

Human for a Day (part 1?)

"I got some reeeeeeeaal good stuff this time." My dealer glances furtively to either side, then pulls a clear baggie with bright yellow powder from his wallet.

I reach for the goods, but he pulls the baggie away. "Nah-uh! You already got your first hit for free."

I draw a polymer note from my wallet, but he slaps it out of my paw. "Get out of here with those mineral notes. It's AW tokens or nothing."

I sigh and hand over a few coins. He sniffs them and brushes them against his whiskers. "The real deal. Fine, here you go." he tosses the baggie at me and I catch it in my tail.

"This better be worth the price," I growl.

"Oh trust me, you'll see some cool colors. Just get yourself a trip sitter before you snort it."

"Yeah whatever." I emerge from the alley into the perpetual twilight of... whatever this town is called. St. something-or-other, I'm sure. These Hearthsiders, Light-botherers, every one of 'em.

Still a bit drunk from the wind fruit I ate earlier, I stagger back to my luxurious accommodations, a run-down torpor hostel. It smells like pee, despair, and unswept fur. Home sweet home. It sure beats the back of the rail car I was in before. The receptionist is looking straight through me, her jaw lax and tongue flopped out to the side, saliva dribbling onto her forelegs. She's baked out of her mind on Light knows what. At least it doesn't smell like anything I've done before. Maybe it's whatever this stuff is.

I stumble into my little torpor alcove and shut the curtain. It smells slightly less like pee. Maybe they really do housekeeping here. I give my tail a flick, sending the baggie flying into my open paw.

"Trip sitter my cloaca. This stuff can't be that hard." I mutter as I rip open the sealed baggie with a claw. There isn't even enough powder to cover the pad of my writing claw. I pour the contents onto the tip of my digit, lift my paw to my nostril, and inhale.

"And now we wait," I whine to myself, flopping down onto the perch that takes up nearly the entire space. My digits start to tingle, then the tip of my tail. The sensation spreads to the rest of my body, and finally to my head. Starry scintillations obscure my vision, the wall in front of me is no longer visible. I feel the perch melt from under my belly and I start falling.

"This is it?" I think. "I'd get a better high licking live bloatfish, and I could have done that for free."

The disappointment has barely set in when blinding pain shoots through my spine. The pain radiates from nose-tip to tail-tip. At the same time, the tingling vanishes from all four of my outer thumbs. I feel something pressing against my muzzle and pulling at my ears. I start contorting in pain. My tail feels like it's shrinking, and my outer thumbs feel like they're just gone. At the same time, I can feel my spine curving and my hind legs lengthening. The tingling turns into itching, and I start to feel cold air against my body, like someone has shaved my fur.

"Oh void, how long is this trip gonna be?" Something's wrong with my voice. My lips feel bloated and my rhinarium feels dry. My tongue feels much smaller. My words burst out in loud bellows. I slide my tongue over my teeth. Flat, not sharp. I bring my paw to my face. My muzzle is gone. My nostrils point downward from a boney lump jutting over my mouth.

"My eyes, oh Light blind me, what happened to my eyes?!" They're slimy goo-filled orbs. I can feel them sliding around in my skull.

I probe my face, then the rest of my body. My fur is gone, well most of it, anyway. There's still a patch on top of my head, and two ridges of fur above my... whatever these things are, I refuse to call them eyes. My ears can barely move. My tail... Oh Light my tail is gone! My hind legs feel like they've grown a good tailslength. I can't seem to grasp anything with my rear paws.

I fall from the perch with a thud. Has the room gotten smaller? Have I gotten bigger? My outer thumbs seem to have gone the way of my tail. My claws are flat broad plates, and I can feel thin skin across my palms and digits, no pads.

I try to rise to my paws, but something feels... wrong. No, my forepaws shouldn't be on the dirty ground. I rear up on my hind feet and bump my head against the ceiling. I have gotten taller, it seems.

My vision seems to have cleared, but everything looks off. I try to slide my bandpass membranes over my eyes. Nope, no bandpass membranes, either. I stagger out into the hall, still on my hind feet. The receptionist hears the noise and looks over at me and I suddenly feel deeply ashamed. I rip the curtain from the doorway and wrap it around my midsection. There, that's better. Don't ask me why.

I try to catch a whiff of her musk to see what she's feeling, but nothing registers. The whole world smells weaker. At least I can't smell the pee anymore. She gives her head a shake and looks back at me. I can tell she's saying something, but I can barely hear her. She snatches a keyer and slaps a pair of HUD specs on her muzzle, then starts furiously chording away, gawking at me all the while.

I turn around and try to run down the hall toward a side exit. I feel something cold and wet underfoot and look down to see a puddle of, let's hope it's water. I can see my reflection for the first time. Round face, pointy triangular nose, no fur, greasy pale skin, and... oh Light, are THOSE my eyes?! I feel my gut twist and I add the contents of my stomach to the... let's be honest, it's pee, not that I can smell the difference anymore.

I run out the side door into a dusty alley lit by harsh floodlights. I hear the heavy thud of paw gauntlets and see a town guard trotting toward the front entrance to the hostel.

Revision #1

Created 2026-06-01 20:48:48 UTC by Lurker

Updated 2026-06-01 20:48:48 UTC by Lurker