

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAY

BIWEEKLY STORY #56

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“Hah!?” This has gotta be some kind of fucked up dream, right!?”

Ryuko Matoi was alarmed to say the least. She had fallen asleep during her lessons that day, and the next she'd woken up? Her surroundings had completely changed. Well, maybe that wasn't exactly it. This was still definitely Honnoji Academy structurally. Her classroom was still modeled after the classroom she was used to, but?

Since when had shit been so *fantasy* in style? It was like the school had been painted by magical fairies or something like that. Okay, so Ryuko's imagination wasn't all that inspirational. Still that didn't change that what she was looking at was weird. The walls were made of stone, the floor cobblestone; ivy clung to everything, and there wasn't a modern device to be found in the room at all. What time was it? With a clock, she didn't have the foggiest idea.

No clocks, no screens, just a chalkboard and some windows. Even her own cellphone was inconspicuously missing – a shame, since Mako had stayed home sick and had kept Senketsu in her care since he'd needed a wash. Speaking of the windows though? Since she was alone in the classroom, Ryuko moved towards it to see if the same trend had echoed throughout the campus.

“Seriously, what the fuck!?” Not only was that actually the case, the people down there? Playing in the sports field filled with tall grass, eating crude looking meals on stone seats – they weren't human? Some of them had snake tails for legs, others had bird wings for arms. They all

looked like monsters? Something had totally gone awry while she was asleep, but what!?

“Oh, you’re finally awake, Ryuko Matoi? Time to spin the monster girl roulette and see what your new identity will be. Ehehe!”

A girl’s voice, eerie but not one she recognized, called out from the doorway. She was intentionally concealing herself, but Ryuko could make out her hands and her shadow peering in. Were they the culprit? **“Damn you, what did you DO!?”** Before Honnoji’s favorite rebel could lunge across the classroom to knock that bitch out, however, a beam had instantaneously fired out from the hallway, striking Ryuko clean in the chest and sending her flying into the room’s corner. She’d assumed she had been shot by some kind of gun in the moment, but the reality?

She had actually been struck with a magic spell.

“The fuck!? What was that!?” She was quick to pick herself up again. Even though she’d been shot, there wasn’t an inkling of pain, oddly. But the one Ryuko was yelling at? The door was shut, and she was gone. **“Hey! Wait up! You’re gonna answer my—UGH!?”** She’d been more than ready for a round 2, or at least she’d thought, but... After bounding towards the rear door from the window corner she’d been thrown into, her entire body just... *seized up*. It was like her brain was incapable of sending the correct signals to her limbs to properly move.

“Move, damn it!” Of course, Ryuko wasn’t the type of girl that would take insubordination from her own body lightly. If there was a way to brute force her way through something, she would absolutely find it. *And she did!* She managed to lift one of her legs and move it forward, the step of her foot ringing out against the floorboards.

CLACK!

“Clack?” The girl couldn’t help but mirror the sound she’d just heard, because it absolutely did not make sense for a shoe coming into contact with wood of any sort. Looking down, she found herself barefooted. That was surprising – when had it happened? But it wasn’t even the most alarming thing. **“WHAT THE HELL!?”** What was much more alarming was an absurdity that she could hardly wrap her head around. Her right foot? *It wasn’t a foot.*

Hard and toeless (*at least, human toeless*) there was a black hoof below her ankles, which appeared to have disjoined strangely and were dusted

with... was that *brown fur!*? “**I have a horse’s foot!?**” *How*, exactly, was she supposed to process this? No, it was even harder to process than she’d first imagined, because she could see the very same thing happening to her left foot. She’d tuned in too late to see the first one, but in this case? She had a full view of what was coming.

Her toes shortened upon that left foot, nails peeling off as the growth became little more than an over-glorified *stub*. Perhaps that was underselling it just a little bit though, for that stub became heftier and heftier, skin darkening to black until Ryuko finally realized: that wasn’t skin. Her flesh on the surface of her foot had hardened into keratin, while the sole of that foot had been carved into, passing the bottom in a way that made it simple to traverse even muddy or snowy terrain. With the hoof itself shaped, the rest of her foot pulled upwards and became nubbiier, all while light brown fur found its way across the skin.

She now possessed two horse’s hooves. “**Don’t tell me...!?**” Looking out the window, she’d seen all of those monster-ass people, right? Was she being turned into one too? Some kinda minotaur or something? Maybe these were a goat’s feet? Ryuko couldn’t be sure at first. What she *could* be sure of was, as she was wearing nothing on her legs short of her skirt, was that the fur was slowly crawling up her body.

Strength rippled with increased ferocity by the time it had reached her knees, the density of the bones beneath everything that was fur-touched honed to the equivalency of an *actual* horse. Things were actually rather standard for a while, at least until the transformation reached her thighs – because that was where things entered the realm of the uncanny, at least briefly.

The boniness that had blessed the rest of Ryuko’s legs continued, and at the same time? She both looked and felt a little taller. “**Whoa!?**” It was difficult for her to balance at first as about half a foot blessed her height, but her thighs did not swell to accommodate this. Rather, they thinned at first, showing off her bone and the ample muscle that now strengthened them. Until, finally, they gap between those thighs? It *closed*.

Certainly *not* in any traditional sense of the word. Her thighs weren’t blowing up to become thicc and sexy, it wasn’t even a matter of attractiveness. It was more like her fur-clad thighs were reaching across the gap between her thighs to fill them in, no gap left between them as even her pussy closed up, leaving the girl feeling extremely uncomfortable while the fur coated her ass, and stopped its ascent just below her belly button.

“What... What on earth!?” Ryuko’s exclamation this time felt far more subdued, like the pedal had been taken off her cruder dialect. Her skirt was in the way, so she couldn’t see what was going on beneath it, but she could definitely tell that her pussy wasn’t there anymore. Not to mention it all felt so bloated and broad. **“Nghmmn!?”** The next noise the girl made sounded as if it indicated a mixture of discomfort and arousal, for the cause? It was a pressure, rapidly building not only at her ass, but at the base of her back.

Piecing things together: the front of her body’s lower half looked like a horse. So didn’t that mean, if she was hypothetically becoming a monster girl, that—

“OHHHH!?” She almost sounded like a horse’s whinny bellowing as that pressure finally culminated with the back of her skirt being blown out, leaving the tatters to fall to the floor of the classroom below her. Not only had Ryuko’s ass grow, but it was stretching out behind her, brown fur covering the growth in its entirety as a second pair of hooved legs clacked against the ground at her rear. The cheeks of her butt tightened and lost their rounded shapes as tight muscles became more abundant and offered little protection, until not only her puckered, equine asshole was on full display, but the emergence of a vertical, gaping animal’s pussy could be seen just below it. **“I’m a horse!”**

The newly ‘reborn’ centauress was shocked, and yet she *wasn’t*? It was a difficult feeling to put into words, because in a way she felt as if maybe, this was how she had always been? She could remember being a foal, being raised by her mother and father—But no! Her father had been killed, right? That was why she’d come here to Monster Girl Academy! **“...Eh? Is that name correct?”** Was it? Somehow, it hit her ear wrong.

All four of her horse legs lifted and dropped in succession, shame decorating her cheeks with pink. Why was her horse half naked!? What had happened to her skirt!? Her *special places*... they were on full display! At first, at least, but from just above her asshole a tail eventually grew, long, blonde hairs growing and kneading amongst one another, at least offering the bare minimum coverage for her big, horsey ass.

In fact, this wasn’t the only place that there blonde hairs ended up making an appearance. The blacks of Ryuko’s hair began to lighten dramatically not long after her tail had grown, the same golden blonde not only flirting with her scalp but seeing the full length of her mane cascade down behind her, hanging down to the floor even though she’d become so much taller. Had she a scrunchie, she absolutely would have tied it into a ponytail, her preferred hairstyle.

Despite everything else turning blonde, though? That red streak in her bangs remained. It would not be removed and would function as the only remaining clue to her old identity.

“What was I... YAAAWN... doing...?” The girl’s eyes, now shining a bright blue as their shapes rounded to look more European by design, appeared heavy. She’d just woken from a nap, and yet she already fancied another one. Could she afford to lay her head down briefly, though? Ryuko felt like she was forgetting something *important*.

Her changes continued even as the centaress contemplated rest, though. Fleshy, human ears stretched out to the sides of her head, looking much more equine in appearance with light brown fur on the outer layer, and a paler dusting on the inner. Her general facial structure was longer and narrower as well, with slender cheeks and extremely thick, kissable lips headlining the appeal.

CLACK... CLACK... CLACK... CLACK...

Ryuko(?) drowsily carried her weight body towards her desk, knocking the one behind hers out of the way during the trip, for there’s no way a centaur’s ample rear would be able to fit there otherwise. She felt set on her nap, and so her horse legs kneeled down against the ground as she lowered her head to the desk. But something *bouncy* got in the way. **“Hm...? Oh dear, I almost forgot...”**

Almost forgot about what? She wasn’t sure at first, but an observer could easily see the cause. Her breasts had grown – *were growing* – at an exponential rate. It wouldn’t be an unfair comparison to compare them to balloons being inflated, for they grew with a ferocity that could almost be read as comical. Engorged nipples stuck up and against the inside of her uniform top, but only briefly, since it wasn’t long before her tits had grown so damn huge that they blew out the front of the top entirely, leaving her chin to rest against a pair of fleshy funsacks resting at a *103* breast size.

Every single breath she took sent a *jiggle* through their epic masses; every twitch of her body also saw them *bounce*. They were almost grotesquely huge, but against the centaur’s broad, horse-like framing? They seemed fitting, somehow. The girl couldn’t help but think, as her consciousness began to drift off, that maybe she should be more concerned about the fact that she was naked? But she ended up dozing off regardless.

“Nn...? Did I fall asleep after class? How clumsy of me...” The next the woman rose? She was laying with her humongous breasts against a classroom desk. Drowsily looking over her shoulder, she examined her equine hind laying there with knees lowered to the ground, no desks behind her (*because a centaress could not be accommodated otherwise*). She felt as if she’d dreamed that she’d been naked? But her white blouse was on, and her specialty centaur skirt was fastened where it should have been. *Odd*. What time was it? Considering the level at which the sun had set, she could only imagine it was around seven PM.

Centorea yawned once more as she rose, the clacking of her hooves against the floorboards the only other sounds present in the room. **“It is so strange...”** Her voice was calm, composed. Not a single word was wasted, and her tone was always polite and proper. **“I feel as if I am forgetting something important...? Mm... I suppose mating season is soon? That always puts me in a strange mood.”** That wasn’t quite it. In fact, her brain still vaguely remembered her old life, but her new soul steered her away from making that conclusion.

“Will this be the mating season I find my stallion!? Will they share my virtuous desires!?”

When it came down to a horse in heat though, there was only one desire that she’d end up wanting fulfilled. Thus was the fate of a monster girl in this new world. They lived for pleasure. To breed. To mother and father. It was a simple world, but one that made sense when compared to the intricacies of the old one, which had been under siege by clothes themselves.

Or so the perpetrator of this incident believed. But there were still a few that had escaped the power of their magic. Satsuki Kiryuin? She *needed* to be transformed next.