Ungrateful

You wish you’d never followed that stupid ‘ARG’.

You’d been in that lamb’s cult for a good few weeks now, and recently you’d snapped out of your reverie. You’d become apprised of just how much this lamb had brainwashed you.

Standing in the middle of the farming fields, you looked down at yourself. You had been turned into a rabbit upon joining, a white one to be exact, and you were dressed in a stupid red robe that went down to your knees.

You clutched your furry fists in rage. That lamb had destroyed your life! Taken you away from your life, your friends, your family!

You didn’t care what you had to do to get it back, but by God were you going to do it!

You angrily stomped over to your ‘leader’, your eyes flaring with a crimson glare.

Lambert turned towards you, sending away two cats they were talking to.

“Ah, greetings my child, is there someth-“

“Shut up! Don’t you DARE call me that! You fake bitch! You…false prophet!” You yelled at them, drawing the eye of a couple followers.

Lambert was so taken aback that they almost began laughing. “You…Y-You what? What did you say?”

You clenched a fist tighter and pointed at Lambert accusatorially. “You heard me! I **DEMAND** you change me back! GIVE ME MY LIFE BACK!”

Lambert had begun laughing now. Your impudence amusing them greatly.

“Hahaha! My, how ungrateful! Y’know…I could’ve done much worse to you. I could’ve taken you from your mundane, inconsequential life into a life of slavery-like worship. But that’s not what I did, now was it? I brought you into a safe, welcoming haven, and this is how you repay me?”

You stared Lambert deeply in the eyes, pure hatred and contempt emanating from you.

Lambert chuckled again. “Well, allow me to show you just how cruel I could’ve been to you.” The other followers turned away and nervously continued what they were doing as Lambert’s eyes began to glow red, holding their arms up slightly.

Your body began to tremble, an unnerving feeling washing over you.

“What…what are you…?” You looked down at your hands, horrified at what you were witnessing.

Your thumbs shrank into nothingness, and your pinky and ring finger fused together, it and your other two fingers puffing out into padded toes. That is when you realized; your hands had turned into paws.

The bone structure of your arms changed, and your ‘palms’ snapped in the direction away from you. At this point you realized you had made a horrible mistake.

“St-St-Stop it! Please-“ Lambert cut you off.

“It is too late for that, now.” They said, their voice sending a chill down your spine.

Your facial muscles began to ache, as they were changing to prevent you from making any sort of human-like expression.

“I’m sorry! I was j…o…k..ing..” You soon lost the ability to talk only able to make pitiful squeaks as tears began to stream down your face.

All of a sudden, your robe tore itself apart, the tattered pieces of fabric falling to the ground uselessly and leaving you completely naked. You covered yourself up with your ‘arms’, despite your fur not revealing anything.

A searing pain went through your legs and footpaws. You looked down to see your legs had shifted into a digitigrade stance, which caused you to slowly but surely be forced onto all fours. You tried to resist, but it was no use. And what were once your hands soon touched the ground, and your arms fully changed into another set of legs. You were now quadrupedal.

You looked up at Lambert, your tear-filled eyes being met with an uncaring, disgusted expression.

You wouldn’t be sad for long though; your brain was quickly regressing. Your memories spilled out and vanished completely, your human emotions dulled until they were nothing more than instinct, and finally, your sapience had been destroyed completely.

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“Run along now, little rabbit.” Lambert said, shooing the rabbit away with their hoof.

Lambert turned their crown into a broom and swept up the tatters of clothing all over the ground.

“The nerve of some people.” The Crown snarked.