

“This is it guys!” Jon exclaimed, pulling out a short box and opening it for the gathered group to see. There was a piece of cardboard with the rules present, as well as a small stack of microchipped cards, though little else within the game box. Jon figured when he bought it that the microcircuitry needed very little practical space, and that was for the best, not wanting to knock things over when they got too wild. And this game night, things certainly would, which as Jon knew all too well was the point.

“So, the nanites are triggered when we touch the cards? And they can sense whether we do the challenges correctly? Damn!” Rachel mused, impressed at the new technology and its rapid pacing, transformations once being something of a niche but now mainstream enough that several years in, such a board game existed.

“Yeah, the cards are chipped, or something. Once you sign the waiver and they assign you a species and gender, then they’ll work based on whatever randomly selected challenges come up when you touch them,” Jon explained, simple in its delivery for the fullest experience but amazing technology when he really stopped to think about it.

“Must have been pretty expensive,” Eric remarked, taking a long swig of his drink and readjusting himself on the carpet.

“Oh, I have a few ins,” Jon said, shyly. Lisa and Dylan looked at each other a little confused. Generally, it was they who provided transformation fun for their friend group, but even this was impressive by their standards. Jon really did go all out when it came to this stuff, it seemed!

The five friends were at Lisa and Dylan’s house, for the first time in months. After meeting through Lisa’s transformation masseuse business, they had become fast friends. Though it was transformation as an activity that brought them together, even more mundane hobbies like board games were not off the table, so to speak. So when Jon came to them with the idea of a transformation-themed board game, the group was elated, clearing their schedules for an evening of adult fun. It was not the first time Lisa and Dylan had people over to their home to change, after all, even after all the clean-up it required. And if the game was as fun as it seemed, they would surely ask Jon to borrow it for some of their other friends as well. Though for now, given the scope of the animal changes they could undergo with this game, it seemed capping it at five people was safe for now.

Though there was nothing written on the cards as of yet, Jon informed them that the changes were all animal in nature, mostly mammals and a few birds and reptiles thrown in. Nothing aquatic, though he was sure such a version of the game might be in the works. The changes would be random for each player, something that didn’t bother any of the gathered

players. Each loved changing so much that different forms and even genders were something to be explored to their limits and beyond.

By this point, all the partiers were buzzed, something that did not at all interfere with the nanite program. Most of their game nights involved booze of some amount, and tonight allowed them to relax enough to try something like the random changes this game brought with them. It was to be a highly sexualized endeavor, and while all of them had partaken in such acts together, it still helped to have something to take the edge off going into it. Not that they would need the help with their animalistic urges kicked in!

“How does it work, exactly?” Eric wondered, seeing the cards were currently blank.

“So, the rules are pretty simple. We basically pick a card, and it injects us with a random nanite sample. The cards will show a display image of what species and gender we’re turning into for the night. Then, we take turns, touching our cards when we’re ready to start. Each turn comes with a random assortment of challenges to try. If you fail after thirty seconds, a part of your body turns into an animal. I think the point is that some challenges are impossible to do without animal attributes, and some need you to still be human. As usual, sex acts are fair game, though I know everyone’s good on that. The winner is the last one with some humanity, but it’s the fun in getting there that makes the game,” Jon said, figuring that even if the goal would try to ‘win’, it might be better to end up a total animal and have fun with it. Oh, and there are six stages to the change, so you have to fail six times for you to be out,” Jon said, reciting the rules from memory. I think the changes last for about half an hour after the game is done or something like that. It’s not too long, though I hope no one has to work tomorrow!”

“How does it judge if you’ve succeeded or not?” Lisa asked, impressed the technology had progressed so far over the course of the last few years.

“Good question, I think it’s pretty complex with motion capture, heart rate sensors, stuff like that the nanite programs can easily monitor,” Jon offered, Rachel seeming to think that made as much sense as anything.

“So, what’s the incentive to win?” Lisa decided to ask the obvious. They all wanted to change and get down to business, after all, finding little reason for them to purposefully let the changes happen.

“Winner chooses the theme for the next get-together?” Jon offered, and everyone in the group nodded their heads, a fair enough reason for them to try and play the game ‘properly’

“People must try to lose on purpose,” Dylan interjected, figuring the temptation had to be there for certain changes.

“Yeah, I’ve watched some only fans videos of other people playing. It looks amazing!” Rachel said, to the surprise of no one present.

“Isn’t that cheating?” Eric said, though figured he might consider looking into subscription services that streamed such content.

“Hey, Jon knew the rules!” Rachel threw back, though it was of little matter with how simple they were. That, and there were millions of combinations of species and challenges, impossible to make any game the same twice besides.

“Everyone good?” Jon asked, reaching to pick a card. They had all signed their waivers beforehand, the game’s system approving them for play as they were all considered adult. Once they picked up a card, it would choose a random program and inject them and the changes would begin as each of them touched their cards in turn. The challenge of doing so without hands was not lost on them, though any body part would do once the changes had progressed to that point. It was meant to be a silly game, though sure to end up with some sexual shenanigans the group had all come to love.

Each in turn drew a card, as a tiny prick punctured their fingers. They wanted to reveal the cards one by one, figuring it was more fun that way to know what they were changing into beforehand and play the game that way. Technically, they could now put the cards back without seeing what they were becoming and play the game that way, but in the end, they all decided they wanted to know what they were becoming.

To some surprise, Jon turned over his card with the image of a cow on it, grazing on some grass. There was no denying the gender, a massive, swaying udder all par for the course. That was unexpected; though Jon had a preference for becoming female, no surprise to anyone present, a cow was outside of his normal picks. Still, there was no going back now, and part of him was excited to see where things took him.

Eric was next, flipping over his card to reveal a donkey grazing in much the same field as the cock. However, even though its cock was in a sheath, it was obvious he would stay male, something that excited him, especially given the stature of his soon-to-be malehood.

“Yup, that's definitely a jack! Can't wait for my...well...” Eric said, blushing a little at that. Given their shared love of transformation, certain animalistic characteristics were likely to spark arousal, especially when gaining them themselves!

Hoping to be a similarly endowed male, Rachel turned over her own card, squinting a little as the form of her creature became known to her. “A seal? No, a sea lion. Female? Maybe? That's different...” Rachel said, a slight disappointment in her tone. Not that she likely minded the animal itself, but it was no secret when it came to changes, she liked to be on the giving up of things, with a penis to match her eagerness.

“Am I good without water?” Rachel thought to ask then, a little surprised to think there were aquatic forms among the possibilities.

“Oh, yeah, you should be fine. Sea lions are good on the beach and stuff. At least you didn't get dolphin!” Jon laughed a little. “I think they might do an aquatic one someday, but that's a little hard to work out for this kind of thing, I would think.”

“My turn!” Lisa exclaimed, too eager to wait. Turning around her card, she was a little surprised and delighted to see a kangaroo, obviously on the larger side with sizable testicles to make her fate very clear. A mischievous grin crossed her face, obviously happy to be male, and a more unique form besides, given their awareness of animal anatomy.

“Come on, something good!” Dylan said the last one to flip over his card. An excited expression crossed his face when he saw the image of a gray wolf, though was quickly followed by disappointment when he realized it lacked any male genitalia.

“Oh, a wolf! Oh...wait...a bitch...I guess that's ok,” Dylan said, a little disappointed. Lisa was quick to rub his back, knowing it wasn't his preference but figuring he'd have as much fun with female pleasures nonetheless.

“Well, if Jon loves it so much, I'm sure you'll be fine,” Rachel teased, looking at Jon with a knowing grin. Jon felt himself blush at that, though there was no shame in such within their group. Everyone had swapped sexes at one point or another, and it had all served to accentuate their pleasures and broaden their horizons, at the very least.

“Well, let's get started!” Jon said, regarding his card. “Well, I guess I'll start if we're going clockwise?” Jon said, and with everyone in agreement, reached out to touch his card. The command flashed on the screen, making them all wonder if it was akin to Jumanji or some such. “Do a handstand? Fuck, I can't do a handstand on a good day! What, does it not expect people thirty years and older to play?” He mused, figuring he was going to be the first one to change.

That gathered laughs from everyone else, especially as Jon got up, getting ready to at least try. Putting his arms out, Jon bent over with a little jump, before falling over with a thump,

everyone wondering if he was ok. Jon got up, rubbing his hands over his clothes as he looked at the floor, before deciding to sit down again, any further attempts deemed futile. There was some excitement in the anticipation, knowing there was a change to come at any moment as the clock counted down. And with a familiar tingling, Jon was aware time was up and he was about to incur a change.

The sensation started to play over his ears, and Jon reached up, the prickling meeting his touch as the skin erupted with short, velvety whole hairs. The skin itself was warm, expanding, and being remodeled as it altered toward an inhuman shape. With their widening bases, Jon was soon aware of the weight of them, being able to twitch them slightly as he delighted in their growth. Their canals widened, thicker hairs on the insides as they extended to the point he could almost see them in his peripheral, the largest ears he'd ever owned as an animal. All in all, a fun first change!

“Oh, it's not done,” Dylan commented, and Jon was surprised to feel a tingling start in his nose. Curious, Jon breathed in deeply, air coming in easily. The tip of his nose was moist, and Jon turned toward the mirror they had set out, seeing it turn red and widening toward the tip of his upper lips. Unlike his ears, however, it seemed to stop, not darkening or expanding to the size of a cow's own, though large enough his sense of smell seemed enhanced, enough for an animalistic awareness of odors. There wasn't much change for him, save the increase in the potency of booze in his nose. However, there was no denying the undercurrent of musk as each person in turn seemed to grow aroused, not only with Jon's changes but their own impending ones. It made perfect sense, and Jon grinned at them, thinking about all the fun he would have with them as they made their changes.

“Smells like everyone's ready to play!” Jon chuffed, and everyone blushed a little, being called out for it, as it were.

“Well, I'm next!” Eric declared, bringing them back to the game and eager to see where things would go. Within a few moments, the words on the card required him to make a sound of the animal that he was to become.

“Easy enough!” Eric said, and taking a deep breath, he exhaled and let out a rather convincing “HeeHHHAWWW!” one less stereotypical and more like an actual ass. It seemed to be enough for the game's algorithm, and it was quickly obvious that he wasn't to incur a charge this turn.

“Huh, I wouldn't have minded changing,” Eric said, reaching up to rub his still-human ears.

“Plenty of time for that!” Rachel said, the next in line for her turn. With that, she touched the card, waiting to see what it would require of it. Confused at the words, Rachel wasn’t sure what the card wanted of her as it displayed the words “Identify the smell.”

“I don’t smell anything...” Rachel commented, trying to sniff the air for anything different over the scents of sweat, arousal, and booze in the room. Jon, for his part, did smell something, the undeniable odor of fish, but he didn’t want to comment on it if Rachel couldn’t sparse it out. And that was probably the point of it, a smell that would stand out to her nose if it was altered. As would be the consequence of being unable to place it, per the game's rule.

A familiar tingling started over her face, and Rachel, too, gazed in the direction of the mirror, wanting to see her nose turning black, flattened, and button-sized on her face as the bridge started to part. With slits on the sides, Rachel found her ability to smell increased, much like the predators whose forms she was accustomed to. The lingering scent of fish, something her body for the night might crave, came to her awareness, likely the odor the game wanted her to identify. It was too late now, though Rachel was eager for the first of her changes, animal senses and lust something she loved to experience as part of transformation technology.

Like Jon’s own, Rachel's change did not stop with her nose, a tingling in her ears prompted her to reach up and touch them. A surprised expression crossed her features as she realized they were shrinking, being pulled into her head as the cartilage warped and retracted and left her with little to feel any longer. When all was said and done, all she possessed were ear holes, likely useful for streamlined swimming but making it hard to hear around her. “Awww, that's unfortunate,” she said, rubbing the holes as though wishing she had been granted another animal to change into. Given her love of transformations, it was hard to think of a form that didn't excite her, but perhaps a sea lion out of the water was not the preferable form for anyone.

“I guess I'm next?” Lisa said, wanting to wait for Rachel to be done before assuming. With everything a go, she touched her card, wondering what silly thing it expected her to try to do. It was a little surprising to have revealed that the challenge was not for her. “Choose someone to incur a minor change? What's minor? Not one of the six?” She asked, looking at Rachel and Jon.

“Yeah, something extra to change first, makes it a little more interesting,” Jon replied, and Rachel nodded, having seen such on the internet.

“So I can pick anyone?” Lisa asked, though her eyes were immediately on her husband, who was in the midst of taking a drink and hadn't noticed her stare. “Definitely going to pick Dylan,” she said, a grin on her face.

“Do I get to pick the change, or-” she started before Dylan started frantically rubbing his chest, barely yelling out a “Hey!” Before taking it off his shirt, exposing a thin, bare chest with several sets of noticeable red nubs, something that obviously didn’t persist on his body before then.

Moaning, Dylan's hands started over the nubs, each growing more pronounced as the seconds ticked passed. It seemed they were amazingly sensitive, Dylan unable to focus on anything else as he played through all of them in sequence. Stretching his fingers as wide as they would go, Dylan tried to rub as many of the parallel nubs as possible, whining all the while. Their purpose was soon obvious, Dylan reaching to rub his formerly primate pair of nipples as his remaining six canine ones took form, as sensitive as though he was in heat.

“See, it's not so bad now, is it?” Lisa said, giggling as she enjoyed the sight of her husband enjoying female assets. Lost in them as it was, his cock was soon erect in his pants, a noticeable stain forming.

It seemed Dylan was hardly finished with his new assets, though now they were done, it was his turn, and he had just enough of a mind to touch the card, waiting to see what he would be required to do. The words that flashed in front of him seemed almost geared toward his situation, leaving those gathered to see whether or not he could meet the challenge. Yet, he was not expecting the challenge to be something so...intimate? At least not already.

“Go thirty seconds without touching myself? That’s specific, right?” Dylan said, looking down at his new sets of nipples sticking through his shirt. It had to know what had just happened, right? Was the game designed that way, or was it just a coincidence?

“Well, that shouldn’t be too hard, unless it means nipples,” Lisa teased, knowing well the look in her husband’s eyes. It was taking everything he had not to touch himself, his canine nipples more sensitive than he was prepared for. Especially against the fabric of his shirt, and within a few seconds, Dylan was already rubbing at them, trying to move them out of the way but finding his touch stimulating to the point that he was already on the cusp of orgasm. He hadn’t realized it at the time, but the more he touched himself, the greater the tension in his cock seemed to grow, to the point it made sense to pull it out and start to touch himself. Part of him wanted to hold out and try to win the game, thinking it was a worthwhile prize. But it seemed so worth the orgasm at the time. If only his nipples weren’t so sensitive, damnit!

“Yeah, I can’t...fuck...oh god!” Dylan called out, his cock spasming and a rather generous amount of semen burst from his member. He didn’t care that it was over his hand and shirt, the smell somewhat better to his nose as though it was about to shift. And he harbored no

regret over the release, finding it even better than he was hoping with the powerful sensitivity of his nipples. If only he had the ability to rub them all in sequence!

Coming down from the release, Dylan was slow to notice the itching in his ears, and reaching up, he was delighted to feel a coat of soft wolf fur covering them, the warmth of their growth pleasant to the touch. It was akin to having them gripped and gently pulled upward, their edges more pointed as they sat awkwardly on the sides of his head. Canals widened, and with the dozens of long thick hairs within them, Dylan was granted a wider range of auditory senses, something he had come to miss during times he was not an animal. There were certainly some advantages to being part animal, enough that he wished he could make the changes a permanent part of him! At least the nipples...

Playing with his ears for only a moment, Dylan was soon distracted by the sensation of his nipples against his shirt, and without regard for his friends staring at him, went back to vigorously rubbing at them, whining a little as he did so. The sounds were a little strange to his ears, Dylan thinking they carried a more lupine tone than he was used to. Yet, with how his libido and stamina were heightened with the nanites, he was remiss to care, wanting to bring himself to the brink once more and maybe this time really howl as he blew his load, while he still had his cock!

Lost in the sensations of his erection coming back and the sensitivity of his nipples, Dylan was slow to learn the next change, save for the scent of cum growing stronger to his senses. It was a tingling of moist, damp skin over his nose that brought his attention upward, and prying one of his hands from his tits, he reached up to touch it, finding the skin was indeed wet. Bulging on his face slightly, Dylan looked to the mirror in time to see the skin turning dark, and parting from the base on either side, forming indented slits to the base of the nostril. Though he lacked the size of a wolf's rostrum, Dylan found his sense of smell to be dialed up, enough that he could detect the hints of arousal from each of his friends. It was enough to spur on his own lusts, and Dylan went back to touching himself, needing to cum at least one more time before the game came back to him and gave him his next change. There was no way he could have known canine nipples could feel so damn *good*, and he was there for it!

Jon simply grinned, the game coming back to him as he waited for his challenge. He knew from personal experience how fun it was to play with feminine assets, and it was no surprise to see Dylan getting into it. Hell, it left him powerfully aroused to think about his own changes, wondering what it would be like to have an udder. It was something he had never considered before now, but since the idea was in his head, there was a strange fascination with it, almost to the point he wanted to fail the challenge just to experience it faster.

“Stand on one leg for 30 seconds?” Rachel said, jarring Jon back to the game. Such was easy for him now, but he could see it being rather funny to try to do so with an animal’s anatomy. And it was tempting to stand there and wait for the change to take him. But in the end, he figured he would likely change anyway, and it was fun to hold back for as long as he could, raising his anticipation to the breaking point. Besides, it was just as fun, and just as arousing to watch his friends changing in a similar manner.

Eric, it seemed, couldn’t get his turn started fast enough, and there was no hiding the obvious bulge in his pants from the thought. Donkeys were well endowed, to be fair, at least compared to men, and Jon couldn’t remember any time Eric had become equine. Hell, none of them had yet, the game giving them a chance to try turning into different species they might not have otherwise thought of.

“Let’s see...make my ears twitch? I can’t...oh, well, not yet, I guess!” Eric declared, obviously not concerned with what would come of it, making him closer to the ass he seemed to hold in reverence.

“Some of these are made to make you change, I bet!’ Eric said, waiting for the thirty seconds to pass and the next change to settle in.

“Looks like!” Jon said while everyone looked on with expectation, wanting to see what would happen.

“Well, looks like I’m going to get moving donkey ears! HHAAWWW!” Eric fake brayed, something that would likely be real by the time the evening was out.

The moment he assumed the thirty seconds were up, Eric felt his ears tingle, the changes seemed to take the same path for each of them. Reaching up to touch them, he was delighted to feel the soft, short fur covering the backs of them as the skin started to warm up, stretching upward over his head. With new muscles at their bases, Eric was eager to feel them twitching with a wider range than even Dylan enjoyed. The fur grew longer, too, especially the sparse hairs on the larger insides as their outer edges started to curl in on each other naturally. Yet, it was the sheer size of them that had Eric’s attention as they stretched slowly up over his head, several inches now and still not having reached their asinine contours.

Eric watched eagerly in the mirror as they continued to grow, looking a little awkward on his head as they sat from the side and not on the top as they eventually would. That shape would come with the alterations to his head at the end of the change, assuming he lost. And if he was being honest with himself, such was not an undesirable outcome, Eric not minding losing if it

meant he could play with his friends as a donkey. Best was that he would certainly have the biggest cock of the bunch, though three of his friends were becoming female besides!

Playing with his ears, Eric, too, was remiss for forgetting that his nose was to change as well. The sensation of it swelling was enough for him to turn back to the mirror, the skin turning red as it expanded almost comically on his features. Its edges were nearly large enough to touch his lips, and Eric snorted a little, trying to get used to it as his nostrils expanded up the sides and allowed him to drink in the scents of their musk in the room. It was hardly in its completed state, given the size it needed to grow to reach the stature of a donkey's. But it was enough that Jon gave him a knowing stare, one of the last to gain their animalistic senses and leave nothing unknown to them, especially how much they'd drunk already and how horny the whole process made everyone in the room!

"Alright, here we go," Rachel said, for once not seeming to be as excited over the change. Jon couldn't really blame her, given she was turning into an aquatic animal while stuck in the apartment. Not something that needed water to persist, but surely annoying not to have the full range of her new body's abilities to enjoy.

Yet, it was not to be the case, as the words came on the card and required her to 'Give someone else their next change'. Rachel smirked a little as her eyes scanned the room, finally settling on Jon. Jon felt his excitement rise, wanting to know what would happen to him and feeling aroused besides.

"Aww, that's no fun, you're going to like it too much," Rachel mused, though, in truth, there was little they could do to each other that wouldn't be pleasurable in the end. And there was the ongoing taunting she gave him on his love for gender changes, something that made him blush but something he couldn't deny was true. Nothing wrong with a little jabbing between friends and all that!

All Rachel had to do was say "Jon" and a tingling started playing over his chest, making him reach up to run at them. The areolas were surprisingly sensitive, and the skin under them started to swell, almost giving him a look of possessing breasts. Jon wanted to hold back touching them, as sensitive as he figured they would be but hoping he could show more restraint than Dylan had. But as the nipples started to rub against his shirt, Jon could barely suppress a moan, reaching down and starting to rub at them in reverence.

It seemed his touch was a catalyst for their growth as they continued to swell, starting to tug his shirt upward from their sheer size. Jon was barely aware of it, exploring their new contours as he was, but they were starting to move downward on his anatomy, past his belly as the internal connections shifted to match them. Jon hardly had the mental capacity to think of

what internal changes were required as they continued to swell, moving toward his groin now as he pulled down his pants, the pressure starting to grow, and not want to damage them before the night was out. Soon, they were settled below his lean belly, looking powerfully out of place on his anatomy. Yet, Jon's hands could not leave them, rubbing very human and female-looking assets that were placed on his groin, where they might be on an animal.

Jon was a little confused for a moment, thinking the changes were a little confusing and out of place, even for the cow's anatomy he would soon possess. Yet, as the flesh continued to swell, veins in the surface to fuel the expansion of flesh, its discoloration seemed to take on a familiar shape, albeit nothing that had ever existed from this angle. He was gaining the start of his udder, placed on his body where it would be when he was a cow. As awkward as it appeared now, it soon would take on more familiar contours as the rest of his body altered to match.

Jon hardly had time to reflect on what it meant for him as its sensitive contours enveloped his very being. His touch seemed to cause it to grow, even as his lust rose and prevented him from pulling away his hands. His nipples, especially, were largely swollen at the point, and only growing more so as the skin flushed red, compared with the soft pale white fur that coated the swollen, squishy flesh. Hell, they were almost floppy at this point, hanging there as he rubbed at them, feeling something sloshing within as though fluid was filling some inner space. Yet, it only served to accentuate Jon's pleasure to the point he moaned again in a deeper tone than he was used to hearing from himself.

Yet, it was the formation of two new nubs in tandem with the first that really had his attention, and Jon reached down with some eagerness to tend to the sensitive new flesh. He did his best to rub all four in tandem, the tension within them growing to the breaking point and with it, the pleasurable swelling. Jon was crying out now, wanting to stroke his cock off as well but largely being unable with its position under his udder. Still, he was able to angle things in a way to feel its fat rubbing his cock tip, enough that its sensitive flesh could detect his pre cum leaking over it. With some effort, he fell into a rhythm of grinding his cock against his udder, working his arms up and down with a death grip on two of his nipples. Everything else in the room seemed to fade away, especially as the slouching of fluids within rang in his bovine ears.

An unintentional moo escaped his lips as the warm milky fluid ran down his fingers, irritating his skin but hardly a deterrent to his efforts. The pressure in his cock was starting to come to a head at this point, and he was very eager for release, not caring about the mess he was making. He simply needed to cum, the twin sensation of his nipples and his penis was too much for him to bear. Still having a prostate, the waves of sensitivity from his nipples seemed to flow upward, teasing his cock and balls to the point that he was nearly able to cum from that alone. The warm, soft fleshy skin was the perfect grip on his cock, the folds of fat allowing his cockhead to rest in the folds a little. Pumping faster and faster, Jon felt himself go, calling out

like the cow he longed to be as his cock blew its burden over his udder, milk leaking down to merge with his seminal fluids.

It took some moments for Jon to get his bearings after that, the stench of his secretions and musk burning into his nose. Yet, with the sensitivity of his bovine abilities, Jon was soon aware that his display had a pleasing effect on his friends, all of them in some state of arousal. Hell, Dylan had cum again, likely a consequence of his own nipple play as well as Jon's show. It would have been a little embarrassing had he not had experience with such compulsions in front of the group before.

"Looks like I made the right pick," Rachel mused, her own arousal leaking into her pants. Jon was aware he had to remain naked with the size of his udder, though it had to happen sooner or later, regardless. It was obscuring his still human dick, at least for now, though it was a moot point when his cow's cunt would be on full display for the rest of the evening.

"Well, I don't think I can top that, but..." Lisa said, taking her turn nonetheless. "Hmmm, jump high enough to reach the ceiling?" She mused, before looking up at the several feet between her and the ceiling. "I don't think so, not without roo feet!"

Still, she tried it a few times, not getting anywhere close but still stubborn about it. The thirty seconds seemed to pass slowly, but eventually, the tingling of change started in her ears, and she stopped at once, eager to feel them. Their backs were soon peppered with a velvety coat, the warmth of them stretching pleasant to the touch. They were larger than she was expecting, having never seen kangaroo ears up close. Like the ears of her contemporaries, their outer edges curved around each other, longer hairs sprouting from their insides and allowing her to hear with the acuity of an animal once more. And she was able to twitch them pleasantly, watching in the mirror as they stretched up over her head. Not quite as long as Eric's donkey ears but certainly close!

Almost forgetting her nose was to change as well, Lisa sneezed as her nostrils started to swell, pushing down on her lips and wide enough to be seen from the corners of her vision. Reaching up to rub it, the leathery warmth and sort pelt of fur almost reminded her of rubbing a horse's nose, a little surprising but something she was eager to feel for the first time. It was almost enough to distract from her increased sense of smell, though the scent of her husband's cum was soon more intense, and made her smile to think of how much he was enjoying it. And how much fun she would have to fuck his wolf cunt with her new kangaroo cock..."

Seeing the changes were done with his wife, and finally able to come down from the frequent orgasms his wolf nipples helped elicit, Dylan took his turn, wondering what kind of challenge he would have to do. "Give one of your friends an orgasm...oh..." Dylan said, not

really sure how to take that. Surely, he could go down on his wife, that was something he had experience with. But since none of them had changed too much by this point, and feeling a little shy about doing so in front of his friends, Dylan just stood there, abstaining until the thirty seconds passed and he was to experience his next change.

A tingling in his feet came slow enough that he had time to take off his socks and shoes, allowing everyone to see the changes. It started as a peppering of short fur, mostly gray with some patches of brown mixed in, what he figured would be a typical lupine pelt. It tickled to grow up to his ankles, stopping there as the entirety of their backs were covered. Dylan went to rub at them, likening the texture to a dog's as much as he recalled. That was hardly to be the only change, some audible pops in his toes as they started to shrink and lose their ability to twitch. It was a little alarming, even as much as he was used to doing so from his previous changes. Eventually, in canine fashion, the skin around them kept them largely immobile and stationary to allow it easier to run all out.

What skin remained on the bottoms of his toes soon tingled with a swelling of skin at the bottoms of each, something Dylan was curious to try rubbing. The texture was a little rough, though firm, likely easy for him to run on, making him a little disappointed he wouldn't get a chance to experience it. The same pads started to form on the bottoms of his lower feet as well, almost spade-shaped and playing over the edges of his foot. Having thought the fur had finished growing, he was a little surprised to feel it spreading between the pads, a little thicker in some spots for extra cushioning.

It was the tingling at the tips of his toes that really drew his attention, however, even in his large toes as they were pulled back up along his heels. The cuticles of his nails started to thicken around the rims of his toes, darkening as they stretched out into blunt canine claws. Dylan reached down to touch them, thankful they weren't too sharp but knowing there was no issue if he accidentally scratched himself, as the process would heal it. Still, as his heels started to stretch and his new paws thinned to a more lupine stance, Dylan was unable to reach toward them any longer, thankful for the chance to play with them, something largely lacking in changes that were more rapid.

A part of him wanted to rub his nipples once more, the constant tingling over his chest reminding him of their presence, and a lust for the changes spurring on his arousal. But he resisted the urge for now, cock not sore but satisfied for the moment. And he was a little more focused on trying to stand with his new paws, something that seemed like an impossible task with the rest of his anatomy in a human state.

Jon was still coming down from his powerful release, cock still at half attention from rubbing against the underside of his udder. It seemed far too soon for him to cum again, but his

last change had been on someone else's turn, after all. And as much as he wanted to relish in his udder, there was nothing wrong with the changes going further, something he was anticipating in waves. That was if he couldn't perform the required task, which was unlikely given the relative weight of his udder against his lean body.

“Hmmm, go five minutes without touching myself? I thought these were only thirty-second challenges?” Jon wondered aloud.

“No idea,” Rachel said, thinking that five minutes would be nearly impossible for her friend, given his love for his udder. Oh well. A win-win situation for him, given his love of gender change.

“My turn,” Eric said, going to touch the card. In truth, he was eager to change more, wanting his equine cock to play with and a little pent up from watching his friend's enjoyment of their changes. “Oh. Take a drink out of a glass? That's an easy one...” he muttered, sounding a little disappointed. Surely, later into the change and lacking hands, it would be difficult. But that was neither here nor there, as it were.

Reaching down to grab his booze, Eric realized he had all but forgotten it was there, more focused on their group changing. Not that the booze would keep them drunk at this point, nor would it lower their enjoyment of sex. With that in mind, he finished his glass in several gulps, the rest of his friends following suit. There was no point in leaving their drinks unattended, after all, given they wouldn't need them!

“Let's go,” Rachel said, her turn coming up. A part of her was nervous about it, her own changes not as exciting as those of his friends. But it was to happen regardless, and she was determined to make the best of it, reading her card as a look of confusion crossed her features.

“Balance a drink on my nose? What do they think I am, a...oh,” Rachel said, laughing at her own silly joke. Thankful that her drink was empty, Rachel was still determined to try, more worried about losing face than the changes to come. Naturally, it fell from her face, landing harmlessly on the carpet. Further attempts were also in vain, though Rachel was simply making a show of it until the thirty seconds were up and her changes were to come.

“That's ridiculous,” Rachel laughed, knowing full well it was impossible until her changes were completed and wondering why it had given her a challenge she could only achieve if it was fully changed. It was of little matter, in the end, she figured, waiting for the next change to take her.

Knowing the second change was to start with the feet, Rachel was still stunned to have her legs twitch, vibrating as the heels seemed to be drawn together. They were much closer than she would have linked, though not touching, leaving her to reflect on sea lion anatomy. How *did* their flippers look, anyway? She was about to find out, she reflected as her feet continued to tingle, the bones shifting within and preparing to change.

It was odd to feel her toes stretching, unlike most changes that prompted them to retract into her foot. They did not experience any increase in flexibility, and as Rachel tried to flex them, a little confused about their anatomy. Her attempts were further restricted as the tingling of skin started to spread from between each digit, moving up toward the tips and fully encompassing them. The toe tips themselves seemed to point, though they did not possess any nails as much as she could tell. They were flatter as well, the bones within separating and rearranging to allow wider feet than she was used to. It felt off to have them resting on the floor, their movement restricted up to the ankle as the tingling of change ceased.

Curiously, Rachel tried to move them, figuring they were too flat and unruly to put any of her weight on them or try to stand. She was left effectively sitting on her ass, feeling the edges of them playing on the floor as she moved her ankles. It was weird to feel the surface with her flippers and the webbing in between, the skin with its own veins and blood flow even with how thin they had become. It was still annoying how limited they were, even in this hybrid state, and the novelty quickly wore off. At least, as much as she had just googled, sea lions had more mobility on land than seals, but it was a little consolation for now until the changes were taken further.

Lisa, sensing her friend's annoyance and wanting to keep the momentum going, took her turn with the card. "Hmmm, touch your nose with your tongue? I don't think I can...maybe a cow could!" She said, looking toward Jon with a laugh. Jon blushed a little, hands at his sides so that he might not play with his udder and bring himself to orgasm once more. His cock was already straining against the fat of his udder, and it was taking him everything he had not to enjoy, not wanting to change too fast from the challenge of the game.

Still, his focus was on Lisa for the moment, and her failed attempts to try and lick her nose with her tongue. Again, there was no reason for her not to try the task for the full thirty seconds before the change kicked in. She was rather excited to experience it, knowing the pattern was to obtain kangaroo feet and wanting to experience it firsthand. Kicking off her shoes before it was time, everyone watched with rapt attention to see what would become of them.

It was her middle toes to extend first, pushing at the fringe of her socks and pulling them down along her ankles until it was obvious they would not remain on her feet for very long. The ends of them were soon pulled taut as the nail within thickened, piercing the fabric and exposing

its size to the room. Lisa could not see the rest of the toes, and attempts to wriggle them yielded no response, as though their ability to do so was robbed from her. In fact, her little and big toes seemed to be pulled along with her stretching foot, absorbed into the skin as the bones dissolved and were rendered moot from her form. The remaining two toes were still present, though much smaller, almost sticking to the sides of the massive singular digit, lately immobile. They wouldn't need to be, their sturdiness more suitable for her new body's way of locomotion.

It was the size of her large toes, however, that continued to draw everyone's attention. Lisa moved to allow them to stretch out, wanting to give everyone the chance to see. From the size of them, her socks were quickly torn, pulled apart as the top half still stuck to her ankles and the bottom pulled annoyingly against the single claw on her middle toe. Their bottoms were naturally rather stiff and sturdy with thick pads and had grown near the thickness of her lower toe. The heel itself continued to stretch impossibly long, easily three times the length her humanity once sat, and almost heavy on her leg. The sensation of bone and muscle stretching was not painful, of course, though the itching of short dusty hair was annoying as it ran up the expanded flesh to the ankle.

With the changes done, Lisa was left to raise her kangaroo feet, flexing them as best she could, though not much with their current state. Everyone was staring with interest, never having seen kangaroo feet up close and fascinated by the sight of them. They were large, almost comically so on her legs, and getting up on them was a chore, something Lisa was eager to do. The worst was getting the fragments of her socks off, though Eric was able to walk over, being the only one able to move easily.

"Thanks. I didn't think to take them off," Lisa said, though the tone of her voice was such to leave the others wondering if she didn't just want to tear from them with their larger anatomy.

"We're probably going to have to get naked soon if we want to keep our clothes..." Eric mused, thinking they didn't bring changes of clothes to head home with.

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Lisa said with a wink. "Besides, we've got some spares, and you can stay the night if you want to. We've got room!"

"Yep!" Dylan exclaimed, before reaching down to pull out the card and keep the game going. He had almost missed his cue, focused on his breasts once more the moment his wife's changes had completed. He had not bothered to remove his shirt yet, a little embarrassed despite himself. Jon was in a much more compromising position with his udder, to be fair, but it was one thing to experience a sex change himself.

Trying awkwardly to stand on his lupine paws, Dylan went to look at the card, wanting to try to avoid a change this time. A slight smile crossed his face as he read the words out loud. "Give someone else an aesthetic change? Hmmm..." he found himself wondering, looking around at the gathered group. Eric would be the logical choice, having endured the fewest changes thus far. But he eventually settled on Jon, still trying not to play with his udder. Was the five minutes up already? There was something to be said for a two-for-one change, and Dylan decided he couldn't pass up the chance.

"Sorry, Jon," he said, the man's name enough to trigger the next change. Jon wasn't disappointed, rather curious about what the change might be. It was an aesthetic change, though having been given an udder already, it wasn't immediately obvious what it might be. He would not left to wonder for very long with the tingling in his temples, and reaching up, his fingers met something hard, pushing painlessly from the skin and pushing it aside for their growth. Looking to the mirror, Jon was soon greeted by the sight of two points swelling from under the skin, looking rather out of place with his skull otherwise human. It was soon obvious his cow horns were not to grow relative to the size of his human head, though were still likely smaller than they would be when the changes were done with him.

Feeling them getting heavier on his skull, Jon reached up to rub them, finding them rather fetching when all was said and done. They accented his cow ears, in his opinion, and he twitched them eagerly, rubbing the spot and finding his human hair a little sparse, having parted to make space for them. Oh, well. He wouldn't have human hair by the time the change was done with him, of course, so the point was rather moot.

Distracted by rubbing them, Jon was almost oblivious to the fact his turn was next, given that he had already changed. But it was likely he would have to undergo another one, a physical challenge difficult for him with his udder in the way. And that was to be the case as he read the words on the card. "Do jumping jacks? I can try, I guess," Jon said, soon finding the problem as he went to stand. His udder was heavy, making such a chore, and its swaying girth was almost enough to knock him over. It was quickly clear that jumping was impossible, the swaying fat too much for his leg muscles to match. So he was forced to wait the thirty seconds until his change, back to back, though hardly something that bothered him.

Knowing this time what was to happen, Jon got back down on the floor and took his socks off in time for the tingling of change to play over them. The sensation of them stiffening was not usual given his last changes. But when his large toes faded away entirely, and his outer two toes followed suit, Jon knew he was in for an experience that was entirely new to him. Even as the joints and tendons popped within the two remaining toes, Jon knew his ability to move them was absent. It was the swelling of the bone within, and the weight of thickening nails that

gave him sign of their eventual fate. Soon, the nails had thickened the circumstance of each toe, making it hard to see the separation between them and the skin.

His new nails had much further to grow as their ends started to point slightly, flattening underneath as they started to weigh heavy on each toe. The digits themselves pushed in their bones and astrocytes, leaving little visible up to the base of the foot, which itself was diminishing in size, the bones rearranging though largely made vestigial. Little was left of his lower foot while the heels continued to extend, twice the size of his human equivalents and making him need to inch his legs up to sit them comfortably. But it was the pointed, cloven hooves that took most of their attention, longer now than his foot had been as the base of each former digit swelled the circumference of his foot.

Jon stares down at his fully formed cow hooves with reverence. “Damn, this is the first time I've had hooves! Neat!” Jon said, and Dylan gave him a confused look, wondering how that was possible given the frequency at which they attended the masseuse. Jon just gave him a mischievous grin, surprised that Lisa didn't tell him all the forms their friends had taken on though figuring it made sense given the volume of her clientele.

Eric, while wanting to be patient for his turn, was starting to get eager, and moved to touch the card and take his next challenge. “Recite the alphabet? What?” He questioned, though figured it was random and would be troublesome for him to do with his voice accentuated with brays. Part of him wished that to be the case, though, with his lack of changes, there was every chance he might win the challenge. So, care to enunciate the words, he proceeded “ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ.” He finished, a little disappointed a “hhhawwww!” Didn't escape his lips. It would happen sooner or later, he reasoned.

Rachel, too, was a little disappointed, wanting to see her friend change but having to wait another turn. Scooting on her ass, she reached out for the card, being asked to “reach down and touch my toes? Damn, I'm not sure I could even without flippers,” she remarked, though made the vain attempt nonetheless. It hardly bothered her to fail, rather curious about what change that might inflict on her.

The tingling in her legs started out much the same as before, though rather than expand, the bones within started to compress, thinning and pushing inward against calves and thighs. It alarmed her slightly to feel the mobility in her legs restricted, and even more so as their length seemed to reduce at a rather alarming pace. Soon, they seemed to resemble a toddler's legs, not stuck together as she might have assumed but so small they might as well have been. A pop from the joints in her pelvis had her getting up on her side, allowing the rest to see how small they were, calves almost completely gone and forced outward, bent slightly at the knee. With her pelvis reconfigured as it was, what little remained of her human legs were oriented under her

belly, having her need to use her hands to hold her up and giving her an idea of how she might walk as a sea lion.

The bizarre tingling soon moved toward her sex, and Rachel moaned from the sensual sensation as her ass cheeks deflated and her anus pushed it forward. It was a little embarrassing to feel it shifting, going into a heat of sorts that she could not position herself to deal with, needing her arms to hold herself up. Not that she was embarrassed to masturbate in front of her friends, of course. It was still interesting to feel her sex and anus under her like that, a little removed from her normal animal forms and leaving her to wonder how she was to get off with her friends as the changes continued.

“Interesting,” was all she could manage as she tried moving forward, her legs stubby but still able to manage nonetheless. She wasn’t inclined to comment on her sex, though with animalistic noses, she was sure everyone could smell it, and her time would come, so to speak, as it always did with these gatherings!

“I’m next!” Lisa exclaimed, seeming to be excited for what her challenge might be. She was excited about her kangaroo feet, playing with them and rubbing them were reverence ever since she had grown them. And there was part of her that hoped she would change again, the next few losses to be the most fun and hotly anticipated, in her opinion.

“Let’s see, lose if you’re wearing pants? Oh,” She commented, not bothering to take them off. She wasn’t sure if doing so would cause her to win, regardless, but there was another reason she was not inclined to try, something that would soon become obvious to everyone and as much hotly anticipated as anything they had experienced thus far.

It started with pressure against her tailbone, and Lisa focused all her attention on it, as though forcing it to try and grow. There was no need with the speed at which her tailbone was extending from her backside, pressing against the back of her pants as soon as it was able. Even in the early stages, Lisa was aware it was far larger than any tail she had grown, and she was excited to feel the weight of it as muscle and tendons continued to wrap around the bones. Thickening at the base, it continued to push at her pants, leaving a noticeable bulge that everyone was soon fixated on. Having some idea of the size of kangaroo tails, it was a wonder such could be contained within Lisa’s pants, leaving all of them sure what the purpose of keeping them on.

Soon, the discomfort of such a tail being confined within her pants was starting to irritate her, but Lisa was determined to see it through. Even if she had the ability to pull down her pants, she didn’t want to, sex starting to moisten at the thought of what was to happen. And with the size of the thing, she was sure to get her wish. The stiffness within her new appendage did not allow it to be forced downward into her pants, instead pushing against the back and leaving the

fabric precariously taut, becoming more so with each passing second. It was becoming a battle between the fabric of the jeans and the force of the appendage against it, and the victor, to Lisa's delight, was quickly becoming evident. Already, the fabric was starting to part, the stitching starting to part from the force of her tail pressing against it. All it would take was for Lisa to focus on her growth, now able to move force against the area that was beginning to give way. And soon, it would be free...

A resounding tearing echoed in the room as the rounded tip of her new tail forced the fabric apart, more of the fabric parting in its wake. To her dismay, it was not to burst out all at once, even from the speed at which it was developing. It was for the best, she figured, her panties pushed downward as the tip of her growth forced its way through, the denim rapidly parting in its wake. As though being exposed to the air was a trigger for its growth, Lisa felt it pushing far faster, creating a massive hole in the ass of her jeans, and Lisa was quick to flex it, finding it more mobile than any tail she had possessed prior.

And soon to be more so as Lisa soon realized her torn jeans would not last on her body, and she managed to stand up on her new feet, wriggling it off her as her tail flexed, moving toward the floor and surprising her with its tip touched it. The tip of it seemed able to bend at an awkward angle, and Lisa relaxed a little, letting her weight press down on it. Rather than aching, it seemed her tail was designed to help prop her up, and Lisa was quick to rest her weight on it, finding it sufficient to do so. Not that she could walk well with her kangaroo feet below human legs, but she was at least able to stand as her tail continued to grow, propped up by her ass and a little awkward on her anatomy, at least until her hips altered with the next couple changes.

"You did that on purpose!" Dylan commented, rubbing his cock through his own pants at the sight. He hadn't quite cum, not yet, but it was clear he was aroused by the sight of it bursting through her jeans. As much as they enjoyed indulging in transformation technology, it was something Dylan had never partaken in, as much of a fetish as it was.

"I'll never tell," Lisa replied shyly, though the scent of her arousal was heavy in everyone's noses and gave away her interest.

Dylan shot that familiar look with her, something shared by the couple from their long-term marriage. It greatly pleased him to experience his wife's pleasure vicariously, and these transformation-themed parties were a great way to do so over and over, their libidos beyond anything mundane sex could achieve.

Wanting to give his wife the same pleasure, Dylan moved to take his turn. "Alright, let's see... identify the smell? That should be easy enough with this thing!" Dylan exclaimed, sniffing

the air preemptively. He was already well aware of how much his sense of smell had increased, and the one scent that did not belong was soon made known to him.

“Hamburgers!” Dylan exclaimed, and everyone nodded, becoming aware of the scent as well. The irony was lost on the wolf man until he noticed everyone’s eyes were on Jon, who was still trying not to touch his udder and the cock nestled under it. “Oh, shit, really! That’s not sensitive at all!” He laughed, and Jon felt a little awkward, thinking about that scent coming from one of his soon-to-be species. He was soon able to laugh, changing into a cow hardly a deterrent for his enjoyment of burgers in the future.

And likely to change further with the start of his next turn. Jon took the card, looking over it with an audible chuckle. “Wriggle each of my toes? HA!” He called out, waiting for the tingling of change to start over him. The challenges were really silly, a mix of things that both human and animal body parts would cause them to lose.

Already having figured out what part of him was to change next, Jon was still excited to feel the pressure in his tailbone, the bones infusing and pressing up into a nub that was soon large enough to press against the floor. Not having his pants on any longer, Jon rolled over, showing off his backside to his friends so they could watch his forming tail. It was soon large enough to possess the muscles and tendons to move, and he delighted in swishing it, longer and more unruly than most tails he was used to possessing. It was rather thick at the base, flattened a little to sit over his hindquarters and cover his anus once his hips had properly adjusted to a bovine backside. Naked for now, its several inches were soon peppered with the growth of white hairs, spreading over the skin and tickling the base of the ropey appendage, forming a tuft of sorts that he was happy to trace his fingers over. It was everything he wanted to possess, even if its presence on his backside was too large for him to sit on his ass as he had been.

Naturally, the growth of such a bestial appendage had an effect on his libido as well, and with the persistent rubbing of his cock against his udder, it would not take very long for him to reach ejaculation. Part of him wanted to try and move his tail over his udder, but it was still growing, and he was far too impatient for that with the intensity of throbbing in his modest prick. It only took a few moments of grinding against his udder, squeezing his teats all the while, and bringing him to the blessed release he had denied himself.

“OOOOHHHOOOOOO!” Jon called out, with an increasingly bovine bellow as he came, the scent of his cum staining his udder heavy in the air for all of their animal noses to detect. It was a rather erotic display, given Jon’s love of the changes and the erotism of being partially a cow.

Coming down from his intense orgasm, Jon was barely aware of the continued tingling against his crotch, as though it was about to change further. Thinking himself to be finished with his changes so far, it was a little bit of a shock to feel his cock coming to erection once more, as though he had not just cum. Though he was powerfully aroused, the tingling seemed to be pulling his shaft within him, something that had once alarmed him but was now more of a familiar sensation, and one that was more than welcome. His erection was diminishing within his groin, the head starting to widen as soon as the shaft sank into the warm flesh. And given the udder sat just above it, he was sure he was about to develop his cow's cunt, something that excited him.

Yet, it took Jon a moment to realize what was happening to him, in particular why he was incurring another change after having failed one challenge. It seemed to confuse the others too, until Rachel piped up with "Oh, the five-minute rule! You came!"

"It has to have been more than five minutes by now," Jon gripped, but there was no denying that his massive udder was in the way, and he was sure the piss slit was starting to pull backward on his loins to sit closer to his puckered asshole when the changes took over his backside. He could do little more than moan in his bovine baritone as his slit started to widen, the skin around the edges becoming more sensitive as it took on the contours of feminine sex.

"I guess not," Eric said, starting at Jon's forming cunt with some interest. It was a little too soon to say, but there was every chance the growing cow would be the only one able to take his donkey cock, once he possessed it. Something he was sure Jon wouldn't say no to once the time came around.

For now, Jon kept trying to twist his body, wanting to feel his fingers against his femininity. It was something he often didn't experience, masturbating with a human hand before they inevitably went the way of their animalistic counterparts. And with some adjusting to the size of his udder, he was finally able to manage it, moaning and mooing the moment his fingers caressed the sensitive flesh. As was the norm, the change sent him into a sort of bovine heat, and the fringes of his cunt were eager to take a long, thin cock within it. Barring that, his fingers would have to do, and Jon was eager to feel the flesh becoming red and puffy, changing from his humanity and feeling all the better as the result of the nanites.

Fingering himself as he was, Jon was surprised at the depths of which his cow cunt was growing. It would have to be deep, he reasoned, for the size of his body and the womb within to grow the new life as was his biological purpose. And he looked forward to having every inch of his sex stimulated when it had adjusted to its proper contours, bellowing his lust all the while. That alone was enough to bring him to the edge, loving having a horny animal's cunt and the idea of being fucked and satisfied. It was the best part of the change and something that turned

Jon on beyond his understanding. Spark rose from his loins as his sex went into release, spreading through his entire body and causing a moo to build up in his throat.

“MMMooooooooo!” Jon called out, his cow’s call is more convincing with the furthering of his changes. Part of him desired to lose his human voice, crying out as his new species and being able to convey all his needs through his body. He was halfway changed already, and despite the likelihood of losing the game, Jon was all in, wanting to transform the rest of the way and experience sex as a fully formed cow. Hell, if another challenge came up, it would be everything he had not to fail on purpose and let the changes take him!

Lost in post-orgasmic bliss, Jon was barely aware of Eric reaching down to touch the card, reading out his next turn challenge. “Give someone a small change? Didn’t I get that one before?” He asked a little confused.

“Oh, for the games I’ve watched, it comes up a lot,” Rachel replied. “It’s a fun one to do to others.”

“Hmmm...” Eric said, looking around the room. Part of him wanted to change himself, though that was not what the card requested. And three of his friends were only slightly more changed than he was, giving him an advantage if he chose them. Then again...Eric grinned as he looked over at Jon, who was still trying to play with his cow’s cunt, mooing and groaning as he tried to give himself another vaginal orgasm. It was something real cows likely didn’t experience often, but with their hyper-sexual bodies, it was only inevitable.

Eric was willing to help him with that, everyone enjoying the sight of Jon getting into things. “Jon,” he said, and Jon looked up, hearing his name. Lost in his self-pleasure, Jon hadn’t realized what had happened and was a little confused to feel the tingle of change a third time in as little as a few minutes, this time centered in his belly.

Reaching down to rub at it, Jon was a little surprised to feel it expanding, swelling, and warm under his skin just above his udder. It sent an audible gurgle through his belly, the gas a little uncomfortable as Jon rubbed his belly, in an attempt to alleviate it as well as feel the growth. He could see the veins tracing under the skin, moving up toward his chest and giving him a layer of fat that could not otherwise persist on his form.

The notion of growth, of further change, spurred on his arousal, hardly hindered by his frequent orgasms and his lust for the process. Reaching down to rub his udder, Jon found it was a little difficult, given the size of his ballooning belly. Still, he was able to manage it even with the ache in his arms. He wouldn’t be able to keep it up much longer, but it was sufficient for him to get his pleasure at least for now. With some effort, Jon was able to keep one hand on his udder

with the other pumping the fringes of his cow cunt, eager to get off and hardly hindered by the frequent orgasms thus far.

Yet, he was halted momentarily by the sensation of gas welling in his guts, and Jon belched out despite himself, unable to keep it in. That elicited laughs from everyone present, Eric even commenting “At least that didn't come out the other end!” Jon blushed a little at that, though figured it would be rather out of his control as his multiple stomachs took place within him. Besides, by now, the pleasure of changing was so great so as to remove any embarrassment from acting on them, his friends only being jealous and waiting for their turn!

Given his lust for the changes and the tension in his sex, there was little chance of him holding back with an echoing “moooooo!” As his sex clenched in his hand he felt a resounding release flow through him. As much as it had pleased him to cum from his human cock, having a cow's cunt was more than he could bear, especially with the weight of his udder and the girth of his numerous stomachs bulging against his belly. Winning was the last thing on his mind as he relished further changes!

“My turn-” Rachel started, though it was obvious that Jon was too lost in his own pleasure to pay her much mind. She decided to go on with her turn regardless, figuring people would be playing with themselves throughout, especially as their changes reached the halfway point.

Yet, she was not expecting the challenge to be something so on the nose for her changes. “Walk around on two legs? HA! Looks like I'm changing,” Rachel mused, just sitting there and waiting for the next change. She didn't mind the idea of changing, after all, wanting to catch up to her friends, though maybe not so much Jon, given he was very likely to go all the way first.

The thirty seconds passed quickly, and Rachel braced herself, having a good idea of what was to come. Naturally, the tingling started in her sex and she reached down as best she could, feeling it was just out of reach with her legs so short and far away from her. Yet, as the edges folded on each other, leaving less visible though more concave, Rachel found that with some effort she could manage it, if only just. Still, it was enough to explore its tingling contours, much of the changes internal and underneath her besides. Her friends couldn't see the changes much either, no matter which way she rolled. But they were privy to the sight of her touching herself, and she was all the more eager too, curious about what it felt like to have a sea lion's sex. She felt herself coming into some sort of heat, and with the sight of her friends, in particular, Jon, enjoying themselves so much, it was easy to find the motivation for her to bring herself release.

While Rachel generally preferred to be male, it had been some time since she'd played with her femininity, at least in the middle of a change. And she had to admit there was more than

enough erotic stimulation for her to enjoy, especially with how much of a cow Jon had become already. It was a little difficult to move her hands to pleasure herself, though if she moved to brace herself against the wall, she was able to manage and reach it. Naturally, her sex was more sensitive than her humanity could account for, and she found herself wondering, not for the first time if animals felt orgasm as much as the changes simulated it. Part of her wanted to know, though the notion of lacking such physical pleasure when transformation might have been a deal breaker. Especially as her release started to grow closer, the first of many that made her moan aloud, unable and not bothering to keep her voice down.

With both Jon and Rachel still engrossed in their self-pleasure, Lisa was eager to get down to her turn. With how erotic it was to watch her friends playing with their bestial genitals, Lisa was almost tempted to flub whatever challenge she was given, likely she would be given a kangaroo's cock as a result. Thankfully, it seemed that would not be necessary.

“Change if someone has an orgasm in thirty seconds? Welp, I lose!” Lisa declared with a laugh. While Jon was having a harder time in his current state, Rachel was working her way up to her first release, not bothering to hold back. Giving Lisa a knowing smile, Rachel did her best to touch herself as rapidly as she could, wanting her friend to join her as soon as Lisa had an animal penis of her own. And given how hot that notion was, it took only seconds more for her eyes to roll back and her body to start shuddering in release.

No sooner had she done so than Lisa could feel the familiar tingling in her sex, balancing on her tail so her cunt lips were easy to see. They were not to remain that way for very long as the pressure started to center in her clitoris, swelling rapidly as it began to push visibly from her lips. Lisa resisted the urge to touch it, not wanting to be premature even if she figured she might work one more female orgasm before she altered sexes. But part of her didn't want to obscure the sight of her sex changing from her friends, and the idea of making them cum along with her was powerfully appealing in its own right.

It didn't take long for her clitoris to weigh heavily on her groin, already a few inches and lifting outward as though reaching for the ceiling. Its tip was tapered, not coming as a human cock first before gaining its animalistic traits. The shaft was fairly pink, looking more akin to an ungulate's member, though still lacking its sheath. And the length was impressive as well, larger than her husband's, for sure, a testament to the virility of her new species. It continued to push out horizontally as skin pulled from around the base, moving up her groin toward her belly and drawing her cock closer to her face. She couldn't go down on herself, of course, but it was nice to see her kangaroo meat bobbing there, the first of several changes she would need to undergo.

Hardly the first time she had changed sexes during a transformation, Lisa was accustomed to the sensation of what she assumed were her ovaries descending, swelling within

her tubes, and eliciting a high-pitched moan. Yet, while generally, her sex would open below her new cock to give birth to her male orbs, kangaroos had the opposite anatomy. The weight of her balls against the base of her cock was sublime as her maleness was pushed downward, almost flopping over its base. She was inclined to giggle over the changes, not the first time she played with being male but nothing as extreme as this case. And something to the envy of her friends and husband, especially as it twitched and leaked about bead of pre-cum in anticipation.

“I didn't know it would look like that,” Dylan commented, impressed. There was a twinge of disappointment in the words, though Lisa was sure he would get over it. Especially when it was shoved into his newly virgin wolf cunt!

“Now you do,” Lisa commented, a mischievous grin on her face. Thinking she would masturbate before moving on to Dylan's turn, she thought better of it. She could jerk off, could use it to cum. Better yet, she could make Dylan help her deal with it, several fun ideas crossing her mind in rapid succession. But the act of simply teasing herself, scooping her pre-cum, and raising it to her lips for a taste was having an inconvenient effect on her husband's libido. And making him wait a little for it, getting pent up was its own pleasure, for the short amount of time she would be able to hold back herself.

It seemed it would come a lot sooner than she had been expecting as Dylan took his turn, waiting for the words that would dictate his next actions. “Suck someone's cock? Well...” he said, voice trailing off as his gaze settled on his wife's new maleness.

“Come and get it, you big bad wolf,” Lisa teased, knowing how corny it sounded but not caring if it had the desired effect. He was quick to crawl over, able to stand but wanting to act more like the wolf he was becoming. He was a little hesitant about tasting the tip, evidently a little concerned about the size of it. Lisa was having none of it, gripping his hand and spurring him on as she moved to deep throat her. He had little experience with such things, even with how much they changed genders and played with each other while transforming. It was a bit of a uniqueness to the situation, and Lisa was there for it. She was rather impressed by his skill at sucking cock, especially an inhuman one as he dove on it and fell into a rhythm. She really was a good teacher by example, it seemed.

Reaching around to gently hold his head as Dylan sucked, Lisa could feel her newly minted testicles swelling with semen. It seemed the novelty of such was enough to bring her close to the edge already, and there was little she could do but allow it to take its course. She wanted to hold back, of course, to prolong his first time taking it to the face. But in truth, the game was still going and she would have many more orgasms in her before the night was out. So she held him firm, giving him a sign it was time for her release. A chance to pull back for a

moment, and take her load to his face instead of down his throat. Naw. She was in control, and had it under good authority her husband liked her dominant side!

“Fuck yes!” Lisa called out, cock rapidly spasming as she blew her burden down Dylan's gullet. His eyes bugged out for a moment, not expecting the backwash of fluids to run down his throat. The force of it was almost overwhelming, though Dylan did his best with it, rather determined to see her wife's pleasure through. She would tease him for weeks if he didn't!

Eventually, Dylan pulled off his wife's rod, the scent of semen on his breath and her cock rather pleasant. It sent a surge through his own cunt, and he desperately wanted to tend to it, as much as he'd already cum several times over. But there would be time for that soon, and if he was being honest with himself there was something about the idea of being compelled to change and orgasm on command. He could wait until he could wait no longer, feeling his sex aching already with anticipation alone.

It seemed Lisa was of one mind, “You'll get your turn soon, puppy,” she teased, and Dylan felt himself blush furiously at being called in out front of their friends. Not that it mattered, in the end. They all knew each other's personal pleasures by now and would share in them many more times before the night was out.
