

HOLIDAY AT



STORY



P A T R E O N E X C L U S I V E C O N T E N T

Relaxed, Ian breathed in the cool air on the small balcony of the cabin. The sun on the horizon was already setting, and below it stretched the tranquil woodlands of the northern nature reserve.

Ian closed his eyes to enjoy the peace and quiet. Will's idea of spending a few days here and getting away from the hustle and bustle of everyday life appealed to him more and more.

A cold breeze brushed Ian's face as he began to shiver. "I'd better get back inside," he muttered to himself and stepped through the balcony door back into the living room of the cottage. On his way to the fireplace, he noticed an inviting bottle of whiskey already sitting on a small sideboard facing the kitchen. Shortly he poked around in the already charred remains of the fireplace before he stepped back and got a glass from the kitchen.

"I hope Will is back quickly and didn't have to chop the wood too." He poured the amber liquid into his glass and swirled it gently in a circular motion before taking a deep sip.

He felt the alcohol burn in his throat, which quickly subsided into a pleasant warmth. Hmm, strange..." The warmth, which normally eased up after a short time, seemed to spread down Ian's throat instead...



"What the?!" Ian felt the gentle tingling now throughout his upper body as it spread through his chest. Startled, he dropped the glass to the floor, which immediately shattered on top of it, scattering the remnants of the substance on the beige carpet.

Ian staggered backward. The tingling began in his stomach as well... even on his skin! "What's happening to me?!" Shaking and sweating, Ian managed to move toward the small sideboard where he had found the whiskey earlier. A small, artfully handwritten card lay next to the opened bottle: "A small gift for our next meeting, my love...". Don't drink my present yet and I hope you brought a collar - I would love to be your cat of prey <3" The imprint of a kiss had been pressed onto the paper underneath.

"Oh my god, what is this?!" Ian felt his chest swell.... His shirt felt tighter and tighter! The waistband of his pants pressed painfully against his hip bones as he felt his pelvis widen. The pressure under his shirt became almost unbearable and Ian tore at the opening with all his strength until the buttons gave way.



"No, no, no!" In disbelief, Ian looked down at his swollen chest: 2 handsome breasts now emerged from under his open shirt, gently quivering with each movement and trembling breath. A fine white fur seemed to form in the middle between them, as the breasts grew larger almost every second and their nipples swelled more and more. "Stop... please..." Ian continued to tear at his shirt, noticing that his belly had already begun to change as well: hard muscles pressed through his skin beneath his newly formed tits, which were also slowly being covered by a thin, white fur.

Helplessly, Ian stumbled back as a strange numbness in his nose became noticeable and it began to deform and widen. Panic-stricken, he used his tongue to probe the canines, which slowly moved forward and out of his gums as his entire jaw changed.



Please... no!!!" Ian sank to his knees. The fur on his now feminine décolletage had turned dark. Trembling, Ian stared at his hands: His once broad, masculine fingers seemed more delicate, while his fingernails had begun to deform into pointy claws.

Unsure of what to expect, Ian slowly opened the button on his pants. The tingling had now reached his intimate area, and he was afraid to see what had happened to him down there. After only a few moves, he felt his twitching cock inside his boxers, which was painfully pressing against the fabric from the inside.

A little sick to his stomach, Ian now carefully pulled down his underpants and let out a shriek when he saw what had happened to his best piece: A slimy, strange skin had formed at the base of his penis and had slowly grown around it, all the way over his scrotum. Helplessly, he watched as his hard cock began to disappear further and further between the slimy folds of his forming cunt, until finally his glans formed nothing more than an obscenely large clitoris, which was slowly being engulfed by greedy labia.





Ian cried out again in horror as his testicles began to slowly retract into his crotch - after all, there was nothing left of them but a hairy, split mound of Venus. A musky, musky smell rose to Ian's much more refined nose as the labia of his new vulva began to smack and fart shut while spreading an unnatural amount of slimy cunt secretions across the floor.

His entire body was now covered in a thick fur. The dark marks of a snow leopard had formed on his thighs and shoulders, while nothing but a dripping, wet cunt remained of his once stately penis.

In disbelief, Ian stroked through the thick pubic hair, which again gave off a strong smell. The touch made him somehow... horny.

"Gawd, I hope Will doesn't come back.... I... just can't stop it anymore. " Slowly, his fingers moved lower between his legs. The soaking wet fur of his new pussy felt warm and slippery.... "No... Can... Not... "



Ian felt his fingers slowly slide between his labia. A slight moan escaped his lips as two of his fingers carefully penetrated the inside of his vagina. He leaned back: It felt good.... Every movement brought him closer to his climax...

The movements of his fingers became faster.... more impulsive... greedier...
"Will .. " Ian tried to order his thoughts, but against his will he began to undress his friend in his mind's eye....

"I...I wantyou...Will... I need it!"

He imagined himself slowly opening Will's fly ... taking his friend's twitching hard cock in his hand and....

Suddenly, Ian heard someone open the door to the living room behind him.



"I-Ian? Will stood in the doorway, looking completely distraught at the spectacle presented to him.

Amidst his clothes torn from his body, Ian lay on the ground with his head in a daze, his fingers smacking in the depths of his new hairy cunt. "The whiskey Will.. I need... your.... Cock!"

Before Will could even think about turning around, Ian was already on his feet. Although he still felt insecure in his new body, he knew exactly what he needed now: Sex.

He made a big leap and pounced on his friend before he even had a chance to react. The claws of his hand effortlessly cut through the fabric of Will's shirt.

Trembling with lust, Ian began to tear off his friend's clothes piece by piece, until he finally got to work on his pants. "Please...Oh God Ian let's get help!" Pleaded Will, when he realized that it made little sense to defend himself against the horny desires of his friend.



"You're not going anywhere my dear" Grinned Ian as he began to slowly sink to his knees and pulled down his friend's pants with a jerk. "What do we have here?" Ian's feminine sounding voice mocking as Will's exposed flaccid penis was revealed.

"Mmmh, I need him Will.... come on. " Ian greedily took his friend's cock in his hand and began to gently caress him. Growing more horny, he then closed his fingers around it began pumping it in a slow motion "Ever since I got this cunt, all I can think about is cock, Will.... come on... show me how hard you can be! "

Ian gently bent the now stiff penis upward and began licking along the underside... The virile, intimate smell turned him on... He kept pumping... felt he pulsating Cock in his hand while he slowly began to push its tip into his mouth.





He knew he had to be a guy... yet the taste of another man turned him on.... moaning he moved his head back and forth while he sucked and sucked with his tongue along the hard organ with pleasure.

His lips closed greedily around Will's hard cock as it began to twitch uncontrollably. Ian felt a wave of hot spunk splash down his throat as Will came with a loud moan.

Somewhat disappointed, Ian grabbed Will's crotch and pulled the slowly flaccid cock out of his mouth again "Hmph That was fast" he stated unsatisfied. "Then I guess I'll have to find something else to fuck."

In one swift movement Ian was on his feet again and grabbed Will's shoulders "On your knees, I hope you enjoy your time as a cunt servant to make up for that disappointment!"

With unruly force, Ian pushed his friend to the ground and sat provocatively on his chest. The wet fur of his pussy pressed mercilessly on Will's upper body, while Ian grinned and pushed his hairy crotch closer and closer to Will's face.

"Don't fight it ... Lick!"



