

A pungent smell greeted my nostrils as I began to stir unconsciously. I twitched for a moment, trying to get away from the repugnant odor. I desperately wanted to drift back into the peaceful sleep I'd been having but the nauseating scent wouldn't leave. The powerful smell of ammonia was really getting to me.

I opened my eyes, the bright lights amplifying my headache. I was greeted to a medical examination room of some sort, not unlike the ones I'd been studying in up until a few weeks ago. My mind was fuzzy but the events of the past day were slowly coming back to me. I'd had to drop out of school suddenly for reasons I'm not totally ready to admit even to myself. Mental illness, though widely accepted, was not something that I liked to use as a justified reason for myself.

Long story short, I found myself quickly in need of money. I hadn't had any close friends to rely on, and I'd been estranged from my family for years. So it was understandable why I'd been so quick to jump on the first job that gave me a callback. In this case, it was a local animal sanctuary looking for full-time workers to help tend the grounds. It was work I could see myself doing, and I liked animals well enough, so why not?

I'd done my best to get a background for the facility in preparation for the interview but my efforts were fruitless. There was nothing online about the facility, other than it was privately funded and seldom hired new employees. The intake process was extensive but I made it past for a first interview.

The questions had started off as expected, like how I enjoyed working with animals, could I handle manual labor, was I in good physical health, that sort of thing. But eventually, they started asking me more personal questions such as my relationship status, friend circles, and family history. Hell, there was even a personality test component! It seemed a little too personal for a job like this but I answered honestly. I hadn't questioned it at the time. I was certainly questioning it now.

I tried to get up but found that I couldn't even move so much as an inch from the table I was on. Looking down I saw a thick leather strap around my waist. My arms and legs fared no better as I tried to move them in vain. I was propped up on some sort of stretcher or chair.

How the fuck had I wound up in here? I recalled meeting the center's curator, Dr. Jonathan Barr, I believe. He told me I had got the job, much to my excitement at the time. Then he had me sit down to receive the first in a series of vaccinations, in a chair just like this...

The reality of my situation was starting to sink in. Was this some sort of human trafficking ring? I contemplated yelling for help but realized the foolishness of such an action. I was clearly at the mercy of whatever freak had drugged me and tied me up. There was nothing for me to do other than sit back and watch how my situation would unfold, at least for now.

I wouldn't have to wait long. I heard a beep from outside the room, as though a series of keys were being pushed for a passcode to open the door. The door opened swiftly and the Doctor swept in with a certain bravado that I hadn't picked up on from our first meeting. He practically danced around the room, gathering equipment into his pocket. Finally, he turned to me, a wide grin across his weathered face.

"Ah, Gabriel, is it? So glad to see you awake. Welcome to your new job!" he exclaimed. There was a sort of excitement in his voice that I couldn't help but find unsettling. "I'm sure you have questions for me?"

"What the hell is going on!" I yelled, perhaps a bit louder than I'd intended. The doctor had me at his mercy, after all. Pissing him off was unlikely to help matters.

"Now, now Gabriel, I expected much more from you than that. Your profile indicated a high degree of intellect. Though, in your defense, I'm sure your circumstances are rather confusing. Well, not to worry! I intend to give you the grand tour of these facilities! And all your questions will be answered. I must admit I look forward to your opinion of our work here," he said, all but oblivious to my obvious stress

He turned away with that same bluster, opening the door as two similarly dressed medical personnel, one male and one female, came in. The man was tall, his lab coat rather form-fitting, and his eyes were obscured with a pair of thick sunglasses. The woman was even taller, with a bodybuilder's physique and long hair that had been shaved into a Mohawk. There was a strong scent in the air that I quickly discovered was coming from her. It was not offensive but peculiar, strong enough that I could pick it up over the ammonia in the room. I had smelled it before but couldn't seem to place it. I wanted to ask them what they were going to do with me but admittedly I was frightened by the prospect of my future.

I was wheeled out into a hallway of doors, looking too much like the hallway accessed by the Keymaker in the Matrix. It smelled strongly of the same disinfectant that coated the lab I'd been in. I assumed I'd been brought in here from the interview room, and one of these doors could possibly lead to my eventual escape. I kept my eyes alert to every detail, just in case.

The doctor kept up his stride, not even turning to regard me or my entourage. I couldn't blame him; with this level of restraint, there was no chance of me escaping. And where was I to go in the endless corridor of locked doors?

He stopped to punch in another key code into a pad and the door in front of him opened with a whoosh. I was wheeled into the door and immediately hit with a rush of humid air. The door opened to a vast room, enclosed by a 30ft dome, though it was hard to guess from my viewpoint. I couldn't see the entire area, but it seemed to be covered by a series of walkways, interconnecting several dozen concrete barriers. I couldn't see down into them from here but I assumed they must be the animal habitats.

“Welcome Gabriel, to my inner sanctum! The heart of our operation, and my life's work! Fortunately, I am independently wealthy, and as you will come to understand, this is not a place for profit. I am not at the stage where I could allow mere tourists here. My dears, please escort Gabriel to the first enclosure. I'm sure it will be faster to show him than to prattle on endlessly.”

The two silent assistants dutifully wheeled my chair towards the closest of the wide-railed habitats. In it was a wooded area with thick trees and rock formations at the edges. Nipping away at a series of plants and berries were two fully grown grizzly bears. I was confused for a moment. Why was he showing me this, a scene that could easily have been in any zoo? I had a frightening thought; was I to be fed to the animals? It was nearly impossible to hypothesize with such limited information.

The doctor made a grandiose gesture to the two bears. “These two have been here in their present state for about a week. I posted several openings for this next series of experiments and these two were some of the first. I'm happy to say that you also made the cut, Gabriel! Certain criteria are essential; a lack of a home, family, personal contacts. Someone who could be removed from the grid with little notice from the outside world. Of course, there are other criteria that I measure for. Intelligence, ingenuity, character. And the profile I've made for you Gabriel leaves me very excited.”

I wanted to question him but he gave no pause. Honestly, I was unsure what to ask him even if I could. What the hell was he talking about? Did he intend to cage me like an animal to see how I'd react? It didn't make any sense.

I saw that one bear had finished eating and moved over behind its cohort. I stared in astonishment as the bear's member became visible underneath him as he began sniffing and licking at the backside of his apparent mate. I was a bit disgusted by such a sight from the sulking beast. I wanted to look away from the display but I couldn't help notice that the smaller

bear was also sporting a large erection, excited by the attention that his male mate was giving him. Was this normal for bears?

The larger one reared up on his hind limbs and tried to find his mark as the smaller male's hips rotated back to help out. I looked over to the doctor to see he was smiling at the display. "Animals in a new environment find ways to adapt to their needs. These two males have formed a physical bond and found release in each other in such a short period."

Noticing the look on my face, he continued. "I can tell you are confused, my boy! Perhaps showing you some more of my recent guests will clarify things for you. Bring him along, would you?" he said to his assistants as they wheeled me further towards what I assumed to be the next habitat.

"I'm looking forward to your reaction to our next guests," he said with a chuckle as his assistants moved me in view of another habitat below.

My first impression was that it contained a couple of guys in their 20's or 30's, hunched over in obvious discomfort. I had to squint to see the hairy coats they were sporting. What was odd to me was that both men had Mohawks and seemed to be wearing some kind of prosthetics on their faces. One of the men was gripping at his ass, wincing as he turned around to reveal something shocking. It looked like he had some kind of brush or tail pushing out of his backside. The other man was in a similar state, though his own was in an earlier stage of growth.

The one who had been holding his tail wiggled his ass a little in the direction of the other. It was almost as though he was in need like he wanted to be fucked. My impression was supported by the massive, dangling, inhuman cock underneath him, clearly visible under his protruding stomach. The other male began sniffing the air, his nose much larger than I thought it had been at first glance. He started moving forward reluctantly, holding his head back as though trying to resist. But he didn't seem to last long. Moving forward, his own massive erection slapped the ground as he sniffed and licked at his would-be mate's backside.

I stared at the scene with a mixture of horror and fascination. I noticed the tails of each horse-man, for that's what I slowly realized I was viewing, had gotten longer than they had been before beginning their carnal acts. It had to be some sort of trick, like animatronics or some shit. But no matter how long I stared, that just didn't seem right. They looked too real, down to the horsey smell wafting off their sweaty hides as the larger male reared up and prodded his needy cock into his mate's still-blackening pucker.

“These two have only been here a few days and already they’ve acclimated to their new lives. Naturally, they have been injected with impressive stock, their seed highly valuable on the market for stud purposes. But as you can already tell, I’ll have to harvest it indirectly, as they will have little interest in mares,” the doctor said, chuckling a little at his twisted observation.

I stared at the nut job in disbelief. What the fuck was he playing at? There had to be some sort of trick going on. But why go through all the effort? This place was full of gay horny animals by the looks of it. Yet there was no way they could have been human, was there? It didn’t make any fucking sense! If they were costumes, they seemed far too realistic, something more out of a nightmare than anything Hollywood had ever produced!

“I can see the wheels turning in your head, Gabriel. You’re wondering if what you are seeing is real. If it could truly be possible. I could tell you that I’ve mastered genetic engineering, perfected a technique to change one species into another with little risk to the subject in question. Change a human being into a totally non-human animal. Do you think it’s possible Gabriel? Answer me truthfully. I’ll know if you’re lying. I can already tell your facial expressions betray your true feelings rather well. A pity that you won’t have the ability to make human expressions much longer.”

“W-what else could it be? How have you done this? What’s happening to them? To me?” I stammered, my mouth racing as fast as my thoughts.

I didn’t honestly know if those horse-men had been entirely human. Same with the two bears. But I was afraid that whatever the doctor had done to them, he was, or had already, done to me as well. I looked down at my arm, a slight itch drawing my attention to a bandage that I hadn’t noticed before. It was placed exactly where I’d received my vaccination. My face went pale from the implication. What had they injected me with?

“To you? That’s very clever Gabriel. After all, as you must have surmised, why would I show you any of this if I didn’t intend you to be a part of it?”

He stopped to turn back to regard the two changing men in the pen bellow, the larger male now ass deep in his willing lover. “I have many goals here Gabriel. Many reasons for pursuing my current line of work. Not least of all granting humanity the chance to experience existence in a way that was formerly never possible. The chance to be wild, free from human restrictions!”

“The planet is overpopulated Gabriel. So many of our wonderful species are disappearing at an alarming rate. And it’s all our fault. We have failed our planet. What better

way to correct our errors than to convert some of humanity to replace the beasts we've decimated?"

"Of course, volunteers will come forth in due time, those who are displeased with their human lives and long for something different, perhaps better. It is here, in my lab, where I will lay the groundwork for the future to come! I have selected the more endangered, charismatic species, paired with suitable subjects such as yourself. Those who have little contact with friends and family. Those who have not had the best human existence. Those who can disappear into a new life and would benefit most from experiencing the change of a lifetime!"

"There is, of course, another reason I selected you, in particular, Gabriel. For another facet of my research, I'm pleased to say you make the perfect applicant! Your intellect, your enthusiasm, and your curiosity all scored exceptionally high! I wish to observe the transition for a variety of personality types. It's always exciting to see how new subjects will take to the change. Will you embrace it, or try to resist your new impulses? That is just one of the reasons why my work is important! There is still much to be learned about the human mind, after all, even while changing it!"

"If you think it's so great being a horny animal then why don't you become one yourself!?" I asked. I was hardly able to comprehend the man's words. My first response was to lash out. I couldn't stop myself. What did it matter? If he was planning to change me anyways, what worse could he do to me at this point?

"If I could become an animal, Gabriel, I would be excited to do so. But then there would be no one to carry on my important work! Someday, when my work is done and there are others to proceed with the necessary steps then I will gladly rest and take my place among my creations. But for now, I must toil in preparation for the world to know my genius! There is so much to do before then! And today, you, my boy are the center of attention!"

I regarded the horses once more, the bigger one finally dismounting from his mate, seed leaking out of the smaller one's stretched black equine pucker. What was going to happen to me? Would I become like the horse-men down below? I had to know. As scared as I was to ask I didn't want to just start turning into a random animal without knowing my eventual fate!

"What are you planning to do with me?" I asked, unable to keep the fear from my voice.

"You finally thought to ask? I'm glad you're proving to be as inquisitive as I'd hoped. But it's not what I'm going to do to you, Gabriel, but what I've already done! You are well on your way to becoming my center's newest resident. As for what you are to become, I will keep it

a surprise for now. Rest assured, I think you'd rather like it. Many would choose to be the animal you'll become if given the choice."

"The choice?! You didn't even give me a fucking choice!" I yelled in frustration. What fucking right did he have to do this to me?!

"My dear boy, you were given the choice when you applied to be a member of my organization. Though I do admit that perhaps you were not as aware of your decision as you might have preferred. Still, the profile you filled out did play some role in dictating your eventual fate. No one I have changed has ever complained, nor do I think they would want to, now that they have settled into their new lives! All the space and food they could require, and a willing and sexually active mate to spend their lives with? Not to mention the chance to experience life with new senses? What more could any human ever hope to achieve?" the doctor replied, clearly maddened by his delusions.

There were no debating things with him, it was clear to me. That gave me another idea, however.

"Why are you helping him? Don't you see he's a madman?" I yelled to the two assistants, who had remained silent up until now. The man regarded me with an interesting expression, though it was hard to discern from his sunglasses. He then smiled at me, something unsettling in the motion that I couldn't identify right away. I noticed that his teeth seemed off, the canines too long, changing my confusion into fear. He took off his glasses slowly, regarding me with eyes that shone brilliant yellow, round oval pupils like a cat's.

"It may surprise you, Gabriel, but some people are more than eager to join my enterprise. All I ask is some insurance they will not prematurely alert the world of our endeavors. Some prefer to enter their new homes right away, while others are willing to assist in caring for our newest residents while they prepare to join my collection themselves. Jerry here will someday soon join the facility as a full tiger. For now, his enhanced strength makes for much-needed assistance in showing around new recruits like yourself."

"Some, however, are very tempted by the desire to embrace their new forms. Take Elly, for example," he said, regarding his second assistant, who was seemingly fixated on the mating horses below.

I hadn't noticed it before, but her ears were pointy, not unlike the soon-to-be stallions below. And I couldn't help but stare at the very masculine bulge sticking out from under her loose-fitting dress.

“Shall we get going, Gabriel? I have much to show you before ending with your own habitat. And it seems that Elly may want to join her, or rather his, new herd later this day,” the doctor said, before motioning to his assistants to wheel my chair forward.

I shuddered at the thought. There was no escape. No way out. I would end up an animal in a zoo, a beast with no humanity left. And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

“I want to see your response to my work before changing you, as part of my psychological research. And I do have other matters to attend to once you’ve settled in. There were a few other applicants to have interviews today, hopefully soon to have homes within my facility as well,” Dr. Barr continued, before motioning the tiger man and the reluctant horse-woman to wheel my chair away. I took one last look at the horse-men, now grazing that their sexual urges were abated for the time being.

I stayed silent, allowing the assistants to wheel me across the walkway to the next habitat, bracing myself for the horrors that awaited me. I had no idea what kinds of animals the once-humans in this place were turning into, or how they were taking to the metamorphosis. I mulled over the different possibilities in my mind, shuddering at the more horrific ones. I wondered how I would take to such a change.

Looking down I could see an environment similar to that which contained the horses, this one holding two men and a woman, all in early stages of change. Each sported the beginnings of curled horns atop their foreheads, sitting in between curly white fur. The female was on her side, playing with her moist sex, while the two males kissed and rubbed thick fingers through the curly white fur on their chests. They both sported massive inhuman erections, leaking from the stimulation.

“I’ve enjoyed watching the social dynamic of these three,” the doctor began, narrating the scene. “You might expect the males to fight over the female, but in this case, the opposite is true! The two males take turns pleasing each other while the female pleasures herself to try and get their attention! I might have to introduce her to another female eventually!” he added with a bit of a laugh.

I found the situation puzzling. Both the bears, the horses, and the rams seemed to prefer the company of their own sex. “Is it common for your victims to choose the same sex? And are all of them so sexually active?” I asked, without thinking.

“Ah, the first of what I hope to be many intelligent observations during the tour! To answer the second question, the whole process is very stimulating. The sensations of changing sex organs, along with the freedom to explore animal instinct create a potent cocktail of lust that our subjects are eager to quell! The lust carries over into the fully changed forms as well, a sign that some human traits remain in the animal mind. A perfect combination, if I do say so myself! All drives to acquire, to compete, to dominate and by consequence destroy the planet all washed away in simple animal lust!”

“In answer to your first query, in my experience, the drive to mate goes beyond the mere need to reproduce. I prefer to introduce same-sex individuals, two at a time, to prove my hypothesis that formerly self-considered heterosexuals will prefer the company of a member of their own sex during and after the change. That, and I have no desire to encourage procreation in my subjects, not yet. The world is full enough as it is and there are plenty of humans to replenish animal numbers without the need for extensive breeding enterprises.”

The implications of his words began sinking in. I’d never really been attracted to males, let alone been with one. What would it be like to experience that unknown and powerful attraction?

The doctor made no observation about my silence. Instead, he had his assistants wheel me along the walkway further down the corridor, evidently skipping some of the habitats.

“Not all of my subjects are suitable for demonstrating my progress. We keep a few fully transformed individuals with us at the center for extended experimentation purposes. Others are transferred to specialized sanctuaries of my choosing, most of which I have some affiliation with. These are places where their new forms will be well treated, and I keep careful tabs on them. Still, I do have a few more subjects to show you that are in the throes of change, ones that I think will allow you to appreciate the full spectrum of what we do here,” he added as the smell of saltwater entered my nose.

I looked up, curious about the large tank that lined one end of the wide space of habitats. I couldn’t quite see inside from here as the water was murky. But as we got closer I noticed a few shapes in the tank. I didn’t want to look but curiosity got the better of me. The closer two individuals were clearly female. They were locked in a passionate embrace, lips touching as they groped each other’s chests and breasts. Their hair was gone, and I could clearly see open flaps of skin on the sides of their necks, the beginnings of gills. Their elbows stuck out at odd angles as well, pointed and grayish through the murky water.

The males were a different story. Their changes were in a similar state, with no hair, gills, pointy elbows, and grayish skin. But instead of embracing, both men were holding onto the edges of their tank. Both sported massive erections. Though mostly human, they were beginning to split down the middle, forming what seemed like two separate cocks. Their faces appeared pained, as though in agony or lust.

“What are they becoming?” I asked, confused by the display.

“Sharks,” the doctor replied without missing a beat. “You have to be careful with aquatic specimens. If you transfer them to their new habitats at the wrong time, you risk losing valuable assets.”

“It’s fascinating to see how groups of subjects will interact when placed in a habitat together. More often than not, as you have observed, is that same-sex couples are the norm. Equally fascinating is what parts of the change affect my subjects first. Sometimes the mind goes early, and the subject succumbs to instincts while their bodies are still mostly human. Others resist, shunning their animalistic characteristics. I believe it has a lot to do with personality. I wonder which you will prove to be, Gabriel?” he asked, studying me closely.

I stared at the former humans in the tanks with a mixture of fascination and disgust. I couldn’t imagine existing in a watery environment, never to come on land again. Becoming a non-human animal was peculiar enough, but living in an entirely different biome was beyond my ability to fathom.

The doctor carried that same confident stride as he had me wheeled to the next enclosure. “Here’s another pair I’ve enjoyed observing, especially from a behavioral standpoint. It’s amusing to see how quickly humans can adapt to their new environments when necessary. These two have recently discovered the joys of ectothermy. It must be so relaxing, just to lay on a rock, soaking up the sun for energy next to your new mate.”

My chair was pushed forward to view a habitat that was mostly trees with a large rock situated under a heat lamp. On top of the rock were two naked men, laying on their sides, bellies touching. They were both hairless with patches of skin peeled off in places to reveal shiny brown and black scales. Both had the beginnings of tails poking from their backsides, and their red penises leisurely stretched out, touching each other. The split shape was reminiscent of the sharks I’d just seen.

“These two have taken to cold-blooded life well. Ah, the sensations of soaking up the sun for energy, not having to work for it yourself must be marvelous!”

I found myself once again horrified at the scene. None of the animals in the habitats made me look particularly forward to my future. Especially the ones so far removed from humanity as these or the sharks. I didn't want to be an animal at all, especially a fish or a reptile. I trembled at the thought, swallowing nervously.

It was as though the doctor could read my mind. "If aquatic or reptilian life isn't to your fancy, then not to worry! I have you selected for a different experience, one much closer to the warm-blooded mammalian existence you've been so accustomed to! One more display, I think, and then you will be ready for your own habitat. Besides, I injected you some time ago, and you're bound to begin feeling the effects soon."

I shivered at his words, sweat running down my brow. I hadn't given much thought to my future, distracted by the fates of others. What animal was I to become? I was suddenly hyper-aware of my body, trying to feel any signs of change. Aside from the itching on my arm where the bandage was, I felt nothing out of the ordinary.

Once again the doctor seemed to read my emotions like a book. "It's understandable, my boy, that you'd feel afraid. Humans always fear change, what they do not understand. But not to worry! Once you're settled into your new habitat you'll know nothing but animalistic joy!"

He had his assistants wheel my chair forward again, this time skipping a few habitats before stopping at one where I could see an expanse of trees and rock formations. Looking down, I could see two men sitting on a rock in the center, much like the pythons from earlier. Both men were quite hairy, one with mostly blackish hair while the other's hair was more brown.

One was wagging his tail in impatience while the other seemed hunched over, clenching his backside as though in pain. I could see the beginnings of a tail on the brown-haired man, who was wincing as it extended from his spine. The black-haired man was behind him, rubbing his back and the area around his spine, as though trying to provide some comfort. I couldn't tell what animals they were turning into; their features were somewhat dark but mostly human from where I could see.

Just then, two shapes rose up from under the rock, likely having emerged from a cave below. They were gray and brown-furred and walked on all fours. Wolves. There were two fully feral wolves in the habitat.

At the sight of their fully canine counterparts, both changing men stood up, regarding their cage mates with eager expressions. It was then I could see the dangling pieces of canine

meat that each furred man eagerly sported. The wolves seemed to notice them as they approached one of the two men and sniffed at the erect offering.

Both men grasped each other's hands, and they pulled each other in close for a tender kiss. Meanwhile, the feral wolves began to work their dexterous tongues over their erections. Both men moaned in each other's mouths. I could see how the sexual contact was making their faces protrude, their noses blacken and their fingernails lengthen. They seemed to be in absolute bliss as their fully wolveren counterparts began to eagerly suck them off.

"Were they... a couple?" I asked the only explanation that came to mind from the display. The differences in their mannerisms were clear compared to the other inhabitants of this place.

"Very astute, Gabriel. This was an experiment of the willing. A gay couple looking for an escape from the constant judgment of their families, and who always had a fascination with wolves. Can you blame them? It was interesting to see how they'd react with my current subjects turned wolves. But quickly all four took to the additions and each other."

I watched in fascination as the feral wolves worked over the changing men's rods, careful to avoid hurting them with their sharp teeth. Their two changing cohorts patted their heads with one hand while holding each other in a loving embrace. I could see how their noses pointed and lengthened, how their fur grew a little thicker from the sexual contact. Both men raised their growing muzzles to the sky as they howled their release, shooting deep into their lupine lover's muzzles.

I found myself regarding the scene with a mix of fascination and desire. I couldn't look away. I hardly noticed the itching on my arm, the tingling from before seeming to intensify. Stranger still, I felt a similar tingling in my groin. I blushed from the realization; was this scene making me horny? An early sign of the changes to come within me?

"How does sexual activity affect the rate of change?" I asked, still unable to look away as the wolves slowly backed off. Cum leaked from their jaws as the two soon-to-be wolves kissed deeply. They were seemingly awash in pleasure from their latest changes and orgasmic release.

I realized that almost every copulating couple seemed to exhibit noticeable changes during their carnal acts. How long would a transformation last? Would it be hours? Days? Weeks? It couldn't be too soon. The doctor seemed to like giving tours and it would be impossible to do this many in one day if the subjects changed fully in mere hours. And noticing the sizable bulge in the doctor's pants, I could tell he quite enjoyed his subjects getting off.

There was no one here to interrupt him, after all. Even his assistants would soon be fucking in cages, obviously just as aroused as he was.

“For someone not interested in my work here, you seem to ask a lot of questions,” the doctor mused, interested in my inquisitiveness. I had a passing thought; the longer I kept him engaged with talking the greater my chances of eventual escape. He seemed to be full of himself and his work; it wouldn’t be too difficult for me to distract his attention.

“In answer, yes, the rate of change varies within individuals but is generally increased by sexual activity. The more one changes, the more they crave sex and give into desires, and the more they change. And judging from the bulge in your pants, I’d say you’re eager to experience it firsthand.”

“How long do I have?” I asked, the nervousness in my voice genuine. I couldn’t help but feel aroused, a clear result from the chemicals he had pumping through my body!

“Hmmm... generally about a week or so until the changes complete, but it won’t matter to you once they’ve started. Once the animal’s mind takes over, the body changes quickly to match the desires. You become hardly aware of the changes as you give in. It makes the transition to your new life better, from what I’ve observed.”

“Now tell me, Gabriel, with all that you’ve witnessed, how do you feel? I merely ask you to compare your responses to your actions in the next few days. I do love seeing how different personality types influence rates of change and behaviors in the pen.”

I stared into the crazed man’s eyes, seeing only eagerness and excitement reflected there. I couldn’t truly imagine it, existing as an animal. The experience of changing, of being sexually active with men. Fuck, it had been well over a year since I’d had sex! To have it every day... the thought made my cock stir. Would I have a mate waiting for me or would the doctor be bringing me one?

“No!” I yelled, breaking myself from my reverie. “I don’t want this! I don’t want to be a fucking animal! I had hopes, dreams, goals! I wanted to study medicine, lab work, to help PEOPLE. I don’t know where my life was headed but I don’t want THIS!”

It was true that I hadn’t many close friends, that I’d been estranged from my family. I’d moved a few times, trying to put my past behind me each time. It was a bit too trying to start over, escape my depression and loneliness. To try to forge new relationships and friendships.

But each time my past habits caught up to me and I never quite got to where I wanted, to where I could have gotten. It felt as though I always fell just a little short.

Maybe if I'd met the right person, maybe if I had the right help to improve my life I wouldn't be sitting in this fucking chair right now, itching as fucking fur grew on my arm. Then maybe the sight of two men getting sucked off by wolves while they transformed wouldn't be getting me rock fucking hard!

Tears were running down my face now. I couldn't help it. I was mourning all I'd lost, all I'd never have now. It felt like dying. The death of my life, my potential, my humanity. I had no idea what awaited me and the thought was truly terrifying. It was a primal fear, an old fear, a fear for my life. Even if the life I had wasn't what I wanted, it was mine, and I was desperate to defend it for as long as I could.

The doctor watched me crying and struggling in my chair for a few long minutes. When his assistants reached for the chair he simply motioned for them to move aside. He walked over to me, rubbing my cheek gently as he brushed away the tears. "There, there Gabriel. It's alright. Your feelings are valid, normal for the type of situation you've found yourself in. I understand your fear, your confusion, the inner battle you must be facing right now. Allow me to put things in perspective for you in your last few moments before I introduce you to your new home."

With that, he motioned the assistants to move in once again, and they began slowly, painfully wheeling me down the metal walkway. I could hear every click, every thump as the wheels caught in the ruts of the walkway. I heard growls, whinnies, snorts, and an assortment of other animal noises. I was hyper-aware of the sunlight streaming in from outside, the smells and scents of nature. In some ways, this was my walk down the green mile.

"I don't know you personally, Gabriel, but the profile you wrote for me told me all I needed to know. You've worked so hard all your life to be something for the sake of someone else. You've deluded yourself into thinking it was for you, but deep down you only sought to please. And your fight against my procedure is reflective of that, isn't it? You've let down those you sought to prove yourself to. How painful that must feel!"

"But I see things differently. You haven't failed anyone by being here. You've succeeded in a way that you could have never imagined. The research I gather from observing you will benefit not only the human race but the entire planet! And there's an added bonus for you as well. You finally get to rest! To relax from all your hard work, come home, have a loving mate, a suitable habitat, be well fed and cared for. I'd call that a success my boy!"

“What am I becoming?” I whispered through the tears and sniffles. I had to know so that I could brace myself for the future.

“It’s time you found out. You are finally here at your new home,” the doctor said as my chair stopped overlooking a grassy habitat with an odd rock formation in the center. “As I told you, Gabriel, I think you’ll rather like it. We’ve lacked a proper pair of beastly kings here for a while, and you and your soon-to-be mate will make excellent rulers.”

“A lion...” I said aloud, the only possibility that came to my mind. I felt the word hanging in the air as I pondered all it would mean. A lion, a massive cat, lying around all day, eating raw flesh and fucking. Paws for hands, a long thick mane, a flicking tail. What would it be like? I had to admit, I wasn’t disappointed, not exactly. I didn’t want to be a fucking lion but... of all the animals he could be turning me into, a lion wasn’t so bad, right?

In my stupor, I momentarily missed the other implication of the crazed man’s words. He kept referring to a soon-be-mate. Did he have someone else in here as well already?

The doctor once more saw the light bulb going off in my head. “I started him this morning, just finishing his tour before you arrived. He isn’t much further along than you, so you two can change together, as I prefer it. Come, say hello to Alister,” he said before having my chair wheeled closer so I could see inside.

Down below there was a man, naked, well-built and mostly human from what I could tell. His hand had been playing over his cock, but when he heard the doctor’s words, he put his hand over his member in shame. I didn’t get a good look, but it didn’t appear human from the brief glimpse I got. Instead, the man sported something reddish and pointed. The hair on his head was a bit long and shaggy, though I couldn’t tell if that was his normal state of being.

He glared up at us, an angry scowl on his face. “Get him the fuck out of here! I’m not gonna fuck him for you! I’m not gonna be a fucking lion!”

I felt myself turn red from shame. I didn’t wanna fuck him either. It was a fate being forced on us both. I no more wanted to force his changes along than I wanted to change myself!

The doctor seemed to notice but mistook my expression for disappointment. “Not to worry Gabriel! Once he gets a whiff of your changing pheromones he will be hard-pressed to resist! He’s already so horny. And you are too. I bet that lovely cock of yours is changing even as we speak. Isn’t it time you got to meet him, to experience the true bliss of transformation?”

He walked over to me, removing the bandage that had covered my right arm. I stared in horror, knowing it was there this whole time but afraid all the same. Under the reddening skin was a thick patch of tawny hair. Hair like a lion's. Hair that would soon envelop my entire body.

I was so enamored by the sight I hardly felt the prick of the needle going into my neck. I suddenly felt rather dizzy, my vision fading. I could scarcely make out the doctor's last words to me before I blacked out.

“Rest now Gabriel. Get a few moment's rest while we get you ready for your new home. When you wake up, Alister will be all yours, to have and breed with as you both please...”

I lay there awash in a thick haze, my thoughts foggy and distorted, a thick musky scent the only thing driving me from my pleasant relaxation. I felt tired all over and was content to lie there all day. But the rich scent kept beckoning me, pleading me to wake up and investigate. The aroma was unlike anything I'd ever encountered, and I was curious to see what it was.

A stray thought poked into the back of my mind. One that made me realize I needed to focus. A doctor, a chair, men becoming... something else. An injection. Fur. Another man... a scent...

I opened my eyes with a start, all the memories of the events of the day flooding back to me. I sat upright, drinking in the scent of my surroundings. Wait, scents? It was strange. I could smell the area so much more strongly than anything I could recall in my life. The aroma of grass, rocks, foliage, and... something else. That last odor had my attention. It was a nice smell, one that made me feel...

I looked down, staring in horror at my naked body. What had that asshole done to my clothes!? That madman, Dr. Barr, had drugged me, took my clothes, and left me in here to become a fucking lion! And there was another human in here as well, also changing. Oh, fuck...

I looked down at my cock and realized I was rock hard. My cock head was leaking, my balls aching as though I hadn't cum in days. Fuck, that transformation drug, or however he did it, was potent! I was already horny from smelling the musk in the habitat, of what had to be that other guy. What was his name? Alister?

Staring at my cock I realized there was something... off about the way it looked. It still seemed the same size, only... redder? I regarded my penis carefully for a few moments, looking

for changes. There were subtle differences I could pick out if I really focused. Was the tip a little pointier? Were those the beginnings of spines or was I still a bit foggy from being drugged?

I thought about touching it to see if I could feel any differences, but realized quickly that would be a trap. If I masturbated, if I came, then I would change faster. I'd be a fucking lion faster. But I didn't know how much longer I could hold out. The agony in my balls was already nearly unbearable, and I'd only just woken up. That fucking male lion musk was driving me crazy!

As a distraction, I took stock of the rest of my body, seeing if there were any other noticeable differences. My balls were pretty itchy, as were my face and right arm. The area where I'd been injected was red, the skin around it plaid and thick. The areas that weren't covered with tawny lion fur, at least. I had a sizable patch near the site of the injection, a bit more than I'd had seen when Dr. Barr had taken off the bandage.

Noticing a more familiar itching, I reached up to touch my face. My fingers reported a few day's growth of stubble on what had been a clean-shaven face when I drove in for the interview this morning. And it didn't feel right either, not like the stubble of human hair I was used to. Was this what lion fur felt like?

I realized I'd been standing there for a while now, not really paying attention to my surroundings. Where was Alister? I looked around, that heavy musk permeating the air, though I did my best to keep my focus. Would he try to jump me, rape me to sate his growing lusts? Would it really be rape if I was so horny already? Still, I didn't want to be taken off guard, to have the choice taken out of my hands. I had been denied every choice in the past few hours, and I at least wanted to choose this!

A few tears ran down my face once more. I mourned my lost humanity, the reality of my situation sinking in. I'd never get out of here. I hadn't asked, but I doubted the doctor had to deal with many escapees. The walls were 30 feet high. I didn't even think a full-grown lion could make that jump, though I wasn't sure. Would it even matter when I was changed enough to try it?

I kept crying, not able to hold back. There was no shame in it. I was a horny, hairy human on my way to becoming an animal. I didn't even know if lions could cry, so I wanted to cry while I still could, damnit!

Thoughts of what my life might soon be like flooded my thoughts. I didn't know which was more frightening: losing my humanity and being an ignorant animal, or retaining my

intelligence and remembering everything I'd lost as I suffered every day. Did Alister have the same concerns as I did? I found myself wishing I could talk to Alister, who was someone I could relate to, going through the same things I was.

I felt a pair of eyes on me as I lay there crying. Was Alister watching me? I looked behind me toward the rock formation, seeing an edge of black hair poking out from behind. It seemed that he had chosen to keep a respectable distance. I could understand that. From what he'd yelled to me before, I gathered that he wasn't interested in becoming my mate, regardless of what our changing bodies demanded. Neither was I, at the moment, at least. From what I'd seen of the other guests of Dr. Barr's animal sanctuary, all had eventually given in.

Still, I wanted to talk to him, to see how he was coping. I took a few steps forward, only to be met with an angry cry. "Stay the fuck away from me!" he yelled, keeping his presence hidden behind the rock.

I backed away in shame, lowering my head. I knew it wasn't my fault we were in there together, but I couldn't help but feel a strong bout of guilt from his reaction. He was already going through so much, and I didn't want my presence to make things worse for him.

Still, I was a bit curious. I had to see him, even if from a distance. I wanted to see how far he'd changed. Had he given in and changed more, or had he been able to resist?

I backed away while circling the rock, trying to get a look at my cage mate. As I rounded the rock at a wide-angle, his pissed-off features finally came into view. Alister caught on to what I was doing and glared. He didn't bother moving away though. He knew I would just follow him. For now, I was keeping my distance, so he was safe.

He was a little more changed than I had thought from a first glance. His hair was wild, thick, and black, the short beard he had looking more like mutton chops climbing towards his unkempt hair. His nose was flat, reminiscent of stage makeup. Yet, I knew if he would allow me to get closer I would feel it was very real. I could see his arm in a similar state to mine, still human, although the lion fur had spread farther down towards his hand.

I couldn't see his cock or crotch. He had those safely covered with his hands. Although, from the thick musk that still permeated the air, I doubted it was flaccid.

As the stench of musk surrounded me, I realized my sense of smell had gotten much better than it should be. Never before had odors been so sharp. There was no way my face was still entirely human. I reached up to touch my nose, feeling rough skin and a flattened patch

where it was once pointed. Did it look like a feline nose now? I shivered in fear. I was changing faster than I thought!

I sat down, the tears welling up once more. I yelped as I realized I'd nearly sat on my balls, my cock spurting out a tiny drop of pre from even the briefest stimulation. That only made me more fearful of my ongoing changes. I hung my head in my hands, noticing my hair seemed a little longer. I wished I had a mirror to see how much of myself I'd lost, but part of me didn't want to know.

That persistent fragrance in my nose grew a little stronger, and I looked up to realize that Alister had stepped out from behind the rocks. I could see his changed genitals now; he'd moved his hands to stand up and his weighty balls dangled underneath. The sight made me drool both from my lips and my erect cock. I found myself standing up without realizing it, sniffing the air aggressively to drink in more of that intoxicating male stink.

"I said, STAY THE FUCK BACK!" he roared. It actually did remind me of a lion's roar, leaving me stunned by the level of hostility.

I sat down quickly, and Alister stopped, realizing how harsh he'd been. It was understandable he'd have a strong reaction, given the circumstances. But his cruelty still hurt.

"Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't mean... fuck. You don't want this anymore than I do," he said finally, his hand over his cock again. I sat on the grass cross-legged, annoyed at feeling it tickling my ass. I wanted to make sure he didn't think I was making a move on him, so I stayed perfectly still.

"No, I don't," was all I could say. I knew some willing people came here, but Alister was clearly not one of them, and neither was I.

"Try your best not to touch yourself. That's stupid, I know. I couldn't even..." he trailed off as he looked down at his groin in shame. I couldn't blame him. It was taking all my willpower just to not masturbate right here and now. How long had he been able to hold out before touching himself that first time? How long could he hold out before the urges became too great and he gave Dr. Barr exactly the show he wanted?

I reflected on the other changing men I'd seen, wondering how long it had taken them to give in to their sexual urges. Did they all sit in their pens, just like us, hands at their sides until the desire became too great and they succumbed to animal instinct?

“No one can,” I replied, feeling a little sorry for him and the changes he was forced to go through. It distracted me from my own self-pity. I figured any diversion was better than none.

I wanted to walk over and comfort him, but any movement would likely elicit the same hostile reaction. And besides, the closer we got to each other, the more intoxicating the stink of his changing flesh was to my nose.

I contemplated moving downwind from the odor. But his pervasive musk was everywhere around the habit, readily detected by my changing nose. I suppose the good doctor planned it that way. So instead of walking around and potentially feeling my balls slap together with the need to explode, I stayed seated. It was as good of a plan as any, I supposed.

I tried my best to keep the human conversation going as long as I could, to keep our minds off our raging cocks. “So what did you do, before... this...?” I asked hesitantly, hoping not to piss him off as I had when I addressed him initially. Maybe he would respond better to a more human approach.

“Production,” he said, trying to keep the whine of neediness out of his voice.

Part of me wondered what was the point of engaging in pleasantries. The way the doctor designed it, we would be fucking each other like animals sooner or later. So why resist? I wasn't sure. Even if it was only a simple act of defiance, I wanted to fight as long as I could. It felt... right, somehow.

Alister didn't seem much for words now. But I had to try and keep this going as long as I could. I was desperate to hold onto anything that made him and me human. “Production? Like movies and stuff?” I asked, legitimately curious.

“Something like that. I can't really talk about it. Well, couldn't, I guess. You?” he asked, seemingly content with my little game. I smiled at that. We were doing the best we could, given the situation.

“Out of college and unemployed,” I said, the disgruntled tone not lost in my voice. “If I had a job, I wouldn't be here, I suppose,” I muttered bitterly.

He laughed at that. It made me smile, that he could still laugh. “Isn't that always the case? I wish you got something better than this fucking psycho,” he said, equally as bitter as he glared up towards the wall.

I followed his gaze, certain there was a camera or something up there. The good doctor wouldn't want to miss out on his show, after all. I bet he was more than a little disappointed that we weren't giving him one to touch himself to right now!

"Any family?" Alister asked, getting into the conversation mood. It seemed to be helping, at least a little. My cock still ached with the need to be touched. But if I tried breathing through my mouth and my mind on the conversation, I could resist. At least for now.

"Nope. How I got chosen, I guess. You?"

"Same," he said, a sadness in his voice that I could relate to. It was an awful feeling, being alone. One that Dr. Barr had preyed upon to get us in here and turn us into fucking animals for his experiments!

We chatted about a few different things for a while, human things. Yet only after an hour or so we seemed to run out of discussion topics. You could only talk about movies, sports teams, life experiences, and the like so much before the deep-seated sadness took hold. The realization hit that we would never get to experience any of those things again unless we got out of here, which seemed rather doubtful.

"You're really cool Gabriel. I'm glad to have gotten to meet you before... well," his voice trailed off at that.

"Thanks, man. You too, you know. Despite the circumstances," I replied, earnestly.

I found myself blushing from the compliment. Alister was rather nice, once I got past that gruff exterior. It helped that my changing body was more than a little attracted to him. I hadn't really thought about it until now. I wasn't into men, or at least not that I'd known about. I'd been pretty depressed before all this, so dating didn't factor into my to-do list. Maybe I did really like guys?

I couldn't help but feel the attraction was building the more I talked to him. Still, I had to keep those feelings down as long as I could. I didn't need to trigger a speedier change than was necessary. Maybe we would end up fucking sooner or later, but right now, I'd rather have that be later.

My face was itching all the while, my beard growing thicker and spreading over my face. Fuck, even my neck was beginning to tickle! I looked over at Alister; his own hair seemed a bit thicker as well, even from when we'd started talking. The hair on his arm had grown a little

more, maybe. It was hard to tell after such a short amount of time. And when he talked, I could almost swear that his canine teeth were a little sharper, maybe? Fuck. I had no way to know if I was simply imagining things or if changes were really happening.

I tried to figure out how long I'd been knocked out by the drugs. The sun was fairly low on the horizon now. Alister must have been in here most of the day, myself since early afternoon. I wished I could judge the rate of changes but it was nearly impossible from what little information I had. Other than hair growth and superficial changes, nothing else had happened. It was nearly impossible to ascertain how long it would take to become fully leonine.

Even though I tried focusing my thoughts, the aching in my cock was getting worse. The tension was building up in my balls, even though I hadn't touched myself at all. I could see a pained look on Alister's face as he, too, was assaulted with leonine hormones, his own cock bobbing up and down. He kept his hand over his bulge, careful not to even brush the tip of it lest he cum. It blocked his cock entirely from my view. But I could smell it. Oh fuck, I could smell it!

Images of his cock kept flashing in my mind. I could see it so clearly in my mind's eye, thick and red and pointed and feline enough that it looked absolutely divine. There was no way to know how much it had changed, not with his hand over it. But I was sure it looked exactly as enticing as my imagination portrayed it.

I tried to focus on something else, anything else. But all I could see in my mind were his cock and his balls. Looking around the habitat didn't help at all. This was the cage of an animal, after all. Everything here made me think of lions, how sexy Alister looked, and how much sexier he'd be transformed.

I didn't even realize what I was doing, not at first. I could feel something brush lightly against my penis. It was clearly my own fingers. Yet, that did not cause me any alarm. I couldn't shift my focus off the erotic images. The pungent odors swirling in the air made it even worse. The stench of my own fluids mixed with the sweat and the scent of Alister's changing flesh was more than I could bear.

I wasn't even aware I'd started masturbating till it was too late. In shock, I tried pulling my hand away but I was already over the edge. "Oh fuck!" I growled, feeling myself shoot from even the briefest of contact.

My vision nearly whited out, and I rolled onto my back, awash in post-orgasmic bliss. It took me a few moments before I came down enough to realize what I'd done. I'd given in and orgasmed! Had the unwelcomed release transformed me ever faster?

I explored myself frantically to look for changes. My fur had maybe further down my arm. And was my cock a little different? Oh fuck, I had no idea!

Reminded suddenly of my cage-mate, I looked up. Alister was gazing in my direction with a knowing sadness in his eyes. It appeared that he, too, was trying desperately not to sniff the musky male cum I had inadvertently added to the habitat. Yet, the more I watched him, the further away I could see his hand moving from his cock. Like he was exposing himself to me. To show me his own member, to entice me to...

I shook my head once more, the intrusive thoughts threatening to overpower me. I allowed myself a moment of relief, hoping that the orgasm would at least alleviate the urges that had been teasing me. But I was wrong. Oh God, was I wrong. My cock hadn't gone down at all. If anything, I was even hornier. The rank stench of my male seed just served to make me more aroused. It was mixed with Alister's odors, making me crave to have his scent grow stronger...

A sudden tingling in my loins brought my attention lower once more. I stared down at my meat in fascination as it began to change. The surface skin reddened as the tip started to thin and expand towards a point. In shock, I realized I was slowly gaining possession of feline spines that started peppering the entire surface of my head. Their purpose, I recalled briefly, was to rake a female's inner walls and stimulate her into ovulation. Only in my case, it would be a male I'd be rousing.

The thought made me shiver in disgust. I, too, would have to deal with the sharp spines ripping apart my bowels every time I was fucked by another male. Either by Alister or however many other men Dr. Barr condemned to this feline hell. That was to be my life unless I found some way to escape and reverse the process.

My balls itched fiercely, the tingling making it nearly impossible for me to resist scratching them. I looked down, surprised at how big they had swollen, dangling below me as Alister's did. The skin was steadily darkening as I watched tawny hairs pepper their surface. They were easily the size of grapes now, the testes within pressing almost painfully against the flesh before it could grow to compensate. I gathered they still had much further to go before reaching their final size.

Stranger still, I noticed my previously cut cock forming a separate layer of skin, just below my pointed head. It started to painlessly peel away like a blanket, spreading towards the flesh of my itching groin. All I could do was stare in horror. Was this to be my new sheath?

Yet, I could not focus on the transition for long. The odors in my nose were all-consuming, making my cock leak even though I'd just nutted not seconds before. I couldn't help but gaze over at the direction of that other tantalizing scent. Alister was sniffing the air now too, clearly as unable as I was to remove the pungent stench of seed out of his mind.

His hand was off his cock now, lowered at his sides as he tried to resist touching himself. I could clearly see his cock was mutated further than mine, looking much more like something fit for a jungle cat than a human. It seemed a little shorter than a human cock, but every bit as thick. The tip was pointed and a fuzzy sheath pooled around the base. His groin was covered with that same tawny fuzz, and I slowly realized his sheath was forcing his cock to point downwards. To my surprise, it looked further back along his groin than it would be on a human.

"No... fuck... we can't... I'm not... I'm not like that..." he moaned, trying to shake his head out of the sexual fog that had enveloped it. He was sweating profusely, the rank male stink making both of us leak at the prospect of rutting.

"I know... I'm not... either... I won't... I don't like guys..." I panted. I knew the words were a lie as soon as they left my mouth. There was nothing about his body that I didn't find attractive, whether or not I'd been aroused by men before today.

"We can't, Gabriel... I can't... touch you... won't... make it worse..." he managed to pant out as he tried to look away. He was attempting to resist the urges as best he could. But he could no more stop breathing in my scent than he could to stop breathing altogether.

I stared transfixed at the delicious offering of lion cock that bobbed up and down in front of me. I couldn't fathom the intensity of conflict in my feelings. I was straight! I couldn't be so horny from the scents of another male, let alone one changing into a damn animal! Yet as musky male scents drifted off that waving red feline meat, I couldn't imagine anything more tantalizing. I growled as my own cock twitched with need. The desire to engulf myself in that masculine essence was all-consuming.

Alister's resolve seemed to be waning as well. He was impossibly horny. His eyes were glazed over while his hands played over his pert nipples. He was an impressive masculine figure, even without the leonine features. The feline cock, extra hair, and sharpening facial features accenting him were divine, making him look like a muscled Adonis.

In the end, I just couldn't stop myself. I needed this, as much as food or water or even air. I was on him before I had a chance to stop myself or contemplate my actions. One hand was on his cock in an instant, my other hand playing over his hairy chest and pert nipples.

Alister stared down at me with hunger in his eyes, no longer the fear and anger that I had been met with earlier. His body quivered from the contact. "Gabriel... I... need... sorry..." he muttered, drool dripping from his maw.

I watched his face, seeing how his cheeks seemed to vibrate, as though something under the skin was readying to pierce through. They seemed to grow a little puffier as several thick hairs started poking through the skin. Alister winced from the changes but made no move to stop me.

Free to do as I pleased, I lowered myself, eyes still locked on the developing feline features of his face. Yet, I had another goal in mind.

My eyes soon settled on the plump lion cock before me and I licked my lips in excitement. I'd never gone down on anyone before, let alone someone with a cock. But, as I stared hungrily at Alister's meat, I couldn't imagine wanting anything more. I stuck out my tongue experimentally against the tip, shocked by the salty flavor. It was a little off-putting, but the thick musky miasma drove my mouth down lower.

I was careful of his still-growing spines as I licked carefully around the edges. Fortunately, they pointed away from me so that if I slowly worked down over the tip, I could engulf his cock and suck as my newly found gay instincts dictated. It felt strange having such a thing in my mouth. Both the taste and the amount of clear fluid were troublesome to grow accustomed to. Yet, soon, I found the musky flavor starting to grow on me, and I sucked harder, needing to draw out more.

The rumbles of contentment rising from Alister's body were a clear sign that I was doing a more than adequate job. "Fuck... Gabriel... how did you get so... good at this..." Alister moaned.

His deep, husky voice only spurred on my efforts. My own penis was leaking a clear pool underneath me, powerfully aroused by the presence of this muscular, musky male.

I felt his dick growing thicker in my mouth as my oral ministrations did their work. His groans of pleasure became more uncontrolled as his end seemed to near. Was he about to cum?

I found myself nervous about experiencing the taste or the texture of his jism but I couldn't stop myself. I was getting way too damn turned on by doing this! My mouth was starting to grow a little sore but I didn't want to stop. Alister was getting close, and even if it was changing him, he seemed to want it so bad.

Suddenly I heard him yell "Fuck! Don't stop!" and I increased my pace, ignoring the soreness in my jaw as I sucked with gusto.

My eager tongue lapped lovingly at his length, eager to draw forth his salty semen. I even moved one hand in to tease his warm, fuzzy balls. I felt him growl at that as I reached my hand further down to rub at his perineal area. My fingers brushed something moist and open, and without thinking I pressed a finger gently forward, only afterward realizing I was teasing the rim of his flared pucker.

The explosion that hit me was nothing like I could prepare myself for. I could feel his cock flare as a violent spasm of sticky, slimy fluid filled my mouth. I almost gagged on the quantity, but my sex-addled brain kept me focused on pleasing this male and I forced myself to swallow. The taste was overwhelming, salty and musky and somewhat disgusting, but I still gulped it down readily. Alister continued to shoot, five, six, seven blasts of hot cum into my gullet before he stopped, panting heavily from the release.

I gently removed my tongue from his cock and fell backward, lost in the sensory overload. My head was swimming from the musky, sweaty scents. Even the warm thick cum in my muzzle was surprisingly enjoyable once I had gotten over my initial disgust. Was this what it was like to pleasure another male? It wasn't so bad, all things considered.

I suddenly realized that in my lust-filled haze, I'd completely forgotten to tend to my own sexual needs. My cock throbbed with a powerful desire to be touched. Even my balls were swelling without any external stimulation.

I reached down to finish myself off, not caring that my cock was altering, becoming shorter and thicker. I felt the warmth of my sheath skin crawling down towards the base of my cock as my balls itched fiercely with fur growth. But I was far too horny to care. I needed to blow my load, as much as I'd needed to please the lovely male before me.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my own, brushing it away as another teased the edges of my cock. It was Alister, who had come out of his post-orgasmic haze. He looked down at me, excitement clearly visible through the feline features his mouth now sported.

“That was... amazing... Gabriel... I couldn’t... not help you out... after that...” he panted, his firm fingers playing over my rod.

I instantly let myself enjoy the feeling of his grasp on my cock. I’d never imagined let another man explore me like this. But his heavy scent this close to me, combined with the arousal from what I’d just done to him, made me impossibly horny.

He rubbed my changing shaft expertly, the speed and firmness of his grasp sublime. It was as though he’d worked my body over a hundred times. It may have been my sex-starved body that interpreted every touch as electric, but I didn’t care. My shaft leaked copious amounts of fluids as I drank that delicious muscled male form and its rank, sweaty stench.

I wasn’t going to last long. The tension on my balls had quickly built to a crescendo from my earlier activities. I felt my balls throbbing with need as my shaft length seemed to shrink a little. Thankfully, it retained its thickness, even gaining a new-found sensitivity. I forced my eyes open and gazed down to watch the shade of my penis deepening to red. An intense tickling on the tip signaled the growth of several more spines. Alister was mindful of them as he continued to run his hand over my dick. My sheath was getting thicker, bunching up around my fuzzy, tawny-furred balls. Oh God, I wasn’t going to last...

I growled as my balls shook and my cock splattered five thick shots of cum all over Alister’s hand. The warmth of the orgasm flowed over me and nearly made me white out. My balls churned and throbbed, my thick male stench wafting into my nostrils and making me feel relaxed and content. I laid back on the grass, awash in the post-orgasmic sensation.

I had nearly passed out when the itching from my groin gave me pause. My fingers quickly reported that fur was continuing to thicken over my privates. I was still changing! How could I have given in so easily? It had felt so good, but now that it was over... I blushed in shame. He hadn’t wanted this and neither had I. Not until I had...

I felt tears streaming down my face. What the hell was I thinking!?! I was condemning us both to lives as simple beasts, fucking gay animals. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see Alister’s face right now. We should have tried harder, we should have fought!

Yet, his thick, musky scent suddenly washed over me, and I could tell he was right in front of me. Would he hit me, yell at me for giving in? Or would he try to take me again, to force us into beasts?

Yet, instead of either of those, he began running his furred hands over my cheeks. I felt a little shocked. He was comforting me. Like a friend would... or like a lover. I could smell he was getting hard again, but he didn't move away. Neither did I.

"I'm so sorry Gabriel. I didn't... it's not your fault. It's not my fault, as much as I would blame myself. We both know whose fault it is," he said, glaring up at the overhang where the doctor had stood a few hours ago.

"And... it was good. I've never liked men... and I know it's the process making me so horny but..." he trailed off for a moment. "You were really good. I know it's not what either of us wanted but... that was good," he finished, an expanding red spot forming on his leonine cheeks. His blush was kinda cute, I had to admit.

"Thank you," I whispered softly to him. I felt myself blush from the compliment. "I-it was good for me too. I'm glad it made you happy. That's important. Special. Something to savor while we still have at least some choice," I added, voice trailing off.

"That's it, boys! It's about time you gave in to your desires!" called a voice from up above.

I growled in anger as I looked up at the face of Dr. Barr. He was alone this time. I figured one of his assistants was cock deep in a horse's ass right now, but where was the tiger guy? It didn't matter. My cheeks blushed in shame from having been watched.

I saw Alister glaring up in his direction as well, even more pissed off than I was. "You made us do this! We didn't have a choice! No matter how much we needed it, you forced us to do this, you fucker!" Alister yelled back at our captor.

"It's a shame you don't see the gift I've given you. Yet, at least. But you will, soon enough. It is no matter for now. No one who I've changed has ever complained, in the end. Though they aren't exactly able to, from a human standpoint, I am quite assured that they would not if they could."

"But that is neither here nor there. Look at yourselves as an example! A few hours ago you hated the notion of what I was doing to you and detested each other! Now you are at the very least friends, exploring your new shared desires! And over the next few days... well, we shall see, but I have my suspicions on how that will develop. For now, I believe it's time for your supper. After that, well, I'm sure I'll enjoy seeing how your first night progresses!" he said before turning away.

Alister continued to yell profanities at the doctor, but I held my tongue. What was the point? We were powerless to actually do anything about it, after all. Yelling at him wouldn't accomplish anything. And getting angry at him was only raising our heart rates, perhaps making the changes happen faster. I looked over at Alister; his rounded ears were slowly stretching through thickening hair, seeming to prove my point.

Despite the changes, I found myself reflecting on our sexual encounter. It had been nice that first time, to cum with him. I found myself wanting him, thinking of all the things my new body would like to experience with him. The thoughts of him touching me, rubbing up against me, and even being inside of me were almost all-consuming. But I had to resist. I needed to. I had to prove the doctor wrong, in case there was a chance that he would give up his notion that all his subjects loved the change. It was our only chance of getting out of here.

A clicking sound broke me from my reverie. I could see the tiger man from before stepping out of an elevator I hadn't noticed before. It was back against one wall, out of view of anyone looking into the habitat. I quickly realized that was how I had been brought down here. There were two separate layers of cages between us and the device. As the man walked through one, the other was closed with an electronic locking mechanism. There was no way we could force our way through.

Jerry was wheeling in a variety of meats my changed nostrils found intoxicating. Despite myself, my mouth began to water. The meats were cooked, likely to prevent upsetting our still-human stomachs. Chicken, pork, beef, fish. All pure protein.

Jerry stepped out of the second cage, locking the first door to prevent our escape. Then, with a smile, he opened the third door, the one that would give us access to the meal. He no longer wore the sunglasses he'd had on my tour. I found his yellow, feline eyes staring hungrily at the meats before us. Or, perhaps, was he staring at us? He turned around and went back through to the elevator before I could tell.

I regarded the tiger-man with a hint of jealousy. He may have been still changing, but he was free. No, not free, I corrected myself. He had sold his soul to Dr. Barr for the chance to be a tiger someday. The difference was he got to choose what species of animal to become, and when he would abandon his humanity forever. Was he waiting for the right person to come along and be turned into his tiger mate? I had no way to know.

The scent of food distracted me from my reflections. I looked to Alister, not wanting to get too close lest our lusts take over. I motioned for him to go first and he did the same. We

stood there, a little dumbfounded on what to do. I could hear his stomach rumble audibly, as was mine. We were both clearly hungry. Eventually, we seemed to mutually agree, fuck it. We both needed to eat and the hunger pangs would distract us from further sexual activity, at least for now.

We ate in silence. Despite our reluctance to risk further changes, we didn't keep ourselves away from each other. There was no point. We knew we'd fuck again soon enough once our bodies demanded it. And right now, picking up chunks of meat and biting into them with gusto was the clear priority.

The food was good. I had enjoyed meat as a human well enough but my changing body craved it. I found myself eating all that was offered, scarfing it down as though it was my last meal. I noticed my stomach starting to distend a little but still, I hungered for more. Alister was in very much the same condition. Neither of us could stop eating, despite how full we had become. Perhaps our changes required a greater intake of protein. Either way, both Alister and I finished the given meal, and I felt we could have easily eaten more had it been provided.

Feeling thirsty as well, I made my way towards an artificial spring that pooled and filtered out into a small pond within the habitat. I cupped my hands and drank my fill, more thirsty than I thought I was. Evidently, my changes required plenty of hydration as well. Alister wasn't far behind me, though he was polite enough to wait his turn.

As I walked away, I found I needed to urinate rather urgently. I made my way to the opposite side of the rock, not wanting Alister to see. It was silly, I knew. We were turning into animals, we'd see or smell each other doing our business daily. But I still felt the need to retain some human modesty.

I urinated on some bushes near the edge of the habitat, the pungent thick aroma extremely off-putting. I wrinkled my nose, wondering how much my bladder had changed already. Or was I simply that dehydrated? I hadn't had anything to drink since this morning.

I began walking away from the spot when suddenly I realized I needed to pee again. In fact, it was almost more urgent than the first time. I emptied my bladder a second time on a nearby tree, the stench just as off-putting. Even through the pungent scent of urine, there was something else present in my pee that made me sniff a few more times.

It took a third time urinating to make me realize what was happening. I was marking territory like a lion would! I groaned, trying to empty my bladder as I pissed. But, like before, I was only able to release a small pungent stream each time. It took two more times before the

urge to urinate dissipated. The scent was at least starting to grow on me. It reminded me of, well, me. It made me relax to know that the area started to smell like me. Was it some leonine instinct?

From across the rock formation, I spied Alister doing the same thing. He blushed in embarrassment as I accidentally caught him in the act. I looked away quickly, blushing as well. I didn't need to watch him piss if I could help it.

The combined scent of our urine continued burning into my nose, washing over me and providing me with a sense of comfort. It was relaxing, knowing it was our place, belonging to my mate and me...

I shook my head, trying to eliminate the leonine thoughts plaguing me. The instincts were creeping up on me so steadily, I hardly had a chance to be aware of them before they struck. I was changing so fast, in mind as well as the body.

I suddenly found myself exhausted after all that had happened. I made sure I found a place that was out of sight of Alister, lest either of us awoke with lustful urges neither one of us could control. I lay on my side on the cold ground, with no real pillow to rest on. I was gonna be sore when I woke up. Maybe too sore to fuck, I thought with a sarcastic smirk.

I didn't know how I would be able to fall asleep in this position. To make matters worse, my mind was racing with a million thoughts about my present and my future. Was there any chance that I could escape with my humanity? Would I become a lion for the rest of my days? I couldn't even conceive what that would be like. Would I retain enough of my humanity to even worry about concepts? The experience was too alien to even anticipate.

Worse than the thoughts were the feelings of change that continued to creep over me. My itching arm and groin were the worst. Yet, there was also a light tingling creeping from my nails. Was I growing claws, like a lion? Were my fingers about to change, and with them, my ability to interact with the world?

I hadn't lost the ability to cry, at least. Somehow, I passed out soon after, tears still in my eyes. The fatigue of the day washed over me, lulling me into a deep, dreamless sleep. Yet, it was not fast enough to avoid hearing the haunting sounds of Alister sobbing as well.

When I awoke, it was early morning. The sky was orange, light slowly entering in through the window of the dome. My ears were suddenly awash with the sounds of animal activity, most likely copulation if my hearing was at all accurate. I sighed at that. From the insistent ache in my crotch, I surmised I'd be doing the same thing before long.

Despite my better judgment, I looked down at my cock, my furious erection demanding attention. There was nothing human left. It was deep red, short, and pointed with a furry sheath pooling at the bottom. I had to really stretch to look down as my cock and feline balls had shifted closer to my rear than Alister's had been. It was a perfect facsimile of a lion's cock, from what I could gather. It pained me to see my most private of places in such a state.

I reached down to touch it when I noticed that my hand appeared different. The fur on my arm hadn't spread that far, yet there was a thick tawny patch on the backs of my hands. But that wasn't the worst of it. My nails looked dark and thick, strange and out of place at the end of human digits. And my fingers themselves seemed a little shorter. I flexed them, noting they were a bit stiff. My thumb felt even more restricted and further up my wrist than I would have preferred. Fuck.

Only then did I notice a spicy scent in the air and felt the eyes on me from before. I looked up. Alister had been watching me the whole time. Or at least I gathered from the massive leonine erection dangling under him. He was clearly interested. It looked as though it was taking every fiber of his being not to touch himself. Part of me was flattered that he found me so attractive, even though he hadn't liked guys before this.

I was shocked by the changes to his visage. His pupils were dilated, yellowed as though he'd contracted jaundice. But I knew better. His cheeks had puffed out as well, and his nostrils had widened and sloped forwards towards his jaw. When he smiled at me, his teeth seemed sharper, longer. It seemed as though his jaw had protruded into the beginnings of a feline muzzle. His whiskers from yesterday were sticking out an inch from his cheeks, looking like he'd been struck by a porcupine.

When he spoke, it sounded deeper, more guttural than it had been. "Gabriel... I... I've been thinking... I want to resist. We need to try. But if it happens... it's OK. I think... I think it's going to happen regardless. If it does... WHEN it does, it's not your fault. And... maybe... we'll find something good... from this..." he ended, voice trailing off as though lost deep in thought.

I was harder than I'd ever been from the sight of the sexy lion man standing before me. It was all I could do not to pounce on him right then and there. My asshole was clenching, my

prostate begging for stimulation. I'd never taken anything up the ass before, but somehow the prospect was tantalizingly arousing. I thought of all the other people turned animals I'd seen, all the males rutting in their new mate's rears. So horny, so eager.

My hand was on my cock before I could stop myself. My dick spurted a huge blob of pre, coating my hand and making my new fur a little sticky. It felt divine, even getting the briefest stimulation. I needed to cum. I was so aroused by the sight of the lion-man and his pungent odor wafting off his muscled form that nothing else mattered.

“Stop!” Alister bellowed, leaving my hand dangling in the air. Why had he yelled at me? Part of me knew, of course. The sight would spur on his own changes. But I was still pissed off. How dare he tell me what to do! It was my body damnit! My right to touch myself and breed like an animal.

“I ...I can't!” I yelled, the tears streaking down my face in tandem with my building shame. I needed to, damnit! I didn't want to be a fucking animal but I couldn't stop myself. The thick musk threatened to override my sense of self-preservation, of myself and my humanity.

Without a word, Alister crawled over towards me, taking my head in his still very human hand and wiping the tears away as he had yesterday. When he spoke, it was soft, nurturing, like a parent talking to a child. Or a lover talking to a stressed partner.

“Listen to me, Gabriel. We aren't getting out of here. We can't resist. Your cock is as hard as mine right now. We can try and fight the urges as long as we want, but eventually, we are going to give in. I-I don't think we should do it alone. If you can't, if you absolutely CAN'T hold back, then let me join you. Let me mate... make love with you, and change with you. Whenever you can't hold it anymore. Let's have our last human moments be comforted with each other's presence.”

“I know it's what that sick fuck wants but... I have to admit, I like you, Gabriel. I don't mind that it's you I'm in with. And if we can take some comfort in each other as humans, before we change too much, isn't that a win as well? Some small spite against that fucker's plans?”

I nodded, Alister's words making the tears stream faster. He was right. We weren't getting out of here as humans, that was certain. And wouldn't it be better to go through this together instead of alone? I found myself a little happier at the thought of connecting with Alister more intimately before we lost our human bodies completely.

I moved closer to him, hugging his warm chest and breathing in his heady, masculine scent. He smelled so nice, so strong. He was about the same height as I was, I realized now that I was pressed up against him. I looked into his eyes, almost longing to kiss him but unsure if that was the appropriate response.

He regarded me intensely as his smile revealed his sharper canine teeth and his changed tongue. Despite the drastic change, I still found his presence comforting. “Now tell me, Gabriel. How would you like to proceed? What is it that you need?” he asked, his deepening voice dripping with lust.

I didn't answer. The aching in my prostate and the clenching of my asshole told me all I needed. I wanted his penis inside me in the worst way. But part of me was content to explore this new connection in other ways, as well.

I felt my hands ache as I brushed my human lips over his feline ones, eliciting a moan from my surprised lover. The taste of his muzzle was sublime. I'd never kissed a man before, but the connection played powerfully in my psyche. I couldn't have imagined anything better.

Yet as wonderful as it was, the growing need in my cock and rectum demanded attention. I pulled away, a little reluctantly. I wasn't sure how to proceed, beyond getting down on my hands and knees. But I was craving it all the same. I'd seen so many of the changing males taking it in the ass and I couldn't imagine not doing it now that the thought was firmly implanted in my head. I stuck my anus in the air, my cock and balls dangling near my ass as I looked back to see how Alister would react.

It was all the prompting he needed. He got down, rubbing my balls and cock with one hand as he inhaled my rear with that pink feline nose. I felt the tickling of his whiskers on my rump and suppressed a giggle as he sniffed my most private of places. I moaned and shuddered as something rough and coarse lapped at my tail hole. It hurt a little, but the shivers of pleasure it sent through my body more than made up for the slight discomfort.

Alister took to my backside like a man starved of water. He lapped at my pucker tenderly, as though a preview of the act to come. Each long, loving lick to my asshole made my cock drool a thin stream of precum onto the ground. From his insistent play over my rump, I found myself wondering if I'd developed any feline scent glands near the base of my tail. It didn't matter.

I pawed eagerly at the grass, feeling my nails extending into the dirt as the fur on the backs of my hands sprouted thicker. Something was happening to my palms as well. The skin

began to feel a bit rough and dry, and I wondered if they were forming the beginnings of feline paw pads.

I tried to ignore the pleasure to focus on the changes but grunted as I felt his hand probe around my anus. It felt incredibly uncomfortable having one finger enter me and I pushed back against it, trying unconsciously to expel him. Yet the action only served to suck his finger in further, forcing a moan from my lips. I blushed a little, hoping I was clean enough, but I didn't think it mattered too much to the animals we were slowly becoming.

Another gasp of pain escaped my lips as a second finger slowly slid in my rectum, opening me up further than I'd even thought possible. It hurt like hell, and I grimaced, trying to focus on the intense sensations in my cock from the pressure of his actions on my prostate. Yet after a few moments, I found I was starting to enjoy the feeling of being entered. So this is what it felt like to be fucked in the ass!

I wanted to reach back and touch myself, but both my hands were clenched firmly in the dirt, the bones and tendons snapping and aching as the feelings in my cock intensified. My thumbs forced themselves higher and higher up my wrists. The joints cracked several times, as though they were diminishing. I found it harder and harder to move them as I subconsciously tried. I didn't care though, at the moment. My body was tense, ready, and eager to take feline cock.

Alister was more than eager to oblige. I shivered as he removed his adept fingers, shuddering from the loss of sensation. Then I felt what I'd been craving. A cool sensation from his leaking cock tip as it teased my pucker, sliding in ever so slightly. It was as though he was exploring me, learning the sensations of entering another male.

I growled a little as he pushed in with his cock this time, the sensations far more intimate than his fingers had been. Something sharp pricked the inside of my ass, like hot peppers. His cock wasn't as thick as his fingers, but it stung. However, after a few moments, it felt... good. Better than good. Fuck!

The sensations of his spines raking against my rectal walls weren't enough to pierce or injure me, much as I figured was the case for lionesses. Or male lions, for that matter. I recalled some vague memories from a nature documentary. Male lions would sometimes form bachelor prides, with males engaging in homosexual activities. I was starting to realize why. Each time those spines rubbed my inner ass my prostate sent an electrical jolt of pleasure that wracked my body. My cock was practically drooling precum onto the ground!

My fingers snapped frantically the more I was fucked, but the sensations simply made me crave it more. It wasn't painful, not exactly. A dull ache resounded through each digit as they reduced in length and retreated into my palms. The surface area was widening slightly, pulled apart as the fingers formed a thick webbing between the base of each.

The most bizarre change was the alteration to my fingernails. The tips of my nails seemed to stretch before my eyes. But I could feel the keratin crawling into the fingers as well, moving through the former joints as their bases continued to swell. A snap resounded through each of my digits as something formed inside to anchor the tips of the nails.

I shivered as a thin layer of skin sprang up from inside each of my fingers, nearly covering my nails to the tips. I gasped as I tried to clench my nails in the ground, and they slid out of the new skin with an almost pleasurable sensation. They dug in deep, allowing me to brace myself as I took Alister's lion cock deeper and deeper.

My palms continued to mutate the more I was fucked. It was frightening, but Alister's scent made me relax. I didn't want to lose my hands, but I couldn't stop the changes. And I didn't want Alister to stop. Even as I felt my fingertips ache and my nails extend. Even as the bones in my hand began to rearrange and grow larger, rounder. It was all worth it to be fucked in the ass like a gay beast!

I didn't last long. Not from such intense pleasure. It was so sudden. The ecstasy built up and pushed my aching balls over the edge before I even realized what was happening.

"Ah... aggg... ahh fuck... AHHHHH!" I yelled as my lion cock throbbed in Alister's hand and I shot all over the ground, a foul-smelling spunk that simply didn't stop.

I felt my ass clench down on Alister's cock, and he roared, really roared, as his cock flared tightly inside me. It felt as though he would never stop as his thick spunk filled me up. The warm, sticky fluid nearly rushed out of my anus as it covered his cock and my inner rectal walls.

I thought I would be a little disgusted from being fucked by a man. After all, it was the doctor's depraved formula that was making me gay in the first place. And I didn't want to change or give in to his depravity. But to be honest, it felt nice, basking in the post-orgasmic glow as Alister slowly pulled out with a wet plop. His barbed cock gave me a last shiver of pleasure as his cum spilled from my ass.

I found myself feeling a little dirty from the jizz leaking from my pucker as we both panted with the release. Yet, soon, I felt something rough and familiar against my backside and realized that Alister was cleaning me, licking up his cum from my ass as a cat would. I had to admit it felt nice, helping me to relax a little. I didn't realize how irritating it felt to have the sticky stuff stuck on my backside, even against the bare skin. I couldn't clean it off myself, not with the state of my hands.

With Alister's sweaty body so close to mine I began to drift off, content in what we'd done and eager to rest. I didn't think about it, not at the time. Why he wasn't talking. Why he was licking me clean in feline fashion. I just closed my eyes, nodding off from the warmth of his body as he passed out on top of me.

When I awoke again, it was nearly evening. A thin pink streak was etching ever further from the horizon. Why did I sleep so late? Surely, the changes weren't that exhausting. Yet, that same nature documentary provided the answer. They, like most cats, were active around dawn and dusk, the best times to hunt. Asleep during the heat of the day. It was strange that our internal clocks had changed so much already.

At the thought of changes, I realized I hadn't seen what happened to Alister's warm sleeping body after our lovemaking. Gazing over at him, I nearly gasped at the sight of his inhuman face. His mouth was massive, jaws extending into a feline muzzle, his nose thicker and pink. His hair was black, thick, and bushy like a mane, having merged with his beard and running down the length of his neck. Even his ears had rounded and were higher upon his head than they had been the last time I'd seen his face. His head looked out of place on his smaller frame but I knew he wasn't done growing yet.

Alister awoke to look at me with golden-flecked eyes. He shook his head a few times, his mane of hair waving as he roused himself. He took a few careful sniffs of the air before his intense gaze fell on my still-erect cock. I hadn't even noticed I was hard until now, raptured by the sight of the changing lion-man. It was more than just morning wood. Lying next to my prone leonine friend had left me powerfully aroused. And a quick glance at Alister's own meat assured me he was in just as much need.

He started to speak, though his voice sounded nothing like the man from yesterday. He spoke slowly, carefully, enunciating every word so I would understand. It seemed important to him that I did.

“While I can still... grr... talk... I’m Grrrrraadd... it’s... with you... go ahead... take me...” he murmured, turning around and raising his ass to me. His scent glands were in full production, the heady scent of a male lion wafting towards my nose.

He knew as well as I did we didn’t have much time left as humans, and there was little point in resisting. Maybe it would be better this way, to give in and change together. Yet I couldn’t shake the notion that I was giving up. The weight of the conflict in my thoughts and feelings nearly drove me mad. Why did it feel so wrong to give in?

A torrent of memories flooded over me, and I nearly cried once more from the myriad of images from my past. I realized why I’d been fighting so hard to hold back, to not fuck and change. The answer had been in front of me the whole time, though I didn’t want to admit it to myself. I felt I didn’t deserve the changes, as fucked up as that sounded. There was a powerful part of my mind that always told me I wasn’t worth anything, that I didn’t deserve pleasure. And now I realized that part of me would soon be gone as I changed over into an animal. The notion of losing that aspect of my humanity suddenly seemed appealing.

I recalled Dr. Jonathan Barr’s words about finally being given a rest, a chance to live and be happy in ways I couldn’t conceive of as a human. The more I reflected on them, the more I realized they started to ring true. It no longer felt so wrong to give in, to finally let myself have a semblance of the pleasure I’d been denied all my life.

Alister looked back at me and presented his rump rather insistently. His pucker was clenching open and closed, and as I looked I noticed the beginnings of a nub above his ass, where I assumed his tail would soon be. He no longer cared about the changes; he was horny and needed his mate. Me.

I recalled his words about giving in to the urges together, taking some semblance of our lives back despite the drastic metamorphosis. Besides, I couldn’t deny how horny the sight made me. I wasted no time, the memory of his careful ministrations fresh in my mind as I reached out my tongue experimentally to tease the rim of his pucker. The still human part of my brain was worried about cleanliness, but I soon realized how silly it was for the cat I was becoming.

I let myself get into the work as I rolled my tongue around the perimeter of his pucker, even pushing it in a little, much to Alister’s pleasure. I thought about inserting a finger as he had done but realized that wasn’t possible for me anymore. My hands were too far changed into feline paws. My paws retained enough dexterity to line up my stiff prick with his lubed-up hole until the tip pressed ever so slightly against his eager pucker. Alister was quick to push back, and with a slight grunt, I was in.

My gaze shifted down towards my hands even as I felt my cock sliding in. The fingertips ached once more while the diameter of my digits contracted. My wrists were expanding, my palms and fingertips thickening with rough black skin. I was going to lose my hands if I fucked. But... I would lose them eventually anyway, right? And it felt amazing feeling my cock enter into Alister's leonine rump.

I was all the way in when his rectal muscles clamped tightly on my lion cock. I rearranged my hips to a more comfortable position and began my slow shallow thrusts. I could feel the barbs of my prick rubbing against his rectal walls as his prick had done in mine eliciting a deep moan from the lion-man. It felt so astounding to fuck him and hear his pleasure in such an intimate way. I found myself speeding up my thrusts without realizing it. It was as though some bestial instinct had overcome me, and I reveled in it.

The changes in my hands and wrists were speeding up now, the fingers hardly able to twitch even at my insistent prompting. I even felt an ache in my backside as my coccyx bones began to extend out into what would soon be a lion's tail. My fingers were inching ever shorter, ever more feline in their configuration. I remained wary of my claw tips, not wanting to pierce Alister's still bare skin.

I couldn't hold out for long. The intense sensation of being inside this magnificent male, the feelings of our thick black balls slapping together, and his firm grip on my feline cock brought me closer and closer to the edge of orgasmic onset. I heard a mighty roar as the prostate stimulation became too much and Alister exploded all over the ground as I had, his tight rectal muscles clamping down hard on my cock and bringing me along for the ride.

"AGGGG... FUCK!" I yelled as I shot several white hot ropes of seed into his eager rump. His tight sphincter muscles milked my balls for all they were worth, eagerly depriving me of my cum. My vision whited and I nearly collapsed on his back.

I laid that way for a time, watching sleepily as my hands thickened and flattened, my palms widening even further towards the large lion paws I would soon possess. I slowly slid out as his body naturally expelled me, thick clumps of my lion seed dripping from his rump and the tip of my cock. I considered returning the favor and cleaning him, but my tongue wasn't quite ready yet for that.

Alister turned his head to look at me, showing me the extent of his latest changes. His muzzle had grown further, while his skull had sloped and his mane had thickened. I hadn't even heard what must have been a series of cracks to allow such a transition. His shoulders and neck

had expanded to adapt to his massive head, layers of thick muscle tissue rippling under the skin. His eyes were fully feline now, golden orbs with circular black irises in the center.

His leonine features attempted a smile, baring his sharp teeth in a friendly sort of grin. Yet it was his eyes that spoke volumes now, the golden orbs showing his eagerness to be with me like this. He didn't bother trying to vocalize. I figured it would embarrass him too much to growl at me. And besides, for now, at least, I could still tell the human Alister was in there.

He was not the only one who had changed. I was quickly reminded of the almost fully formed feline paws I now sported. My thumb was so far up my wrist now, I couldn't even move it. Another change and it would likely be a dewclaw. My fingers were so short now. A simple flex revealed I could extend and retract my new feline claws from my new sheaths. It was almost neat to be able to control them like that.

Despite my indulgence, I took a moment to mourn the loss of my human way of interacting with the world. I would no longer grasp or hold with the opposable thumb and flexible digits I had enjoyed all my life. Alister took some interest in my efforts, licking my cheeks as a few more tears rolled down them.

We slept together after that, arms wrapped around each other as best we could. It wasn't cold in the pen, not exactly. But his scent made me feel content in a way I hadn't known possible. And I had to admit, his warm chest made a much more comfortable pillow than the ground.

It was better this way, somehow. We were giving in, to be sure, but it was our own choice now. We had gotten to know each other, at least a little, and Alister was a good guy. I wouldn't mind it so much, being in this cage and being his mate after all. Maybe as I changed I would find greater happiness, if that were possible. But for now, I closed my eyes and easily drifted off into a deep sleep.

I awoke sometime later to the sound of the door of our cage opening. I lifted my head with a glimmer of hope in my eyes. Were we to be released, to be changed back to human?

I shook my head awake. No, of course not. It was simply the doctor's assistant bringing us a meal again. I was famished, I realized. More hungry than I'd been the day before. It seemed my changing body needed much more protein to become a full-grown adult lion. The scent of meat wafting into my nostrils had its usual effect of arousing me from my sleep.

I stood up, eager to feed my other hunger. To my surprise, the tiger-man wheeling in our meat was naked. The sound that had woken me was that of the first door closing behind him. He opened the second door, wheeling in the food, a much larger portion this time I couldn't help but notice. Significantly more for just the two of us, even with our increased appetites.

I stared at him, puzzled. Why was he naked? He could clearly see the confusion plastered on my face. Yet, he simply looked at the food and then back at us with an intense look in his eyes. It unnerved me a little until I caught a whiff of his feline scent. It was different, less comforting than Alister's or my own, both of which I'd become accustomed to. It smelled of an outsider, but not necessarily in a bad way. Simply something for my mate and me to be cautious of. The fact that I'd become more comfortable with referring to Alister as my mate was not lost on me.

Alister, too, had stood up and growled softly, not enough to be big and threatening, but enough to give the interloper a message to be cautious. It spoke of warning, of not making any sudden movements until we, the pride, decided as to what to do with him. I attempted to growl as well, though my vocal cords were not as changed as Alister's, and it came out weak and human-sounding.

The tiger man, whose name was Jerry, if I recalled correctly, wasn't really that far along in his changes. His skin was nearly entirely orange now, with black stripes accenting it nicely. He had no fur yet. I'd had a house cat in my youth, a calico that when shaved showed her skin color to match her fur.

Jerry was tall and muscular, his cheeks puffy with his decently lengthy tail swinging lazily behind him. His eyes were yellow, his ears adorned the top of his head, his pink nose had flattened, and his lips pulled back to reveal impressive fangs. He simply grinned creepily at us as he opened the main door and stepped in. The third door closed on its own, effectively trapping him inside. I didn't get it. What was his angle?

Yet, it was then that his scent really hit me, and from the reaction in my stiff prick, I began to understand why he had come. No, he couldn't be intending to... but then, what else explained his actions?

"It looks like my two newest kings are coming along nicely," called Dr. Barr from above the pen. "Yet, I suppose you are wondering why I have allowed the addition of a third feline to your ranks. Allow me to answer. Jerry simply couldn't resist watching your mating display.

Lions and tigers have been known to get along in captivity, after all. And he has decided he would love to join you. Say hello to the newest member of your pride!”

The naked tiger man regarded us both hungrily, his lips widening to reveal the developing fangs inside. He stared at us with those round, yellow eyes, his feline cock erect and his masculine scent washing over the sleepy Alister and me. It seemed he meant to join our little pride, and I wasn't entirely opposed to the arrangement if my changed genitalia had any say in the matter.

I'd be lying to myself if I said I didn't find the soon-to-be tiger powerfully attractive. His striped skin was beautiful, and the sight of his erect feline cock made my mouth water. Yet, there was a human part of me that didn't want this. I liked what I had with Alister. I wasn't ready to add another beast to the mix.

My body, however, seemed to have other ideas. My cock was powerfully aroused from the sight of the partial tiger-man standing before us. Alister's cock was too, my nose told me.

Jerry gave us a lustful look as he sauntered into the pen with us, locking the door behind him. I stood my ground, rising to my full height as he stared at us with a predatory grin. It was as though he was sizing us up to see which of us would be his snack. Or his fuck, as the case may be.

Alister was not nearly as hesitant as I was. He growled, a deeply leonine sound as he bared his sharp teeth at our intruder. The signal was clear, at least to me. He didn't view the tiger man as a threat, no. It was more than that. He was showing him his place. At the very bottom of our pride. He wasn't worthy of such a presumption as to the right to fuck either of us.

I strode over towards my pride mate, standing in solidarity with his decision. I bared my own still mostly-human teeth, but the message was the same. I, too, didn't think he had to right to fuck either of us. He would have to earn it.

The tiger seemed to get the idea and lowered himself down on his hands and knees. I noticed his cock had retracted a little, but not enough that I couldn't smell it. The submissiveness wasn't as much of a turn-off as I might have expected. In fact, it had the opposite effect on my cock. If it wasn't his cup of tea, it would be by the time Alister was done with him, I was fairly certain.

Alister crawled over to him, deciding to remain on all fours, though I was pretty sure he could walk upright if he still chose. It seemed as though he had embraced our futures more fully than I'd realized. I was sure he was content being my mate, but to fully be a lion...

I shook my head. There was time for that later. We had other priorities at the moment. I had to assume that given our feline instincts, we too would establish a hierarchy to determine feeding and mating rights. These next few moments would be crucial to our lives as lions.

Alister continued crawling over to Jerry, baring his fangs and growling his low feline baritone. For a moment I was worried Alister would hurt him. He had helped that sick fuck put us in a cage to turn us into animals, after all. But even so, he didn't deserve harm. He was likely brainwashed with the promise of becoming something he could never truly understand.

Alister never had any attention to harming him. Alister took him by the scruff of his neck, holding him down while Jerry stayed perfectly still. His cock was leaking like a faucet now, the submissive posture evidently a powerful aphrodisiac. Alister growled as he held on, pulling Jerry back towards me. He then let go, leaving his massive hand on Jerry's back as he made his way behind Jerry, sniffing the heady scent of the tiger's feline cock and swinging balls.

Alister then rumbled his feline growl towards me, as though beckoning me forward. I didn't know what he had in mind, but I wasn't in a position to say no. I crawled towards them in an attempt to maintain the same four-legged stance as the other two. It somehow felt right to do so. It made me feel like I belonged. Like I was part of the pride.

Alister moved his hand up Jerry's back, pushing down his head and neck so Jerry was eye level with me. I stood up then, my feline member erect from the sight. It was damned arousing, seeing such a powerful man before me, completely at the mercy of me and my mate.

I could hear a chuckle from the doctor above us. I'd nearly forgotten he was there in all the excitement. I didn't bother looking up. His reaction to the display was unimportant to me. It wasn't for him we were doing this, despite whatever Dr. Barr presumed.

My entire attention was focused on my cage mates as Alister pushed Jerry forward until his nose was almost level with my cock. Jerry sniffed my cock a little, before extending a rough tiger-like tongue to tease the tip. I growled a little in pleasure from that briefest of touches. Encouraged by my reaction, he proceeded to move his muzzle over my flesh, carefully running it up and down my cock as he engulfed it with his muzzle. His rough tongue made it easy to play over my length without any risk of damage from my spines. I felt myself purr a little from the exquisite sensations. He was good at this!

As he sucked, I lowered my paw over his head, holding him in place and encouraging him to pick up his pace. Gazing down in satisfaction I could see him wince a little as his whiskers started to poke out of his cheeks. A similar set of hairs began poking out of above his eyebrows as he closed his eyes, lost in the flavor leaking from my rod. My face too began to itch from the growth of fur as the sexual energy began changing us both further.

Lost in the rapture of such an amazing blowjob, I hardly noticed Alister sneaking up behind the soon-to-be tiger. He nosed the cat man's ass as if insisting Jerry raise his tail. Jerry slowly obliged. I think he was finally beginning to see what Alister had in store for him. As was I. If he was going to be a member of our pride, he would have to submit to both of us at once. He would be starting from the bottom up, quite literally.

Alister proceeded to breathe in the heady scent of Jerry's balls as he lapped the area, causing several hundred hairs to poke out along Jerry's orange and black hide. He began lapping at the former man's pucker with gusto, evidently savoring the taste. Alister took his sweet time, the pleasure distracting Jerry from finishing off my cock.

I could almost feel the tension draining from my balls. I had been getting a little close but the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to prolong this first encounter. I still felt a little fearful of the changes. I didn't want to be a mindless animal, nor did I want to change anyone else. But what choice did I have? If we were all to be cats anyway, then shouldn't I give in and let myself change so that I could join the pride? Shouldn't I?

I felt my cock go a little softer in the tiger man's mouth. I couldn't comprehend the intensity of the conflict in my emotions. I couldn't let myself cum, even if Alister was my mate now. Yet I wanted to please him, and even this newcomer, even if it was just a little. I wanted to pull out, in the hopes that it would stop the itching along my back and skull.

Alister had other ideas for us, however. His oral ministrations seemly done, for now, Alister pulled back and then reared up and wrapped his hands around the tiger man's back. I could see the nails growing out a little and sticking into the skin of his fuck toy. I watched his hips moving back and forth as he sought his mark. He struggled a little with the location, but at last, he found Jerry's anus with his prodding feline cock.

The sight was more than enough to spur me back to arousal. I felt myself grow hard as the intense pain in his ass made Jerry redouble his efforts over my cock. I tried to hold myself back but ended up moaning as my cock started throbbing and leaking once more down the eager tiger-man's gullet.

I reflexively closed my eyes, lost in the rapture of our mini orgy. I could feel Jerry's tongue changing me bit by bit, more fur growing up along my back as it spasmed with the development of new muscles. I moaned uncontrollably, torn between the sensations of change and my cock being enveloped by the slick lips of my newest feline lover.

A quick glance down at the tiger showed fur sprouting around the areas that my paw touched. Jerry continued to wince a little from the sensation of being fucked in the ass by Alister's thick feline member. I could see Alister gripping on for dear life as his growing claws held the squirming tiger in place.

It was clear that Jerry had some experience in the area of male on male pleasure. But even with his changes, he was unprepared for the full extent of randy feline sex. Yet still, he kept up a careful rhythm around my cock, sucking for dear life as though making me cum was necessary for his survival. In some ways, it might be, if Alister let his new instincts get in the way.

I could feel my throbbing balls slapping against Jerry's fuzzy chin as Alister increased the tempo of his thrusts, finding his place inside Jerry's tail hole. I could see Alister's claws moving up higher on the tiger man's back as they dug in deeper, piercing the flesh and causing Jerry to flinch. Yet Jerry continued moving his mouth in sync with Alister's thrusts. I could smell Jerry's cock leaking and heard the squelching of Alister's cock deep inside his tiger. Their balls slapped together as their thrusts became more and more uncontrolled. The scents of their lusts and the feelings of Jerry's slick mouth were going to make me cum!

I yelled as I exploded, filling the tiger's mouth with my tangy seed. My furry cock shot deep into his gullet, and my massive paws on his head prevented Jerry from pulling away. I was resolved to make him drink down my cum, to show him his place!

I nearly collapsed from my release in the tiger's mouth, when the sound of a roar stirred me aware once more. I could see Alister rock with release as he roared and shuddered. That seemed to bring the tiger-man along with him, and I could scent the pungent odor of tiger seed spilling all over the ground.

Jerry collapsed as my cock slid out of his mouth and back into my sheath, still covered in his spit and my cum. Using my paws, I lifted him a little and guided his mouth towards my cock. Even in his post-orgasmic reverie, he got the idea. He licked the cum off my cock, wrapping his tongue into the folds of my sheath and stirring me to arousal slightly once again.

It was then that I realized the extent of my changes. The twitches in my back were getting worse, an ache in my shoulders that caused me a bit of distress. I could still feel the fur getting thicker along my back, and my sideburns had gotten longer if the itchiness was any indication.

I tried flexing my shoulders, shocked at how sore they seemed. And how restrictive. I realized it was harder to move them all the way around. They seemed bulkier, as though I'd been hitting the gym and downing protein shakes like a mad man. The added bulk was nice, even though it came with tawny fur. But my too-wide shoulders and bulky chest made me nervous. How long until they functioned as proper forelegs?

The notion of how much more leonine every fuck was making me also carried feelings of sadness. For every bit of pleasure and belonging the sexual acts brought me, they irreparably removed bits of my humanity, making way for a new body. The prospect was scary and exciting all the same. I found it hard to wonder how the other two were taking it so much more easily.

My gaze shifted to Alister, seeing how massive his hands seemed to be, how long his claws were now. His fingers seemed a little shorter, especially his thumbs, as mine had before. Alister's mane was thick and heavy, and his tail stuck over an inch out. He was certainly larger all over, his frame finally accommodating the leonine head he possessed.

Jerry was in a similar state of change from sexual activity. His face was a bit more puffed out with long whiskers. I removed my paw to see that I had taken the human hair off the top of his head and that a light fuzz of tiger fur was growing over the pale orange skin. And his tail seemed a little longer, his muscles thicker. He would be naturally on all fours before too long.

I figured we'd all collapse after our fuck, but our instincts had other ideas it seemed. We took a few moments to sniff around the habitat. I realized how strange that sounds but it's exactly what happened. Alister was the first to start, walking away from the door where we'd fucked and taking deep whiffs of the rock formation in the center. The action drew my attention to the rich scents around the habitat and I began sniffing as well. I'm not sure if it was due to our developing feline instincts or just our enhanced sense of smell that made the grass and trees of the habitat more interesting. I did know I was deeply comforted by the scent of Alister's musk in the habitat, as I was from my own feline stink.

I noticed Jerry standing upright, though his hips were noticeably wobbly. He gripped his cock and took a piss on a patch of bushes. Something seemed off about the acrid scent of his urine. And no, I don't mean simply the reek of piss. It smelled different compared to Alister's urine. It bothered me. He was not one of the pride, after all. He wasn't one of us.

Alister was quick to remedy this. He sauntered over and lifted his leg to release a pungent stream of urine over the spot, marking over the tiger man's scent. I found myself drawn to the bouquet of scents myself, and before I knew it, I lifted my leg and pissed in the same area.

Jerry proceeded to piss a few more times, and each time Alister and I were compelled to overwrite his scent with our own. It was some sort of feline instinct, to be sure. I couldn't help needing to piss on every rock, every tree, and every blade of grass that had been marked by the tiger-man. More urine than I thought my bladder could produce marked over the territory. It seemed as though our feline minds still needed to dominate his claim to the habitat.

The scents of the now-cold food soon beckoned us to the tray that Jerry had brought for us. Alister growled fiercely as Jerry went to follow. He continued his display of aggression until Jerry stood still. The message was clear. Jerry was being told to wait his turn as the beta of the pride. Again, very leonine behavior, I figured.

What scared me was more was that Alister also growled at me when I tried to approach. I was taken aback by that. I thought we were mates. Equals. I knew we were changing, that our minds were devolving to become more and more feline. But how had he changed so much in such a short amount of time? It was frightening. Would my mind go as quickly once the changes to my skull completed?

By the time I did get to eat, most of the choice meats had been taken. But there was still plenty left for me to eat my fill. I wanted to leave some for Jerry, but Alister growled when I tried to leave, as though aware of my intentions. I turned back and kept eating until I was indeed full, leaving very little for the changing tiger. I backed away, Alister seemingly satisfied with how much I'd consumed.

Jerry was finally allowed to eat at the remnants of the meat. I almost felt bad for him, as strange as it was. I had no reason to. He had done this to himself, after all. I found myself wondering if this was what he wanted. To be at the bottom of the pecking order in the last days of his humanity. To be welcomed as a beast by being treated as lesser than us. But it wasn't really my concern. I had much bigger worries, like the fleeting time I had left to contemplate my lost humanity. Or plan an escape and a return to my human body, preferably with Alister.

We slept together after our meal, or at least Alister and I did. Jerry tried to crawl over to lay near us, but with every step, Alister raised his hackles and growled. Jerry finally got the message and backed off, moving to sleep on the other side of the enclosure. Certain that his beta had gotten the message, Alister was able to drift into a deep feline sleep.

Sleep did not come as easily for me. Thoughts of Alister's recent behavior were weighing heavily on my mind. I had the same stirrings of instincts, I knew. Like the thing with the scent marking. But his mind had changed so much more quickly. If my head changed soon, would I start acting more like a lion too?

My face was already a little warped, but thankfully mostly human for now. I couldn't feel it, but my nose likely had flattened from the start of the process, the larger nasal cavities likely the explanation for my attraction to his randy feline stench. My cheeks were puffy, my tongue was rougher, and I had the beginnings of a leonine mane. Even my teeth were sharper as befitting a feline. I'd noticed that I had an easier time biting into the meat, my new dentures sheering into my dinner.

How many more fucks did I have left to go? How much more bestial sex would I partake in before I only thought like the beast I was becoming? The notion scared me deeply. It took me ages to get to sleep in the coming heat of the day. But eventually, I did.

I awoke to the now-familiar sounds of feline rutting. My open eyes were greeted to Alister's massive paw hand actively rubbing the last strands of human hair from Jerry's head, encouraging the growth of more tiger fur. I could see the rolling muscles under the skin of Jerry's neck and shoulders. The audible cracks and groans of his skeletal structure reminded me of my own changes from the day before.

Jerry was sucking off Alister's very erect lion dick with gusto, eliciting a groan as Alister kept the tiger-man in place with his other clawed hand. I watched as Alister's hips started to move visibly under the flesh as a patch of sparse fur sprouted over his flanks.

I stared in fascination as my lion prick rose to attention. I had wanted to stay out of the fucking, lest I change more, but that seemed impossible with the urges suddenly overtaking me. At this point, I figured any sexual activity in the enclosed space would attract my attention and bring me to arousal, despite my protests to the act.

Alister rolled back his eyes and my attention was drawn to the tiger man, who once again was forced to swallow the entire offering. I had to give Jerry credit. He didn't even protest as he sucked every drop he could from out our pride leader's aching balls. I watched Jerry's feet grow a little bit darker, the skin growing coarse as he stroked his cock with his still human hand. It was almost a reward for the tiger-man for successfully pleasing his mate.

Alister pulled out of Jerry's mouth and growled a little, causing Jerry to take his hand off his powerful cock, a clear stream of precum temporarily linking the two. Alister shoved his softening member into the tiger's face, and Jerry stuck out a rough feline tongue to begin his usual cleaning routine.

Once satisfied, Alister let him go, growling slowly whenever Jerry's hand moved to pleasure his own tiger cock. Alister was acting within the bounds of feline instinct, commanding his lessor to obey his position in the pride. Was he embracing his feline instincts to give us a semblance of normalcy when our changes completed? Or had the changes simply progressed to the point where he mostly thought like a cat?

Once again, I found myself wishing I could ask him. Yet, it was obvious Alister could no longer speak. And I was afraid that if I tried, he might not understand me.

Scenting my arousal, Alister pushed our beta towards me so that his ass faced me. I stared hungrily at the changing man's cum-stained pucker. My cock rose to full attention as I licked my lips with a surprisingly rough tongue. When had that happened?

Jerry slowly backed towards me, shoulders slumped in a sign of submission. I wondered why he didn't fight back. Maybe he was submissive deep down. Maybe he wanted this? Or perhaps the feline instincts had fully taken hold. Either way, he was amazingly compliant.

I crawled forward, ignoring aches and pains in my tailbone and spine as I took a deep whiff of Jerry's ass and balls. I could smell my mate's seed dried on his ass. Yet there was another musky male scent that I found tantalizing, a tiger's scent. Potent feline scent glands lined his anus, a method of communication of his health and virility to others with the ability to smell them.

I took a few deep breaths, committing the scent to memory as I had Alister's. Jerry was pride now, whether he had weaseled his way in or not.

After a few careful, long licks, savoring the tangy aftertaste of lion seed, I gripped Jerry's flanks with my fully formed paws and hoisted myself up. I tried to ignore the itching on my head, a sign of further change. There was no point at this late juncture. I would be forced to fuck this tiger-man whether I wanted to or not. I might as well enjoy myself.

I tried my best to find his protruding pucker. I had only done this once, and it was more difficult than it looked. First off, my hips were designed to be level with a female's vulva. My

current target was higher up, nestled right under his tail. A low growl escaped my lips as my seeking cock kept bouncing off my mate's balls and hips. I found myself wondering how gay cats did this in the wild. I was sure it was a thing. Did they simply hump and hump against whatever they could until one of them came?

Finally, after many growls of frustration and readjusted hips from my tiger, I felt my stiff prick touch the folds of his anus, and he pushed outwards with its muscles, enveloping my cock head. Jerry had indeed been experienced as a human male, I could tell. I shoved against him, and all at once, my cock was sucked inside his bowels. I took a moment to rest my hips from the exertion, and I suppose to allow my mate to get used to the size of my meat inside of him. My cock seemed a little thicker than Alister's, but Jerry seemed OK with it.

A few rapid counter thrusts were all I needed to know he was ready. I started humping rapidly, feeling my heavy balls slapping against Jerry's own. It didn't take us long, both highly aroused as we were by the scents of feline fucking. I let out a leonine-sounding growl as my weighty lion balls throbbed and my spines raked his inner walls as I filled them with potent cum. My cock was gripped hard by his clenching rectal walls as he blew his load over the ground.

I dismounted, a fair deposit of my seed leaking from his tiger anus. I was about to lick it off when a growl from Alister stopped me. I looked up at him, wondering why he had taken offense to simple cleaning. Jerry currently lacked the feline flexibility to clean himself, and his fingers didn't look as mobile as they had before the last couple of fucks. Yet, it seemed that Alister was adamant that our stink lasted on his rump.

The ritual of forcing servitude continued even during our next meal. Like before, Alister insisted on eating first, then allowing me and finally Jerry. There was at least enough food for him this time. Perhaps the doctor was taking pity on him? I had no way to know. The man had silently left the food while we were eating, without a sound to rouse us from sleep.

To the delight of my nose, the meat left for us was far less cooked than previous meals. My mouth watered at the scent of nearly-raw flesh. It seemed likely my intestines had altered sufficiently to stomach it if the doctor left it for us at this stage of the change. It was clearly more palatable to my leonine instincts than it would have been for me as a human.

I figured I would need to go sleep off my dinner as I had previously. However, a gurgling from my bowels signaled I had other priorities. Ah shit. It hadn't been an issue until now, which surprised me in retrospect. I hadn't been constipated or the like. Yet, now the need was becoming rather insistent.

A significant problem came to light, especially when considering our enhanced senses. There was no way I could take care of my business in seclusion, not in this habitat. How could I do something so personal and private in front of two other men, despite whether I'd fucked them or not?

It seemed my changed mentality shared the same concerns. Some instinct in my head made me look around, needing to do it somewhere private. Yet, there didn't seem to be a good spot that wasn't close to where we'd been eating and fucking. I wandered off to the edges of the habitat in the hope to find some privacy. There had to be a more appropriate spot in the habitat that I hadn't noticed until now.

At last, to my shame, I found it. A secluded area with a massive sandbox, scented to eliminate the presence of our waste. Hidden by shrubbery that would further mask uncomfortable odors. I groaned at the realization. It was a fucking litter box. I was turning into a cat and expected to shit in a litter box!

Still, the urge in my guts was screaming at me and I found my instincts desiring to dig in the ground to make myself a little latrine. Sighing internally, I squatted over the spot and did my business. The smell was awful, so much so that as soon as I finished I was compelled to use my massive paw to bury my waste. Just like a cat would. It was practical, at least. Thankfully, it did eliminate most of the smell.

Thankfully, I hadn't made too much of a mess but my ass still felt a little dirty. I thought about how cats cleaned themselves with their tongues and I was a little off-put by the idea. Besides, thankfully, I lacked the flexibility for that. I settled for dragging my ass over a grassy patch several times until I felt sufficiently clean. At least my anus had puckered out from my changed hips that I wasn't as dirty back there as I was accustomed to.

Alistair wasn't too far behind me as he sauntered over to do his own business. I wondered if he felt embarrassed the same way I did. Surely, lions didn't concern themselves over bodily functions, if our scent-marking habits were any indication.

I couldn't ask him, which made me feel a little sad. I had enjoyed his company and his words yet he'd lost them so early on in the change. Body language could only convey so much.

Worse, he wasn't able to express how he cared about me as he had that one night. It hurt. I was saddened about it more than I thought I would be. I think part of me was excited by the idea of things becoming more serious with him before we changed. The idea had made the process more bearable. But now?

The way things were progressing for him brought me back to my initial fears. Alister had lost most of his humanity and was acting like a cat. Perhaps it was due to how he embraced his feline nature, but he was changing noticeably faster. He wasn't even bothering to behave like a human, any longer. The potential romance or partnership that I could have had with him was being robbed by the damn cat he was becoming!

The sensation of a rough tongue on my ass broke me from my depressive episode. I turned around to see Jerry's yellow tiger eyes looking at me expectantly. My confusion lasted only a moment before I could smell his erect cock. It hadn't been half an hour but he was already hard again.

He presented his ass to me once more, raised and eager. I took a few sniffs, my scent still fresh on his pucker. That was enough to bring me to swift erection once more.

I couldn't help but take notice of his changed tiger-paws. The bottoms of his feet were black with calloused pads and his toes had shrunk already. He, too, seemed to be changing faster than I was. I didn't try to talk to him. There was no point. He was clearly more eager to play big cat than I was. This was what he wanted.

There was little point in me resisting him. Without hesitation, I entered his fuck-hole, growling as I humped him. Finding his opening was easier this second time. I couldn't believe how horny I was. So was he, judging from the pungent odor of precum leaking from his cock. I was quick to find my pace, thrusting a little slower this time. Not nearly as needy, I wanted to take my time to fully enjoy the sensation of his tight asshole on my cock.

Before I realized it, Alister was behind me, sniffing and licking at my ass. I enjoyed the sensation, feeling him rim my hole and play over my balls and pucker with that wonderfully rough, dexterous lion tongue. The oral ministrations forced my cock deeper and deeper into the tiger-man, prompting him to clamp down harder. He seemed eager to be fucked, despite the rough nature of our play.

My spine was starting to hurt now, as though my hips were cracking under the skin. I swore I could almost feel my pelvis snap, though such a painful action only caused me a modicum of discomfort. The notion I might be on all fours now was lost to me. I was simply too horny to care!

My extended spine forced my tail to add inch after agonizing inch to my impending lion-hood. The sensation of the growth pressing against Alister's nose made me wince. I wasn't used to having a fucking tail!

Something itched from the tail-tip, like hundreds of thicker hairs sprouting from the skin. I could almost sense them playing over the tip of Alister's feline nose. I heard a deep inhale followed by a low roar as Alister sneezed all over my already-moist ass. I would have laughed if I could have.

I growled a little as I felt Alister grunted as he leaped upon my back, his thick claws digging painfully into my backside, distracting me from the ache in my hips. I could feel his seeking cock teasing the entrance to my ass once more. I pushed outwards, opening my sphincter and searching for the moist, prodding cock tip that was so eagerly seeking my ass. I growled in contentment as I felt him press into me, opening me up with his thick, leonine phallus.

The welcome intrusion reminded me I was still cock-deep in a tiger man's ass. Growling, I resumed my thrusts as Alister found his place inside my depths. It took considerably longer for my throbbing balls to build to orgasmic onset. Still, under the onslaught of lion cock in my ass and the skilled counter thrusts of the tiger, I was not able to last long.

The pressure built up in my balls from the pleasure at both ends, sending me over the edge. I roared as my throbbing cock shot its load and I filled Jerry's ass with another thick load of lion seed. My orgasm triggered my rectal muscles to clamp down on Alister's cock, which made him roar and release his cum in turn. Jerry was not far behind us, the scents of leonine spunk enough to make him blow his load onto the ground once more.

We lay there a little while after that in our little pile of growing fur. I eventually felt my cock slide out of Jerry's ass, and Alister's out of mine, both in a rush of seed. Alister, to his credit, did lap up some of the excess seed leaking from my rump, making me purr in contentment. My hips still felt a little sore, and I worried that after this I might not be able to stand. Though I suppose it was a moot point, given I hadn't even bothered trying standing since yesterday.

Somehow, I felt extremely content with the warm bodies all around me. It was relaxing, having their heady male scents deep in my nostrils as I rested in my post-orgasmic reverie. My thoughts began to drift a little, finding it a bit hard to remember why I had been so worried all this time. It was so nice being surrounded by my pride mates, a comfortable pile of feline bodies that made me feel safe and carefree.

As I laid there, the scent of randy felines deep in my pink nostrils, I realized my cock was stirring to life a third time. What the fuck was going on? There was no way I was still horny. But my shaft was leaking fresh pre and my balls were aching with the need to be emptied. The scents in the air told my pink flattened nose that my feline companions were also erect. Were we developing some sort of extended lion stamina?

I felt Alister licking my rump once again, clearly overcome with an urge to mount me again. My ass was a bit sore from the previous intrusion of his spiny cock, but I was still eager to take more of him inside me. The very thought was stimulating my still throbbing prostate. Fuck, I needed it bad!

Within moments Alister had found his mark once more and was fucking me senseless. We came together a third time, our balls still plump even after frequent orgasms. Alister blew into my ass, adding to the already heavy amount of lion cream inside me, while Jerry was kind enough to suck me off.

“Ah, the joys of leonine lust!” came the familiar voice from above us. I gazed up to see the doctor standing there, watching us with rapt attention. Despite his distance from us, I could smell a hint of arousal wafting down from up above. This man truly was perverted!

I glared up at him with eyes I was certain were golden. I wanted to yell, but I couldn't be sure of how much my voice had changed. I hadn't tried speaking since Alister had stopped a few days ago. How degrading would it be to yell up at him with a growling, leonine voice?

I took a moment to regard the other felines around me. Jerry, for his part, was licking himself clean from our activities. Alister was doing the same, lapping at his hand as more tawny hair grew from the back of it. He seemed to have no interest in the doctor's words. No rage in his mannerisms or expression. At first, he had fought so hard, but now...

I felt my eyes leaking and my rage building as I turned my attention towards the doctor. He caught my gaze and regarded me with a sad expression. It was almost as though he was pitying me. I growled. I didn't want his pity. I wanted him to change Alister and me back! I didn't care how good it felt, it wasn't going to matter if I ended up an animal!

“Come now, Gabriel. Don't look at me like that. You know better than I do how enjoyable the change is. You've experienced it first-hand. Or paw, as the case may be. I would have thought you'd indulge in the transition to your new mentality by now, to allow you to fully enjoy your changes. Yet still, you resist!”

“It is a rare occurrence for one of my residents to fight till the bitter end against the change. It is not how I would prefer to see things but I cannot remove free will, nor do I wish to. Those individuals do not fare as well in the long run. I would not wish that upon you, Gabriel. You’ve experienced the joys of feline life with your pride mates. They are happy now. I only wish that for you. For everyone who enters my door.”

“In any case, I will leave you to your fate. Further discussion to treat you like a human will only make things worse for you. You have your pride mates to help you in this time of great need. And I trust that they will. Goodbye, my soon-to-be king. Long may you reign over my beasts with your fellows.”

I felt so enraged. I wanted to scream at him, but I was so afraid I would only roar. I was helpless, doomed to lose my mind, and no longer care for the things that had mattered so much only days ago. I wouldn’t be the man Alister was so enamored with. Alister was no longer the man I had grown to care about.

We slept well into the next day, our bellies full and our cocks sated for the time being. I stayed apart from the others most of the time, getting up only to take care of my bodily functions. I was so tired, so sad. I knew. Alister could no longer express the connection I’d hoped we would form from the experience.

Even the scents from the food cart could not rouse me from my depression. I could smell the meat, now raw for our changed stomachs. Despite my watering mouth, I wanted none of it. I didn’t eat that day, leaving my portion of meat behind for the others to finish

Once more, the scents of feline lust threatened to overwhelm me when Alister forced Jerry into a mating position. Jerry still didn’t seem to mind it as his back cracked, orange fur spreading over it as his shoulders rotated forward. I tore my eyes away as Alister’s paws grew larger over Jerry’s back and his own shoulders shifted. I couldn’t watch this. I had to get away from the tantalizing fragrance of randy feline sex.

I made my way over to the litter box, despite my reluctance. It was the only location I could at least avoid some of the reek of sex. I allowed myself to breathe slowly as tears began to fall from my shifting eyes. What was I doing? Why was I even bothering to resist? What was the point, if I was just going to fucking change anyway?!

In my despair, I failed to notice the sounds of thudding paws walking towards me. I looked up to see Alister standing there. He regarded me for a long time with that powerful feline

stare. I couldn't help but become aroused at the scent and sight of him. But no. I didn't want to rut with a beast. The man, perhaps. But no longer with the beast.

I wondered why he had come over to see me. Surely it wasn't that he'd noticed I wasn't eating. Most likely, he was just a horny animal and wanted to fuck me. I had neglected the pangs in my cock, and the scent of his own need triggered a corresponding throbbing in my balls. He started to lick at my backside, enough to spur me into arousal.

I didn't want this. I didn't fucking want this, no matter how much my body told me otherwise. I growled, testing out my new voice. My worst fears were to be confirmed. It was a leonine growl, the same pitch and depth as Alister's now was. I'd lost my human voice.

The tears started falling down my face as the implication hit me like a ton of bricks. There was no point in fighting anymore. I would never be human again. There was no point in resisting the lustful feelings. I might as well let myself be fucked into a cat. Instinctively my tail raised and my haunches moved up, prepared to take his cock.

I stayed still for a moment, waiting for the now-familiar sensation of being mounted that didn't come. What was Alister doing? Did he not want me anymore, even as a cat?

I was brought out of my reverie by the same touch tongue I'd been so used to feeling on my cock and ass. The massive feline tongue ran down my cheek, leaving a growth of tawny hair in its wake. Alister was licking away my tears. I found myself immediately comforted by his presence, despite myself. It was nice, even though I knew it wasn't human interaction. Housecats did it all the time, after all. It at least made me feel a little better, enough to stop crying.

Before I realized it, however, the tongue had moved lower and suddenly entered my mouth. I almost coughed and sputtered from the unexpected intrusion. What was he doing? There was no way...

Yet before I could contemplate what was happening, my feline tongue became entwined with his own as he took me in a passionate kiss. I could feel his muzzle brushing against my smaller one as it started to tingle from the contact. I could feel sharp pin pricks around my ballooning muzzle, the start of whiskers. The itching of hair growth became more intense all over my face and hair as every inch became peppered in lion fur.

The ache of my jaw cracking and reforming did little to impede the sensation of the kiss. My cock was leaking like a fountain, but I didn't care. The taste of his breath, the feeling of his

lips, and the texture of his rough tongue were all-consuming. His touch was changing me faster, yet I'd never craved anything more.

Alister broke the kiss after that. I stared into his feline eyes, seeing something below the leonine visage I'd come to anticipate. He looked at me with more than lust in his eyes. There was an expression of concern. A very human expression, though it lasted only a moment as he started to lick the growing fur on my cheek once more.

What was going on? I was sure his mind had been gone, but these were very un-lion-like actions to take. Had he accepted the change, taking on his lion instincts and adding them to his human ones, creating a hybrid being? Was this what the doctor meant? I had no way to know. I couldn't ask him. All I could know for sure was what I'd just witnessed with my own eyes.

My arousal was growing more and more insistent. How could it not? Not only was his virile male musk bringing me to full attention, but the first sign of humanity I'd seen under the lion man's expression was damn sexy. If the man I'd been so entranced with was still in there, I could accept that. I could accept what he had become. Maybe even love it.

I kissed Alister once more as I would a human, entwining my rough tongue around his own. My pink nose drank in his lion musk like a heady perfume. I started humping the air, the need in my massive balls growing maddening. I hadn't emptied them all day, and my new lion physiology was far too needy to comfortably allow that. Yet still, I craved the sweet taste of his lips and the warmth of his body close to mine. It was more than just arousal. His proximity, with the intimacy we shared, made me feel whole, complete. Unafraid for my future for the first time since this all began.

To my brief disappointment, Alister broke the kiss, giving my nose one more lick before he turned to walk away. Yet he did not go far. Giving me a knowing look as he shook his massive mane, he raised his growing tail and sent a whiff of his rump into my waiting nostrils. It felt like ages since he'd presented himself to me like this, and I could hardly contain myself.

I made my way over, breathing the thick masculine scent in deeply before giving him a few hearty licks with my rough tongue. A quick jump and I was on his backside, humping away at the object of my desire. I'd had some practice in the past couple of days and with ease, I worked my way in. I purred in contentment as his rectal walls took hold of my cock. I started thrusting, the need in my balls all-consuming. I didn't care that my tail was growing longer, or my feet started to ache. I needed to spill my seed in my mate.

Soon Jerry had joined us and presented his ass for our inspection. Alister placed his nearly fully formed paws over the tiger's back and guided him backward. Making Jerry do all the work, Alister stayed still, allowing my lion meat to stay firmly inside him. With a low growl, I could tell that Jerry had worked his ass over Alister's cock and the three of us began humping in unison.

I didn't last long. How could I, with such stimulation? I roared as I spilled my seed deep into Alister's bowels, ignoring the swelling of my feet as the waves of orgasmic release washed over me. I kept my cock in Alister's rump as he rutted the soon-to-be tiger. I could feel the vibrations of Jerry's purrs as more striped fur erupted all over his pores. His fingers cracked and shrank and his claws grew longer, digging into the earth with eagerness.

Even though I'd just cum not a few moments ago, the musky miasma of felines in rut kept my member at the ready. Needing only a moment to catch my breath, my girth expanded in Alister's rump once more from its semi-erect state. Once my balls were recharged, I felt myself humping again, my cock already soaked in my virile seed. I felt Alister's ass clamp tightly on my penis as he exploded into our tiger. The sensations alone were nearly enough to bring me a second time. The build-up simply extended the previous orgasmic bliss, allowing the release to wash over me like a tsunami.

“GGRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!”

Once more we lay there in our little furry pile, our eyes fluttering shut, awash in the scents of our mating. It felt more intimate than any of the previous experiences. I was finally starting to accept my role in this strange extended family.

The presence of these other cats and the intimacy we shared had filled a niche in my mind I had not known I was missing until now. And maybe, just maybe, I could live with this new future. I was not one I chose. But it left me feeling more fulfilled than anything in my human life had thus far.

The next few days felt like a blur. It was much of the same routine, and the days melted into each other as we rutted, ate, and slept. I think the change would have happened a lot more rapidly had we not slept so much. If our feline libidos were allowed even a few extra hours of activity, we would be fully cats by now for sure. Though that inevitability wasn't too far off.

I knew Alister and I were equals now. Alister had been trying to form us into a pride, to cope with the growing feline instincts in our minds. And, to a large extent, we were just that. But, some of our human desires carried over into our developing minds. And, of course, Alister and I still kissed before fucking, sealing our bond as mates.

We ate together now, even Jerry, who we encouraged to eat as much as we were. His tiger body was becoming even larger than ours if that was possible. After a time we finally let Jerry sleep with us in our pile of furry bodies.

I was steadily getting accustomed to feline life. It felt repetitive at first, but as my mind slowly began to drift towards feline acceptance, the more the routine began to appeal to me. I had regular meals, I had my pride mates to fuck. What else did I need?

The changes came more quickly as the days passed. I think the acceptance of my future made it easier. It wasn't scary now, not really. I was starting to find my new body as sexy as Alister and Jerry did. And with the changes came new experiences that no human had had before.

My feet were the next thing to go. I relished the feeling of powerful feline claws erupting out of my former useless nails. I love flexing them, feeling them play in and out of their sheaths. I didn't mind feeling my toes shrink, my big toe disappearing altogether. I didn't mind how large and splayed my paws had become, adored with thick-skinned pads at the bottom. They were powerful, as much as my front paws were now.

I was on all fours now, my hips sunken into my flanks. But I didn't mind that, either. It was far more comfortable moving this way. Besides, the power in my form was amazing! I could jump straight up now, 30ft into the air to the top of our rock. I had to admit, it was a great place to sleep and sunbathe!

My face was the last thing to begin converting to a lion's. The only alarming thing was how my vision started to fade. I awoke one evening to find that colors were washed out, muted slightly. I panicked a little, blinking several times to try and clear the fog that had befallen me. It was scary losing the one sense that dominated my perception of the world for so long.

Yet, the more I experienced my new vision, the quicker I began to adapt to it. Edges were sharper, more defined, even if their colors were muted. I could see some colors, but my instincts didn't seem to care. I had the eyes of a predator. It was movement that really caught my attention. A feline's hunting instincts, I figured. Though the only things I had to pounce on were my pride-mates, usually preceded by randy feline sex.

It was my new sense of smell and hearing that made my world come alive. The scents of my pride-mates were so ingrained in me I could tell where they were at all times. We used odor to communicate, not that it was needed when we all lived together. Mostly, it was the pungent perfume of our sex and lust, and the tantalizing aromas wafting off our meals that caught my attention. Little else seemed to matter to the parts of my brain that were both human and lion.

My hearing had improved with stretched, rounded ears, though, again, I cared very little. I could hear the heartbeats and purrs of my pride when we mated, and those sounds accentuated the sessions significantly. I could hear the doctor, or one of his new assistants, on the catwalk from time to time. I could also hear his other patients, those who had already become animals or were in the process of changing. I felt bad for those who did not choose this life. I could only hope that they found the same peace as I was beginning to find.

Alistair was much further along in his changes than I was. It was only his feet that remained human, as well as some needed muscle mass he still lacked for his leonine form. Still, some of that human intelligence remained in his face, the one I had grown to love. I didn't know how much longer he had left to change completely, or any of us for that matter. But I have accepted it now as an inevitability.

Even Jerry's changes had raced along ahead of my own. I wondered if it was due to his willingness to become a tiger in the first place. But whatever the reason, he was very nearly all beast. The human part of me still admired the beautiful striped fur, the liquid grace at which he moved. But he was a big kitty cat at heart, often rolling over on his belly to take our cocks, or rubbing up against us to encourage mating or rest.

Of course, we fucked often. That was a given. We had our favored positions, naturally. Alistair and I switched from time to time. Jerry, however, preferred to be a bottom. I wondered if he had been a bottom in his human form as well. It didn't matter, I supposed. We offered our asses to him a few times, but beyond playing with our puckers and licking our cocks he never took us up on it. He was far too much content with having his tail hole filled, it seemed.

The doctor came to check on us less and less frequently. I no longer cared what he did, provided he fed and cleaned up after us regularly. He never talked to us directly anymore. Sometimes I heard him saying things to his new assistants, or perhaps his newest victims, but for the most part, his conversations no longer interested me.

Early one morning, I awoke to the sensation of Alistair licking my face. I opened my eyes to see the big, nearly fully lion staring at me. I could swear there was a look of concern mixed in

with that leonine expression. But his eyes were strained, as though he was fighting some internal conflict. I think I knew exactly what it was. His time had finally come, to shed the last bit of his human mind.

Alister raised his rump to me, a knowing look in his eyes. He knew that after this fuck, he would no longer care for whatever few human thoughts he still had. But that was OK. I had gotten to know the lion side of him enough that I would love the beast he was to be. I was happy to have him as a mate and to soon join him fully in the bestial bliss that the doctor promised what seemed like ages ago.

There was an urgency to our sex this time. Alister wanted it over quickly. Or perhaps the leonine part of his brain had taken over and was lost in the rutting act. It didn't matter. I could feel my face pressing out further, but I ignored it when faced with the powerful tremors rising from my cock. It felt too good, giving in like this, feeling only the needs and lusts from my powerful body.

I didn't last long. I didn't want to. With a mighty roar, I unleashed a torrent of leonine seed into his needy rump. He came too, spraying his heavy load all over the ground as our weighty balls rocked back and forth in unison. Somehow, the orgasm seemed to last a little longer this time, feeling even better than all my previous experiences.

As I dismounted, I noticed almost nothing of the human intelligence that I had come to recognize and love in his powerful face. But that didn't concern me anymore. Especially after he came over to me and gave me a deep kiss once more. It was a distinctly human thing to do, yet there was something feline in how it made me feel. I rubbed my face against his, marking each other with our scents to cement our bond.

Soon, Jerry came up to me and nuzzled me as he slowly turned around and presented his raised tail and musky male scent. My cock was at full attention once more, and the three of us prepared for our morning rut.

* * * * *

It won't be long now. Hell, I've already accepted it. It's not so bad a thing, not nearly as much as I'd thought it would be.

I know I only have a few orgasms to go before I'm fully lion, but the next time I give in, I'm going all in. I won't lose my mind, I understand that now. Alister showed me that. But I won't want to use any of my human knowledge. I won't need it.

Both Alister and Jerry were fully feline, having completed their changes in mind and body. That only left me holding on to a lingering thread of humanity. It was stubborn, I supposed. I wanted to see how long I could hold out thinking like a human. But the more I watched Jerry and Alister, the more I realized I wanted to join them completely. I didn't need the lingering doubts and insecurities. They could all be truly washed away, allowing me to enjoy life to the fullest in a way only a beast truly can.

So now, I laid here in a pile of my fellow felines, awaiting the final changes to my mind that would allow me to fully embrace my new pride and my new body. I was no longer a human. I was a lion, a beast, a ruler. A king. Soon my pride would wake, and we would fuck, and the last visages of my humanity would be swept away. It was already so hard to think about future things. But I didn't need to anymore. I didn't want to anymore. I only wanted to live in the present as a lion.

I'm finally happy. I'm home.