

The warm sun beating down on Frank's face eventually roused him, uncomfortable to the point he was starting to sweat. He had been in his cabin, he was sure, even with the amount of booze he'd drunk he could recall that much. In the past few days, he had gotten used to the waves rocking the boat as he slept each night. It was almost comforting, even as he did with a rolling stomach from all the boozing they were doing. Hell, he could even see himself doing this in the long term, wanting to use his winnings from the competition to buy himself a yacht to live on.

Yet, he was quick to realize he was not on a boat, or not even in a bed. In fact, the warm, coarse sensation underneath him seemed more like sand, like he was on the beach or some such. Had their boat touched shore? Surely, Frank would have recalled getting off, even with how drunk or hungover he was. And the strangest thing was that he could feel the sand on his bare skin, not just his back, but on his legs and ass, as well. Was he...naked on the beach?! How was that possible?

With that, Frank lept up, realizing he was indeed on a beach and that the sun was baring down on his naked form. The embarrassingly white underskin was there against his belly and chest, making him deeply ashamed. He wasn't the most muscled man, a bit of a gut outside the norm for most of the guys on the trip. But that wasn't his fault, it was simply genetics. Always made him a little disappointing to the opposite sex, and it was a while since he'd gotten laid. But with all the money he was sure to get from winning the competition, he was sure to be an attractive catch, able to take his pick of beautiful women.

Still, it was a moot point given that he was on full display, in the middle of the beach for all to see. Not that there was anyone else around, mind. Though a quick look around did show another man was standing over by the treeline, looking out over the water with a confused expression. Naked as Frank was, it took him a moment to recall the man's name. Gerald, maybe? Yeah, that was it. How they had woken up naked, Frank wasn't sure. Was it he that had caused them to wake up like this? Where were the other men from the boat? There didn't seem to be anyone else on the beach or more than one set of footprints. But then, who had brought them out here in the first place? None of this made any sense!

"What the fuck did you do to us! The fuck is wrong with you!?" Frank called out, not sure who else to take his ire out on. Part of him knew it wouldn't do very well but rational thought had long since left him over the situation.

"The fuck is wrong with you!?" Gerald called out, not in the mood to be abused. Frank normally wouldn't blame him, but he was naked, erect, with not a woman in sight for him. Anyone would be pissed in the circumstance, and he had no intention of apologizing to the other man for his outburst.

“The fuck is wrong with *me!*? I-wait...” Frank called out, seeing something crisp and white on the sandy shore. He walked toward it, clenching his butt cheeks in case his ‘friend’ had the inclination to check him out. Not that such would normally bother him, but naked and exposed as he was, Frank wasn’t inclined to take any chances!

With that, Frank came upon the note, bending down carefully so as to not give his new friend an eyeful. Turning around and holding the note in front of his groin, he looked down, reading it out loud for the benefit of the other man, who had followed him, much to his chagrin. Though there wasn’t much to be done for it, and he hoped the guy would have enough sense to keep his distance. But at least he was in earshot when Frank read the note out loud.

“Welcome to ‘Ultimate Anthro Survivor!’ To win, you need simply to make it through the forest to our cabin on the other side of the island. You have only your wits about you as you make your way through the jungle to the finish line. But don’t worry losers. You might find something more valuable along the way! Best of luck!”

“What the shit?” Grelad asked though Frank didn’t have an answer for him. He couldn’t have expected this was part of the game, much less carrying the instructions for them to proceed. With that in mind, what choice did they have than to heed the words?

The two of them decided to stay side by side, not looking at each other’s still prominent erections as they made their way into the jungle. They did their best not to look at each other, Frank able to feel Gerald was not looking at him as much as Frank was not looking at Gerald. Still, given the bizarre nature of the ordeal, they decided to say nothing about it, moving further along the path and thankful it was all sand, not hurting their bare feet. It was a small reprieve with everything else going on, but one they were willing to take.

“So, what brings you to this fucked up competition? What would you do with that money?” Gerald finally asked, making Frank stop for a moment. It seemed like he wanted to be amicable after all, and Frank, realizing he was overall scared, was thankful for the engagement.

“Pay off my college debt. HA! No, want to travel. Go on some cruises like this one. Exeect ones with chicks!” Frank said, and Gerald nodded, making sure to maintain eye contact and not look at the bobbing erections that seemed ever-present. It was getting a little difficult to think of anything else than the need to touch himself, though he wouldn’t dare do anything in front of this other man. And he was sure that taking off into the woods to tend to it was an ill-advised idea. So, the only thing he could think to do was to keep the conversations going.

“How about you? What made you think it was a good time to come out to a competition to a place that does...well,” Frank let the words hang. Not that they had signed up for *this*, thinking they would only have to do some embarrassing stunts for the cameras and the like. Naked on a beach was hardly par for the course on reality TV shows!

“Not to work my shitty job anymore. Invest it, you know?” Gerald replied, though there was a trailing thought with that, as though he was focused on something else than the fear and the lust that was ever-present. It was a reasonable enough answer, though hardly a concern with the current situation before them.

“Say, shouldn’t there be cameras all over the place? You see anything?” Frank asked, and Gerald peeled his eyes as well, the obvious implication not lost on them. What was the whole point of getting them on this island, the humiliating scenario, if they weren’t being filmed? There wasn’t even a drone in the sky with a camera, the island as vacant as one might expect such a place would be. It was getting more and more suspicious with each passing moment, leaving both men to shiver, not simply from the lust bothering them as well.

Eventually, the pair of them reached a fork in the road, two obvious paths that lead to unknown destinations. Looking it over for a few moments, the two traded looks, the solution obvious. Both were thinking they should split up, that one of the paths would have to take them toward the other side of the island, and the other the wrong way. But given their distrust over the whole ordeal, it seemed prudent to stick together, and the two of them wordlessly took the center path, thinking the left might lead them back to the beach.

After about twenty or so minutes, the trees started to part a little, the sun beating down on the grass and making it a little harder to see from the shine. It was a little surreal, leaving both men hot and panting, though they kept on the path, not really sure where their final destination would be. But they certainly hoped it would take them too much further into this heatwave, the ground dusty and the trees parted to allow the unrelenting sun to burn down on them for what looked like miles. How the island’s temperate climate could muster up such a biome, neither was able to fathom. But they were too far in to turn back now, and with no idea how much of this path lead before making it back to more tolerable temperatures.

“How much further...?” Gerald whined but was not able to repress complaining with the heat barring down on them

“Your guess is as good as mine,” Frank responded, wiping the sweat from his brow. If they didn’t get out of this heat and to some water soon, then...

“Hey, do the trees look any different to you?” Gerald asked, and Frank, who hadn't thought to check. But they were certainly not the island's typical foliage, for as much as the pair of them could tell. It was like they had stepped into another world, another island. Like...

“Australia?” Gerald said, and Frank looked up, confused. He had no frame of reference himself, having never been there. But it was as good a guess as any, though likely impossible. Then again, they were here now, weren't they...?

“Yeah, I've been there once...that's definitely it...,” Gerald said, voice trailing off as though looking for something in the distance.

“How is this happening...?” Frank said, stopping with his new buddy. He couldn't believe the words, though there was no denying that once the words were in his head, he could not remove the mental image from what he recalled seeing on TV. They were nowhere near Australia, it was a small private island, wasn't it? And, yet...

“Hello there, boys!” Came an unfamiliar voice, and the two of them looked out to see something large moving toward them. Not just moving, but hopping, if that was a possible term. Not too high, but enough that they could tell it was a...kangaroo? That certainly lent credence to the notion of being in Australia, but...

Yet, the closer it got to them, the more the shape of it was all wrong. It was thick and massive, legs long and hips wide. But its chest and torso were more akin to a human's, and its arms were massive, thick like a body builder's. And its head, while most that of a roo, was comprised of what had to be hybrid anatomy, as much as he could tell. It was almost as though he was a mix of a kangaroo and a human, if what was possible. His heavy tail balanced his hops as he approached, and as he grew closer, it was easy to see how human-like his legs were, though still with the power of a real roo's.

And, the being coming toward them was clearly male, much to the embarrassment of the two men. The thing moving on his crotch was hard to determine at first, writhing and glistening as it was. It seemed to be a cock, though rather than the shaft of a human, it was undulating, prehensile, looking strange and beastly and beyond anything they could fathom. It was as hard to look at, yet the two of them couldn't quite stop staring. And, the worst part was, it seemed to draw their own cocks to the forefront, harder than ever before. As though the sight of the kangaroo man was the most erotic sight the two of them had ever seen...

“I'm Justin,” he said, as though his naked hybrid form was the normal thing in the world. And, perhaps in this being's world, he was. Though he was a foreign object to the two of them, they were clearly in his domain now, at his mercy.

Both Frank and Gerald exchanged glances, though it was all they could do not to keep their eyes away from the being's alien erection. It was obvious they wanted to run, to get away from whatever this being wanted from them. Who was he? What did he want? Surely not to hurt them, though he was a kangaroo, and they weren't the safest beings to be around. But this was as much a man and seemed curious about them rather than aggressive. And, the waving erection on his crotch seemed to have the two of them enraptured to the point that even if they wished to run, they would not be able to.

Frank, still apprehensive, stood there, not really sure what to do. Gerald, however, evidently the braver of the two, moved toward the being, a gleam of excitement in his eyes that did not match the situation. He was curious about the being, as unable to run away as his cohort, and decided moving toward him was the right goal. The kangaroo man was all smiles as he walked over to the man, completely placid and willing to allow Gerald to do whatever it was he wanted.

“Aww, so you're going to be the first, eh? Well, that's just perfect! Why don't you take your time examining me? I bet you've never seen anything like me before! We have all day!” Justin said, and Gerald, cautiously, reached up and started rubbing at the hair and hide of the kangaroo, having never touched such a thing and finding the texture rather pleasant. He was warm, but not in a way that accentuated the heat. Rather, it was cooler here, as though the heat of the world was draining away to allow his comfort and arousal to come to the forefront of his being.

“There, there, that's good. Why don't you take a nice long sniff? I bet you're dying to get to know me better,” Justin said, and Gerald got down, understanding the offer. It was the man's writhing cock that had taken Gerald's attention, and he took a deep whiff, seeming to enjoy the heady male musk wafting off it. He was in a trance of sorts, either from the intimacy of the moment or some sort of sway the being had over him.

What happened next could not have shocked Frank more, even with the inclinations within his own cock. Gerald dove on the roo man's knob like he was an experienced gay man, the sheer size of the thing hardly a deterrent. Tapered as it was, Gerald seemed to take in as far back as it could go, feeling it thrashing inside of his mouth as the roo's eyes started to roll back from the pleasure of being stimulated in such a manner. It seemed from his pleased expression that Gerald liked the taste, though Frank could hardly believe that to be possible. Still, he was stuck watching, unable to get away no matter how much the sight disturbed him.

With that, Gerald fell into a rhythm, bobbing up and down over the roo's bestial knob. The roo, eyes rolling from the intimate contact, reached down with dexterous human hands,

starting to rub the man's hair, as though encouraging him to keep it up. Surely Gerald was struggling with a cock that size, especially if he was inexperienced as Frank surmised. But he was insistent, not giving even a facial expression of discomfort as he worked over the roo's cock like his life depended on it.

“Yes...so good...you're perfect...” came the guttural moan from the kangaroo man, clearly getting into the oral sex as though Gerald had started doing it of his own accord. It felt as though the two of them were under some sort of spell, the only reason he would be stuck like this when every instinct within told him to run. But trapped as he was, all Gerald could do was to watch on helplessly, hoping that eventually, it would not be his own turn.

Yet, despite the already bizarre nature of the situation, it was about to become all the more impossible. The sight of something writhing under the skin above his ass made Frank do a double take. He was not ready for the sight of something slowly pushing outward, a flattened, rounded protrusion that seemed to take his spine within it as though encouraging it to grow. It started as an inch of growth, and then two, weighing on his backside as Gerald tried to reach down to rub the obvious irritation. But his fingers didn't quite seem to reach it, and soon he didn't bother to, more engrossed in his oral escapades to concern himself with the growth of what could only be a...

With that, Frank struggled to move, pushing for even an inch from his legs. Even though the situation was fantastical, beyond his wildest imaginings, it was obvious the oral sex was changing his contestant in ways that should have been impossible. But nothing about this whole situation made any damn sense, and it was all he could do but stare on as though watching a prelude to his own fate. He was sure he would be next, there was no reason he would be forced to stay here and watch the show. All he could do was stare in horror as Gerald's tail, for that's what it has to be, continued to grow, longer and thicker at two inches now, its rounded contours all too reminiscent of the tail holding up the roo man currently getting the blow job of his life. And, the worst part of the whole ordeal was that the erotic display turned Frank on like nothing had before, to the point it was taking everything he had not to touch himself or even to join them.

It took little time for the roo to reach his end, moans coming incoherently from the roo as he pushed down harder on his new conquest's head, not letting him come up for air. It would likely injure him, though given the changes that were already starting over him, Frank saw it as a moot point. The roo suddenly cried out, cock likely spasming in Gerald's mount as his benefactor blew thick wads of infectious semen down his throat, forcing Gerald to swallow every drop. His tail, as though in a sign of gratitude, started thumping against his hips, a sign that the dusty brown appendage was able to do so now.

Eventually, Gerald was allowed to pull back, and Frank was given sight to the glazed-over look on Gerald's features, as though fellatio on a man, an animal man, no less was not only normal but the most erotic and exciting thing in the world. His own cock, still human as it was, was firmer than anything he could imagine, though Frank was sure that if he continued to change it would match the alien-looking cock that the roo man possessed.

Their benefactor, too, was grinning, happy he had brought the other man seemingly to the fold, as it were. "Well, well, that was easy! You're my first, and I knew it would work, but to work so well...Oh, I should explain. You're in my field of control, as it were. You won't be able to leave unless I allow it, and I don't intend to allow you to, oh no no no. You'll have to wait your turn though, I want to have my fun with your friend first and welcome him into my little herd. Just watch for now, and don't get too excited!"

Gerald, seemingly in a trance, looked up with eager expectation as his hand reflexively reached down to rub his still-growing tail. It seemed to ail him only slightly, getting longer and almost reaching down toward the ground as it thickened with fat and muscle and prickled with the growth of fur. To his shock, it eventually touched the ground, leaving him to be able to balance on it by putting his weight on it, something that most animals should not have the ability to do. Still, he rubbed the thing with a mixture of surprise and reverence, and though he wanted such an alien appendage even if it meant his eventual fall from humanity.

The look on his face was not lost to the fully anthropomorphic kangaroo. "Mmmm, I love it when they don't fight. You must have been a little gay yourself to give in like this! That's Ok, I like 'em a little gay to start. That makes them all the better to fuck into submission if they want it a little. Hell, I'm going to make you *beg* for it by the time you're done!" Justin said, giving a little grin toward Frank. "Of course, straight to start is fine, too. Straight guys make the best cock suckers," he said, and Frank felt himself shiver at that. He wasn't gay, damnit! He didn't want...but then why was his cock so hard!?

Regardless of his sexual inclinations before the change started, Gerald seemed to be getting into it, reaching out to rub Justin's fur and moan as the roo's hand reached down to grip his cock and balls. "Oh fuck..." he managed to moan from then contact, lips still stained with the man's copious semen. But whether under a spell or not, it seemed Gerald was eager for what would happen next, not only OK with it but welcoming it, the fall of his humanity and potentially his sexuality.

Unable to look away through his own lust or perhaps the spell that was upon him, Frank was privy to the sight of Gerald's hands changing, nails getting thicker as he rubbed down his new lover's hair and hide. The changes to his hands were minor as much as Frank could perceive, still maintaining four fingers and a thumb. Though there were some pads present, the blunt nails

seemed to make the roo man shiver with delight, as though he was being rubbed down in all the right ways. But otherwise, they retained their four digits and a thumb and stayed just as flexible as they had before the changes overtook them.

That was not to be the case with his feet, however, from the twitching of his middle toes. They extended rapidly, a single nail bursting from the tips, though only a slight tremor denoted he was aware of them, alluding to Frank's fear about the changes being at all painful. The massive digits pushed the rest of his toes to the side as they grew double, triple, and beyond anything a human's foot could manage. Soon, it was entirely the same width as his foot, though far from the full size it would be if the other roo's feet were any indication!

Two of the remnant toes were at the sides of his heel, nubs of claws at the end of them to denote their presence. But the other two were forfeit, barely noticed in Gerald's exploration of his new soon-to-be mate. He didn't seem to care that his feet were changing, save for the altered stance from elongated heels. They were long and thin, though powerful with elastic muscle for the jumping potential he now possessed. Thickening calves seemed to cement that reality, skin itching with fur but not enough to make the man notice or cease. They were still human enough, somewhere in length between kangaroo and human. But it was clear he could jump with them, much as his full animalistic brethren. Frank had to admit, the sheer jumping ability the roo seemed to possess was rather impressive, all things considered.

“You’ve come along so well already! But it’s time for the fun part!” Justin said, and with that, got down and used his tail for balance as he looked up at Gerald’s human member with some expectation. Gerald shivered, somewhat in nervousness but mostly what Frank could perceive as excitement.

Without wasting any more time, Justin took the man’s modest member in his muzzle and started to suck, nearly knocking the changing man down. By this point, his tail was long enough that he was able to balance on it, and Gerald held himself back, allowing himself to get into the rhythm of the man’s sucking. It seemed evident to Frank that he had never been orally pleased in such a manner, and was more than a little into it, given the state of his raging erection. Inhuman moans from his still-human lips were all Frank needed to know what the effect was on the man’s psyche.

Though he could not see it, given its presence in Justin’s mouth, Frank could only imagine how Gerald’s member was altering within the roo’s muzzle. Surely, the erectile tissue was getting more flexible, swelling with blood to the point it could writhe around in the roo’s muzzle. Though it was likely becoming twice the length of its human equivalent, such an expansive maw found it easy to accommodate. Any traces of foreskin would be pulled down from below the head all the way to the base, where it would hollow out within before connecting

to the base of his groin, hitching up his cock so that it could hide in a warm sheath when not in use. And the head itself would be growing pointing, thrashing around like a fish while he was sucked off with expert precision.

Staring intently as he was, one thing Gerald would not have expected was for his testicles to invert, moving from under the shaft in front of the perineal region to above the shaft itself. Frank's intensive staring made the connection when glancing in the direction of Justin's member, seeing the anatomy differences in a shocking light. He couldn't imagine how nauseating it would be to feel one's testicles being inverted in such a way. For Gerald's part, it seemed not to bother him, gaining an ever-increasing tone as his end began to draw near. At least, he hardly did more than pleurably moan, getting into it and even welcoming the changes to his anatomy.

Rapidly increasing in pitch and tempo, it was obvious that Gerald was cumming, clearly cementing his descent into a more beastly existence. Justin kept up his rhythm, eager to take the man's cum as much as Gerald had done not moment's before. The almost violent vibrations coming from the man's body were enough that Frank was sure his end had come, and a little bit of cum was evident on the roo's lips as he pulled off, and grinned his sexual lusts. Apparently, he was just as eager to give as he was to receive, and Gerald seemed not to complain, having gotten the blowjob of his life, literally life-changing as the sight of his roo's penis was on full display, looking exactly as Justin's own now.

All the while, Frank found that he could not look away, fearful for his fate but aroused all the same. What had it felt like to be sucked off and changed in such a way? How could something have been so amazing that Gerald was letting his humanity go so willingly? Was it some sort of spell or curse that was forcing him to like it? Or, better yet, did it really feel so good? It was taking all Frank had not to touch himself to the sights of it. But an ever-increasing part of him was sure that he wanted to experience it himself, hoping that he would keep himself and not be a horny animal against his will. Even if he was to lose his humanity and his sexuality, he wanted it to be on his own terms, damnit!

Grinning, Justin looked over toward the still-human male, that mischievous expression sending shivers through the man's body. "Don't worry! The island brings you to where you're meant to be, at least, that's what I think! It draws you somewhere that will change you into your true self, and eventually with a mate or two to quell any urges that come with it!" He said as if that was the most sensible thing in the world. The concept of magic or fate was lost to the more rational, down-to-earth man, but there was no other possible explanation for what was transpiring before his eyes, save some powerful hallucinations. That possibility was just as fantastical as magic itself, undeniable at the moment.

Getting back to his changing prodigy, Justin grinned, that sexy expression that made both men melt. “You’re coming along so nicely already. Shall I fuck the rest of the changes into you? It will feel amazing, I assure you. And you’ve changed enough to take me,” Justin said, and without a word, Gerald turned around and got down, hitching his tail up and exposing a pucker between receding ass cheeks so that there was no way his lover could miss.

Justin wasted no time, getting into position and seeking around with his taut penis. Gerald seemed to wince a little, as though not used to being penetrated in such a fashion. Surely he wasn’t, but that wouldn’t be the case for long as the outer folds of his rectum were penetrated, the seeking snake pushing its way in as though depending on it. Gerald was sweating at this point, though was not giving an indication of wanting to stop, rather grunting as he hoped to take more of the male’s cock within him. Without a word of complaint, he seemed to have lost any mental battle he might have had over what was being done to him. Though it was just as likely to be none at all, and he had given in without a modicum of regret or desire to resist it!

Though he had changed so much already, a kangaroo man from the waist down effectively, there was still more to be had. The first noticeable alteration was to his ears, which started to visibly twitch with growth. Their insides curved inward and sprouted dozens of long fine hairs, the tips managed to point and rise as though being pulled upward by some unseen fingers. In no time at all, they had risen to the sides of his head, above his hairline, and getting longer still. Joints at their bases made moving them possible, and they seemed to fixate on the man behind him, grunts and huffs coming out from his muzzle as he found his place in his lover’s bowels.

Hair had been encroaching up his body for some time, covering his chest, arms, and hips with a roo’s thick coarse coat. It was more than hair and hide, however, as the muscles started to write under the skin, swelling and reforming and pushing at the skin in some places before it, too, stretched to keep up. Soon, he had a rather impressive six-pack to match his lover’s, muscles welling into broad shoulders and flattened pecs. His upper arms swelled slightly, looking much more like a body builder’s rather than the animalistic visage their new forms were based on. It was like Gerald was being granted a year’s worth of gains in the span of a few moments, enviable had the changes not come with sweeping waves of fur and hide!

That was hardly to be the strangest change, however, as his mouth started to push outward, as though some sort of CGI effect. It was far more real and horrifying to witness happening in real-time, soft cracks and pops making it all too real. He could not imagine the ache of such happening to him, though it would soon be the case if Justin had his way. There was little to be done for it, save to watch it happen to the other man before it would eventually be his turn. The sound of meat tearing and bone crunching should have made the poor man cry out in pain, though it seemed to ail him little. Be it the fucking he was getting or some numbing of the magic,

it seemed Gerald barely felt inconveniences as his face doubled and tripled its size, the rounded edges of his muzzle growing outward to match the visage of his mate. Lips turned rubbery, shorter hair and whiskers peppering around it. His nostrils seemed to push outward as well, velvety in their own right as they drank in potent musk of kangaroo rut, grunting in a tone that did not match his human voice.

Frank was a little shocked when Gerald coughed a little, spitting out what looked to be the remnants of human teeth, though his gums were not bare, left to be filled in with dentures more suitable to a vegetarian diet. It was a little alarming, though nothing remained in the dirt of the teeth, as though they had never been spat out in the first place. It left Frank blinking, scared for what would happen to him, though more so that Gerald seemed not to be bothered by the whole affair, grunting and stroking his cock with fervor.

Now all that was left to change was the shape of his head, though it was not too altered from its human counterpart. His brain was still the size of its human self, still able to retain his sense of awareness, his memories, and his humanity. But with human hair shrinking to match the roo pelt moving up his head, there was no denying his hybrid anatomy, the perfect impossible of human and animal. His ears were moved to the top of his head, though his skull remained rounded, eyes kept forward facing even as they dulled to an animalistic brown and likely lost some of the visual acuity beloved by humans. Frank could hardly understand what he was going through, to fathom what it was like to be in a changing body, one becoming partially that of a non-human species. He would likely soon find out...

He didn't have to wait long, given that Gerald's changes were likely reaching their climax, and with them, Gerald himself. "Ah yes...fuck me..." Gerald managed to cry out, former sexuality no longer a factor with the changes that had come over him thus far. It seemed he was fully under the man's spell, or that he secretly had liked it all along and was finally allowed to give into his inhibitions. Either way mattered not with his changes done and his anal virginity being taken from him willingly.

"Oh god...cum in me!" Gerald called out, feeling the thick roo penis throbbing in his bowels as though ready to release its burden. He was sweating profusely, body shaking as though his own orgasm was almost upon him. Frank didn't want to watch, his own arousal at his apex, the man barely able to resist touching himself from the erotic sight. He managed to maintain that balance if only just, watching the show enough to scare him into not joining in.

"You asked for it...fuck I'm cumming!" Justin called out, his own sweaty body rocking as he seemed to thrust uncontrolled, spilling his inverted balls into the other man's rump. Blunt paws gripped his arms tight but seemed to cause no pain as the two of them reached their climax together. It was enough that Gerald shot his bolt over his hand paws as Justin presumably blew

his semen into Gerald's bowels. They swayed back and forth, eyes fluttering like their release was the only thing that mattered.

Eventually, Justin pulled out of his new mate's ass, cum leaking out of it as Justin rubbed his pucker excitedly. It must have hurt to be opened up in such a manner, though Gerald didn't seem to be pained by the sex, rather elated. There was, not to point a fine point on it, a hop in his step that seemed to leave Gerald to be elated with the body he had been given. Frank couldn't believe the man had been human, much less heterosexual not ten minutes before. And, now Gerald, surely, he would be coming for Frank next...

Trying with the best of his ability, Frank struggled to move, feet still rooted to the spot even with all of his will to escape the same fate for himself. Seeing his prey's efforts, Justin simply smiled, grinning down like Frank was the most interesting thing in the world. "Now, now, what to do with you? I've been blessed to get two at once. I could make another roo out of you. You'd make such a handsome roo, I'm sure. But I'm not limited to my same species, you know. The magics that work on the island allow me to turn you into almost everything. I want something similar, something on brand, as it were. Hmmm...so many sexy marsupials out there...what should you be...?"

At the man's words, Frank found himself frozen with fear. He didn't want to be a kangaroo, though had already resigned himself to this fate, given there was no way out he could find. But to think he would be turned into something Frank had no idea about...it was more than he could bear! And yet, the idea of any kind of change, no matter how much he might have figured it would have disgusted him, Frank couldn't deny how much it turned him on...

Without another word, Justin moved toward him, regarding him for a moment before taking Frank in a kiss. The taste of cum was rich on his breath, and Frank thought for a moment he would wretch. Yet, there was something about the flavor, as well as the sweaty musk wafting off his hide, that left the man placid. It was wonderful, rising his lust to new heights. Frank hadn't realized it until now, but he'd been jealous of his friend, being allowed to change and give in to the urges that were burning into his brain. Despite the contrast between what he wanted and what his body was telling him, Frank couldn't deny that being in the act was sublime, more than he could have hoped and slowly removing the fear of losing his humanity, his heterosexuality.

Mind awash in pheromones and anticipation of what was to come, Frank started to kiss the kangaroo man's muzzle back, much to the surprise of his captor. Yet, he was soon to take command again, opening his muzzle and inserting a larger tongue into Frank's mouth. Entwining his tongue with the beast man's, Frank closed his eyes, getting into the moment and allowing himself to forget all he had feared. There was no getting away, after all. And it was so much better kissing this man than anything he could imagine...

Even as he made out with Justin's kangaroo body, a sensation of tingling ran through his body, electric at first but more intense as the moments ticked passed. Soon, it seemed to center in his backside, settling into his spine. As though the bones were starting to break apart and reform, a lump developed at the tip and started to push painlessly outward, making Frank moan into his lover's mouth. It was bizarre to feel such a thing hanging from his backside, more so when the thing started to twitch against his inclinations. It was obvious he was in the possession of an inhuman appendage, a tail like the two men here before him.

Yet, the tingling of the growth Not having much in the way of articulation, Frank was steadily aware it did not seem to be the same size of the roo tail he expected it might have. Curiosity was enough for him to break the kiss, looking back to see a thin stripe of flesh peppered with short, orange-brown hairs. It itched a little as they covered the surface, and the black stripes present made him think of felines. But the tail was all wrong, and there was nothing in nature he could think of that matched its presence.

Looking back with a rather impressed expression on his features, Justin smiled, as though impressed with what the magic had done to him. "What am I becoming?" Frank asked, trying to be fearful but unable to deny the sensual nature of the changes and the feeling of growing his tail and kissing his would-be lover.

"Oh, I don't want to ruin the fun just yet!" Justin said, a mischievous streak in his tone, though hardly malicious. "But, if you want a hint, the island's magic only allows me to change you into something within the same family as my own form. For me, that would be another marsupial. Any guesses? Well, it doesn't matter. I couldn't blame you if you've never heard of the animal I've picked. You'll find out soon enough either way!" Justin said, and Frank found himself shivering at that. He didn't want to be changing, didn't want to be turning into a gay animal man, and an unknown species at that. But damn if he couldn't deny how much the thought was doing for him...

"Hmmm, shall we continue? Why don't I suck that cock of yours while Gerald here eats you out? That should make you feel welcome!" Justin offered, and Frank's already fully erect cock twitched at the thought. Part of his mind was screaming at him to resist, but there was nothing to be done about it. And, a growing part of his mind was sure he couldn't win if he tried. So why not enjoy it? Gerald had looked so blissful as he changed. Wasn't Frank owed the same thing?

The sensation of something goosing his ass brought Frank's attention down to the other roo man, who was sniffing under his neatly grown tail. Distant thoughts prompted Frank to tell him to stop, but the sensations, as intense as they were, could not be ignored. A low moan

escaped his lips as a long, wet tongue started lapping at his rear, electrical waves of pleasure moving all the way to his prostate and making the man leak furiously. It was taking everything he had not to touch himself, and Frank's waning resistance would force his hands to his cock at any moment. If he was to change anyway, why would he not enjoy the pleasure that would come from submitting to the change? Was there anything to be gained from denying himself such pleasures?

Even if he had been inclined to keep his hands at his sides, the now familiar sensation of a roo's tongue wrapping around his cock and making the mid-changed man moan. Without saying a word, Justin looked up and him before diving on the man's modest member, easily taking it back into his muzzle. Despite the embarrassment about being so much smaller than the two animal men, Frank couldn't deny the intense pleasure he was experiencing, to the point he was sure he would nut at a moment's notice!

Yet, it seemed as though his member was to change before that happened, his testicles swelling in much the same way as he had noticed with his friend. They did not invert in the same way, though it was something Frank was curious about. Still, they were larger, a leathery sack taking their place as their load likely changed into the hybrid animal semen each of the beast men possessed. There was no denying they were larger on his form than humanly possible, something to be impressed over if they didn't carry implications of losing his humanity with them.

It was the feeling of his cock altering that really had Frank's attention as much as the muzzle sucking it, however. The sensation of a tongue pushing down at his foreskin made him moan as the skin was drawn down around his groin. The notion of a foreskin came to the forefront of his thoughts, though he couldn't tell within the muzzle that was sucking him off with fervor. Still, his cock seemed to hitch upward, a fact that did not deter the kangaroo man from his continued oral ministrations. The size of his penis, too, was to increase drastically, as though the roo's tongue was wrapping around it and pulling it further into his muzzle. Though he could not see for sure, it felt like his cock had doubled in length and even in girth within the few minutes the man was sucking. And it seemed to wriggle within his lover's mouth, as though the erectile tissue had allowed for amazing flexibility.

Lost in the lust of being teased from both ends, Frank could hardly bring himself to care what was happening to his genitals, given the sexual pleasure of being sucked off and eaten out at the same time. Even the itching of what he perceived to be fur growth over his backside did not detract from his pleasure, Frank resisting the urge to scratch it between the two roo men orally pleasuring him. His hands were rather distracted by rubbing the roo's head and hair, pushing him down on his shock and encouraging him to keep sucking. Justin was quick to oblige, the slick sucking sounds ringing in Frank's ears as Justin sucked faster, bringing him

close to the edge and beyond. There was no denying how much he needed to cum, and no point in holding back now that he was so close.

“Ohhh...fuck!” Frank called out reflexively as his new testicles spasmed and his twitching cock unloaded its burden within the roo man’s muzzle. Like a pro, Justin drank it all down, not wasting a drop and not pulling off his new mate’s member until he was sure Frank was done. All the while, Gerald kept up in his ass, tonguing his rear like he had been gay all his life and such an action was regular and natural. Frank might have thought so, though his own homosexual inclinations had made such actions not only tolerable but welcome. The added prostate stimulation, akin to being tongue fucked, made him long for further anal stimulation, like a cock in his ass. If it could feel so good to be stimulated in such a way, then what would it be like to have a motile cock in his ass? Was he to find out soon?

Coming down from his orgasm, Frank had a hard time realizing that both roo men were staring up at him, lust grins on their faces as though waiting for what was to come next. Frank reached down to touch his ass, where the spreading of coarse, short hairs ran up his back and down his thighs. The same shade as his tail, Frank was still surprised by the short black stripes running up his back, as far as he could see by simply turning around. He was immediately reminded again of a tiger, though such should have been impossible given the shape of his tail and the fact that he was sure tigers weren’t marsupials. Right?

Seeing the confusion on his face, Justin moved in to kiss him again, the taste of his semen on the roo’s lips not as off-putting as he thought it would be. Eventually, far too soon for Frank’s preference, he broke the kiss, rubbing the fur spreading up Frank’s back as though encouraging it to grow. “You’re going to make such a handsome tiger. It really was the perfect form for you, you’re going to look great!”

“Wait, tiger?” Frank replied, not really sure what to make of the words. “Tigers aren’t marsupials, right? Didn’t you say that-”

“I did, and it’s true! I didn’t specify what kind of tiger! Have you not heard of the thylacine? The Tasmanian Tiger? Well, they might be extinct, so I think it’s perfect to bring one back in anthro form. Not that it matters, given your new proclivities, hehe,” the roo man laughed.

Frank wasn’t sure what to make of that if he was being honest with himself. He didn’t even know what he would look like in the long run, but he was sure to find out, in due time. Would he look like a tiger, or was it simply the stripes that gave his soon-to-be species its name? Regardless, something was exciting about being an exotic male, something unique not only for the island but for the world at large. It was an honor, in its own right, and Frank was starting to come around to the loss of his sexuality and humanity to take on such a form!

The tingling of fur growth was ever present, running over his groin and changing his unkempt pubic hair into a thicker white coat, the underbelly of the animal he was becoming. He wanted to rub at it as his cock retracted into a furry sheath hitched up toward his chubby belly. Yet, it was not to stay there for long, tapered and slick with fluids as it worked its way out. The inhuman shape was almost the same as the roo men around him, though a little smaller, to his chagrin. Still, it was a far cry from his humanity, much more impressive and making the changing man drool in anticipation. He had already come from his new cock once and was desperate to feel it once more.

There were still changes to come, however, as the growth of hair spread down to his hands, working into his fingers and thickening the nails. Soon, Frank sported sets of blunt nails on each finger, made from digging into the dirt or stabilizing a four-legged creature while running. They were not needed in that capacity in his hybrid form, though they looked rather fetching, larger than the ones his roo counterparts possessed. Like the pair of them, the skin on the base of his palms and the tips of his fingertips were enough to make him sure he possessed coarse pads. Those were the only changes to their form, however, his fingers maintained the same level of functionality he relished with his human form.

His feet were not to stay the same way, though, upon reflection, Frank did not want them to, feet sore and rough from the long walk they had taken before getting there. The same nails thickened from his thin human equivalents, digging into the dirt as his toes started to compress and fuse together at the base, leaving them stationary as pads swelled between them. Had Frank the cognizance to care, he might have become aware their convergency had evolved similarly to those of carnivore canines, though it was a moot point given that he knew little about anatomy to compare. He was thankful for them, but more enraptured by the knowledge of what the changes would complete, and what he would get up to with his new kangaroo benefactor.

A powerful need to be fucked was at the forefront of his being, as much as such notions might have disturbed him just minutes ago. He was at the point of begging, though Justin seemed not to need it to come to that, the lust evident on his features. “Well, looks like you need some help there. Why not submit, feel how good it could be...?” He said huskily before taking the changing man in a kiss. Frank was eager for it, getting into it and feeling his cock aching to the point the slightest contact could cause him to cum. But no sooner had Justin started than he stopped, a knowing grin on his muzzle as Frank got down on his hands and knees, raising his tail and reaching back to hold his hips and expose what he knew Justin wanted.

Justin was quick to grant it to him, getting behind the man and teasing his rear with a leaking, prehensile cock, one that made the virgin man squirm. It was almost too large for him to fathom taking, and part of him hoped the kangaroo would feel the same way about that. But

without further fanfare, Justin decided it was just to push into him, the pain making Frank call out as his bowels were penetrated by a cock that should have been by all accounts too large for him. Far from being in pain for too long, however, Frank soon found the sensations almost pleasant to the point he wanted more. It was as though the wriggling tip was seeking his prostate. He was being opened up in all the best ways, his body getting used to having a cock inside of him, as though it was a part of his own anatomy. Feeling it sitting inside of him was wonderful, more than he could have hoped for. And it was soon to grow far better the moment the kangaroo started to thrust, pounding on his prostate and making the newly changed man shiver!

Lost in the sensual fucking he was receiving, Frank hardly had the awareness that Gerald wanted in on the action until the man was in front of him, cock brought to bear. The scent of it was intoxicating, and Frank, for as much as the idea might have once disgusted him, sent the urge in his brain to suck down on the cock that was being offered. But it was so large, at least the size of the one in his bowels, and his human maw would gag trying to take something half the size. His concerns were to be allayed, however, the moment the tingling of change started to tease over his jaw, making Frank sure that he was to grow a muzzle the size to accommodate it.

“Please...I want it!” Frank muttered in a guttural voice, not sure if he was begging for the cock in his ass or the one in front of his face. It was of little matter given the fact he was about to get both of them at the same time!

The moment his jaw started to jut outward was the moment the poking tip teased its way into his lips, and Frank’s seeking tongue reached out to taste it. What should have been an offensive flavor was readily welcomed down his gullet, and Frank started to suck, taking in as much of the former human’s rod as he dared. It strained his mouth a little, but he grew to match the roos that were about to spitroast him, he was sure it would be a non-issue.

With that, his jaw started to crack forward, and Frank did his best to keep the cock in his mouth as its contours grew out around it. He could feel it inching bit by bit, enough that he could view it out of the corners of his eyes and that it nearly reached the roo man’s groin. It was a thin muzzle, almost too much so for his rounded face, though Frank was sure it would alter to match his new body. Strangest was the itching in his gums that denoted the formation of shearing fangs where human dentures once sat. Yet, he could hardly care beyond the need not to injure his new mate’s cock as he took it nearly all the way to his throat, sucking with gusto and loving the tangy taste of precum the roo was granting him.

Twitching in his ears made him reach up and scratch them, their skin itching and spreading into the rounded, elongating toward animalistic configurations. They sat at the sides of his head, twitching to the sounds of his own lips sucking cock and thrusting into his bowels as the two kangaroos grunted their lust. Itching of fur spread over them, running down his beard

and combined with the thylacine pelt spreading up over his chest. He was lean, more powerful, and could tell the changes were coming to an end. But it mattered little in the moment of rut. He wanted to change, to drink in the scents of their musk with blackened nostrils, to hear their moans as they came, and to see with his new eyes. Most of all, he wanted to cum from his new cock to baptize his new form, loving the sensations beyond any sex he had ever experienced. It was all too much!

Frank was not to wait long, the cock in his ass, even more engorged now as though Justin was getting closer to his end. He loved it though, the aching in his rectum pleasant now, and indicative of his new life and place in it. Though he was subbing for his new mates, it mattered little, them being sexual beings and likely to switch into various sexual scenarios and situations. And the pain of being opened was a point of pride, only toward the pleasure from having his prostate stimulated to the point where he felt he could come from just the sensations alone. Though he had enough balance to reach up and rub his cock, it was hard to balance the sensations from three sources at once. But he was determined to do it, to ride the waves of release and take his new mates with him. He was in the center of it all, and his role was to bring all three of them at once. One he took a queer sense of pride in, though it was pride nonetheless.

All of them had cum several times in so short a time, it was a wonder the animal men had any stamina to do so as many times as they were. But from the intense spasming of a seeking cock from the roo in his ass, it was obvious his balls still had more to give. It seemed to seek impossibly far up Frank's ass, but Frank welcomed the stimulation, getting closer and closer to the point of explosion. Frank felt his rectal muscles reflexively pulling the man inside of him, wanting to take all the cume he had prepared. And it seemed Justin was eager to comply, cock spasming and preparing to blow its load. The sensation of warm cream filling him up sat well within the changed man's insides, being taken and used and meant for a higher purpose. Frank could imagine anything more fulfilling than this very moment, and it was only the beginning of his new life with these kangaroos.

No sooner than Justin cried out his release from reaching his end than the cock in his mouth started to ungulate in the same manner. The texture and consistency of his cock starting to move gave credence to the oncoming orgasm that Frank would be forced to swallow. And he eagerly prepared himself to do so, the taste of his friend's load enough that he was sure he could manage. How he longed to be one of the group, to fuck with these two men and see where things went. Not even his humanity was too small a price to pay as he prepared to drink down kangaroo cum. And he was not to have to wait long to get his reward. Swallowing greedily, Frank prepared himself as shot after shot of kangaroo cum was shot into his gullet, the force of it enough that it would have made the human him choke. But his Tasmanian tiger self was made of sterner stuff, and he was able to do so easily, the sickly sweet, musky flavor really doing it for him in a way that surpassed his understanding.

Taking kangaroo cream from both ends, it was little wonder he was able to hold out as long as he was from his own cock. His paw hand was a poor excuse for one of his friend's muzzles, but it was still enough in tandem with his prostate pounding that he was able to cum quickly, spilling onto his paw and moaning into the cock still inside his mouth. The pleasure was intense, a pressure on his prostate making him spill more of his testicular load than he usually did. It was almost enough for him to collapse, though his two mates were present to hold him up as they eventually pulled out their cocks, leaking fluids and leaving the newly changed thylacine musk and cum drunk in his changes.

“So, how do you like the new body? I think I made a good choice for you, but I'm biased,” Justin eventually said, and standing up, Frank was able to rub down his coarse, short hairs, loving the striped accents, thin tail, and muzzle, and the lean, muscled form he now possessed. It was smaller than his kangaroo cohorts, though he figured it would be worth it to become something entirely unique and unknown to the world for over 100 years as far as he was to understand it.

Still, there was hardly enough time for him to look over himself for much longer with the lust pounding into his loins once more. It seemed impossible he would still be horny after all the fun, but having just changed, his cock was out of its sheath and ready to go. And his newly changed friend Gerald was just as eager, cock bobbing up and down and ready to go. Not sure what to do, it was Justin who had the idea, getting on his own hands and massive haunches, tail itched and up to the side. Pink pucker on full display, it was obvious he wanted to be taken, and needing to fuck, Frank was more than happy enough to rise to the challenge, willing to go until he literally passed out!

Eventually, the three collapsed in a pile, fatigued and sweaty from their frequent romps. Frank finally felt spent and content, bonded with the two roos in a way that surpassed his expectations. They were as much friends as they were mates, males bonded from sexual experience. With scent being at the forefront of his senses, his camaraderie with the two roo men as much through his scents worked into his own. A thick, soupy musk pervaded his nostrils, and in the waning light of the sun, finally cool on his skin, Frank felt a comfortable rest coming on that made him eager if only to experience more sexual pleasure when they awoke.

“Well, I hope that your friends have as much fun as you two seem to be!” Justin said, and both Gerald and Frank snuggled up to him closer, feeling the warmth of his body and the heady smell of their combined musk.

Frank would not have cared about what happened to the others before his own change, just focused on winning the contest and winning the cash prize. But, given the sexual pleasure

his new body was able to partake in, Frank couldn't in all honesty imagine anything in the human world feeling better than this. Not even his previous attraction to women was missing, pleasures of the male flesh more suited to the form he possessed. The more he reflected on it, the more Frank simply thought he wished the rest of them could find bliss in other anthropomorphic bodies such as these, and feel as good as he did at this very moment...

With that, it was six down and six to go.

The bat new he shouldn't have been flying out of his habitat, checking out the other contestants and what their fates were to be. But what was the point of having wings if he couldn't use them? Of course, he couldn't change anyone outside his personal domain, and he was risking the chance that one of them would eventually get away if they accidentally reached his habitat while he wasn't home. But it was a risk he was willing to take, and after this many rounds of the game show, he was tired of waiting for his own mate. And, besides, he could certainly scare a potential suitor into the proper direction, provided they weren't in the path of any competition.

Such as those two. Another pair of contestants decided to stick together along the path and in enough proximity to his own territory that he could coax them along. Two for the price of one as it were. All he had to do was descend upon them, scaring them toward the desired destination to live out the rest of their lives within his cave of sexual delights...