

## Day One

I wish I had a better idea of what day it was. Day one doesn't really mean much, right? Day one after...well, the event, I guess. I could put that date in here, but that doesn't really matter, right? I don't recall how long I've been out there since the world went to shit. Weeks? Have to have been at least months. Feels like years, but the weather hasn't changed enough for that. Hell, save for the cold, I don't think I'd even notice. Not when running for my life was an everyday occurrence. No time to stop and smell the roses and all that.

After all that time out there I didn't think I'd find a place like this. Well, I knew they were around, but certainly not one abandoned. Oh, right. I'm underground. In a bunker. Like one of those end-of-the-world type things? Fitting, I know. No idea who owned it before. It barely looks lived in. Lights aren't working well and I've been using my flashlight sparingly. Plenty of food, at least, though I'll have to get the generator working. Add that to the list of things I never thought I'd needed. Also a bed, while rudimentary, was something of a luxury these days as well, and I was happy for it, needing a good night's sleep more than I could have ever imagined.

I'm sure one of my new friends would know. A lot of really diverse skills in that group. Wish I'd gotten to know them a little better. Didn't really have the time to, it happens. Third group I'd met up with since the world went to shit. And, as far as I know, they're gone as much as the last couple. Got split up from them. Wasn't a good situation. Likely saved my life but that's not much reprieve. All this time and it's still hard to let things go. Fuck.

Writing this is making me think a little about my friends and family, the ones I haven't seen since the virus went out of control. Couldn't make it back to find them. Middle of a hot zone, sadly. I wish I could but there was the very real chance they were dead and gone. And if I never knew, I could always imagine there was a chance they were fine and safe somewhere. It was all I had to go on, and unless I turn this entire journal into a vent fest, it might be best not to think about it.

Not sure what was worse in the end, I figured. I mean, dying sucks, of course. Turning into a walking, shambling corpse to feast on the flesh of the living, not ideal. But they were dead, right? As dangerous as they were, that was it for the poor victim. They had to die first, and there was surely nothing left of the human being in the shell of a zombie. Still, the alternative might be even worse, as I've chatted with many a survivor on more than one occasion. The infection did terrible things to the dead, that was easy to see. But it had an effect on the living as well, one that by all accounts was more frightening. It was a matter of opinion, I supposed. Neither was enviable but inevitable for a large chunk of the population by now, I would assume.

The others, the ones that spread it first, were of the living variety. There were some early cases, of course. Illnesses that seemed to cause odd alterations to one's body. Extra growths like claws and tails. Body hair or scales or even feathers in cases. Dilated pupils and heightened senses. Disturbing on their own, to be sure. But it was when their minds started to go, and they became violent, well...even the police or military weren't fast enough in responding before they, too, were infected. Like I said, the reanimated dead were the lucky ones. Dead and gone and all that. Those that changed into, whatever those animal human hybrids were, still have some semblance of memory. Can still think, and maybe still remember. Didn't mean much with the overwhelming instincts to attack and infect any humans they came across. Many didn't survive the attacks, and well, hence the zombies. Fucked either way, I suppose. Pick your poison.

We aren't sure what really started it all. Be it some airborne virus or some attack or infection in the food or water, the experts aren't really around to check in with now. Oh, they are safe in their underground bunkers, I'm sure. And there are radio broadcasts from time to time with updates and hopes for a cure. But I stopped looking for radios a while ago. The sound seems to attract both zombies and the mutants alike. Hell, maybe there is a cure but who knows? Does me little good with my small group of friends against the world. And now, just me.

I do kind of wish I knew how it happened. I mean, direct infection certainly seemed to speed things along, in a matter of hours. But people were changing before that, slowly, gradually, over weeks and months. Hell, I don't know if I'm safe in this bunker, honestly. I could already be infected and changing and not really know it. I wasn't attacked at least, so it wouldn't be immediate. But I did see first hand one member of our early group slowly change, until we...had to let her go, to put it politely. No idea where she contracted it. Hell, no idea what causes the different kinds of changes, into any one of a menagerie of beasts. Most of them are animal based, like I said before. Seemingly random, but I've never been a scientist or doctor. Still, they were dangerous to be around, as though determined to bite and infect and change others as they had been changed.

Oh, yeah. Almost forgot. Speaking of fluids, the changes seemed to be highly erotic, much to the disgust of those looking off. Hell, one other guy in the second group got infected during an attack, and we only found out after waking up to her furious masturbation. It was like he didn't even care about the tail, scales spreading over his form, or his long thin tongue. And least it was a distraction for the rest of us to get up and get out, not wanting to put him down, though mostly in a bid not to attract other unwanted attention.

I know. Not the best way to start a decent record. Half-truths and rumors and everything going to shit so fast I have no idea what happened, really. Just my own, limited perspective. Fuck, it's not likely anyone's going to come down here and read this thing. But it's better than nothing, I guess...a decent use of my time. Will keep me from going mad, depending on how

long I decide to stay down here. Realistically, I could stay down here for quite some time, and as much as I wanted to wait for my friends, it was likely they were already gone, dead or changing. It wasn't the first time I've had that happen, and as much as I would mourn them, it had become a new normal. Without having to share resources down here, I could stay for quite some time, as selfish as that thought was. There was lots of food here, as well as a first aid kit and some other supplies. Air would be an issue, but I could still go topside, at least if there was nothing else waiting for me there!

And so here I am, left to my own devices and settling in for the long haul. Someone had set this up, but it didn't seem they were around anymore. I had to wonder what happened to them, but without a clear sign, I could only speculate. At least if I wrote in the journal, anyone who came across me would know what happened, at least up to the point when I stopped. Not that I expected anyone to come by and read it. But I wasn't doing it for anyone to come across. I was doing it for me. To keep my sanity, and maybe finally sit down and process what had become of my life these past few months. For better or for worse...

## **Day 2**

Really weird waking up in here. Not outside for once. Not under the stink of garbage or waste. Not with the moaning or shuffling. In a bed, a little dust but not too dirty. Will be with all my sweat. Feels a little warm down here, but isn't that a marked improvement over what I've been dealing with? So what if I sweat through the sheets a little? At least I have them. Feels like forever since I've had a sleep like this.

Spent more time going through what was down here. Surprised I found the place at all, I can't get over that part. Should probably talk more about that. I guess if someone's reading this, they would have found it already, so it skipped my mind. The roof of the building it was sticking out of fell in. It was just sitting there, an obvious door that had to lead to something protected. I mean, it was pretty obvious to a person, but a zombie or mutant wouldn't notice it. Not that anyone could get in regardless. Not through several inches of steel and a submarine lock. There's air down here, thankfully, and some filtration system that's still working, thank fuck. But the door was securely locked as soon as I had figured out how to do it.

That's the weird part, I think. How this whole place seems empty, not too dirty, and strangest still, not too disturbed. Like the owner had to get out in a hurry. Or just decided to leave the place vacant. And no one else took residence here. Hell, I have to wonder why, if there was something wrong with it or the person had been killed. It looked to me like they'd just...left. Or never got the chance to use it. It's not really remote or anything, but who's to say where anyone was when it all went down? Either way, it's mine now, and it doesn't seem there's anything wrong with it as far as I can tell.

There's lots down here, amenities that I wouldn't have expected to see for ages. Clean water, for one. I could actually have a shower, albeit a cold one. Better than nothing, that's for sure. And I can shave, too, something that I figured I would have to live with. Toothbrushes, mouthwash...things that I used to take for granted. Not the first things I'd think to salvage from a grocery store, that's for sure. One of the things you learn after being on the run for months and all that.

Did a count of the food again. There's a lot here. All canned, none of it bad. This guy was clearly a doomsday prepper. I mean, hey, doomsday came, even if he didn't use it. There's not a lot of luxuries, no movies or anything. Must have been an older guy. Don't know what he was expecting to do down here forever. Maybe he didn't have time to get that stuff set up here? No use in speculation, I guess. Takes my mind off things, for now.

I can't help but think about my friends. The ones I had to leave. It didn't look good for them but there was nothing I could do. I wasn't beating myself up over that. That's just a fact of life outside. No, it was the fact that when the dust settled, one or more of them might have gotten away. And if they were out there...shouldn't I go and try to find them? There's no way they would know what direction I'd gone, let alone

All I really have to do is think about what I want to write. There's a ton of paper here, and the pens all work. Not that I'm going to write a novel or anything. But it feels good to write. It gives me a sense of purpose that I don't think I've had in a long time. At least I can get some stuff written down. Gets it off my mind, I suppose. Maybe I'll write some more about my past. I don't want to forget it. Not that I ever would, and not like it really matters. I doubt things will go back to the way they were. A new normal, I suppose. Not a normal I ever wanted, but it's nice to think about the better days, now that I have the time to. Even if it makes me sad. Fuck, no, Now's not the time. Maybe, eventually

For now, I'm going back to sleep. I've been really warm down here, and tired. Hope I'm not getting sick but if I caught the virus I would know, right? I haven't been bitten or anything. But a lot of the victims hadn't been bitten, at least so I'd heard before everything went to shit. I don't know what would cause it. Something in the air, the water. Hell, maybe something in the bunker. I guess if it happens, it happens. Nothing I can do about it. For now, all I can do is rest. And fuck, did I need the rest...

### **Day 3**

There hasn't been much to do these past couple of days. I've been sleeping a lot, to be fair. Fuck, I needed it. It's the first time I've gotten a good sleep in like forever, never really feeling

safe enough to do so before now. The last few months have been rough. Has it only been months? Fuck, the world went to shit so fast. Feels like everything before now was another life, and not one I think I'll ever be returning to.

I'm not alone down here. No, I don't mean humans, or zombies, or monsters. The squeaking of rats has been rather constant, and the food looked pretty much sealed, so there wasn't a risk of contamination. As much as I was worried about getting some disease, I found their presence almost comforting, in a way. Something from the old world, as animals had been rather sparse around cities and towns. I was glad I didn't have any pets, just another life to mourn that I likely wouldn't ever see again. And it was nice to hear something alive that wouldn't be trying to eat or bite me. Not that rats really meant much, they were likely always going to survive. But the company, as meager as it was, felt almost nice, I guess. Fuck, I was desperate.

Damn, there really isn't much to do down here, but wait, I suppose. Weird to be thinking about having something to pass the time after being on the run for so long. Would be nice in the upcoming winter months, and if I rationed well, I could stay down here for at least more than a year. It was hard to say how long I should, or if it would really matter if things got worse topside. At least there were some books and such down here. Quite a few, actually. Maybe I'll get caught up on my reading. Straining my eyes to do it though, the lights are not the best down here.

I'll also keep writing in this journal when I feel like it. Might be only a little, might be a fucking book. There's lots of paper, at least. It really is just for my own benefit, and there's no point in pretending otherwise. But if life was going to be like this...I'm not sure if there will be much to say. Too much left unsaid that might be better off that way...

### **Day Five**

Fuck.

I'm infected.

It's pretty obvious by now, as much as I wanted to wait and see what happened before writing about it. I'm not sure how it happened. Maybe it was the rats? Maybe I was damned to change the moment I sealed myself down here, the stale air pushing at whatever vector that was changing people in general. Doesn't fucking matter. I'm going to change, going to be one of those horny monsters. I'm in the endgame of my humanity and there is nothing I can do but count down the days.

I didn't want to say anything in the journal until I was sure. I was a little sick the night before, stuffy nose, overheated, that sort of thing. Like my body was trying to fight off

something. I'm still a little stiff and sore but it's not from any infection I've gotten before, clearly. And it's only going to get worse from here. Honestly, I'm surprised the changes started as soon as they did after I first noticed, but with how stressful it's been being in survival mode, it's hard to say when I started feeling sick. The body's way to fight off something that doesn't belong. Yet, in the end, it will fail, and the changes will take hold.

For now, it's a persistent itching, something I had been playing off the last couple of days. But with the sparse patches of hair covering the skin in some spots, it was obviously the start of a fur coat. Changes seemed to happen that way for others as best as I knew. Superficial alterations like skin and hair and nails and shit. But no one told me how damn maddening the itching was! It was all over, too, as though the hairs were starting to get ready to push from my follicles, even in the spots I couldn't yet feel them. I was going to be fucking covered, soon, there's no denying it.

And I can't even scratch it, not as badly as I wanted to, anyway. My nails are starting to get longer, pointy at the tips as though I'd gone more than a month without clipping them. Hell, I'd considered looking around for a clipper but it wasn't on the guy's end of the world prep list, apparently. Not that they were too bad yet but I didn't want to risk nicking the skin or anything like that. Hell, it would probably heal, but it was all a moot point given how much hair I was likely to grow. I didn't want to rip up my shirt either, wanting to keep it on as long as possible. For nostalgia's sake, I guess. It wasn't really cold down here. And I would at least have to take off my socks at some point, regardless. Long clawed toenails were going to make wearing them impossible soon enough. I really didn't want to go barefoot on the dirty bunker floor, especially with all the rats around. But there wasn't much point in worrying about that, not with bigger fish to fry, as the saying goes.

Another thing I hadn't been expecting was the hunger. Damn, I was starving, having gone through several cans in the span of a few hours and it still wasn't enough. So much for rationing out of supply. Not that I needed to stay here after the change. The zombies didn't go after the mutants, and vice versa. Not sure why. Still, didn't want to risk it until...well. I would be human for a while and I didn't want to risk it. Besides, maybe exposure to the air would make it worse. I don't know. Fuck, there's so much I don't know. I can stay down here for now at least. Make the best of things and all that. There's plenty of food even with how much I've been eating today. But after that...I don't know what I'm going to do. Hell, I don't know how much of me will be left to make any decisions at all.

There is a part of me that's afraid, sure. Why bother lying at this point? I don't want to be a mutant, as much as I don't want to die and become a zombie. Didn't think it would end this way. But in some ways, it's almost a relief. I spent the better part of the last few months wondering what was going to happen to me, wondering what my future might be. And now, I know for certain. I didn't want it, but I feel...oddly resigned to it. I don't know how long it will

take. But I'll try my best to document it, for as long as I can. Maybe to help remind me I'm human. Or, at least give someone else hope someday.

## **Day 7**

The itching is getting worse, which is no surprise. I don't really want to take off my clothes and look if I can avoid it. I was expecting that, but I didn't think I'd be so sore all day from having done nothing. My muscles ache so bad it's hard to move. It really is like a bad flu my body's trying to reject. But I've never known anyone to reject the mutations, and the fact they are steadily taking over is all the sign I need that I, too, will eventually succumb.

Not a lot to do, of course. I put my reading plans to the side. Too itchy to concentrate, and besides, I was having a hard time focusing my eyes. It was easier with the lights out like my eyes were more sensitive or something. A little annoying not to be able to tell day and night, but the persistent soreness kept me in bed most of the time. Not that I want to spend the rest of my few remaining days sleeping, but I would be comfortable, at least. And having the lights off wasn't too bad, as I was soon to find. Not that I could read or anything but it was easier to make out the outlines of the shelves and stuff down here. Maybe it was because my night vision was better now? I couldn't really say. Things weren't all bad, I supposed, not having to strain my eyes in the dark. But hardly worth it, knowing what the end goal would be.

If I'm being honest with myself, I'm terrified about what's happening to me. I do my best not to think about it, taking things one day at a time as much as I can. Didn't help that I had too much time to think. Either remembering what life was like pre-cataclysm, or the friends I'd lost on the run, or what my future would be as a mutant freak. Take your pick on which was worse. It would take a lifetime to process all that trauma and the truth was I didn't have that much longer. And I didn't have a lifetime to think about it.

The changes are still coming whether I want them to or not. Still need to eat a ton. Fucking ravenous would be a better way to put it. But even some of the canned foods I would have put off until necessary tasted better to me, as though my taste buds had altered somewhat. Hell, maybe I was just desperate for anything to quell this gnawing hunger. It didn't really matter, in the end. I might be able to slow the changes down if I didn't eat so much but...I was just so damned hungry. And they were coming for me whether I tried to resist or not.

My nails are quite a bit longer, too, though not enough they could replace a knife. Trimming them was pointless, and they were getting thicker, too. Almost as thick as the fingers. Not exactly deadly, but far from human, either. Claws on my toes were starting to irritate my socks and shoes as well, as much as I didn't want to take them off. I wouldn't have a choice soon,

and I doubted my new body would need clothes anyway. Still, I was determined to keep them on for as long as I could, not wanting to let go just yet while I still had a choice in the matter.

Too much time on my hands to think left me wondering about the end goal of the process. I have no idea what I was turning into, save it was likely a mammal, given all the extra body hair. Hell, maybe I was turning into a rat like all the ones I could hear scurrying down here. I don't know if that's a good or a bad thing, honestly. I'd rather not be changing at all, and I don't really have a preference for what. But it's something to take my mind off things, at least. For whatever that means to the thing I'm becoming.

Right now, my biggest regret, oddly enough, is that I don't have a mirror down here. It's weird, I know. Whoever made this bunker would have to shave some time, right? There's nothing here that I could remotely use. I was a little sad about that, not that I'd be doing any shaving myself, mind. It wasn't that. Rather, I want to be able to see myself one more time before the changes take me. With my eyesight as it is, I likely already look totally different. And I likely wouldn't remember my human self anyway, not when the changes took over my mind. But still, it would be nice to see myself, to remember...just in case...

## **Day 10**

Woke up to a fun surprise today. No thumbs. Well, at least not usable ones. I can still write but it looks more like my five-year-old self. Takes longer, too. Not that I don't have all the time in the world. It's a bit of a challenge, but I'm able to make it work. I can read my own writing, at least. Don't know if anyone else can. I guess I'll never know.

I didn't exactly lose my thumbs, not entirely. The bone and muscle shifted during the night, pulling them back on my wrists. Honestly, they look more like my big toes than how my thumbs used to work. And they haven't shrunk any further, at least, not yet. Hard to say where they'll end up. But I can force a pen in there and hold it somewhat, even if the muscles are weaker. It's better than nothing. One thing that surprised though is that, while the bones have clearly shifted in my hands, it wasn't painful. At least not enough to wake me up when it happened. I guess I should be thankful for that, all things considered. Small favors and all that. Not sure why such drastic changes wouldn't be painful, and they might be down the line. But for now, it's hopeful.

I still can't tell what I'm turning into, of course. And that's assuming the changes make one into a partial facsimile of one animal species. There could be multiple factors in the mix, like a weird hybrid mix of things. I guess it doesn't matter, in the end. Part of me wants to know, I think, just to have closure on that front. But whatever it is, it won't be human, and become less so as each day. Definitely something furry, that's for sure. I can feel the hair getting patchy over my



chest, where my treasure trail used to be. It's soft, at least. Kind of nice if it wasn't growing on me. Thicker around the center but still sparse over my sides. It's down my thighs as well, and a bit over my upper arms too. Not really my face, not yet anyway. The hair is still human there. I checked. Doesn't really help when I know

One other benefit is that my hands are still able to grab my...well, you know. Maybe you don't, but it's a part of the change that's been pretty well spread by word of mouth. The changes make you super horny. Like, crazy levels of need. A lot of the mutants end up attacking their victims to start the change and fuck them the rest of the way. It's not pretty and I can't imagine doing that myself. Not that I'd have any choice, but still. I need to get off, and I need it a lot. I know that's not the kind of thing people want to read. Or maybe it is, I shouldn't judge. But it's become such a part of my routine that...I guess why not talk about it? You can skip this part if you need to, but I need to write about it if only to put things into perspective.

It's...well. It's been about five times today so far with no signs of stopping. I haven't had a sex drive like this since, well, forever. Masturbation was a luxury I hadn't had in months, but now...It's a wonder I can even pause enough to write this, and I'm sure I'll have to rub one out when it's over. I don't know what the hell is making me horny, I just...am. I don't need to think about anything in particular, and I cum pretty quickly, too. But no matter how much I cum, it doesn't seem to ease the ache. If anything, I get even more needy with each release. At least my cock isn't getting chaffed or anything, that would be too much. But even in the dark, it seemed a little redder, like the change is seeping into it as well. It probably will soon enough.

## **Updated**

I didn't want to make another journal about this, since it's only been a day but...my face, man. It's been bugging me to the point I can't sleep. I've been touching it as much as I can, though the bottoms of my hands are a little more coarse than I'm used to. At least they can still feel. And it's obvious that my face is larger than what I was to. Hell, there's even a spot under my eyes that's a little blurry, like my jaw is a little longer enough to invade my line of sight. Makes sense. Almost every mutant I've seen has one sort of muzzle or another.

Even down here in the dark, I feel oddly comfortable. It's like I don't even want to go outside, even if it is safe. Part of me wants to, maybe slow the changes with fresh air or see the world one last time through human eyes. But the more I think about it...it's just not something I'm interested in. I like it down here, with the dark and the rats. Fuck, wouldn't that be ironic if I ended up part rat? It's as likely as any other change, really. At least the claustrophobia is gone, but it's a minor thing. The notion I might like living in a place like this is...sad. I miss the air. The sky. Back when it was safe to sit outside and enjoy it...

## Day 13

I have a fucking tail.

It's not a long one, short and stubby and sticking out of my spine. It pokes out just above my underwear when I go to put on clothes. At least it's not making me stop wearing them, but that's a moot point. I can still feel the damn thing there, and I can't sleep with it unless I do it on my side. It's not fun, and I haven't been able to sleep at all. That, and the urge to jerk off being so strong...

I still can't believe I have a fucking tail. I can't move it, but I figure I'll be able to soon enough. It's long and thin, but it's likely in the early stages. I can feel the damn weight of it behind me and I hate it. Claws and a stretched jaw and fur I can handle. Well, not really. But a tail...I've already fallen so far and I have so much further to fall. And it only serves to remind me of that. However, by the time I've fully changed, I won't likely think there is anything wrong with having one. Fuck. That's wild to think about. There's every chance nothing would persist in my mind by the end of it, and surely, that would mean my form would feel natural, right?

It's not only the size of the thing that's pissing me off. It's the fact I can't lay on my back or even on the end of the bed to masturbate that's got me annoyed. It's just so...in the way. I want to ignore it, just pretend it's not there. But it is, and I'll likely be wearing it for the rest of my life if there's no cure. There won't be, not for this level of mutation. Hell, it's a wonder a virus could mutate someone at all, let alone to this degree. I'm not a doctor or anything. Hell, I barely passed high school biology. And there wasn't much time for the news to really inform us of anything before it all went to hell.

I'm getting a little too contemplative lately. Too much time on my hands, er, paws rather. Not really a good thing, not when my last moments of humanity are left wondering what life will be beyond it. And, to be honest, thinking thoughts of doom and gloom were better than the alternative. Those are human thoughts, after all, not like the ones of the animal that will be setting in. I started noticing them yesterday, and I'm a little scared when the implications set in. Hell, the urges seemed so natural it took me some time to realize I was even thinking of them at all. It started as a nervousness like I was in a place I shouldn't belong. Weird since I'd been so comfortable down here before now. But rather it was a sensation of...not being in my own skin? Normal for someone in the midst of mutation, right? Not quite. It almost seemed like whatever was happening to me was making me right in a way that made no sense. But there was no denying how it made me feel, no matter how much it scared me. Fuck, I don't want to be a fucking animal!!! Why the fuck did this have to happen to me?!?! Sorry. Sorry. There's no point in ranting. Will make it faster if I give in. Sorry. At least I can still write things down. At least there's that. For now.

That wasn't all. There's a desire to explore, to dig, to burrow...there's nowhere for me to go, of course. But part of me wants to at least try. There wouldn't be anything bigger than what a rat could fit through, for sure. Speaking of, the scurrying of rats had long since gone. They must have been afraid of the way I smelled or something. Hell, if I could smell that good, I'd be scared of me, too.

I can smell better than I used to though. Maybe not as much as an animal could, I didn't think. Hard to tell though. There was a vague odor I hadn't been aware of the first few days that hung over the bunker. I couldn't quite place it and it bothered me for a while before I figured it might have belonged to the previous owner of this place. I couldn't say for sure. And I couldn't tell anything else about them. I had so many questions and too much time to think of more. Who were they? Some sort of doom prepper? Did they have it for some vague fear that never came true in the face of a real nightmare? Or did they end up like me, a rat monster that needed to go out into the world to do...what? I couldn't tell, and it didn't matter, in the end.

It was soon pretty obvious why my sense of smell seemed better. As slow as it had been happening, it hadn't been something I'd considered, I hadn't even realized my face had been pushing out somewhat. The aches and pains in my jaw are pretty persistent at this point, so it's not a surprise. It was the realization I could see the edges of it out of the corners of my eyes that really did it. Weird as fuck to get used to, barely ever seeing your nose to having it sticking out in front of you. Don't think I'll ever really get used to it. Still doesn't feel right, and with everything else in my mind, that's a plus.

Rubbing my face led me to discover what I assumed would be my whiskers as well. I was already pretty hairy, having never shaved or anything in forever, though the hair around my beard was still human. But these things are wild. Thick, and stiff, and they made me sneeze when I touched them. And they were so damn sensitive too. Short for now, but I could get why some animals used them to such effect. Some animals like I would soon be...

The worst part is, that I'm not even done experiencing the newest changes. Moving my mouth, feeling how wide it is made my ears twitch, too. I hadn't even realized they'd changed. I'd been warm for a while and it's affected different parts of me at different times, too. A lot of it happens in my sleep and I've been sleeping a lot, too. So I took to rubbing my ears, trying to figure out what's different about them. They're...bigger. A fair bit bigger, too. How did I not notice? They don't really feel heavier or anything. I mean, now that I've touched them enough, it's obvious. And when I twitch my face, I can feel them move, too, like the muscles underneath have expanded. It's not a lot but I figure that will change in a few days. It's really weird to think about what they will become, and playing with them is a nice distraction, all things considered.

It's the shape of them that has me worried, though. Rounded edges, a little curved in on each other. Not too hairy yet but it was pretty obvious what was going to happen with them. Rodent ears. Like that rats, I was listening to down here. Like I'm going to be. A rat mutant. Fuck...I don't want to be a rat...

I'm going to take a break for now. I've lost my objectivity at this point. I don't want to sound all doom and gloom over something I can't even control. And maybe when I've had some more time to process all this I can come to a better understanding of what's going on. I want to try to continue documenting the changes, too, for as long as I can. I don't know why it matters, but it couldn't, even if I don't get anything from it. Might not be much longer, but it is what is it...

### **Day 17.**

It's getting worse. Faster, too.

I've definitely got a rodent's muzzle. Even my coarse hands can tell that much. Though I can see the damn thing in front of my nose, too now, so it's pretty obvious. It feels so weird to touch, like far too warm, except I'm not really feeling sick anymore. And I still have somewhat human teeth, as fucked up as that is. I must be quite the sight from the other side. Almost makes me kind of glad I can't see myself. Except for the muzzle in front of my face, which is going to be my view for the rest of my life.

I finally decided to give in and stop wearing clothes. What's the point, anyway? They're way too damn itchy. And it's way too warm down here for them, besides. Do rats run hotter than humans? They must. Although I'm not sweating anymore, which is a thing. Panting gets rid of most of it, though I'm still sweating through my hands and feet. It's weird, but the changes aren't heating me up like they used to, as though my body had adapted to the changes. I no longer resist them but recognize them as a part of me. Something my mind was starting to do, too.

At least getting my clothes off wasn't too hard, even with my tail in the way. Was a little hard to get them off with my thumbs as they were, and not cutting them up with my claws was trying, too. I don't know why I cared about them. It was like some last part of my humanity that I wanted intact, for whatever reason. It wasn't like I was ever going to wear them again, that's for sure. And with all the hair over my body, they would never be comfortable again. Especially my socks and shoes, though I'd given them up a few days ago. My feet have the same callouses as my hands, and the dirty floor doesn't really bother me much. Couldn't wear them with claws, anyway. And my toes are starting to feel weird as well, not fully changed but not human anymore. I don't want to look. It's not going to matter soon, anyway.

At least the irritation of hair against my clothes is gone, though it's still pretty itchy. My skin feels weird, more pink and maybe thinner than I was used to. But that's only the spots I can feel. It's mostly covered with fur at this point, a dirty brown as best as I can tell. Down my chest and back, over my hips and thighs, down my legs and arms. Even my former beard and sideburns feel more like rat fur. My human hair is mostly the same, though dirty from weeks without washing. It will change soon enough, I figure. And I hate touching it. Makes my ears twitch when I do and it bothers me.

I smell like a rat now. Kind of like the ones I used to hear scurrying around down here. Actually, the ones I can smell again. I smell like them. Like rat. Stinky fur. Musk and cum and rat sweat. I can smell them, so many. I must smell enough like them so I don't scare them anymore. They come into the main room with me now, often. They don't bite or attack me. They seem to respect my size. I feed them sometimes, too. I have lots of food. Part of me feels comfortable around them. It's not so lonely when they are here. I don't feel a connection with them, not like that. They aren't the same as me. But it's natural to have them around. There's so many of us, after all. So many of...them. I'm not one of them. I'm a freak, a mutant. I'm something else. There's no one else like me. Even if part of me wishes there was. I don't want to be alone like this forever. If there was maybe some way...

Being naked feels fine. It's not just the extra fur, either. It's not cold down here, I run hot enough so it wouldn't bother me if I did. But clothing felt so...off. So restricted. Naked is better. Yes, naked...not needing to pull my pants off to cum...and my balls are starting to get heavier, too. Leaking all the time. The smell isn't bad, of dirty underwear and musk. It was getting uncomfortable all the time with fluids soaking them. And my balls were straining against my underwear, to the point if they got any bigger they would be crushed. And they are going to get bigger...

Fuck, I didn't know how big rat balls were. I miss Google. You could just look up things. Not that I wanted to look up the relative size of rat balls. They are way bigger in relation to my body that I ever could have expected. How big they are going to get? How full of seed? And how often will they need to be expelled...

My massive balls are the most annoying change, in some ways with how sensitive they are. I have to lie down most of the time, careful not to crush them or my tail. Fuck, I would resent it if I didn't need them...if they didn't help me cum so much...I can feel them hanging down when I stand up. I have to walk bowlegged so I don't crush them. And that was when walking was still comfortable. I think my posture has shifted a little, though I hope it's not done changing. When I got up this morning I could already tell how much my spine was starting to shift. Back is hunched over, and I can't force myself to stand straight no matter how much I try. It's really uncomfortable but I don't have the autonomy to move much, even if I had somewhere

to go. I certainly can't run like this. I think I'm at the midpoint of the change, more or less. There's bound to be a lot of shifting to get used to. Hybrid parts that aren't meant to line up in the way we think they should. It's a hard stage to get used to. Though I won't have to experience it for very long.

I think the worst part is that it doesn't hurt anymore. My bones, my muscles, all of it was sore for days, and I was beginning to think it would really start to hurt as the changes took hold over me. But now...it's like the changes are part of me, making me whole again when before it was like a virus. I don't know how I feel about that, honestly. I don't want the changes to hurt but...I don't want to think I'm really supposed to be a rat...even if my mind was starting to tell me otherwise.

I can't believe how horny I still am, though with balls the size of the ones I have, I guess it's no surprise. I'm jerking off at least six or seven times a day, and it's not enough. At least when I do I'm able to sleep for a while, but it's not a lot. And the more I cum, the more my lust seems to grow. I'm just so horny...I can't stop. In just a few minutes I'm ready to go again. There's so much cum. I don't even bother to clean it up anymore. It's all over my hand and my fur, but I've been tempted to lick it to clean myself. It was gross at first but the urges were too strong. The taste was...is...not bad. Tastes like rat. Like me. It's good, actually. And it feels so good to groom my fur like a rat. So clean, so slick. It's nice. Not gross anymore like I worried it would be. And I'm OK with it.

I hadn't realized how much my groin had changed, even with all the time I'd been masturbating. My cock doesn't get chafed at least. It's longer, and pink, too. The skin's so sensitive. I love rubbing it even when I'm not horny. It has a little point at the tip, now, too, and it leaks quite a bit of pre cum. I love tasting it. As far as I can tell, there's something like another bone inside my cock, one I can't feel when I'm flaccid. Not that it's the case much these days, but the bone within certainly helps keep me hard and gets me off. It feels amazing, and I'm glad it's there, for whatever it means for changes going forward. It's also weird to have my cock in a sheath of sorts, one that pulled down from my foreskin. It hangs a little heavy from my groin, but it fits my cock, bone and all when I'm not using it. And that's only when I'm asleep these days...

I've been conflicted lately. Not just about my thoughts on the change, with as much as my mind was trying to rationalize them. I want to go out, outside, into the cool air. It's hard to control. Down here is safe, smells like rat, like me. And there's plenty of food here too, so why would I bother? I have my hoard here, it's all mine, my stash. It's strange to think of it that way but it's all mine and that gives me comfort. But I need...want...I'm lonely. I think that's the reason but it's deeper than that. I'm not really sure why, to be honest, I can't put it into human terms. There's something I'm missing, and it's not down here. Is it outside? I don't know, but there's a part of me that needs to find out.

It's so hard to concentrate to even write anymore. It's why I wanted to get all this down today. I don't know how much longer I'll even care. Not that I don't care, it's just the other stuff seems to matter more. I get so hungry I'm ravenous till I eat. So horny till I've covered my fur in cum. I'm afraid of the changes, of losing myself to them. But it's harder to focus on that fear with all the nervous energy I have. I feel it might be a rat thing, even though I'm safe down here. Something might always come for me, after all.

The worst part, I think, is that even when I'm able to focus again, it doesn't feel right in the same way. Like when I'm focused on rat stuff...that's normal for me. And that's scary. I mean, there's something to be said about my mind fading more easily. Getting into it like I've never been missing anything. And that's terrifying. At least I hope the eventual transition will be smooth...

## **Day 20**

Fuck, it's been hard to write lately. Can't really focus on it. I go to write it and...

Got distracted again. Trying to fight the instincts is...well, it's not hard. It just...doesn't happen. I have urges and I just...act. It was not until later that I realize what I'd been doing. I've been trying to get out, that's one thing that doesn't stop. The rat...I...want to go outside. Not sure why. This place stinks of me. My cum, my sweat. My scent is everywhere in my nest. My...nest. Yes. That's it. My nest. For me and my...mate...mate...need to mate...

I don't have a mate. I've never had a mate, not like that. But I want a mate. I want to mate...fuck I'm horny...need to...needneedneed.

Ok, I'm done. Took two times but I'm done. My rat balls so big. So full. So needy. Only thing I can do is to get relief. I can't stop touching myself. Need it so bad. Stinks of my cum and I like it. I lick it off and clean myself. It's nice. But it's not enough. I need more...need more stink. I can't cum enough to...what?

I have tail now. Like a real rat's tail. Long and heavy behind me. It's naked and the skin feels weird to touch but it feels good to try. I can even twitch it now, make it move. It's fun. I love rubbing and touching it. Feels so good to play with its naked skin. Makes my horny, too. Everything makes me horny. So horny...fuck...need...need...something...not enough...more...

Fuck. Hard to think. To focus. Mind is all blurry. Why...why is this so important? It was...it is...sorry. Doing...my best. Hard to think...rat is so strong...becoming stronger...it...I...hard to find a use for this...

Feet have changed. That's new. Different since last time. Rat feet now. No hair. Don't need hair, right? Makes sense if they don't have any. Nice and comfortable...easy to walk now...on rat feet...love my rat feet...of it means...it means...

Harder to find fault with the changes. Have to focus on why. Takes a while to remember. There was a reason.... before. I wasn't always like this...but why? Should I have been something else? Was that better? Does it matter now? I am what I am...I'm still changing...can't stop it, after all. Then it should be OK...if it's going to happen...then it's still me...rat me...ha.

Don't need a bed anymore. I used to use a bed. Weird. Felt strange to be covered with blankets. Tore them up. Claws are good for that! Makes more sense to be on the ground for sleep. Lots of soft things...feels good to lay on...so many soft things here...comfortable...smells like me. Smells a lot more like me with all my cum...need to cum so much...feels so good...like cumming...but...it's not enough. I want something else...something more. I don't know what it is. I don't know but it's always on my mind. Needneedneed...fuck!

Fuck. Yes, fuck. Not just fuck though. Want to explore, crawl, and...it's too small down here. The other rats are smaller. They can go out. They can go anywhere. I want to go out. Go and come back. My nest! Mine! But there's something out there I need. At least the zombies won't bother me. I don't care about them. There's something else I need out there. And it would be better for me to go look for it...

Yeah, that's right. It's safe for me out there. I'm scared but...it's worth it. I don't need to stay here all the time. Not if I want to hunt...to hunt...to...infect? Who? With what?

Yes, hunt. That would be good. Hunt and infect and find and...fuck? Nonononono! I can't want that, I don't want that. Not like this! I never wanted this! And I don't want it for my friends, either! I can't infect my friends...my...friends...my...mates...fuck...FUCK!!!

Can't stop thinking. Want to focus. To get it all down. But why? So horny...horny...horny!

Two more times. So much cum. Stinks of rat. I love it. Want more rats. Even better to...to...nonononono.

But...why not? Why not when they would feel like this, too...

**Day 23**



Harder to think...harder to write...took everything I had to...get this down...what's the point? Why? Why not?

Have to write. Have to...important...not sure why...doesn't matter...no mates here. No breed. No fuck. Just stroke stroke stroke...rat cum. Love the taste. Tastes good. Feels good to feel fur. Clean fur. Lovely fur. Glad I have...I always have fur. Right? Soft fur. I love it...so warm...I love keeping it nice and clean.

My teeth help me groom. I didn't have them before. I remember that. They are thicker now. Lost some teeth. Don't need them. More room for big teeth! They groom better. And chew. I like to chew. Feels good. Chewchewchew. I do that a lot. When I'm not touching myself. So horny...

Spine is so long now. Something missing...inside. Inside me? Some bone...not important...can reach cock now. Groom all over...reach everywhere...all over. Even tail. Like tail...so long. Longer now. Long rat tail. Feel it dragging on floor. Feel good. Makes me horny. Horny to be rat. Needneedneed...

I'm back. Hard to remember why. Why bother? Chewed the book a little. Stopped. There's something...important in it? Doesn't make any sense. It's not food. And the paper could be used for nest...warm nest...soft nest...stinks of me, of rat...

Book is important. Don't know why. It was so long ago before I was...rat? Wasn't I always rat? I'm rat now! Happy...except...

Claws...hard to write. So long now. Longer? Too long to write. Easier to scratch. Itchy itchy skin. Dry down here. Don't want to be down here. It's nest but there's something out there...something I want...what is it? Don't know. Can't think. So hard to think. Easier to scratch. And chew. And jerk off. Likes my cum. Smells like rat.

Toilet...I used to use it...waste of time. Need time to chew and scratch. Smells like me anyway. I'm healthy. Don't mind smell. Rat smells. Easier to let it go when I need. Doesn't matter. Can't remember why I used it before...Don't need it now. Like rat. Like...have I always been rat? So hard to think...easier to chew...

Lots of food. Eat lots. Not good though. Doesn't taste good. Want fresh food. Miss fresh food. Want to...hunt? Hunt. Yes, hunt outside. Hunt and find...fuck? Yes, fuck...

Can't want...don't know who or why...hard to think...very horny...need...fuck. Want to...fuck. Is that it? What I need? Makes sense. But who? What? My friends...friends...would

they? They would. Feels good, right? Make them feel good, too. They would feel good. I would feel good. Feel good...horny...so good...

Fuck...OK...cum. So much cum. Smells like rat. Can think. Not so bad...like being rat. Was always rat? Good to be rat. Smells good. Not so bad...why did I think it was bad? Rat good. Rat better. Can't remember why...hard to think. Thinking hard...easier to chew. Like chewing. Want bigger teeth. Getting bigger. Happy.

Like nest. Want to leave though. Why...would miss my den. Could come back to den...smells like rat...lots of food here, nest. Missing something. Missing...friends? Friends not here. Want them to...mate? Yes, mate. Mate feel good. Want mate. More rats. Lots of room here for lots of rats. Mate and cum. Make it smell like rats. Would that be so bad? Feels good to be rat...make friends feel good, too. Make them rats...

So horny thinking of more rats. Cock so long now...feels so good. Can taste it. Tongue feels good on cock. Yes. Tastes good. Thought taste would be bad. Gross. Why? Tastes good. Cum tastes good...get it all over my muzzle and fur...clean it off...then suck again. Like taste. Want to taste more. More rats...different tastes. Want to taste many rats. Make many more rats. Friends would be good rats. Good mates...good...where are friends? Find them? Make them rats? How? Bite? Bite and chew? No, only bite. Bite and make rats. Make many rats. Many mates. Rats good. Would smell good. Lots of room in nest.

No...stay here...can't want friends to be rats...make others rats? Other mates? No. Miss friends. Make friends rats. Be together. Make them smell like rat. Make them mates. Wouldn't be so bad. Lots of rats. Mates. Matematematemate...

No. Can't...why not? Just can't. Have to resist...resist more rats...more mates...why? Rats good. Many rats...many mates...taste good. Cum tastes good...taste cum...mate...

### **Day...what? What day? Not important**

Teeth bigger. Heavy. So large. Face longer too. Fits teeth. Easier to...chew. Chewchewchew...like to chew. Want to chew book. Not write...chew...can't chew book. Did a little. Why not? Doesn't make sense...Like chew.

Important. Like outside. Outside important. Something there...something...safe here. Like nest. Need something...outside...needneedneed...bring back to nest...happy.

On all fours...scurry and hide...feels right. Didn't I always...? Makes sense. Like to scurry. Want more space to crawl. Like outside...

Heard something outside. Hearing good. Not zombie? Zombie? Weird word. Not dead thing. Hear dead things sometimes. Don't care about dead things. Want mates. Living mates. Make into rats...make mates...want more rats...

What if they don't want to be rat? I didn't want to be...why? Rat good. Good to be rat. Happy. Smells so good. Cock so hard. Horny. Cum tastes good. Suck cock. Good.

Better like this...better to be rat...can smell everything...so many things smell good...rat things smell good...not like dead things. Dead things smell bad. Safe from dead things. They don't hunt rats. They hunt...friends? Did they hunt friends? Not if friends were rats. Mates..make mates...good

Matematematemate

Horny...want mates...many mates...mate many times...sleep in pile...safe in den.

Want mates. Many mates. Mates outside? Find mates. Make rats. Want to...can't...why...rat is good...

### **Date Unknown**

Day? Important? No. What day? Not mate day. Not rat. Not fuck...fuck...need mate...need need need cum

\*Page stained with cum\*

Need rat...need breed...mates...friends...want them...make mates...make rats...somewhere...better this way...

Need breed. Make many rats...all rats...breed all rats...cum...happy...

Outside...friends...make them mates...make rats...breed...breedbreesbreesbreed until rat...many rats...better....

Make den...breed...make rats...safe...many...many mates...outside...not here...no mates here...

...Bye...