

Daphne Blake, Where are you?

Part 1

By The Shadow Demon

(Woman into horse)

"Look at this place," Fred Jones states, looking out of the Mystery van to the large quiet farm. "This place is huge!"

"It's gonna take the whole night to this so-called ghost!" Velma Dinkley states, finally turning away from her laptop screen for a minute.

"Like maybe we can not and just go back into town and try that all-you-can-eat place!" Norville Rogers or to everyone simply known as "Shaggy" nervous blurted, Daphne Blake just let out a sigh as once again Shaggy was thinking about his stomach. Checking her newly done manicure polish nails, her eyes look up seeing the night-stricken farm the sheer size of it and her first real time ever being on a farm.

"I guess we should see what's going on, what do you think Fred?" Daphne asks.

Fred still staring out at the darkness surrounding the farm before turning back to Daphne.

"Yeah, I guess, you guys ready?" Fred states, turning to the gang in the back of the mystery machine. Velma just nodded while Shaggy nervously raised a shaky thumbs up with an obviously fake large smile on their face. With the group mostly on the same page, they exit out and into the chilly night air.

"Velma got the specs on this place?" Fred asks.

"Of course I do, I have the satellite pictures of the property and the paper setting from the archives and with a cross reference of previous records of the property before purchase!" Velma explains turning to the gang who just stares at her, dumbfounded.

"Okay... with the size we need to split up!"

"Like what's with you and splitting up, can we just like stick together?" Shaggy states.

"Shaggy you check the farmhouse, Velma the paddocks, I'll check the equipment stalls while Daphne checks the stalls!" Fred explains completely ignoring Shaggy's statement, pointing to the direction of each area where each member of the group was going to go. Turning to the large building in the mid-distance before turning back to her friends, Fred and Velma having already split to their regions with Shaggy along with his Scooby, sheepishly walking away. With a sigh, Daphne turns back to the stalls before walking towards them.

Walking down the gravel road, walking past enclosure after enclosure with some having sleeping horses inside them. Daphne could not help but to feel the slight feeling of jealousy on seeing the sleeping horses and how she missed her bed. Hearing the sound of the gravel underneath her boots Daphne continues on looking around with nothing catching her eyes. With a quiet yawn, Daphne did a 360 turn seeing no one in sight. No one except for the series of horses.



"Maybe if I pretend to have a look around and just go back to the van to get some quick shut-eye I'm sure no one would be none the wiser!" Daphne smiles pondering the notion of just turning back and getting some beauty sleep, continuing on a sudden chill hit Daphne causing her to shiver. Looking around to see the same as before, with a shrug thinking it to be nothing more than a sudden wind chill unaware of a soft glowing figure manifesting behind her. Like fog, the figure forms resembling a human figure, male, with a wide-rim hat, sunken eyes, and a thick long beard. "A... nother... mare!" The figure states its voice cold, quiet and harsh tone vanishing into the darkness of the night. Continuing on her path feeling that cold chill passes by her again. "Brrrrrrrrrr, maybe I should have put a jacket on or something!" Daphne states to herself feeling goosebumps crawl over her skin, however, this feeling didn't dissipate but rather stayed seeming to be focusing around her ears as slowly they push outwards, growing point and longer. For a brief

moment to anyone else that could have seen her would have seen a woman that looked to be elf ears but soon they shifted moving upwards on head her taking a more animalistic shape, poking through her long ginger hair. Daphne oblivious to the change of her ears, yet the sounds around her seem more clear and able to detect which angle they were coming from. Feeling an oddness of how everything seems to come in so clear, her ears twitch, turning in a direction to a sound of a cricket. "Strange," Daphne walked slightly confused about this strange feeling that only grew in Daphne as she continue, her nostrils flared. Widening on her face as her button nose grew wider, slowly pushing out.



"Maybe I should go back to see how the others are... what the?" Daphne shrieks, noticing her nose further from her face. Lifting her hands, Daphne's eyes widen feeling her face pushing out her nose widening and growing out.

"My face! My face! What's happening to my face!" Daphne cries out looking down at her further and further away from her, blinking a few times, noticing her eyes seeming to shift, spreading slightly further from each other.

"How is this happening to me? What is causing this? How is this even possible?" Daphne cries out her hands still on her shifting face, feeling her face had grown at least a half a foot out from her face, feeling her shifting head she note her ears weren't in their original space.

"My ears, what is... how am I still able to hear?" feeling her ears twitch again to the sound of a cricket nearby, lifting her hands up and up and up until.

"My ears! They are on top of my head?!" Daphne cries out causing her ears to flick to her voice.

"What is going on with me? How is this even possible?"

Feeling a strange pressure building behind her, Daphne turns behind her, her eyes widening, seeing something pushing against the bottom of her dress and panties. Continue with this strange pressure feeling a strange pushing continue, not hurting, not painful, but just weird. Seeing the strange pressure, pressing further and further pushing the back of her dress up. Frozen in sheer fear as slowly peeking out under her constantly raising dress as slowly peeking out from the bottom of her dress a tuft of orange hair.

"What is that? What is that?!" Daphne cries out watching the orange hair continue becoming more visible, sudden with a twitch, it moves. She moved it. A high pitch squeak escapes from her lips, and with a trembling hand, Daphne lifts her dress up to her backside. Her heart sank seeing a fully coated long orange tail. A horse tail. Her face, her ears, the tail. It was impossible it had to be, she couldn't be, she can't, it's impossible.

"I'm... I'm... turning into a... a... nNEEEEEEEIGH!" a sudden whinny escaped her mouth loud and strong clapping her hands over her elongated face, her snout, her muzzle. No matter how hard she tried she couldn't deny it. Everything told her what her mind was trying to deny.

"A horse I'm turning into a horse!" Daphne screams, "Fred! Velma! Shaggy! HELP ME!"

Turning back, Daphne ran as fast as hard as her feet could carry her, her life, her human life on the line. Her heart racing, her feet hitting hard against the ground as she ran.

"New... mare..." a cold hard old voice quietly echoed through the air, Daphne looking around to where the voice came from as growing cramping was coming from her feet.

