

"Hurry it up!" Erica called as she dragged boyfriend Aaron across the poorly lit yard. Aaron hurried his pace as they made their way in the cool evening air. Despite the cold, he knew they would both be warm soon enough. The tent in his pants would see to that!

Both 18, they had been together since they had first entered high school. Erica's wild side had been extremely entrancing to the young Catholic boy. The couple soon gathered some infamy around town for being troublemakers. Over the next few years, they had been suspected of such physical crimes as vandalism and breaking and entering, as well as verbal abuse like spreading lies and malicious rumors about their classmates. A few students had to transfer schools as an indirect result of the couple's verbal assaults!

They'd yet to have anything concretely pinned on them. Perhaps that was their greatest triumph. Aaron and Erica would always have an alibi, no matter how severe the crime. The couple's only concern was that it became more and more difficult to find actions they could still get away with. Each action was only an incentive to try to one-up themselves before getting caught!

Everyone knew the two of them were responsible for the majority of the acts they were blamed for, of course. Without evidence, there was little the law could do. Despite the lack of evidence, no one trusted them, and no one interacted with them beyond necessity. They didn't give a damn about what the townspeople thought of them, however. In another year, they would be gone, onto bigger and brighter things!

On a dare from Erica, Aaron had taken her to the backyard of a run-down home at the end of town, owned by an old woman named Margaret. She was perhaps the only one in town whose reputation was more distasteful than Erica and Aaron's. With no family or friends in town, she had been a recluse for over 20 years. Rumors surrounded her, everything from being the daughter of long-forgotten royalty to being an actual witch! That last accusation was supported by the death of plants and animals around her property every month.

Therefore Erica saw it as the perfect challenge to sneak onto her lawn, maybe vandalize the place and really make their mark on the town. They'd debated on the ideal prank to pull on the elderly woman. In the end, defiling the property by making love in the backyard seemed like the perfect plan. Aaron couldn't say no when his lovely girlfriend suggested it!

It was pitch black that night, the nearly full moon obscured by thick clouds. There was almost no chance of them being seen before they had done the deed. Some used condoms and a messed up lawn would leave the old bat none the wiser as to who had done it!

Both snuck onto the property without even so much as a porch light to blow their cover. Eyes somewhat adjusted, Erica pulled a blanket and had Aaron sit on it. Aaron did so eagerly, looking up at his girlfriend with anticipation. He loved how dominant she was in the bedroom and outside it when the occasion called for it!

Erica was on him in an instant, kissing him and pulling at the belt of his jeans. Aaron kissed her back, groping her firm breasts as he reached around and started trying to undo the buckle on her bra. In a few moments, she was stroking his cock through the fabric of his undies, making him moan as he teased her sensitive nipples.

Aaron was at full mast now, and Erica was wet and open and ready for her lover. She let him play his hands over her nethers, exploring the edges of her folds and making her moan. They had agreed to be quiet, but in the heat of the moment, it was almost impossible!

Soon Erica had slipped a condom around her lover's member and guided it into her waiting folds. Aaron continued to massage her breasts as he grunted, feeling his member engulfed by his lover's moist sex. It did not take long for Erica to find a rhythm, taking Aaron's cock just the way she liked to stimulate her fully!

The excitement of doing such an act outside, where someone could see them was enough to bring both lovers to climax rather quickly. It wasn't the first time they had performed such an act in the open, but never in this situation, never in someone's yard! Aaron tensed as his lover's thrusts made him teeter over the edge while Erica rubbed his cock up and down the sensitive spots around her clit in just the right way!

"AAHHH...Fuck!" Aaron shouted as his cock spurted warm cum into the condom buried deep in his lover's cunt. Erica always knew just how to pleasure him and make him finish.

"Oh, God Aaron... I'm... ahhhhh!" Erica yelled in tandem with her lover's own orgasm. She, too, was familiar with their dance and had quickly learned what steps to take to enjoy her own release. It was something that was the envy of many of the women at her school! She loved the act of intercourse, loved how powerful it made her feel, and the release it could bring. It was even better than what she could achieve at home with her toys!

"What are you beasts doing?!" cried an elderly voice from behind them. All at once, the yard was flooded with light, exposing the two lovers amid their carnal acts!

Erica leapt off of Aaron, causing him to become exposed with the used condom hanging off his half-erect shaft. He quickly covered himself with his hand, but he was sure the old hag had seen him naked. Rage filled him. How dare the decrepit old woman interrupt them!

“Hey fuck off, you old bitch! Get a life!” Aaron yelled, standing to his feet and pulling up his pants. Erica followed suit, flipping Margaret off as she donned her own clothes.

Erica hadn't expected to be caught, yet she wasn't worried. No one could pin the crime of trespassing or indecent exposure on them with only the testimony of the old woman. If there was one person in town who was less likely to be believed than they, it was this old coot!

“I see the town folk have raised nothing but filthy rutting animals. I was content to live out my days in solitude, not bothering with the affairs of your people. But to this insult, I will not be silent!”

Erica wanted to say something in rebuttal, but Aaron just put his hand on her shoulder, as though to tell her that that old woman wasn't worth it. Yet, as he turned to leave, he realized in shock that his feet were rooted to the ground. Erica, too, found she couldn't move.

“What the fu-” she started to say but was silenced with a motion from the old crone's finger. Erica tried with every fiber of her being to move, to resist. But she was frozen like a statue!

“There, that does suit you better, deary,” said the old woman with a power that hadn't been in her voice a moment ago. “Perhaps this will leave you a little more receptive to my words. Young people are so impatient these days! Though, I don't have any intention of leaving you that way for long.”

“I'm sure you've heard the rumors about me, rumors that have more merit than you might have suspected. I am indeed a practitioner of the dark arts, what you might call a witch. I no longer use my powers to meddle with human affairs, but such creatures as yourselves are not worthy of even that meager title. You are nothing more than rutting beasts, and beasts you will be!”

“In three days, on the full moon, you will be nothing more than vermin on my lawn. A pair of squirrels, I think, will be a more suitable form. You will have three days to lament your fates before becoming the mindless beasts you were meant to be!” she cackled menacingly.

“As an added effect of my spell, neither of you will be able to achieve the release you so desperately crave until the effects are finished. In layman's terms, you will need to rut as squirrels to get off from now on!”

With that, she waved her hands, and both Erica and Aaron stumbled, free from her spell. Both felt the urge to fight back and overpower the old woman for her disturbing words. But as they tripped forward, the world around grew dark, and they each fell into a deep sleep.

Aaron awoke late that morning, the speech of the old woman playing at the back of his mind. A yawn worked its way out, making him quickly realize that his mouth did not open as wide as it should have. His lips clamped shut in shock as he leaped up to examine his face. Gone was the familiar visage of his mouth and lips, replaced by a smaller opening with two yellowed buck teeth in the center. They almost looked like the face of a...

A blaring alarm from his phone broke him from his reverie. Aaron recognized the familiar ringtone he'd set just for Erica. As soon as he picked up, he was hit by a barrage of screams and cries. Her face, it seemed, had been struck by the same affliction.

Panicked, Aaron threw the phone to the bed, running back to the mirror in a fit. This couldn't be real! Yet, no matter how much Aaron tried to rip the teeth from his face, they were no less fake than the human ones he had gone to bed with.

Allowing themselves a period to calm down, the two resolved to skip school and head back to the old woman's house. It wouldn't have been the first time they'd cut class, and their need was dire. Going there in the daytime was risky. They were sure to be spotted as they crossed the yard and made their way to the door. But they had no other choice.

Thankfully, no one bothered them as they made the twenty-minute walk to try and plead with the witch. Knocking on the door for several minutes was fruitless. Where was the old bat?! What else did a decrepit old woman have to do in the middle of the day?

They were about to break and enter, demand they be changed back, but a passing mailman called out to them. "Hey, what are you kids doing? This place has been vacant for months! Get out of here!" he yelled, pulling out a cellphone as though to call the police.

Aaron raced over, hoping to stop him from making a call, and perhaps get some help. "Look at my face! That witch did this!" he yelled, pointing to his clearly changed visage.

Yet the mailman simply scoffed. “Get your makeup out of here! I don’t have time for this! Fuck off, or I *will* call the cops!” he yelled as he walked away.

Aaron wanted to chase after him, but part of him knew it was pointless. They needed to find someone else who knew where the old woman had gone. Perhaps the man had been lying or had been misinformed as to the status of the house. She had been there last night, after all.

Erica was fuming by the time Aaron returned. She pointed to her face, and Aaron was shocked to see a flattened nose and a set of whiskers protruding from its sides. He reached up in horror to feel the same features adorning his own face. How had he not noticed the changes?!

Erica suggested they head back to school to check out the library for records to indicate the old woman's new address. It was a trying task to keep the worry out of her voice. With the level of power Margaret seemed to wield, what could they possibly do? Telling as many people as possible seemed to be their only recourse. Maybe with enough people on their side, Margaret couldn't cast her spells on all of them at once!

The duo got to school by the end of the fourth period. It was a little late in the day, but it wouldn't be too out of place for them to go searching in the library, so long as no one confronted them about their tardiness.

Yet to their dismay, no sooner had they entered the premises than they encountered their homeroom teacher. Both tried to ignore her, but it was clearly evident she had it out for them. Erica took point as she tried to persuade their teacher of their reasonable absence. She tugged at her mouth and nose, screaming that she had been cursed and that she needed to find Margaret to change them back.

Yet her cries fell on deaf ears. “Of all the lies...THIS is the one you use? Report to the principal’s office immediately!” she yelled, walking away. Erica tried to protest, but their teacher was already gone. Erica sighed. If they failed to comply, there would be worse repercussions down the road. Assuming they remained human, at least.

Aaron suggested that if they plead their case, the principal might be inclined to help them. The sight of the bulge in the back of Aaron’s pants was more than enough incentive for them to seek help. They were both still changing!

They waited in the office, sitting uncomfortably in the chairs with the extensions on their spines. Though they dared not try and take them out here, both were certain they had the beginnings of squirrel tails in their pants. The thought made Aaron sweat with nervousness. He didn't deserve this! To become some kind of animal, some rutting beast because some old hag deemed it so!

Erica, meanwhile, racked her brains, trying to think of any way she could weave the tale for someone to believe them. She knew it was a radical story. The best she could come up with was that the old woman had been a distant relative, and they were desperate to see her. Yet, a quick review of school records would disavow that claim in an instant. In the end, both resolved to tell the truth. It was the only leg they had to stand on, after all.

At long last, they were called into the principal's office. The pair recounted their story, up to and including the changes to their bodies. "Please, you gotta help us!" Erica said, unable to keep the panic out of her voice. Aaron stepped up and pulled down his pants, showing the itch of bare tail sticking out of his backside. His girlfriend opened her mouth, showing off the rodent buck teeth and a changed nose.

Their principal stared at the changes in silence for a few moments. Both teens waited with bated breath for his response. At last, he sat down and turned to his notebook.

"Well?" Erica said, unable to keep the impatience from her voice.

"Well? I think this is the worst excuse for tardiness I have *ever* heard. And the fake prosthetics? I have no idea what possessed you two to take this course of action. What is so wrong with the truth?"

He pulled up their file and made some notes while Aaron and Erica screamed their frustrations. "Enough!" the principal eventually yelled, perhaps a little louder than he'd intended. "I would have you suspended for this juvenile stunt, but that would defeat the purpose. I *will* have you monitored, and your parents notified. Now, get to class. And take those things off!"

The pair went home without a piece of information as to Margaret's whereabouts. Aaron's parents confined him to his room for his refusal to take off his prosthetics. He sat alone, picking at the claws growing from his fingers and the fur covering his increasingly pointed ears. There was nothing to do but stare out at the moon, realizing that the closer it got to full, the more he would change.

His cock was powerfully hard in his pants all evening. Yet, no matter how much he touched himself, he couldn't get off. He recalled the witch's words, how he would need to be reduced to a rutting animal before he could ejaculate again. Did that mean that he could only get off if he fucked Erica once the change was complete? It was maddening to have such a pent-up need and not able to get off!

Erica's parents, on the other hand, didn't even bother talking to her. They had long since given up on her future. Yet Erica knew that the authorities might be notified if she was caught leaving the house while on probation by her nosy neighbors. So she spent the evening on her computer, trying to find any record of the old woman's new place of residence since the house they had visited was deemed vacant. It was difficult to type with the claws growing from her fingernails. Even so, it was impossible to find any records of Margaret's true address in public files.

Erica, too, felt her sex leaking with the need to be fucked and bred. She could not get off no matter how many toys or other objects she used on her cunt lips. She had always been in control of her sexuality, but the animalistic need to rut threatened to remove that autonomy. She loved sex with Aaron, but she didn't want him to take her, not like this!

Aaron woke up the next morning to find that he was nearly a foot shorter than he had been the previous day. He tried desperately to find a shirt that wasn't too big, but it was nearly impossible to buckle up his pants or keep his clothes on. Worst of all, his erection remained insistent, threatening to poke from his clothes if they hadn't been so loose on his body!

His changes did not go unnoticed at school, though not in the manner he had hoped. He was made fun of all day for the ears and face he could not hide. And at one point, his pants fell off in front of the whole class, and they erupted from laughter!

His pleas for help went unheeded. Everyone in the school knew of his reputation. Those who had their social standings, their friends, and grades irreparably ruined were elated to see him in such distress. Several of the jocks ganged up on him after school to taunt him and push him into the dirt as his loose pants fell off, exposing his fur-covered body.

That was far from the worst shame Aaron felt as he lay in the dirt, naked without even his oversized underpants. To his disgust, his rodent-like hard-on was on display. It had been bugging him all day, and wouldn't go down even in the presence of such embarrassment. It was much smaller than his human one, sending the gathered mob into a fit of hysterics. 'Bady dick' was perhaps the most shameful insult Aaron could imagine having to bear!

To his absolute shame, one of the guys gathered reached down and started fondling Aaron's genitals. Aaron screamed for him to stop, helpless to prevent the pseudo-rape as his privates were played with against his wishes. Perhaps, worst of all, was that the touch indeed sent shivers through his groin, making the poor man moan his pleasure. Despite the need in his balls, he could not cum, and the ministrations only made him feel worse!

To Aaron's dismay, the guys simply walked away, leaving him naked as Aaron struggled to stand and pull up his pants. He begged for help but was told to 'go die and fuck a squirrel' as they laughed. Notwithstanding the evidence of his changes, they refused to believe him, using his vulnerable state to enact their revenge!

Erica's day went just as poorly. None of her peers would talk to her or listen to her pleas for help. A couple of girls grabbed at the stub of her tail under her pants, making her squeak in pain as they told her to go get fucked into the rat bitch she was.

Erica left the school in tears. No matter what she had done to her peers or the old woman, she didn't deserve to slowly turn into some kind of animal! Worse of all, no one believed her story. Even when they saw her tail was real, that she had truly been cursed and was slowly changing into a squirrel, no one gave her a second glance. No one had any doubt that if what they saw was real, Erica deserved her fate!

Meanwhile, Aaron was sent home for refusing to comply with removing his 'make up'. Once more, he was forced to stay in his room, where he was both unable to sate the needs in his loins or find a way to break the curse! Aaron desperately wanted to get to Erica, to alleviate his lusts with carnal bestial acts. But he couldn't let himself give in! If there was some way to resist the changes, he had to try.

The transformation carried on relentlessly throughout the evening, bringing him closer to a bestial fate. His fingers ended in pointed claws now, as did his feet. Aaron was certain he'd lost another foot of height and left himself naked to avoid the itching from his sprouting brown hairs. The protrusion on his back stuck out several more inches, painfully irritating him whenever he tried to lie down. He couldn't even sleep like this!

Aaron was left alone to his thoughts that night, lamenting the course of actions that led him to this fate. Maybe if he and Erica left that old witch alone, he'd still be human! But no. All his life he'd found it a game to toy with other people, a challenge to see what he could get away with. It seemed this time he'd met his match, with no chance to even repent for his actions. It was bound to happen eventually with the way he and Erica carried on.



Erica, too, sat up in bed that night, the scents leaking from her changed crotch flooding her nose and keeping her awake. She was so damn horny! Thoughts of being bred, having babies sucking from her teats plagued her mind. She couldn't fathom why she needed it so badly. The old witch's words kept playing over and over in her mind that she was nothing more than a rutting animal.

She stared up at the relentless moon, tears rolling down her face. Even those at school who had seen her changes were happy to let her turn into a fucking squirrel! She lamented her life, to be brought to the point of needing to be fucked like a beast. Yet, it seemed there was nothing she could do to avoid her punishment this time.

The next morning brought with it more gradual changes to both of their bodies. Toes started to curl inward, hardly able to flex. Tails were nearly half the length of their backs. Fur had spread over their groins and legs. Inch after inch was lost from their height. It was clear that the witch's words would ring true and that they would be squirrels by the light of tonight's full moon.

The day was spent desperately looking for help from any source they could conceive of. Yet even with all the changes, they could not convince anyone to provide them aid. None of their teachers would believe them. Their parents didn't give a damn after all the mischief they had caused in the past. Even contact with the authorities was fruitless. Upon using their names, they were quickly turned away, assumed to be causing some sort of prank!

At last, as the sun was going down, they decided there was very little recourse but to check out the witch's home one more time. Even if there was no trace of her. Even if they were caught and jailed for trespassing. There wasn't much to lose now if they ended up fully changed into animals!

Aaron struggled to find something to wrap over his much smaller frame. In the end, he grabbed some clothes in his mother's closet, a woman's dress that was sufficiently small enough to cover his body. It was embarrassing to be seen wearing something like that, akin to crossdressing. Aaron simply hoped the dark was sufficient to conceal his form.

Yet no sooner had Aaron left his home, he had the misfortune to run into some of his fellow students, eager to further his humiliation. Aaron tried to run, but the uncomfortable clothes made it impossible. As he helplessly tripped, the dress ripped off his form and revealed his squirrely body. His smaller stature and energized body allowed him to quickly escape, but the loud jeers of his former classmates echoed in his sensitive ears.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he made his way to the old woman's house, the pull of the oncoming moon egging him on. Erica was there waiting for him, fear on her rodent features. She hugged him deeply, trying to ignore the scents wafting off his cock that made her so horny. She just wanted the comfort of her lover, but the animalistic need in her body was crying against her sensibilities!

Bracing themselves, they went to the door, banging and screaming to be changed back. Aaron and Erica pleaded their case, recounting everything that had transpired in the past few days. Both Aaron and Erica had suffered their humiliation, earning their repentance, after all. They wholeheartedly apologized for their transgressions, begging for some other service they could do to atone, anything but this!

Finally, the door opened, revealing the old woman, who simply smiled at the sight of her work. "I'm glad you came back. I wanted to watch your last moments of humanity. And you'll always have a home in my yard once you've changed into the beasts you are."

"You bitch! You can't do this!" Aaron yelled, wanting to hit her but dare not moving.

His sentiment was echoed by his girlfriend. "Change us back, you stupid cunt!" Erica screamed, not caring that she was doomed. If she was going to change anyway, she wants to go out with what little control she still maintained.

Their cries of rage and fear did not go unnoticed. "Just think about it. How much your peers, your town, hate you! You'll be much happier here, able to bask in your true nature as rutting animals! Only a few more minutes till the moon rises, and then your fates are sealed!"

They found themselves staring up at the full moon, despair overtaking their faces. Both Aaron and Erica ran at the door, hoping to attack Margaret and break the spell before it was too late. Yet naturally, the witch had a barrier in place to keep her protected until her spell took full effect. No matter how hard they struck the door, they could not break in and perhaps obtain any last-minute salvation.

Suddenly Aaron felt a series of pains wrack his body. Aaron fell down on his hands and knees as the sharp shooting pain in his spine forced inches of the tail out of his backside. His screams devolved into chittering as his cheeks started to bulge out from his face.

Erica could only stare as a similar ache erupted from her own spine. She, too, fell over, moaning in pain as it extended over her back while the skin erupted with a coat of

reddish-brown fur. Her cries lightened into chitters of agony as her body started shrinking, her bones cracking into their new shapes.

Aaron, meanwhile, was the size of a toddler and still shrinking. His fingers started to diminish as the skin on his palms grew hard and calloused, his nails thickening into rodent claws. His feet followed suit, the big toe on each crawling up his foot and becoming more flexible while his heels stretched into a digitigrade stance. His hips started shifting into the flanks of his bulging stomach while his shoulders crunched forward into his barreling chest. His asshole puckered and rotated further up under his growing tail while his fuzzy balls grew fat and plump with seed.

His body shrank all the while, the change in perspective dizzying. Yet, the anguish in his changing body distracted him from fully experiencing the sensation. The pain was all-encompassing as his bones shattered and shrank and reached a more flexible form. There was nothing even human left of him!

The discomfort centered in his face as his cheeks bulged out while his hair fell away, and his skull started to contract. It was getting arduous to think through the pain and the sensations assaulting his body. The sounds and smells were far more intriguing than he could have ever imagined. Scents of predators and food and many other things his developing rodent mind could not process pervaded his sensibilities.

Yet, the most tantalizing odor was wafting from his changing girlfriend. Aaron's human thoughts began to wane as his nose zeroed in on her need. He could sense his cock hardening once more as his virile balls swelled up with seed. All fragments of human reasoning began to fade under the irresistible need to mate, to breed. He chattered as the pains in his body started to evaporate, and his goal became clear. There was a female in season, and she needed his seed!

Erica was forced to watch as Aaron's body became covered in reddish-brown fur, as he shrank into his future size. Yet her own changes were not far behind. The vibrations of her bones cracking resonated through her skull as her body shrank into a new configuration. Her skin sprouted fur from every pore as it became black and rough. Her palms and feet expanded while her arms and legs lost almost all mass, her shoulders and hips flattening into the flanks of her chubby stomach.

Erica cried out her last human sound as her skull compressed and her face pushed out into a rodent-like muzzle. Her teeth ached, and her tongue grew smaller in her expanding chubby cheeks. Her eyes grew beady as her view of the world shifted in both intensity and

perspective. Her remaining human hair dissolved into the growing rodent fur as her skull shrank, and her thoughts became blurred.

Suddenly she was overwhelmed by the ever-insistent pangs in her crotch. Her sex was moist and needy even as it reshaped and rotated under her puckered anus and tail. Her breasts faded into her chest yet felt more receptive than they had ever been. Their need only became more demanding as several more pairs erupted down her fuzzy stomach. Her head was filled with the necessity to breed, to birth young, and have them feed on her nipples. Nothing else mattered!

Her human thoughts began to fade under the overwhelming urgency in her moist sex. She ran forward suddenly, requiring somewhere more sheltered for her to procreate. The male followed insistently, his penis rock hard to satisfy her needs. The new female squirrel stopped, raising her tail and wafting her lusts to her potential suitor. The male wasted no time, leaping into her back, and he placed his paws on her flanks and began rutting frantically into her.

All remaining sensibilities were wiped away at the promise of what the male's penis could give her. Why had she been worried? There were no predators here. This male smelled virile and healthy and would surely sire her good young. Waves of bliss radiated from her crotch, and the male's eager penis sent her into glorious orgasmic release. The pleasure cascaded over her tiny rodent body and brought the male with her as he came deep inside her, filling her with the promise of new life.

Soon after that, the two squirrels raced up the tree, chittering their desire to one another. There were ample places for the female and male to both nest in this tree, and soon the female would begin making a place for her babies. She could feel that she was pregnant, that she would give birth in a few short weeks. The demands in her crotch had not yet abated, and she had a virile male to fill her as many times as she pleased!

Margaret watched from her house, almost feeling bad for the two new squirrels taking residence in her yard. They ran and chirped and fucked all evening, keeping her up well into the night. Yet, after defiling her yard, they deserved nothing more than to be part of it. Perhaps being animals, losing their minds was far too good for them, unaware of the repentance they were making for their actions.

Naturally, no one was surprised when Aaron and Erica did not show up to school after that. Their teachers, their principals, even their parents gave up on the two of them after a short amount of time. They were assumed to have either ran away to elope in another city or truly had become squirrels fucking in some witch's yard.

Rumors of what happened to them began to circulate, especially from those who had witnessed their changes first hand. All who knew the truth of their bestial fates thought it was a fitting punishment for all the years of wrongdoing. Regardless of what they believed, no one in the entire town felt any remorse for their absence, thankful the two troublemakers were finally gone from their lives.