

Alone as the sounds of wild beasts threatened to overtake him at any moment, John ran all out running as though his life depended on it. Part of him was aware it was futile, and that if he had picked the wrong path, it was all over for him. And not only for his chances of winning the competition by reaching the cabin on the other side of the island that would gift him his prize. It was his very humanity that was on the line, something he would lose to the whims of any number of sexually charged animal men eager to make him one of them. He didn't want to lose his humanity or his sexuality, leaving everything on the line and hoping to all hope he had made the right choice.

By this point, there were only four of the twelve contestants left in their human forms and qualifying to win the survivor-style game that was supposed to have them competing in a variety of elimination-based challenges to win a million-dollar prize. But instead of docking on the island, the twelve of them had woken up naked in pairs at various points on the sandy beach that surrounded the island, told to make their way to a cabin on the other side in order to win. Instead of challenges, they were preyed upon by a variety of animal men, doomed to be seduced and changed if they wandered into their domains. With several winding paths, they were forced to choose between one or another, choosing wrong putting them in range of the animal men that lived there. It was hard to perceive the number of habitats that persisted on the island, as though some existed in their own dimension and accidentally stepping through the wrong path would transport them elsewhere and in range of an animal man that lived there. There was no way to know where each path would lead, or what animal men they could encounter. And it seemed that most of them were single, each on the lookout for a male mate or two to change and add to their number.

All of this became known to them as they crossed into the center of the island, the sound of their host ringing in their ears though not seeming to come from a particular mechanical source. Having been the only four to make it to the halfway point, the truth of the island had been made known to them, confirming what at least some of them had come to see from their own experiences. They won the honor of taking the center path, the one that would lead them to the cabin, and the final goal of winning the game. At this point, none of them really cared about the money, wanting more so to keep their humanity intact and be allowed to leave the island to return to their normal lives.

With only the four of them left remaining, they had to assume that all of their fellow contestants had met with one of the island's inhabitants and been changed forward into horny animal men themselves. And such could be their fate as well if they were caught. Until now, the animal inhabitants were required by the rules of the game to stay within their own habits and only allowed to attempt to seduce those who took the wrong path. But in the home stretch of the game, each anthro that had not been blessed with a mate was allowed to actively pursue the

remainders if they so chose. Given the threat of being encroached upon at any given moment, the four of them took off as though their lives, or at least their humanity, were literally on the line.

While none of them had any way to confirm, it seemed parts of the island they had passed through were different than they recalled, as though either the topography had changed, or perhaps foreign flora and fauna persisted for an island in this part of the world. It was impossible, though given the fact people could be turned into anthropomorphic animals, nothing was off the table. Still, with all the twists and turns, it was hard to say if this final path would get them to the right location, let alone what would happen to the other three if there could only be one winner.

That fate was soon to be obvious as the path turned at a 90-degree angle, revealing four separate paths, branching off in all directions and making it impossible to see where the final destinations would land. Much like any of the other paths, it was meant for them to choose between one of several options and denied them the chance to all get out with their humanity intact, unless they all picked the same and proper path.

“What the hell...” Steven muttered, but there was little denying what the game makers expected them to do. Each was to pick a path, one with the chance to win and the other three leading them to become the island’s newest residents. Nothing was telling them to make that decision, of course. But if they all picked one randomly, then...

“We can’t each take one, can we?” Gary asked, though the more he thought about it, the more they had to take the risk and gamble. And yet...

Gary had known Tobin since high school, his rather nerdy friend getting him through the worst of his tests, and Gary offering to protect him from bullies. Ending up going to the same college, the two stayed the best of friends, sharing their strengths with each other and bringing out the best of each. It was amazing they had both managed to get on the program, and the two agreed if the other won they would share the prize money. But if only one of them could win and maintain their humanity, then...

“We have to. No one said there had to be one winner, right?” John said, looking around anxiously. Each was still naked, and though their arousal had been somewhat persistent from whatever island magic was affecting them, the run had waned their erections somewhat, which at least saved them some embarrassment. But if they didn’t take a risk... then such a state would be permanent for them, whether or not it appealed to them after the fact.

Without waiting for a moment longer, John took off, picking the path to the center-right. He didn’t think one at either of the ends would get him to the cabin, but there was literally no

way to know. And he also didn't care if one or all four of them followed him. He had taken a risk in entering the contest in the first place, having given up his minimum-wage job and the last of his savings in order to participate. Having spent much of his youth watching games of competition, and working out every second he wasn't at work, John figured he had a decent shot at winning, at least before finding out the truth of the place. He hadn't minded Steven following him, at first, his instinct leading them down the right paths to make it as far as they had. But now, it was every man for himself, and he was determined not only to take the right path of the four but to get there before anyone else did.

And so he continued to run all out, sure that his own physique was able to match that of his fellow contestants, especially with a head start on them. Not that he figured they would follow him, exactly. But it didn't matter in the end. He had worked too hard, barely keeping a roof over his head as he slaved as many hours as necessary, building his body when he could in preparation for his life to get better. And with how close he was, John was determined to be the winner no matter what. Not that he wanted to know the other guys would likely be changed into gay animal men against their will. But that wasn't John's doing, and he had nothing to feel guilty for as he made his way toward the finish line.

Either due to his singular focus or simply that such couldn't be perceived with human eyes, John suddenly found himself removed from the jungle, halting himself as he looked around into an open grassland that shouldn't have been on an island this small. Figuring he had passed through something unseen, John turned back, running as far as he was sure he had moved before and hoping to force himself back to the trail and perhaps back to the fork in the road and try another path. Yet, no matter how much he ran back and forth, he was still stuck in the same spot, unable to return and likely having lost his chance to win the content and leave with his humanity intact.

Yet, John was not willing to give into despair and give up without a fight. Composing himself for a moment, John took off once more, hoping that by making his way across the grassland he would see a trail or some other sign he could make it back to a winning path. The chance was moot, he figured, but it was not zero, and he was determined to hang onto that thread for as long as he could. For now, it seemed, nothing was chasing him, though it was likely anyone with animal attributes would soon be able to overtake him. But John had the advantage now if no one had yet noticed him, and he was determined to do everything in his power to keep his humanity and win what he figured he so rightfully deserved.

Still, John could only run so far before becoming winded and tired, adrenaline wearing off and having run so far already. Slowing to a light jog, John continued to look around for any sign of threat. The trail before him was still gently sanded for his feet so they weren't aching, but the trail seemed to go on beyond his line of sight. John found himself steadily losing hope, his

only chance of maintaining his humanity lost from him as he struggled along. At least there were no animal men around, though it was of small consolation when he was sure they could appear around every corner.

The sight of movement in the distance prompted him to duck down into the tall grass, hoping he wouldn't be seen. Not to mention scented, though he had not been paying attention to the position of the wind. Still, if any of the animals were aware of his presence, there was every chance one of them would be on him, wanting to change him into one of them. There would be little he could do to resist their power or speed, and then all his plans, dreams, and aspirations would be for naught. He hadn't gotten a good look at the couple of animal people in the distance, but given the adornments on their heads, it seemed like a stag, an antelope, and a horse were present, none of them the same species and all likely eager for a mate of their own, if past circumstance held true. It was impossible for him to think of which form might be preferable, which was not a notion he wished to entertain. Not that he'd have a choice in the end, but maybe if he had a choice, then...

The scent of something akin to a heavy musk teased the edges of his nose just then, one that made him stand up. It was clearly coming from an animal, and John's first inclination was to run in case he was being encroached upon by an animal man. But he was stuck there for a moment, looking around and seeing what had come from the demise of his humanity. The sight of the being rising beside him was stunning, a massive furry bison man towering over him. John had no idea how such a beast had snuck up on him, but there was no denying that, if what he understood was true, there was little he could do to escape before he was changed.

True to form, any effort he made to move left him frozen, as though intimidated by the beast. He was massive, towering with fur and muscle, gazing down with a look of intrigue. The musky stink of his body washed over John, and no matter how much he tried to hold his breath, the odor had already burned into his being, making him pound aroused against his will. Part of him wanted to hide it, but surely the bison had already caught sight of it, likely something he had hoped to achieve.

“If you wanted to run, you should have made it over to my friends. Each of them would give you the legs to get out of here, not that you'd want to after spending time with them. But it looks like you've got me. I prefer to take things more slowly and steadily, and you'll be taking it with me...”

John couldn't help but stare at the massive bison man, enraptured by the stench wafting from his body. It was a little too strong for his preferences, though there was no denying how much it did it for him, forcing his cock to an almost painful erection. He could do nothing in the face of such a stimulating source as he stood fast, leaking like a facet from his aching rod. Yet,

something about the beast's demeanor left him hesitant, creating a sense of anticipation that seemed to hang in the air like an aura. Against his better inclinations, there was nothing he could do to turn away from the creature. In fact, it was worse than that, wanting to be nearer to the beast and finding that notion powerfully appealing. He was willing to do whatever the bison man requested of him, take things as slowly and sensually as the beast required. If only he was to give him the command...

“Mmmmm, I see you're chomping at the bit to use that. But not just yet. Why don't you get a lay of the land, first,” the bison suggested, and with that, got down on his hands and knees, raising his ropey tail.

John felt he should be repulsed by the sight, not wanting to entertain any male's backside, especially not one that looked and likely lived like an animal. The stench, though unwashed and rank, was not as unsanitary as he might have expected. His massive, meaty pucker was surprisingly clean, glistening, and sweaty but a far cry from what he expected. The beast's balls, too, were massive, swaying heavily, and stinking of sweat and maleness. Despite his better inclinations, John couldn't resist the urge to get down on his knees and do what the bison suggested. He was being given permission, and he wanted to explore!

Unable to get enough of the stench, John pushed his nose to the beast's thick asshole, drinking in the musky aroma. It was heavenly to his overwhelmed senses, drawing John forward and leaving him panting in lust. As close as he was, John's hanging tongue brushed against the beast's puckered rectum, and John couldn't help but move it of his own volition. The wrinkled texture seemed to beckon to him, and John reached out further, exploring the rim of the beast's rear. Never having done anything like this, even with a woman, John found he was not disturbed by the action, but rather intrigued to sample the bison. He wasn't sure about what it meant for his fate going forward, but there was no denying the appeal or that he had no desire to stop!

“That's it, you're an eager one, aren't you?” The bison moaned, voice deeper than anything John had heard before. He found he rather liked the tone, finding the beast powerful and manly in a way that surpassed his own male status. And with that thought, began to find the beast's form rather appealing, almost wanting it to be his own...

The horror of what his actions would do to him hit John all at once, and there was a part of him almost determined enough to break through the veil of lust that had consumed his mind. Yet, the sweaty taste of the beast's rear, and the heavy odor hanging in the air were too much for him to resist, and John dove against the man's rear in desperation, wanting to pleasure him. It somewhat felt a little futile, given how ponderous the beast's rear was and how small his tongue was in comparison. But if he was to keep up his oral ministrations, that would likely not be the

case for much longer. And as much as he tried, John was having a more and more difficult time finding fault in that truth...

“Yes, that’s it, keep it up, you little slut. It’s only going to get better for both of us soon,” mused the bison, almost cryptically. John was sure he knew what the bison man meant, but in the heat of the moment, it was impossible to focus on the reality of what it meant to be in the presence of such a beast.

Given the overwhelming sensory experience this musky beast was giving him, John was remiss for not noticing that his tongue was starting to thicken, able to work more of itself into the bison man’s protruding pucker. A little hesitant about pushing it inside the beast’s donut, John soon found he had nowhere else to stick it. With that, John forced a growing tongue within the bison’s asshole, making him shiver. It was enough to encourage him even further, tonguing the man’s asshole as his tongue thickened, almost opening the beast’s pucker from the force of it. John was drooling now, the edges of his tongue able to tease the wrinkled flesh around it while working it in and out of the beast’s hole, caught in a rhythm and no longer disgusted about what he was compelled to do.

Tongue feeling a little too large now, a swelling in his mouth was welcome, making him able to continue his work unimpeded. It wasn’t until his nose started to expand that John felt inconvenienced again, though as he breathed in, the stench of the beast’s sweat and testicles was enough to draw him back into the act, groaning as he did so. He couldn’t see it, though could feel the nasal canals flaring, widening, and expanding as they pushed toward the edge of his lips, which themselves seemed larger and more rubbery than he was used to. The skin above it tingled as well, as though converting into a more leathery texture as it darkened toward brown. His nose was soon almost too wide on his face, moving to the corners of his lips. The sides of them opened up and their insides moistened somewhat, leaving John to ooze snot, though he was far too focused on breathing in the heady male stench, mind numbed by a surprisingly sensory overload.

The odor was heavenly, John’s expanding nose able to pick out individual qualities that had escaped his notice until now. There were several layers of sweat from the beast, the effects of the summer heat as well as his lust prompting his pores to release their own unique bouquet, some of which caught on his fur and burrowed into his profile. Better than that was the scent coming from the beast’s cock, something it took John a few moments to identify but something that elated him to do so. The bison man was leaking almost as furiously as John himself, able to feel his precum oozing into the grass and leaving a sticky trail, a prelude for what was to come.

Yet, even over the overwhelming stink of the beast’s body, John was starting to become more aware of his own. He was sweating profusely, not only from the heat of the afternoon but

from the lust burning through his body as well. While it started out human, albeit more intense through his widening nostrils, soon became to convert, heady, and rank to match the beast's own pungent male stink. It was as though his sweat glands themselves were altering, making him smell more like a bison man, albeit it distinct from the one he was servicing. Rather than be disturbed by the implication, John was enraptured by it, excited to experience what was to come next without fear for his future.

Eventually, to his dismay, the bison pulled back a little, reaching back with thick-nailed hands and parting his asshole further. "I'm all yours. Show me what you've got, stud," he muttered in that husky voice that almost made John melt.

It seemed like all his previous concerns over winning the game, earning his way, and maintaining his humanity were melted away like butter as he got up and reached down to stroke himself in preparation. It was so bizarre that something so important only moments ago could be so meaningless now, but John had no ability in the heat of the moment to work through the cognitive dissonance. All his attention was focused on the current needs of his own cock, and the wonderful pucker before him that was his to do with as he pleased. John was almost trembling with excitement as he guided his cock toward the well-loved hole, pushing in easily with a moan from the beast.

Feeling the pliable flesh part way for his maleness, John was a little ashamed to discover his cock was much too small within the bison's rectum. Of course, it would be, given the disparity in their bodies, though John was determined not to let it bother him as he started to thrust, shallow and slow so as not to slide out prematurely. Yet, the bison's pucker was able to clamp his cock like a vice, tight enough to keep John inside until he spilled his precious load. With that, John allowed himself to get into it, humping the beast for all he was worth and wishing to be granted the same size so that he might fuck him properly.

"Don't worry about that, just let it out! Been looking for a proper fucking for the longest time, and you'll be a lot bigger soon," the bison chuffed, and John felt his mind melting into the lust of the moment. A fading part of his mind was certain he couldn't get out, that it was too late. And he had let it happen with barely a struggle. Yet, it was nearly impossible for him to view such a bad thing, wanting to experience whatever would come if only for a few more moments of such pleasure.

The more he pushed within his lover, the more he felt he had to give, as though John's member hadn't quite reached full erection. Soon, it seemed much longer than he had ever perceived himself to be, at least a couple of inches and still growing if the sensations held true. Part of him wished to pull out and see the alterations to his cock firsthand, though that would deny his pleasure and involve his mate giving up his rectal hold over him. He was forced to

perceive as best he could through his thrusts as his cock continued to mutate within the beast's bowels.

Just now thinking to look at the bison's own member, John was given a prelude to the fate of his own. As odd as it appeared to his human perspective, it was far larger than any human's, perhaps a little thicker though easier many inches longer. Its pointed shaft was bright red, and the bison's hairy sheath continued to part further, exposing what had to be fourteen inches or more of bovine cock. It was bizarre to think that his own member was mutating into something similar. Yet, as inch after inch seemed to be forcing itself within the bison's backside without even having to thrust, John was able to confirm he would be granted the same gift, a penis the envy of any man. So what if he had switched sexualities? It certainly felt worth it at the time!

A tingling in his testicles prompted John to look down, seeing the bare wrinkling swelling from within, his balls almost painfully confined within. They almost felt heavy on his frame, making him have to adjust his stance within his mate several times to make him comfortable. It was troublesome, though John was sure it was temporary before the rest of his body shifted to keep up. John couldn't help but take some pride in them, feeling them swell toward the size of softballs and slapping audibly against the beast's own. Even the itching of coarse hair over them was ignored in his lust, and John continued to thrust as though his life depended on it.

No matter how desperate he felt, however, it seemed as though he would be denied his orgasm until the changes to his member were finished with him. And as a swelling of skin started under the base of his penis, John had to assume he was gaining a thick, furry sheath to match the one the bison possessed to house his penis. The skin itched fiercely as it moved upward on his groin, reangling his penis slightly and forcing him to have to hoist himself over the bison's back, an uncomfortable task given how much smaller he was. The beast man seemed eager to help out, bending down to ensure his mate's cock was not voided from his bowels. It was soon obvious that such wouldn't be an issue, John's penis long enough to tease the beast's prostate directly, and his rectal walls gripping John like a vice as though milking him for all he was worth.

The blood flowing through his prick was more than his body had to give, leaving John largely unaware of the mating act. He couldn't think, could rationalize beyond the need to rut and hump and expel his mammoth testicles. Little else mattered as he thrust with all he had, hips sore and body stiff from the unusual posture. But as his sheath took form over his groin and the tingling in his cock and balls ceased, John was sure the change was done with him and he would be free to achieve the orgasm he had yet been denied. And even his humanity was a small price to pay for falling over the edge...

“Ooohhhh Ffuuuuuccckkkk!” John bellowed in a voice that was hardly his own. The churning in his testicles soon grew to the breaking point, sperm buzzing through his much longer rod and filling him with a pleasure beyond belief. Every inch of his penis was gripped at once, sperm teasing the inside as he unleashed his seed like a hose, feeling the warm goo coating the tip of his cock from the sheer quantity. It was so powerful that he nearly blacked out, barely aware of the throbbing against his cock as the bison's insides rocked and he reaches his own release, getting all over his hand and the ground as he huffed and panted.

Stuck in the bison's ass while his cock was pumped for all it was worth and beyond, John nearly passed out the moment the grip on his cock was released. He was only allowed to stay there for a moment, panting and huffing as he recovered from the romp. Yet, he was hardly given a moment's reprieve as the bison picked him up, taking him in a passionate kiss with lips that were far too large and rubbery for John to take. But something about the contact made him slightly erect once more, hotter and more intimate than anything he had experienced. It was amazing, leaving John's own lips numb and reawakening the tingling of change from before, lips and tongue growing beyond the contours of his face. That was hardly to be the case for long, and John welcomed it, finding the bison's face more handsome than anything had a right to be and wanting it more.

Breaking the kiss for a moment, the bison looked at him, grin on his bovine features. “Thanks for the cream pie, stud,” he said huskily, reaching back to rub some of the cum leaking from his ass. John could only grin, loving the feeling of it growing wider and spreading his face as the muscles and bone started shifting within.

This time, it was John to initiate, taking the bison in a kiss and willing the tingling of change over him. He could feel his face pressing out slightly, though not enough for his massive tongue, which he instead pushed into his new lover's mouth. He could feel his face widen, jaw thickening, and pumping bulging muscles through his head and neck for support. The sensation of his face pressing outward, tongue thickening, and teeth becoming blocky was almost too much, though John kept his focus on the kiss and his mate's strong breath. His widening nose served to heighten his passions, flaring further and breathing in their rising lusts, almost ready to go once more as John felt his body change.

It seemed the process was set to change his head first, skull expanding and shifting toward the hybrid form to match his new mate. Its reconfiguration allowed his muzzle to press out further, and he locked his lips against the bison man's, finally able to match his size. The tingling of his ears expanding caused him to reflexively twitch them, feeling their edges point and canals expand beyond anything he had the ability to hear prior. Yet, the enhanced sounds were only a mild distraction as they continued to make out, the taste of the man's breath on his own rising his cock from its sheath before it even had a chance to retreat all the way inside.

Only a heavy weight on his forehead was enough to pull him from the moment, breaking the kiss in time to reach up and touch them. Parting the skin were two massive, pointed horns, thickening from the base as his skull continued to expand and keep up. Weighing him down for the moment, John was surprised when his shoulders suddenly started shifting, bulking up and allowing them to form comfortably on his head. He rubbed that with reverence, loving how well their shorter nubs accented his bovine features. And only to become more so as his face continued to warp to match his new mate's own. Part of him wished for a mirror, but staring at the other bison man was enough reflection to know what he would soon look like. And it was a face he wanted more and more to wear.

The itching started over his face as his beard started to blossom, and John was eager to rub at it, the texture far different than he was used to but far more appealing. It moved steadily up his sideburns toward his human hair, thickening to the start of a shaggy coat. It felt amazing, the bison man reaching out to rub at it as John found himself giggling. Thinking that it would only be lust to cloud his thoughts, John was rather surprised to discover there was an almost explorative aspect to their fun that he never would have expected. It was akin to a first date of sorts, albeit the start of an entirely new body and lifestyle for him. Yet, than being fearful over the changes, John was ready to welcome them, if only the handsome bison man would stay by his side.

With the thicker hair now running down his shoulders and back, more of that heady odor started to waft into his nose, though rather than be repulsed by it, it only served to draw his bovine penis further from his sheath. It was wonderful being covered with this coarse hair, even in the summer heat. The scent of sweat and hide wafting over him was pleasant, a potent musk that spoke to his power and virility. As it itched all over, the bison man was eager to help him rub at it, holding him up and making sure he got it all over. Even over the irritation, John couldn't help but admire the sheer power in his body, wishing that it be him and knowing it would be soon.

Eventually, John was lowered, feeling a little dizzy from the heady musk and the ongoing changes. He was a little surprised to feel the bison bending him down and over, reaching down with saliva-soaked hoof hands to open up and relax him. John was a little confused until the somewhat slimy tip of a bovine cock started pushing against his opening as though seeking entry. Part of him wanted to protest, not sure he could take something of that size, a reverse situation to what he'd just done. But turnabout was fair play, after all, and he was more than a little curious about what had pleased his friend so much about anal sex. So, he allowed himself to relax into it, pushing back and taking the man's mammoth member within him.

It was soon obvious that as ready and as eager John felt, it was far too large for his insides, and he bellowed out with a heavier voice than he was expecting. It seemed to reach further within him than what he assumed would be possible, and John squirmed against it, trying to escape the discomfort. Yet, the bison man held him in place, as though encouraging him to take it, albeit a little forcefully. The action did not carry any malice, as much as John could tell, and eventually, he allowed himself to relax, feeding the penis in his bowels opening it up, and more of its transformative fluids playing over his insides.

“Yeah...now I’m going to fuck the beautiful bison in you...just let it happen, handsome,” his mate whispered, and John forced his body to stop struggling as best he could, feeling it pulsating within him and opening up in a more pleasant way than he could have ever imagined.

It seemed as though the bison’s words were to hold true as the itching over his body intensified, making him wish he was in a place to scratch. It was thicker around his neck and back, a scruffy mane that made a nice contrast to the thinner coat that ran over his back, down his legs, and over his arms. It itched like mad, though trapping the heat as it did, the heavy stench of animal threatened to overwhelm him, and John was left barely able to hold on or focus on the changes as he started to slide into the rhythm of being fucked.

To his surprise, the cock within his bowels seemed to sit more comfortably, as though his rectum was stretching to be able to accommodate it. Better was how it seemed to reach toward his prostate, the tip teasing his insides and making him squirm. A part of him barely recalled he could be stroking off, his bovine cock leaking onto the ground with a consistency that made him wonder if he could cum hands-free. Yet, his lover was able to help, reaching to slide his thicker fingers over his length, building up the pressure and making John moan and feel as though he could cum at any time.

Somehow, his orgasm stemmed for the moment, as though allowing the changes to cement themselves before he could achieve release. It was the sensation of heat burning into his muscles, expanding and tearing as they bulked up under the skin, pushing impossibly taut and threatening to tear him apart. Yet, no ill befell him, rather feeling powerful and sturdy over the aches that quickly abated as his body took its new shape. As much as he'd always worked on his body, the power he was being granted so effortlessly went beyond anything he could have hoped for, and longed to rub the firm flesh under the skin to experience how much larger he could become.

Grunting from the effort, John could feel his chest stretch, stomach pulled taut as his arms expanded, the popping of muscle and joints making his expanded ears twitch. He could feel his hips and ass adjusting, though like his own cock before, the bison's bovine length was easily able to remain within him no matter how large John grew. It pleased him to think he was growing

so large, ass large and firm as his mate even went to slap it. Such sent sexual shivers through his being, giving him a body beyond anything he could have imagined. And now that it was his, John had no desire to ever go back, being fucked into a muscled hunk by an equally sexy mate. It was all he could do to push himself further back on his mate's cock, feeling it rubbing his prostate and bringing him all the closer to the edge.

The sensations of change soon settled in his tailbone, and John let out a groan as it started to push outward and raise over his ass. The process was gradual, every thrust adding another inch of his new growth, enough that he could perceive the tip of it touching the fur of his mate's belly. A sudden shock ran through him, making the growth twitch as it continued to hitch itself up, as though inviting the bison further inside of him. Had he not been in the middle of the best sex in his life, John might have been tempted to play with its range of motion. For now could only enjoy the itching of a tassel forming and rubbing at his mate's belly, prompting the beast to fuck him faster.

Spreading his hips in an effort to take the bovine cock inside him, John could feel his feet digging into the earth, and the tingling against them was first perceived as balancing from the added weight. Yet, the numbness setting into his toes soon grew almost uncomfortable, and John tried to twitch them to no effect. He wanted to look down at their alterations, though had to settle for feeling their nails expanding, growing heavy on the tips as they sank within the rapidly added layers of keratin. John hadn't looked, though it was obvious they were becoming the equivalent of bison's feet, nothing of their humanity remaining. Their stiffness was uncomfortable, especially as two more toes were reduced to dewclaws while John was sure he couldn't feel his big toes any longer. It didn't matter in the end, he supposed. Stretched heels, thinner calves, and muscled thighs seemed like an awkward mix of anatomy for him to learn to walk with. But the bison seemed to be OK with it, and it was a small price to pay for the sexual elation that this new form gave him.

Thankfully, his fingers were not fated to go the same way, even though they started to tingle with the thickening to keratin in their own right. Bulging muscles and tendons within the fingers caused them to twitch uncontrolled, but it was only a minor inconvenience as they thickened to match his new stature. The numbed tips surely didn't maintain the level of sensory experience he was used to, but again, it was hardly the strangest thing to happen to him. All of it was worth any undesirable traits when the overall package went beyond anything he could have asked for. And all of it came with the powerful, musky mate, one that was coming closer and closer to reaching his end and cementing John's body.

“OOOHHHHHHHHHH!” The beast on his back called out as his thrusts became rapid and controlled. It seemed he was trying to hold back his release until John's transformation had

reached its conclusion. It is hard to have been an amazing act of willpower, and not that it was done, he was allowed to release his seed.

John felt the spasming penis within him unleash a load of cum enough to flow back from his asshole, and his entire body started to glow, loving what he had done for the beast. He wanted desperately to join him in orgasmic bliss, and the bison's hands were eager to help. With the intense pounding against his prostate, John couldn't hold back his own release and allowed himself to bellow in kind. It was a proud cry, embracing both his new form and sexuality as he felt his cock unloading onto his lover's hand and the ground. It was almost too much for them as he lay there, panting and using his muscles to hold up their writhing bodies. Tired as he was, he was able to take some pride in his power, able to accentuate the tail end of their lovemaking, and eager to do it again, whenever his new mate was up for it.

Eventually, the beast pulled out of his backside, and John was hit with a wave of musk and stink that left his head swimming. He really did reek of an animal, down to the cum leaking out of his ass, but John loved it. It was enough his penis was not quite able to retreat into the sheath on his groin, though he was not quite ready to go again. There would be time for that later, basking in the aftergrowth of a new life that he had never wanted, but one that he couldn't imagine rejected now that it was his. It wasn't a bad life, all things considered, and with the power and sexual stamina he now possessed, John couldn't even recall why he had rejected it so thoroughly. It was his, for better or for worse, and if it continued on this trajectory, John figured he would come to thank the bison for the gift bestowed upon him.

Turning to kiss his new mate, a thought occurred to John just that, pausing for a moment as the bison regarded him with a look of confusion. "I don't think I ever got your name, stud," he said, still getting used to the sound of his new voice. That, and using the same romantic tones that his new lover employed, was something he figured he would get used to sooner rather than later.

"Teddy," he said simply, and John felt that name was fitting for such a gentle giant.

"John," was his simple reply, thinking there was nothing else to say, and moved in for a kiss, holding the man and breathing in his scent, watched by the other inhabitants of the grassland while they prepared to consummate their new relationship in earnest...
