

One With the Ancestors

Oscar flipped through the channels of his television with ease, a bored sigh and a quick thumb flashing the screen past telemarketing advertisements and random day-time programs. In reality, it was all an act to occupy his time before the inevitable doorbell rang, a package the middle-aged man had been waiting for nearly a month to finally arrive.

He was in his white briefs, the rest of his somewhat hairy body and white skin exposed to the leathers of his recliner. The air was cool, and his beer equally so. Around five feet and ten inches, the human male sported a gut that was thirty pounds just by itself, adding onto his one-eighty pounds of mass.

The package! That's right, he nearly forgot about it. The television proved useful at dulling the senses. But as it had since he purchased it, the concept of its existence flowed back into him, along with the warm feelings that pondering about it provided.

'The Paleo Boost' they called it. It was really something he brought up to his wife Margaret, and only by her insistence did he eventually give into the idea. An approved syringe and chemical formula meant to give fast-acting changes to men of all ages, but specifically advertised to the older folk, a new and reinvigorated body just like those of bodybuilders! And... an increased sex *drive*. His wife didn't like the hair growth, but Oscar was just glad it'd hide those graying bald spots on his head.

With little fanfare, a small ding was made from the door. A signature would not be needed. With rousing laughter, he shot from his seat, heading to the source of the sound. Peering an eye into the peephole, he could see a man in a brown uniform lower the thing gently onto the ground before hitting a few buttons on a tablet. Another moment passed, and he drove off. Oscar cracked the entrance open, collecting the drabby box for himself with excited and manly giggles.

His well-experienced heart beat rapidly, the videos demonstrated online yearning within his mind as the images of how wimpy men adopted six-packs and bicep muscles that could pop a watermelon in *real* time! It was all so alluring, the idea of the little strands of black hair appearing up and down his body, how his voice would get so deep. "As deep as the ocean!" Oscar said allowed, remembering the exact words used in the online ads.

A white bathroom door was open and shut in almost the same action. The nearly naked gent did tippy taps with his feet, placing the box onto the toilet as he opened it like an animal, the tape ripping and revealing the goods inside.

Behind several layers of hard plastic, each torn from its paper cover, the syringe along with the serum in a small, thumb-sized bottle fell into his palm. "Oh yes-yes!" he chirped, removing the cap that covered the needle. He had seen the tutorial videos

online, what all to do. Oscar pretty much memorized it so many times he could do it in his sleep. The cover popped off, the needle inserted past the film on the opening of the bottle, and the entire contents withdrawn. A vibrant blue-green liquid was now inside, almost like how a lava lamp looked.

No more time was wasted. Oscar found the vein in his arm, and the rest was simple. An insertion and injection, pain, but a cool, mistiness entered his arm, coursing through his body. He dropped the needle in the sink, the entire fluid within him, moving around, giving him already very visible effects. The older man smiled, seeing his wide grin in the mirror as he expected muscles to grow, *just like in the videos!* However, the intended outcome was not happening, and the first changes began on his face.

Oscar groaned, feeling his lips become like jello, flabby and nearly useless. He sniffed, again, and again, like a cocaine addict, rubbing at his nose as he watched it deform in his reflection. There was a small shout as his nerves detected additional shifts in many parts of his person.

Immediately, one of the developments was quite noticeable, little strands of darkened hair pushing up like onyx daisies all across his frame. Ironically, it would be one of the only changes advertised to be correct in the promise it gave. The rest? Well Oscar would be feeling *everything* the Paleo Boost could offer.

It was one of the many identifiable aspects of himself he caught in the mirror, his height beginning to dwindle, the bones in each part of his figure harmlessly crackling as the older man pushed out a breath, teeth clenched from how much pressure there was on all parts of his form. The mind squeezed quite literally as the pearly whites grated and his whines continued. Sharp canines thicker than a vampire's fangs slowly stretched downward.

"What... is... *happening!*?" Oscar shouted out with a small whoop at the end, slamming his body from wall to wall as it hurt to stare at his own face. Yet, he forced himself to continue, keeping those eyes vast and open, gazing at his mouth as it bubbled and billowed, his own lips and the area around them becoming like puffy air sacs.

The entire maw was like half an orange split down the middle, a round jaw, and two nose holes. Together with the bottom mandible, Oscar had the perfect face of a chimpanzee, something close between an animal's muzzle and what he once had before.

An intense fear shook the older man's entire frame, his very psyche. A loud holler was made as he jumped up several feet, poking his finger at the mirror as if his brain needed the extra help to know that something was very wrong.

Landing upon his feet, more inches were shredding from his height, the panic increasing as he knocked over several items from the stumbles, breathing heavily as his small muzzle opened up, pumping out what some people might mistake as mating calls, those kinds of terrifying screams a camper could hear in the nighttime wilderness. It was like he couldn't stop himself, the more fear he had, the more his instincts popped out a roar. It didn't help that the humanity in his head was more than able to understand that the uncontrollable yells were not normal.

It was then that he saw it, the index finger he pointed, the skin there becoming a less vibrant orange, the bone snapping and prodding forth as the whole appendage stretched. All of his fingers did so as more hairy fuzz grew along the knuckles, wrinkles that weren't there from age, but that of the transformation itself. There was still enough human inquisitiveness within as he pressed a balled up hand onto the bathroom sink, feeling his heart thump as the idea of walking on the joints of his hand was the most natural thing in the world.

Oscar fell over with a loud thud, his underwear slinking off him as his legs shortened, almost like his skeleton could easily roll up into a fuzzy cannonball. "Please, please!" he pleaded to some unknown entity, his voice deep and skittish as if someone had placed a rolled up sock in his throat.

While his body was shrinking, the muscles Oscar desired were packing on, the fat around his arms, legs, and belly turning taut while the pubes of his crotch and the hair on his head formed into one continuous inky patch of pelt. The coarse threads were rough to the touch, feeling them as he brushed the middle of his longest finger against the bulk, like a curious ape.

Oscar slapped himself, rage imbuing his senses as the proto-simian's head was taken up by two phantoms. One coming in, and one leaving, the former upset at the smack it did not understand, while the latter had to do all it could to remain in control. "Oscar! Name is Ossscar! *OSCAR!*" Another smack, and another roar, fists coming down onto the sink as half of the ceramic crashed to the floor with a plume of gray, chalky smoke made along with it.

The man-beast reached a foot over to one of the fallen shards, looking at it before a thumb grew out of both feet, the lower pads now multi-purpose walkers and grabbers. He hooted, the furious half-chimp calming himself as the nails of his toes and fingers turned brownish, elongating into sharp keratin that could kill.

"Broken?" He said in a scribbly tone, using the foot-thumb to pick up a piece of the sink, bringing the entire leg up for a sniff before he threw it away from him, screaming more as the brain shrunk in tandem with his form. Even though the mouth was the first to change, the rest of the head had been saved, until now.

Hair was no longer a term used to describe one's seldom fibers along their skin, or the blotches on their head. For the chimpanzee, it was the entire body, head to toe, left to right in black tufts of hide that made the room feel that much warmer. The chimp's heart didn't stop beating either, going further and further as the ape stood on two legs, finally on solid ground as parts of his ass grew thicker. A bald patch right where the center of the hind was.

The top of the skull collapsed, the created space of a diminishing cerebellum eagerly used to reduce what was not needed. More pops in Oscar's spine, and the thoughts of fat-arsed females in heat on his mind as he took a smaller cock into his right hand, jerking it furiously as he ooo'd at the thought of holding down a tinier mate, her calls for help ignored as the rest of his troop understood that *he* was the alpha.

His burgeoning, wide smile was not exactly one of joy, but rather of determination and animalistic indulgence. As the human imagination was giving its death throes to provide the simian with a happier fabrication, one that it'd barely be able to manifest within the next minute. Oscar would climb up behind her, force her head into the ground, plugging and thrusting as they both moaned, the crowd of jealous males and intimidated females roaring along with them. Soaring through the trees, peeling fruit to devour, and picking bugs out from the other apes.

It was a complete overload that ended with a burst of anthropoid semen slamming against the blue and white tile walls, slicking down to the linoleum in slime trails as the cries and shrieks increased dramatically.

“OSCAR!!!” It was said more like a command to some foot soldier than a way of addressing himself. **“ME OSCAR. OSCAR! NO MONKEY, NO! MONKEY!”** The *chimp* hit himself repeatedly with a good right hook until the left, now in control by a wit more apt for the current body grasped it, squeezing at the wrists with growling, baring teeth until the resistance ceased, along with whatever the man was before. The transformation had finished as excess cum gurgled out from his urethra, the balls spent and empty, many marks of the ape’s scent could be smelled over the whole bathroom.

The first thing the chimpanzee tried to do was run for a tree, only to realize in its examination of the room that it was completely boxed in. It moved around on all fours from the tub to the door in trying its best to figure out where to go next, picking up a nearby toothbrush, hooting at the strange albeit oddly welcoming scent of mint and blueberry.

But that didn’t quell its instincts for long as it tried to push on the walls, not knowing what an entrance even was, or that the door or window were its only ways out. A terrifying pang and the thought of predators nearby attempting to hunt it reverberated all along the animal’s cortex. It began to grasp at the drapes, at the toilet lid, splashing

the water and bursting any pipes that came out nearby. It was a beast in duress, and it had no idea what was happening.

Oscar's wife Margaret would find him, not really knowing it was him of course, but rather as the animal that was destroying her lovingly renovated bathroom. It was ironic, had it just recognized a simple twist of the knob would've given it freedom. An animal does, as animals do, for in time immemorial, one species demonstrated the ability to think, to talk, to create tools and use those tools for growth.

For the species that was in the bathroom? All it could do was scream its own head off in abject insanity. At least until animal control sedated it to slumber.