The Coming

Rain was pouring overhead as you trudged through the thick, overgrown forest. You hauled a backpack behind you filled to the brim with a mixture of camera equipment and archaeology tools.

See, you had a very special reason for coming out here tonight. You ran a YouTube channel that was famous for exploring interesting-seeming abandoned places, especially those that would have some history to it.

Today was no different. You’d been informed about a very old and worn-down building that was situated in the heart of these woods. Supposedly it resembled a church of some kind, but that was all you knew, as your informant never actually went inside. You were going to make sure to give them a cut of this video’s ad revenue for their discovery though.

You figured now was a good time as any to start filming. According to your GPS, you were closing in on the coordinates where the church was supposed to be located.

You cleared your throat and then started talking into your phone’s camera.

“What’s going on guys, we’re back again for another exploration! Currently recording this on my phone because I’m too impatient to wait ‘till I get there and pull all my camera stuff out. So anyway, my boy Nathan found this place-“

You monologued for a while as you walked, giving the future viewers some background information on how this place was found, and some basic descriptions of it…and then finally…

“-And thank you NordVPN for sponsoring this- Woah.” You were stopped in your tracks as you finally got a view of the temple. It was a massive building, about 2 or three stories tall, it seemed. It was made of blood-red wood and its arched door seemed to be accented with gold bricks, and along with that there were two tall towers flanking the main part of the building.

“Oh shi-“ In your reverie, you’d forgotten to angle the camera towards the temple, so you quickly rectified that.

“Dang, it’s even cooler than I thought it’d be.’ You remarked, continuing to marvel at the architecture as you walked around the building to get shots from every side. “The group that practiced at this temple must’ve been pretty rich if they can have a temple like this.” It impressed you how good the outside still looked, given this temple looked like it’d been here for centuries now.

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“Remember guys, I know I always say this, but it’s important to respect these buildings. Take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints, and if possible, always make sure to have proper clearance before you explore.” You explained as you placed your hand on the door and prepared to go in. But before you did, you looked back into the camera lens one more time.

“And don’t forget to like, comment, subscribe, and hit that notification bell.” And then you finally went inside.

Judging by the stage at the end with a podium on it, you supposed you’d entered into a worship room. It was eerily empty, there weren’t even any pews or statue remnants to speak of.

“Creepy as hell in here…eheh…” You murmured as you approached the stage.

As you held the camera all around to get every bit of the room on film…you couldn’t help but have this odd feeling inside. The feeling that someone or something was expecting you. You tried to shake it off, though. You needed to appease the YouTube algorithm and you couldn’t afford to dwell on any old paranoia you had…

You soon stepped up onto the stage and briefly looked up at a stained-glass window in the wall. It was as red as anything else in here, except for a bizarre object depicted in the center of it. It looked to be a crown of some sorts, one with an eye in the middle of it.

“Maybe that was like their…holy symbol?” You wondered aloud, unaware that you would soon be getting the answer to your question.

You turned around to face the podium, and that’s when you noticed a black, unmarked box sitting atop it. You slowly approached it and gave it a quick once-over, and once you deduced that there were likely no bugs or any potentially dangers critters hiding in there, you opened it.

And your eyes widened upon seeing the object depicted in the window laying in the box *and staring at you with a large, crimson eye.*

You wanted to yelp in fear and back away as fast as possible, but you couldn’t. Your feet were rooted to the ground.

“Y…You all are seeing this, right? I swear to God I’m not editing this…”

You locked eyes with the crown for what felt like hours, your entire body was cold and you felt like your head was stuffed full of wool.

The more you stared into the eye of the crown…the more you felt drawn to it. You always made a point to not touch any old artifacts that one might find in their travels, but you felt this overwhelming urge to pick up the crown. You knew something was incredibly wrong, but any rational thought in your head was being repressed by the urge to ***put the crown on.***

You clenched your teeth and set the camera down before picking up the crown. You were wearing considerably thick gloves, but you could feel a very prominent warmth emanating from the object. The coldness that once permeated your being now faded away in favor of an uncomfortable warmth…and you started to sweat as you found yourself still unable to pry your eyes off the crown.

*“Go on, then. Don me.”* A voice suddenly said, audible only to you. You should’ve stumbled back, screamed in terror, dropped the crown, and ran out of here…but you didn’t.

“Wh-What…?” You mumbled.

*“You are the new bearer of me, The Red Crown.”* The voice responded.

“Wh…Why me?”

*“You were the one courageous enough to set foot in here. Your body is an almost perfect conduit to my power. Don me, and infinite might shall be yours.”*

Your rational mind kicked back in at that moment, and you made to throw the crown away right into a wall, but right at the wind-up to your throw…a feeling overwhelmed you. A wonderful feeling, an intoxicating feeling, an addicting feeling. A feeling of power. It felt absolutely wonderful…and it quickly eliminated any rational part of you as you found yourself wanting MORE.

You held the crown back up to your eyes.

“…So all I have to do is put you on?”

You didn’t receive an answer from the crown…but you figured it was an obvious answer anyway.

You smiled as you slowly lowered the crown towards your head…and finally set it down.

*“Good…”* It began. *“Now…let us alter you. Such a body does not befit one of your future caliber.”*

You stood straight up as your eyes turned a bright, hypnotic red. Under any circumstances this would’ve been horrifying, you would’ve protested, but you could feel that wonderful feeling of power running through your every blood vessel…you could only stand still and wonder in excitement on how you were about to change…

You began to lightly twitch as a prickling sensation bubbled throughout your skin. You looked down to your arms to see thin, grey fur starting to sprout. A wicked smile spread across your face as you felt fur grow there as well.

“Hrrrgh-! Yes- Yes this feels amazing-!” You puffed out. Your knees buckled and you almost fell over. The transformation might’ve felt good, but goodness it was slowly starting to be overwhelming.

Your hair started to tingle next, and it soon started to grow and thicken, each strand melding into one another to form clumps of wool. The forming wool would also slowly shift into a snow-white color. You tried to raise your arm to feel it, but your other arm was so shaky and weak that you merely fell onto your stomach.

The wool wouldn’t merely stop at the top of your head, however, as it quickly started to sprout over your entire head (all except for your face). You were finally able to feel it at this point and chuckled. Nice and fluffy, perfectly befitting a cult leader such as you.

You groaned and sat back up as you felt your shirt start to tighten around you.

“Agh-! Urgh-!” You grunted through sharp breaths, for the sudden tightness was starting to restrict your breathing…thankfully though, it wouldn’t last much longer as your shirt burst open from the front, making a satisfying ***Frrrip!*** As it did so.

You breathed a sigh of relief and peeled the remains of the article off, then smiled as you saw the reason for the shirt’s untimely demise: Wool had grown all around your torso. Thick and fluffy just like the coat on your head. You squished a clump of it in your hands, and even through your gloves you could feel how luxurious it was.

Speaking of your gloves, they wouldn’t be lasting much longer, for you could feel your hands changing next. Underneath the gloves, your fingernails began to harden and turn a deep-black. Following that, the keratin started to spread and coat your fingers, the tips of which were sharpening exponentially, quickly tearing their way out of the tips of your gloves.

Then, in barely a few seconds, you took your newfound claws and tore your gloves apart. You exhaled in satisfaction as you flexed your now-visible claws.

It wasn’t done yet, though, as on each hand, your four fingers fused into two, and your thumbs grew larger to be proportional.

“…Hmm…” You flexed your newly reconstructed fingers. They felt heavy and tough, yet graceful in a way as well. “…They almost look like hooves now- HRRRGH-!”

Speak of the devil…

A sudden ache shot through your feet and you stretched your legs out and looked in confusion towards your boots, which were almost seeming to bulge?

While you couldn’t see it, your feet had started to change. Black keratin just like the coat on your hands had started to spread from your toes as well, causing them to meld into each other until you had two sharp, claw-like toes. From then, your feet had started to stretch and grow, fighting against their tight, leather prison.

Growling, you slowly hauled yourself to your feet, shocked to find that you could only stand on your toes. You tried to let your heels touch the ground, but your brain just wouldn’t allow it.

And then suddenly, a loud, echoing ***SNAP!*** sounded as your hooves burst out of the front of your boots. It wouldn’t take long for the boots to fall apart afterwards, and you breathed another sigh of relief as the tightness was gone.

Subsequently, your heels all but erased as your bone structure started to shift and curve. Your knees buckled once again as everything below them inverted. Your legs started to grow out with muscle as well to properly acclimate to the new structure as well. All of this tore away the fabric of your pants, leaving them as mere shorts.

There was no respite from the transformation though, it was still going, and when your lower spine started to ache, you figured you could predict what change was happening next…and when a short, fluffy tail burst out of the seat of your pants, you gave yourself a metaphorical pat on the back for your correct guess.

Right afterwards, your ears slowly stretched and grew, and as they did so you could feel your hearing improve dramatically. Every breath you took sounded much clearer, and you could even faintly hear your heart pumping. Every sound now was so clear and vivid in ways you never thought possible.

And while you were marveling at your magnified hearing, two large, sharp horns sprouted out of your head. They grew in as fast and quietly as one would unsheathe a dagger. Once you noticed them, you happily traced your hand along them for a moment before being interrupted by a tingle in your nose.

More aches pulsed through your face as the bone and muscle pushed and stretched. Your face rapidly grew into a long, caprine snout, along with your nose melding back into it, becoming two slits at the tip of your upper-jaw. While your nose physically may have been reduced quite a bit, your sense of smell drastically improved, just like your hearing. You could smell just about everything in a mile radius. Even the dust in the room smelt so vivid.

The final change would occur to your teeth. The ones that had always been there instantly grew needle-sharp, and any empty space in your now-lengthy gums were quickly filled with more sharp teeth.

With that, your new body was done. No longer a human, you were now a sheep…THE Sheep…*The Lamb.*

But before you could enjoy your new body, a sudden, extremely uncomfortable heat overtook your body.

“Urgh-! Ngh-! Baaa-!” You whimpered as the heat grew more and more intense…before finally…

“-aaaaAAAAAAAGGGGHHH!!” A blinding red aura erupted from your body as magical power awakened within you. It felt like your entire body was enveloped in hellfire as knowledge of spells, rituals, doctrines, relics, and more filled up your brain. It felt like this went on for an eternity…before it finally faded away, You fell down to your hands and knees, panting with sweat pouring down your brow.

After cooling and calming down, you briefly took a moment to acknowledge that you had suddenly gained a royal red robe with white accents. Along with that, you also had a cute little bell collar to hold the robe together. Your shorts had also ceased to exist. There weren’t even any more scraps of fabric on the ground.

Groaning, you stood back up, greatly enjoying how it felt to stand on your new hooves. Your head felt somewhat heavy, as if all the new knowledge you’d gained had weighed it down…you hoped you’d be able to acclimate to it all soon.

Afterwards, you began to trot happily around what was now YOUR worship hall. Every movement you made felt so precise, so strong, so graceful now. Your muscles were tough, your wool was soft and fluffy…this body was purely wonderful. So much better than your old human body.

Soon you made your way back onto the stage…where you noticed the camera you’d brought with you.

A malevolent smile spread across your face as an idea popped up.

Let’s just say…your channel was about to take a whole new direction.

You picked up the camera and looked dead into the lens, staring right into the soul of any future viewers.

“Why don’t you join me here?” You shut your eyes and laughed. “I’ll be so happy to welcome you all into my arms as part of my beautiful flock. Goodbye now!”

And then you shut the camera off.

Glory to The Lamb.