, his flared nostrils twitching as the scents of the outside beckoning him. Every inch Travis's nose drew to the door amplified the call of the wild and carried Travis forward without a hint of resistance. One scent, in particular, grazed the corners of his mind, the ones desperate to satisfy the needs burning in his loins. They smelled of him, only masculine, the pungent scent of virile male coyotes. They promised to alleviate his lusts and quell the fire that had been assaulting his senses ever since the changes began.

He could no more stave off the desires than could a drowning man air. He was a helpless slave to his instincts, and the slivers of his human resistance faulted just enough for the coyote in his mind to take control of his motor functions. Travis ran out into the cool evening air, the sights and sounds of the casino too much for his larger ears.

As he did so, he could hear the ding of the machine, the thing he had been so anticipating now sounding a death knell for his humanity. He ran and ran, the last changes and tingles running through his body signaled he would not return to his human form. There was nothing in the world of man for him anymore, and even though he knew it would seal his fate, he had no control over his actions.

It was getting harder and harder to think as he raced into the wilderness, feeling more relaxed as he did so. The scents and sights of his new home spoke to the bestial desires in his mind; it was impossible to resist the lull of the desert. He paused for a moment, panting from the fatigue when a pungent odor assaulted his senses. His new canine nose detected a thick, musky scent, and part of his mind recognized it as one of his own, another coyote.

Soon the creature came into Travis's field of view, and his heady stench sent a shiver of need into Travis's loins. She was aware not only of the loss of her species but also her gender as a powerful wave of heat flashed over her. Her sex dripped fluids that clearly caught the male's attention as he walked over to her backside and began sniffing insistently. Travis was disgusted by the prospect of being mated by a male. But the heat in her body could not be ignored, the animal brain overtaking any human resistances she desperately tried to cling to. Slowly, Travis raised her tail, wafting the scents of her sex into the male's muzzle. She was rewarded by a thick tongue

against her sex, and she yelped at the waves of ecstasy the male's foreplay elicited over her lean canine body.

Travis was helpless to resist as the male climbed onto her back and began spearing at the new coyote's needy hole. She reflexively leaned back into his intrusion and yelped out as the male's stiff prick entered her moist needy folds. Travis found herself wondering if he, too, was a victim of the woman and her slot machine, but that mattered little as her sex fully wrapped itself around the male's cock. Her folds clenched on the quivering member, desiring to milk it for all it was worth as she felt her own pleasure growing, the need to rut all-consuming.

The beast started thrusting, and the last vestiges of Travis the human were erased, lost in a sea of a rut, and desire to fulfill such a primal need. Yet the last human thoughts were ones of exciting new prospects as she allowed herself to give in to the mating act. The new female yipped her pleasure as the male spilled his seed inside her, her own loins sending orgasmic tremors through her body as the male's knot kept them tied together to ensure fertilization.

The woman chuckled to herself as she watched the new beast running out into the world, deprived of his humanity. She could still see her in her mind's eye, being bred and mated as the last bits of her humanity were erased to make room for the coyote instincts that would control her actions from now on. Such men were best suited to be simple animals, and this one would spawn many generations of her new kind, she was certain. She had to admit, there was a certain degree of satisfaction in seeing their eyes glaze over as the last human thoughts leaked from their minds. Though it was a job, there was no reason she couldn't enjoy it properly, after all.

The goddess closed her eyes, returning to another plane of existence as the door to her secret room dissolved into the back, ready to be opened for the next unlucky gambler to seal their fate and become one with the desert.