

It was a rather lavish establishment, well beyond what Glenn was expecting from even a brand-new casino. Hell, it was a miracle he was invited here at all, and truth be told, he wasn't sure what to expect. This event was supposed to be some sort of grand opening, a few hundred people invited for the weekend, given free hotel stays, and \$1000 in chips and tokens. There were dozens of games, all sorts of different ways to spend the weekend, slots, cards, tables, various other games of chance, and even some more down-to-earth things like races, video game tournaments, pie-eating contests, and the like. All in all, something that boasted a unique experience for anyone who attended.

It was on a whim Glenn had taken the weekend off to try this new casino, not something he would have ever considered under normal circumstances. Winning the free invite had drawn him in, with the gifts and the chance to play and win without having to spend a dime of his own. He would have thought it a scam, and it seemed as much, too good to be true. But the more he looked into it, not only did the casino seem to be the real deal, but he found himself almost excited to be spending the weekend there. Never one for games of chance, Glenn figured what the hell, and did as much as he could to research the various games and improve his odds of winning.

The building itself was relatively new, having gone up seemingly overnight. Hell, it was along a road outside the city that he passed through every now and then. Wracking his brains, Glenn couldn't manage to recall when he'd seen any construction. But whatever the case, it was up and running now, a casino and hotel built in. and it would be his playground for the weekend, he and only a few hundred others for the grand opening.

Having always been on the smaller side, Glenn found himself struggling to carry his luggage in before, a pair of men where animal costumes came to offer him a hand. One had the mask of a horse, while the other worn one resembling a lion. Glenn might have thought them fursuits or the like, thought they were more realistic than cartoony. It seemed they were not the only ones to don such suits, everyone in the establishment wearing some costume or another. It was an animal-themed casino, after all, so it made some semblance. Still, such lavish costumes must have cost a fortune on their own, and figured the casino either was really into the gimmick, or people working here had a penchant for animal-themed costumes. Who was he to judge?

Checking in with a man wearing a snake costume, Glenn went to his room, nose detecting a slightly off odor that caused him confusion. It reminded him somewhat of the last time he had been at a zoo, though it didn't come to the forefront of his thoughts, and it was so faint under the odors of cleaning chemicals and other floral scents that came with a hotel. If anything, some of the workers must have been sweaty under their suits, he assumed.

His room was rather large, better than any hotel he'd recalled, though his sample size was rather low to compare it to. Still, it was nice, and he put his suitcase on the floor, wondering if he should shower and change. Too late, he found himself wondering if he should have brought a suit or something more formal to wear while out on the tables. But he didn't have the money for such a thing, and he could only hope he wasn't like a fish out of water on the floor once he went to play.

Figuring he would head out tonight to get a lay of the land, so to speak, Glenn was a little surprised to see a poured drink on the table for him, one that came with a note. "To our valued guest, this one is on the house. A toast to your fortune this weekend, may all your goals be reached and your winnings give you the lot in life you've always dreamed of."

Curious, Glenn tipped the drink, finding it odorless when the red liquid should have carried a fruity scent. Still, it was free, and he took a swig of it, downing it quickly and finding the taste rather pleasant, even if that wasn't what he was expecting. He finished it in one gulp, excitement for the weekend growing ever more as a slight buzz settled over him. Damn, he was used to his booze, but this thing was strong!

The size of the main room was impressive, even given the scope he had already come to expect. It was several floors of tables, slots, and booths, each having an array of card games, chips, dice, tokens, almost with unexpected things like video games, pool tables, air hockey, arcade games, and literally anything his mind could conceive of betting on in a game of chance or skill. Thinking that a casino would be limited to just a few different games, the variety of video games from his youth, newer games, pool tables, a race track, and a massive pool beyond the clear glass of the room he was in left him powerfully confused. Even if he didn't have a prayer at any more of the traditional casino games, there were certainly some video games he could test his skill at!

"May I help you, sir?" A zebra-themed woman asked, and Glenn was guided toward a series of booths where he could pick up his chips and keep track of how much he had remaining. He was a little surprised to find the offer for a thousand free tokens was honored, but so far everything else about the establishment had been proven true. It was a delight to know that the games were his to play for the weekend, and the chance to win big was enough for him to give it a try. He didn't have much in savings to bet if he lost that, but it was OK just for the weekend of fun and experimentation he was privy to.

"Oh, before you start, can we interest you in any player's insurance?" The woman asked, and Glenn decided to turn her down. He didn't have the money to spend, and he wasn't going to be spending any of his own money. Word of mouth if he had a good weekend, sure. But with his minimum wage job, it was all he could do to take the time off, much less gamble away the

money he didn't have. Glenn was sure he had the self-control to say no, and didn't even have credit cards to max out, so how could he possibly get in financial trouble?

"Do read our terms of service, and be sure to sign at the bottom," the woman said, her voice a little deeper than Glenn might have thought. Pulling out a binder, Glenn was shocked by the sheer amount of documents that were present for him to go through. Skimming them briefly, and not seeing anything unusual, Glenn figured what the hell and signed where was required, and the woman smiled, taking it back and putting his documents into a folder. All fairly routine, Glenn thinking nothing of it as he got his chips and went to give some of the games a try for the first time.

It was a little overwhelming to see all the games around him, some that were easy and some he had no idea of the rules. Thinking he might start at the slots, just for a few spins, Glenn was privy to the animal themes on the display, in particular each one illustrated with an animal's head. Taking a quick glance around the sides of the machine, he had no idea as to the value of each of them and looked around for someone to ask. After some time without seeing any help, Glenn figured it was a moot point, likely random chance, and pulled the lever, hoping he was to get lucky. Surely, he just needed three of the same in a row, regardless of what they were, right?

Glenn flicked through them rapidly fast, not really sure which ones were which. Without really knowing anything about the game, Glenn decided to say fuck it. Eventually, pulling the handle at random intervals, the center ring all fell on the image of a horse in succession. At least it was three of the same animal, but...was that...good?

The dinging of the bell seemed to indicate that was the case, as several alarms started to signal all at once, and a barrage of coins poured out of the machine, collecting in the tray almost enough that some of them spilled on the floor. It was the first time Glenn felt he had won anything of the sort, and he was excited, though a little intimidated by the sheer amount of coins that seemed to be coming out of the device. 'Horse' seemed rather lucky, as much as he understood, and he was excited by his winnings enough that he wanted to try again.

"Hey, mind if I join?" A man's voice came to him, and Glenn looked up at the rather lithe man, facial hair closely cropped and angular jaw unnerving him slightly. Still, Glenn was hardly in a position to object to company, and he simply smiled, offering the man a seat beside him as he reached into his pocket and pulled something out akin to a magnet or some such.

"You might not think you need it, but these machines are rigged. They get you with the first spin, but if you keep putting your money in...well, I bet you can guess how that will go," the man said, as he placed his device on the side of the machine. It stuck there a few moments

before something lit up on the side of it, as though it was turned on. Grinning, the man pulled the level three times, getting a trio of snakes on the screen, making him grin.

“Are snakes good?” Glenn asked, hoping the man had a better idea of the rules than he did.

The beeping from the machine seemed to indicate it was, and a pile of coins fell from it, larger than Glenn’s own. He was somewhat impressed, though a little nervous about trying the device himself. He didn’t want to get kicked out on his first day here, after all. Not like he was going to snitch on the man or anything. To each their own.

“Looks like! Damn, I knew this thing would work,” the man said, grinning. “Care to give it a try?”

“Naww, I’m good. It’s all in good fun, right?” Glenn said, getting up with his own coins and walking away for another machine. He didn’t want to draw attention to the man, nor did he want to lose the rest of his coin getting taken back by a rigged machine. Besides, there were plenty of other machines for him to try out, and if he got lucky on this one, then there was a chance he would on some of the other ones on the first try, as well.

As Glenn got up, something caught his eye as the man reached up to scratch the back of his neck., the skin there seemed dry, flaky, and discolored underneath, looking more greenish brown than his skin shade. It was some weird rash of sorts, though Glenn was soon distracted by something itching at the back of his own neck, and reaching up, he found errand hair there, coarser than the hair on his head, and thicker, too. Still, he paid it little mind, figuring it was a rash of its own right, and moved on to another one of the machines, a tingling running down his neck as he did so and making him shiver a little.

Far from the beginner's luck he’d experienced, however, every slot machine he tried came with abject failure. After just half an hour, Glenn found he lost all the money he’d won and then some, to the point he was prompted to stop playing in order to save some coins for the rest of the weekend. He was a little jealous of some of the other players getting lucky on their first spins as well, different animals showing in triplicate on their screens. There seemed to be a variety of animals, including dogs, foxes, mice, pigs, cows, and tons of others. Even after a few minutes of watching, Glenn could hardly figure out which ones were giving the most money and figured any animal in triplicate was fine enough, though he could hardly get them to line up on his own machines since his first time. Oh well. There were plenty of other games to play, some of them more his speed.

Moving down to one of the lower levels, a room with a small group of people playing Smash Bros caught his attention, and he walked over, a matron at the door to take his chips, and presumably payout when he left. Not really sure what to bet, Glenn went with the minimum amount, confident in his gaming skills but hesitant about betting too much and ruining his weekend

The two guys seated in front of the game introduced themselves, Mike and Jacob, and had been competing with each other for the better part of an hour. Mike was up on him, and it was looking like Jacob needed to either pay up or cut his losses. But with a third player, both decided to stay in and give it a try. Glenn felt a little nervous, knowing he was a good player but never having done so for money before. But there was a much higher chance of him winning at Smash than any of the slot machines, and he figured he would at least give it a go.

As he sat down and Mike handed him a controller, Glenn found himself giving the man a double take. It seemed his ears were a little off, larger, and peppered with fine fuzz. Mike didn't acknowledge the stare, though he did reach up and touch them for a moment, feeling the texture with a confused expression on his features. Still, he didn't let it bother him for too long, getting into the game as the sound of smashing buttons hit their ears and the round started.

After a few rounds, Glenn found himself getting into his groove, and his skill with Fox as he managed to pull off consecutive wins. The other two men groaned, especially with how many chips they needed to keep playing, to the point where both of them decided it wasn't worth it. Glenn couldn't help but feel some elation, though he was sure in the same position, he would want to try something else as well. And, besides, he was able to make back at least a small portion of his losses from the slots, and make some friends in the process, no less!

"Hey, want to grab something to eat?" He asked the pair, though was a little confused by their annoyed expressions. At first, he figured he pissed them off, being sore losers, or at least with the portion of the money that they were to forfeit. But the more Glenn stared, the more the two of them looked away with a far-away expression, scratching their ears insistently. But even through their exploring hands, Glenn could see the rather perplexing sight of larger ears, covered with white hairs, something that made him sure they had put on some prosthetics. They hadn't been wearing them before they started playing, right? So, then, when...?

Without a word, the two of them walked away, Glenn trying to get a look at them as they did so. But it was not their ears that drew his attention, much to his surprise. Rather, the sight of something twitching in both of their pants made him lower his gaze, trying to think what might be moving within them, though something was alive. He went to call out to them, but the pair had left the room before he had a chance to, and Glenn was left alone, wondering what the hell he was perceiving. Surely, he was imagining things. That, or some of the clients were into furry

gear as much as the employees were required to as well. Perhaps he simply hadn't noticed before now?

Glenn decided to do another round of the place, trying to get the lay of things and thankful he actually managed to get back some of his lost coins, even if he was hardly back to square one. There were dozens of people around, most people doing as he was, though many were starting to play as well, trays of drinks being carried around by the various animal-costumed attendants. Most of the workers had more mundane forms, dogs and cats of various varieties, horses, cattle, and things like racoons, skunks, and even mice. A few more exotic species were present as well, though they were few and far between, making Glenn a little curious as to why they would chose the costumes they had. He wasn't really an expert on furry culture, though, even if that wasn't the reason for the costumes employed by the facilities.

Though most people were casually dressed, much like Glenn himself, there were a few guests that were inclined to wear more elegant garb, much like he might expect for people attending this establishment. It made Glenn a little self conscious, something he could never afford even if he saved a year's worth of savings. One such man walked over to him, sporting a jacket, vest, and golden watch that likely cost more than what he could earn in a weekend off the simple number of chips they had been given. Surely, such cash was menial for a patron of that status, making him wonder why the man was here in the first place.

"Enjoying it so far?" The man asked, and Glenn found himself a little taken aback by the question. Was it meant to be condescending?

"Yeah, I guess..." Glenn said, not really sure how to answer.

"I have to say, I've been to a few casinos abroad, but I was a little surprised to see such a place open up in my own town!" The man said, reaching out a hand for Glenn to take. "Oscer, by the way. Sorry, I didn't mean to be so forward, but I wanted the opinion of some of the other guests. Have you visited many other casinos?"

"No," Glenn said, rather quickly and making him somewhat embarrassed to admit.

"Oh, that's a shame. It's a fun hobby, the excitement, the thrill, and losses and gains. Beside, an interesting challenge to be on the same level as all the other players, for once." Oscer said, leaving Glenn a little confused.

"Oh?" Glenn asked, not really sure what he meant.

“You know?” Osker said, as though his point was obvious. “You’re only allowed to use the 1000 in chips they give you, not any of your own money. Puts everyone on an equal playing field. Not that we’re competing with each other or anything, but it’s still nice to really put my skills to the test for once!”

“Well, best of luck! Don’t enjoy it too much, it can be addicting!” Osker said, turning to leave, Glenn nodding as he did so. That was an interesting stipulation, though it made little sense, he figured. Why not let people play with their own money? They weren’t even making any money on the weekend if no one could gamble with their own wares!

Feeling a rumbling in his belly, Glenn decided it was a good idea to get something to eat, collecting his winnings and happy with even the minor pot he had collected. Evidently, there was an all day buffet for as part of their stay, and Glenn was happy to partake, hungry from the long trip. Yet, he was not expecting it to be rather plain, salads with no dressings, barely cooked meats and fish, and a variety of other things that readily appeared unappetizing. At least there was fruit and the like, but the idea that such a place couldn’t even spring for decent food!

“Can I interest you in something from our premium menu?” One of the attendants offered, this one dressed as a pig. Glenn couldn’t help but notice the smell around him was a little strong, though it was likely the costume and he didn’t want to judge. Still, the idea was a little enticing, and Glenn took a look menu before reconsidering.

“Oh, I couldn’t afford this,” he said, and gave it back, determined to make the best of what was there. Naturally, there were a variety of mouth watering foods pictured, steaks and caviar and bass and dozens of other things he had never tasted prepared by a world class chef, with several courses and paired wines with each meal. But the prices of such were akin to a week’s salary, and there was no way he could justify it, no matter what the alternatives were.

“You might decide to change your mind soon. After all, life is too short to avoid temptations. And besides, those are the retail prices listed. You have the option to pay in your tokens, after all,” the pig man offered, and for a moment, Glenn was almost tempted to take him up on that. It wasn’t like he was going to be winning with his chips, after all. But, in the end, he resigned himself to some fruits and cereals, little to drink but water to wash it down. It was filling, at least, if not satisfying given the nature of the place.

Feeling fatigue taking him over at least, Glenn made his way back to his room, doing a double take as he glanced at his reflection. His formerly short-cropped hair seemed surprisingly long, a little shaggy around his shoulders like he had gone months without tending to it. Surely, he hadn’t grown it out that much in such short a time, though his mind drifted back to the itching he had experienced prior to during his failed slot machine games. Hell, it didn’t look this bad

when he'd gotten ready for the day, had it? Glenn found himself having a hard time recalling for sure. His head was spinning at this point, questioning himself as to what he had been really seeing. He certainly wasn't drunk, but was there something in the drink that made him think things were off? How was it still affecting him hours later? Was it just the atmosphere of the place?

In the end, Glenn decided he would just head to bed, not wanting to think too much into it. Thankfully, he was able to pass out, the mattress rather comfortable and surpassing his familiar bed at home. Still, his sleep was rather fitful, and he had to wake in the night, save the intense need to empty his bladder, fuller than anytime he could recall. His penis, too, seemed a little larger in its flaccid state, though Glenn was sure it was simply his fatigue making him think such. Why his thoughts were so fuzzy, Glenn couldn't be sure, though eventually chalked it up to nervousness and left it at that. He was able to get back to bed soon enough, waking some hours later without being too tired from being in a strange bed.

It was the rumbling in his belly that really bothered him, however, Glenn found himself starving beyond his usual hunger in the morning. He never really did breakfast, but it felt as though he was going to faint if he didn't get something in his belly soon. Stumbling around the room a little, he tried to get some of his clothes on, finding them to be surprisingly tight. It was worse around his belly, which looked a little protruded, much to his disappointment, having always carried a lean physique. It was a little weird for him to see a bit of gut on his form, even though it was firm and warm to the touch. Surely, it wasn't the food, not with all the fruits and grains he'd eaten!

Not looking forward to another bland meal, the hunger in his belly was so insistent that Glenn had little choice but partake. The first thing he noticed as he made his way into the banquet was the heavy stench that almost reminded him of a barn. It was as though everyone in the room was sweating profusely, and had been outside working the fields with the animals. He would have been sure he was smelling animals, and the notion of coincidence with animal costumes could not be fully ignored. Still, with his belly rumbling, and the scent of food in his nose, Glenn wasn't offended by it too much, moving to see what he could grab for breakfast.

At first, Glenn moved toward some of the cooked meats, but found the smell was somewhat sour, and he was a little surprised that some of the other guests were grabbing them without issue. It was quickly making Glenn's aching stomach churn, and he moved away, figuring he would have to subsist on greens once more. Yet, the smell of them seemed more appetizing than even last night, and Glenn was quick to paint his plate with apples, grapefruit, bananas, and, much to his surprise, some carrots, unable to pass them up despite not usually caring for them.



Glenn was starving to the point where his tray was a little heavy but the time he was done, but in his hunger, he was almost sure that he could eat it all without trouble! It was all he could do to make it back to the tables without eating everything on his plate all at once. It was rather full, and Glenn was happy to find a space off to the side to eat, not wanting to talk to anyone until he'd eaten his fill, a little embarrassed about how much he had brought over. Yet, the man from yesterday seemed to notice him, and he walked over, almost stumbling to the point that Glenn figured he was drunk. Not inclined to really say no, Glenn moved over, and the man sat down, yelping a little as though he'd sat on something. Getting up, he looked down, though without the obvious source, he simply sat back down more carefully.

“Hey, any more luck?” He asked, lifting his hand. “Richard, btw, I don't think I introduced myself yesterday.”

“Glenn,” he replied, not wanting to comment on the man's state, as dishelved and awkward as he appeared. There was equally a chance the man had some sort of disability Glenn had no knowledge of and didn't want to assume. He didn't really want the man's company, something about him was a little unnerving. Still, without any reason to say no, he allowed the man to sit there to his own breakfast of barely cooked bacon and runny eggs, a little surprised anyone could eat them with how off they seemed to smell.

Again, he decided to keep it to himself as he dove into his own meal, chewing down on the carrots and apples with gusto. He was so hungry, Glenn was almost tempted to eat the cores but had enough awareness to stop himself. He was starving, and Glenn was able to clear his plate within the span of about ten minutes. The sugary treats he'd gathered were devoured even quicker, as were the cereals, and after the fact, Glenn realized he'd forgotten to look for any milk, though was rather thirsty besides. Excusing himself, Glenn got up to grab some water, chugging down several glasses before breathing heavily, a little ashamed that he'd made a pig of himself. If anything, he'd eaten so much that he'd made his shirt pull up a little more than from this morning!

Getting back to the table, trying to repress a blech, it seemed that he wasn't the only one a little hungrier than usual. Richard was opening his mouth wide, taking bigger bites than perhaps he expected the man would. But it was the sight of him opening his jaw a little *too* wide, as though the joints within weren't present. The amount of food he could shovel in his mouth would be impressive if it wasn't unnerving. Glenn couldn't quite pull his eyes away, however, recalling that strange rash on the man's neck. Glenn might have thought it was a tattoo off some scales, but with the flakey, red flesh giving way to more if it, Glenn wasn't sure his initial assumption was correct. Richard didn't seem to notice him staring, though did reach up to scratch the skin around the afflicted area, peeling more of the skin and revealing that unnerving greenish black shade.

The two of them didn't exchange any words, or, rather, Glenn didn't. Between chewing mouthfuls of food with a jaw that seemed a little unhinged, he was quick to give a bunch of unwarranted tips, ones that seemed a little too good to be true. Using a device like the one he had, changing the mechanics of the rigged machines to set them into his favor, using every third machine, going in the early morning, all the sorts of things Glenn figured he would have no way of knowing. It seemed very much like a load, but Richard went on and on, and there was no stopping him, save for the mouthfuls of food he stopped to shove into a larger jaw, one that seemed a little more unhinged than even earlier, though Glenn figured his mind was still playing tricks on him as it had been all day. It was everything Glenn had to leave without offending the guy, not that he would ever see him again after this. And that unnerving sensation of being around the guy wouldn't go away, no matter how little sense it made.

Not really sure how to start his day, Glenn eventually made his way toward the wheels, figuring he could stand at least to lose a little money there. It was a 50/50 chance, after all, if he played his hand right, so to speak. At least it would be a little fun, even if the odds of leaving the place with less than a few hundred bucks. He was still glad he had been invited for a unique experience, he figured, despite the odd occurrences he couldn't quite put his finger on. When would he ever be back at a place like this? He could do with a better variety of food, but then again, it had been satisfying, making him think he might get back into healthier eating once he returned home.

As he walked out of the buffet and into the gaming lounge, one of the workers, a man dressed as a zebra, stopped him, offering him something wrapped in a cloth. Glenn had no idea what it was, but a sweet scent wafted into his nose just then, enough that he was prompted to drool a little, despite the fact he had just eaten. Thinking it to be some sort of expensive delicacy, Glenn was a little shocked to discover he was being handed a simple cube of sugar. Yet, the scent wafting from it was simply sublime to the senses that he had no choice but to take it, popping it into his mouth and nearly gasping with elation. It was simply the best thing he had ever tasted, as though an explosion of sweetness on his tongue.

“Just ten tokens for another! The first one was on the house, of course,” the man said, and Glenn was almost tempted to say yes right there. How they tracked his chips without any positive way to ID him, Glenn wasn't sure,

A strange sensation played over his backside just then, as though something was twitching in the back of his pants. Glenn wanted to reach back and grasp at it, but as a blush crossed his face, he realized doing such would be powerfully embarrassing and opted not to. Still, he was reminded of the sight of the bulge in the Smash player's pants from the other day. He had thought them to be prosthetics like the attendants were wearing, but then why did he feel

something similar in his pants? Surely, it hadn't been there this morning when he'd put on his pants! Still, with as embarrassed as he felt over the whole thing, he tried his best not to focus on it, moving out of the room intentionally clenching his ass cheeks and wondering what the hell it was bothering him back that.

Not to his surprise, after the first few rounds at the wheel, Glenn was already down a few hundred chips, to the point it seemed rigged against his favor. But it was the growth in his pants that was of greater concern, and Glenn had to step away, no longer able to focus on the game and conflicted beside. Not seeing any washrooms right away, Glenn ducked behind a hallway, reaching back to rub the growth through the fabric of his pants. It seemed like it was pushing from his spine, and he couldn't help but think it reminded him of the tails that the employees all sported. He couldn't help but make the comparison, as no breaking of his tailbone could account for the possession of such a thing. Perhaps stranger still was the fact that it didn't hurt, save for its confinement in his pants, one that had gotten a little tighter in interim. Perhaps Glenn was in denial by some metric about the possession of such a thing, but with no prosthetic to account for it, it was left to wonder how fake the wagging tails belonging to the other players here.

That was not the only thing bothering him, though Glenn was slow to realize even as he finally took the time to really look over his body. For one, the cuffs of his pants were a little snug, sure the pants needed to be hemmed before bringing them to the casino. His waist, too was a little tight, not only from the growth but from more sizable hips than he'd had before the trip, as much as he could tell. No amount of self-doubt could fully sway him away from that truth, but he tried to dissuade himself otherwise, as best as he could. He had to have forgotten how tight his clothes were. Even eating as much as he had this morning couldn't account for the added growth. It was all he could do not to think he was insane, even to the point that perhaps he'd forgotten he was offered a tail upon check-in last night and had simply forgotten about it.

Yet, even that was soon forgotten with the sights of some of the other patrons walking around, in particular a pair with decidedly canine ears. It was the fact they could move them of their own accord that drew his attention, and Glenn walked in step behind them, trying to look nonchalant but curious about the things all the same. To Glenn's surprise, as they walked into the next room, they were greeted by one of the staff, one with canine features of his own. Glenn didn't think he was close enough to make out the words, but they were as clear to him as being beside the men as he heard the wolf man whisper "Good boys."

It was a little bizarre to hear someone being called that outside of some sort of kink setting, made more so as something seemed to twitch in the back of their pants at the words. It was as though they possessed tails in their own right, ones that responded to canine words of praise as though they were attracted to their bodies and not some sort of mobile prosthetic. Glenn was a little surprised they didn't seem to notice at first, though eventually, one of them reached

into the back of their pants, pulling out a full-bodied, fur-covered growth, almost matching the one their benefactor. One was blond, while the other was black as he, too, exposed his growth, shorter cut than his counterparts. Still, the two growths wagged as much as any dog's tails might when presented with the same words as the wolf once more whispered. "Good boys". It was almost like either they were acting the parts of dogs or something about them made them more canine in inclination.

Glenn couldn't help but stare at the scene, wondering if everyone here had the same sort of tail-like protrusion, even though they were not employed by the establishment. It was strange, almost to the point he wanted to take out his own growth and see what it was. By this point, Glenn was sure something was tickling the back of his pants, like some sort of thick, wiry hair. Yet, there was a part of his mind that didn't want to know, figuring ignorance was bliss and confusion about what was happening to everyone besides.

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