

I hate long bus rides.

Cramped seats, stuck beside a stranger for four hours, scarcely able to drown out the sounds of chewing, crying, yelling. Four hours of it. Unable to escape. Trapped until we reached our eventual destination.

This particular bus had a few added attractions for my comfort. The air conditioning was terribly outdated if working at all. It was +30 outside and we were all starting to feel it. I was starting to smell it. No offense to my seatmate. I'm sure he had taken a shower this morning. But several hours in the sun waiting for the bus coupled with his 280+ build was not the best combination. I couldn't blame him for being a little sweaty. I did my best to avoid his gaze as I tried not to gag. I didn't want him to feel bad but I couldn't deny that the stench rolling off his body was stifling.

My seatmates were equally as pleasant. The two guys ahead of me were clearly frat bros, bragging loudly about their "spring break" exploits. They kept laughing like a pair of hyenas! An elderly lady in front of them had repeatedly asked them to keep quiet but her protests were ignored. Another guy had taken up his two seats with a myriad of electronics and was sharp when asked to surrender his storage space. The guy across from me had a vape out, which I'm sure on its own wasn't permitted, let alone its contents which I could easily smell above all the other odors permeating the bus. The guy beside him didn't seem to mind the smell, at least. A guy at the back had been blaring music, getting a chorus of "turn that down!" from the other patrons, which was clearly ignored. It was some kind of shitty rap music, and I found myself wishing there was a way to get revenge. I had lots of metal on my phone, but no speaker to make it nearly loud enough, and it was barely sufficient to drown him out.

The bus driver seemed uninterested in upholding the rules, let alone interacting with the passengers. I sighed. If there was another way home I'd gladly take it. I couldn't afford a vehicle of my own nor would it be economic for the few times I needed to travel a long distance. So, I was stuck on the bus. I thought it had been worth it for the Kamelot concert I'd seen the night before. And it had been, at the time. I sighed. Why was it always the trip back that was the worst?

I had decided to sacrifice comfort for my wallet's sake with a new bus line, one I didn't normally use. I might not regret it so much later when this nightmare trip was a memory. Still, I kept my headphones in, trying to connect to the nonexistent Wi-Fi as I listened to my pre-downloaded music. I quickly found that not only could I not get onto bus Wi-Fi, but that we were in an apparent dead zone and I was unable to access any data at all. At least I had my music, but I couldn't even bitch to my friends how shitty this bus ride was!

The guy beside me leaned over to get something out of his bag, nearly pushing me out of my seat. I braced myself, hunkering down with my headphones in as he took out a massive subway sandwich. He bit into it, grunting as pieces began flying. I wiped one off my arm in disgust. The man kept eating, completely ignorant of his rudeness. I wanted to say something but there was no point in starting a fight here, when the driver clearly didn't give a fuck, and I'd be stuck beside him the whole trip regardless. There were no spare seats to move to anyway.

I felt the bus slow down to make a turn, and I breathed a sigh of relief, only to regret taking in the odor of rank sweat from the guy beside me. Were we going to a rest stop? No, that didn't make any sense. It was far too early in the trip; it normally would be about an hour and a half before we made the halfway point from Toronto to Sudbury. I hadn't realized any changes in the itinerary; this was supposed to be a straight trip along the highway. I wanted to question the bus driver but the guy next to me took up too much space and I couldn't get past without asking. I sighed again. It just wasn't worth it.

We sped down a long stretch of road for what seemed like hours, no houses, towns, or rest stops in sight. In reality, it was likely only twenty minutes but it seemed a lot longer due to the subpar conditions on the bus. I tried my Wi-Fi connection and data once more. No luck. I couldn't even play any games! I was so used to having my phone that I hadn't bothered to bring a book on this trip. Not that I had room to reach into my bag and pull one out with the limited space.

The stench of sweaty bodies seemed to amplify now, and my head was swimming with the overpowering aroma. I could swear I was going crazy. The two dudes in front of me were laughing now, loud sharp sounds, and they were looking at and touching each other in a way that made me uncomfortable. I wasn't against gay guys, but it seemed odd they'd be intimate if they were talking about banging women not half an hour ago. It was the public display of affection that seemed really off to me. They were rubbing each other's faces and chests, a lusty look in their eyes as they stared at each other almost lovingly. I'd tell them to get a room, but where were they gonna go on this bus, the restroom? The onboard toilet was surely too small for fucking.

The woman in front of them was squawking now, rubbing the top of her feathery hat as she told them to stop being so loud. Christ, couldn't she have brought headphones of her own? They were loud, sure, but a good beat or even an audiobook would be enough to drown out the laughing. Still, I couldn't blame her, they were really getting touchy-feely now, and it wasn't helped by the fact that they were so noisy! One dude had his hand under his buddy's shirt, and

the other one was clearly pleased to feel it there. Fuck, these two were being lewd! It was really starting to piss me off.

Speaking of lewd, the guy across from them seemed to have his pants down, obviously a little too comfortable on this bus. I could see his underwear with a gross stain I didn't even want to think about. What the hell was wrong with everyone today? I growled under my breath, annoyed at how gross everyone was being. I wished I could just yell at the top of my lungs to get them to straighten up. Wasn't there someone else on the bus that could take care of this? Fuck...

I winced in my seat a little as the man beside me shifted, his girth making it more and more uncomfortable to sit. What, had he somehow gotten BIGGER in the last few minutes? There was no space in here at all. I suppressed a growl, wondering if I scratched him with my nails he would move over and give me some room. The man didn't look well, features a little pale, almost gray. Obviously, he was still hungry, digging through his bag with those thick fingers, presumably for something to eat. I wanted to say "your bag's empty bud! I can't smell a damn thing in there!" but again I held my tongue.

I watched him for a while, especially since he was so large he took up my entire field of view on that side. His skin was sickly grey, thick and weathered and dry looking. He had a bulge on his nose, something I was shocked I hadn't seen there before. And his damn ears were massive, nearly swatting me with the sheet sized appendages. If I didn't know any better he could fly away with those things! I noticed his seat starting to buckle under his weight. They didn't really make those things like they used to. I knew this bus was old but still!

It was strange. The man beside me seemed bigger, but the aisles couldn't have fit him before if he was this big. Yet they seemed to have expanded, especially on this side. The guy was still too heavy, but he wasn't falling out into the aisle, at least. Hurray for the other passengers. I was still stuck here, forced to hold my nose as he belched from his sandwich earlier. I could smell the subway and not in a way that was pleasant. I just hoped he didn't have to pass gas the other way! That would make for an especially unpleasant drive.

I could hardly see the guy with the weed vape over my seatmate, but he was still there, still toking away, pausing occasionally to scratch his thick black beard. And his clothes looked so small on him, super baggy. What was it with stoners and baggy clothes? I watched as he reached down into his ass crack, to pull at the long black tail that had been trapped under there, something that wouldn't have happened if his clothes weren't so baggy. I felt a twitch from my own ass and realized I'd have to pull my own tail out soon, but the guy beside me had left me little room to do so.

The bus was really starting to smell now. It was like every passenger had forgotten to bath today. The stench reminded me of a zoo or barn, that thick sweaty animal stink that made me twitch my nose in disgust. Fuck, how much longer was this drive gonna be? I went for my phone, but realized I had dropped the thing between the seat! I couldn't get to it with the guy beside me in the way, though thankfully it was still playing my metal music. One small blessing. I had nothing to do but to stare at the other passengers as their behaviors got more and more bizarre. It would certainly be a good story to tell everyone back home if I survived the trip!

I saw the guy across from me with the electronics on his laptop, the sight of two monkeys fucking on his screen. Was he looking at porn? That was fucking disgusting. The guy was rubbing at the bugle in his underwear. I couldn't see his cock, but I could hear him moan as he watched fucking monkey screwing on his laptop! His own tail was wagging back and forth in obvious excitement from the sight. Did he have no concept of personal space? It made me want to literally bite his head off!

The two frat bros were making out now, their brown scruffy beards rubbing together now. They were kissing and licking and pulling off their clothes, thick brown hair underneath as they touched their blackened noses together, their heavy breathing and high pitched giggles making my ears hurt. I could see down the seat in front of them, both were sporting massive erections that their paws rubbed at while they lewdly made out. Yet there was something strange from the sight; I could clearly see breasts on one of the men, and there was a distinctly female stench rolling off his animalistic body. Why did they both have dicks?

The old woman squawked at them now, really squawked, her protruding yellow beak opening and closing in annoyance as she flapped her arms, the rustling of feathers echoing through the already noisy bus.

The guy beside me let out a loud fart, and I waved my paw in front of my face to try and remove the stretch. His pants ripped, tail hanging out as he let out another pungent fart, followed by what must have been two pounds of manure staining the seat. What the fuck was his problem? Couldn't he have found the bathroom? I tried to get up and past him but he was too massive. I was thankful when he got up to avoid his own mess, and I quickly moved into the aisle to avoid the smell, sacrificing my headphones and my music in the process. Somehow the headphones didn't fit as well as they had, my ears seemingly in the wrong place for them.

Somehow the bus seemed wider than before, which was a relief. The guy with the vape had dropped it, hissing at his seatmate, who now sported a long lithe body and pointy teeth. He was getting really mad now that the weasel guy was invading his personal space. He made a

point of stamping around his seat a few times, keeping his back to the guy and raising his tail. Weasel wasn't intimidated in the slightest; it looked like a fight was gonna break out. Vape guy lifted his tail and let out a pungent spray, which hit me almost stronger than my former seatmate's shit! It really stank like a zoo here!

As I got into the aisle and got a better view of what was happening on the bus, my heart nearly stopped. I shook my head, the realization of my observations finally sinking in. How was the bus bigger? These people weren't animals before they got on, were they? Yet as I looked, most of the humans were in some stage of transformation. It took getting a closer view of everyone on the bus from my position in the aisle to realize that they were all in the midst of transformation. There was another massive stinky elephant, at the back thankfully, as well as people with features of monkeys, zebras, leopards, crocodiles, a whole fucking zoo in here! No wonder the bus stank so badly of animals. I must have been the only one on the bus who was still human, save the driver, of course, I had to get to him, to tell him what was happening. He had to stop the bus before I started changing too!

I only then noticed a scent wafting into my nostrils, one that stuck out in my nose more than the sweat and musk and urine and feces. It was sickly sweet and I found myself raising my head to get a better whiff. My cock bounced painfully in my pants, leaking. It seemed to be coming from the back of the bus from what I could tell with the pink nose in front of my face. Wait, why was my nose like that? When had that happened...?

The realization hit me like a freight train. No! It was happening to me, too! I didn't wanna be an animal! I gripped the seat in agony as I felt my nails press out into claws and sink in deep. I tried to get my new claws out and realized I could hardly move my fingers. My hands were already paws! I tried to yell, but a hearty roar echoed from my muzzle that made every other animal freeze. The monkey who had been masturbating leapt from his seat, his laptop soaked in his seed. The two hyenas cowered a little, till the female pushed the male into the aisle, demanding that her mate fuck her, although she could have easily fucked him with that long pseudo penis I'd seen before. Even the elephant man was lumbering towards the back, careful not to step on the other animals as his mate presented herself with a powerful spray of piss that made my eyes water. I was thankful that we now had much more room; the elephants themselves would have destroyed the seats, especially in their lovemaking!

The seats were starting to dissolve now, fading into the floor as the cramped menagerie of animals unfurled and began moving around the bus, to find the scents that stiffened their cocks and moistened their crotches. They sniffed and scented the air, moving towards their mates, waddling through torn clothes and bags and filth as they began shamelessly mating. The rank stench of sex was in the air, and it was so hard to resist falling on all fours and joining them, to

find the source of the sexy scent making my cock leak. My tail had pushed out of my pants now, and they fell to the floor, exposing my dangling fuzzy balls. It was so hard to think with all the heavy smells in the air! I had to get out but it was all I could do to keep myself on two legs.

I felt my clothes tighten and tear off my body as my shoulders rotated forward and my chest barreled out and broadened, releasing the heat that had built up. I panted, no longer able to sweat anymore as I felt my body swell up, my chest and stomach pushing out with muscle and my pink nose and whiskers visible in front of my face. My face itched fiercely as what I knew to be my black mane was getting into my eyes. I tried to brush it away but my hands were paws now. It was getting so hard to think. I knew I had to get off the bus and change back but I was distracted by that pungent musky odor, and it was making my cock ache and throb with need.

My yellowed eyes finally saw the source of the alluring scent. A man was falling down onto all fours into the aisle, his phone clattering to the floor, finally shutting off that annoying rap music. I got a good look at his tawny-colored face, his whiskers, and leonine muzzle before he sauntered on all fours towards me, clearly as enamored with my scent as I was with his, now hers. As she crawled towards me her eyes changed to amber, the lust reflected there. I could smell she was in heat, her vaginal opening quivering with need. The heady stench of a lioness was slowly eroding my human thoughts, and as I mounted her, feeling her moist glorious cunt envelop my stiff prick, I had just one more human thought before I reached down to bite her neck and claim her. I was finally getting my revenge for her poor choice of music by fucking humanity and the toxic masculinity out of her!

The bus pulled up a dirt road, past construction and a sign labeled “African Safari coming soon!” It pulled up to an empty parking lot, awaited by a dozen men with tranquilizer darts and lab coats. This marked their second successful operation. It wasn’t too uncommon for an entire bus to go missing, the lack of any electronics making it impossible for the former human passengers to alert the outside world before they changed too much anyway. It was much cheaper to acquire animals like this, after all, and a few dozen humans would not be missed on a planet filled with billions.

The beasts were escorted off, at least after they’d finished copulating. Of particular interest was a male lion and his new lioness, who had finished up their third session long after the other animals had been escorted off. Charles smiled at the sight; he had a few more lionesses from a previous capture, all in heat and in need of that lucky male’s stiff prick. He would make a fine pride leader, so willingly giving up his humanity for the pleasures of the flesh. At last the breeding pair were escorted off, the male still somewhat in control of his faculties, knowing he

was being taken to a habitat where more willing females awaited and was satisfied with the prospect. Charles waved his hands, the magics he channeled cleaning the rank bus of all its animal wastes and sweat, preparing it for the third and final load of passengers that would be sufficient to fill this particular enterprise.