

“Man, are you sure this shit will work?”

“Look, it gets cats high, doesn’t it? Trust me, I’ve read up on it. It’s fine! It’s a fucked-up high, but it’s better than nothing!”

Dustin regarded his buddy with a hint of skepticism. Keith usually knew his green inside and out. He’d never led Dustin astray before. But wasn’t using catnip a little desperate?

Neither man could afford weed right now, not while living from paycheck to paycheck. With how much their hours at work had been cut lately, it was a wonder they could afford rent.

Getting weed wasn’t normally an issue since their dealer always had an affordable supply on hand. That was before weed was legalized. While the risk of being caught and charged with possession was gone, the truth was, it was now too expensive. Now that everything was regulated, their dealer had gotten out of the business. Without the funds to buy over the counter, scoring their weed was a struggle!

This evening, they were both sober and bored as fuck, chilling in Keith’s dingy apartment. It didn’t help that Keith had been quiet all evening, looking up stuff on his phone. Whenever Dustin complained, Keith told him to be patient, reassuring Dustin that it would be worth the wait. Yet when Keith pulled out an old catnip mouse toy, Dustin nearly got up and left!

“Look, man, we aren’t the first to try it! It says right here it gets people high off it, too! It’s a different high, yeah. But it’s still a high!”

Dustin sighed, figuring what the hell. He didn’t have any better ideas for the evening. Worst case, they got sick. Best case, they got their buzz on, leaving the shit of everyday life behind for a few precious hours.

Smiling, Keith got up and retrieved a dull knife from the kitchen. With practiced precision, Keith cut open the toy and carefully poured the contents into a prepared paper. He hadn’t said where he’d gotten the mouse toy, but Dustin was aware that Keith’s former roommate had a cat. The faint scent of piss still lingered among the marijuana smell that had soaked into the carpet. But the cat hadn’t lived here for months now. How old was this cat toy?

It took almost no time for Keith to return with his skillfully rolled joint. Dopey grin on his face, he pulled out his lighter, lighting the tip while holding it between his fingers. “Welp here goes nothing!” he proclaimed, taking it into his lips and inhaling deeply.

Dustin looked with trepidation as Keith took the first careful puffs. The scent hit his nose even from across the room, and Dustin gagged a little, the smell more rank than he was accustomed to. Keith coughed at the same time, having difficulty with the smoke despite his years of experience. Not his usual smoker's cough, it sounded like he was really struggling!

Dustin went to speak, but Keith raised one hand, thumping his chest with his other as he tried to deal with the smoke. He looked up, exhaling heavily as he lightly coughed a few more times.

“Hey, you alright, dude?” Dustin asked, a little concerned. He figured nothing bad would happen, but it would still suck to have to take Keith to the hospital for this asinine stunt.

Thankfully, Keith came to, his red eyes looking at his buddy as he chuckled. “Dude, this is potent shit! Want a hit?” he asked, gingerly holding out the blunt for Dustin's inspection.

Dustin hesitated only a moment before taking the end and pressing it to his lips. Before he lost his nerve, he took the hit, letting the smoke fill his lungs. The flavor was off, but it wasn't so bad. It wasn't the worst thing he-

All at once, Dustin started hacking, the potent smoke making him irritated. He had smoked a variety of things in his twenty-eight years, but nothing that hit him this hard! His body struggled with the smoke, almost rejecting it as he did his best to adapt.

“Haha, hits you like a fucking truck, doesn't it!” Keith's voice rang in his ears. Dustin wanted to tell him to fuck off, but it was too busy hacking up a lung to respond.

As he did, however, a familiar buzz started to play over his mind, and he felt himself relax. It was akin to the high he often felt when smoking up, but there was a difference that Dustin found curious. Rather than a calm, relaxed state of being, Dustin seemed hyper-aware. All of his senses were on red alert, looking for any movement, any stimulation. In fact, he felt... almost playful? Is this what cats felt when they licked catnip?

“I see what you mean!” Dustin exclaimed, passing the joint back to his buddy. He couldn't recall the last time he felt so good from a buzz. His eyesight, hearing, and even smell felt like they were all set to eleven, ready to drink in the world, and all it had to offer him!

He went to smile at his buddy when the sight of Keith's visage gave him pause. Keith's nose had begun to lighten, towards a more pronounced pink shade than before. It seemed to be

wider, flattening into his face while Keith twitched it in irritation. By the time his nose finished reforming, it was half the size of his face. Yet, to Dustin's shock, Keith didn't seem to notice. How high was he?

Keith sneezed a little as the skin around his nose was pierced from the growth of sharp, coarse hairs. He continued to wince in discomfort as the hairs lanced their way out of his flesh, looking like a set of feline whiskers!

Dustin blinked a few times, trying to clear his head from the fog of his own high. Yet no matter how much he focused, the bizarre features his friend sported did not dissipate. In fact, Keith's whiskers only seemed to grow longer, his nose pinker and flattened. He found himself giggling at the ridiculous notion. Apparently, if you got high on catnip, it made you see things as cats!

"Hey, what's so funny?" Keith laughed, his puffy cheeks shaking as smaller, brown and black hairs started to cover their surface.

"You look like a cat, asshole!" Dustin replied, still laughing. Keith's ears seemed to twitch in irritation at that, the tips growing pointed and furry as they extended higher on his head.

"Hey, you're one to talk! Unless you've been a vampire this whole time!" Keith laughed, reaching absentmindedly to scratch the coating of fur that was covering his cheeks and forehead.

"The fuck are you on about?" Dustin asked with a shaking voice. Nervously, he reached up to touch his teeth, the sensation of soft fur greeting his fingers. How had Dustin been unaware of the itching of hair growth until now? Fuck, he really was high!

Tracing his fingers over his lips, Dustin was surprised to feel a surprising prick as they played over his eye teeth. To his surprise, they had grown sharp, almost sticking out of his mouth. He longed for a mirror, wondering if they indeed looked like fangs.

Glancing back at Keith, he was greeted to the same visage he expected was on his own. Keith's eye teeth seemed distended, sticking out of black, puffy lips as his beard continued to thicken with soft, brown-black fur. The sight made Dustin giggle hysterically. He really was stoned if he saw Keith turning into a cat!

"Fuck, no wonder cats get off on this stuff! It's making you look more and more like a cat to me!" Keith exclaimed, unaware that his hair seemed to be receding, taking on the same texture as the feline fur spreading over the rest of his head.

“Yeah, you’re looking awful catty yourself, faggot!” Dustin said with a high-pitched laugh. Though he was certain that it was the effects of the joint, which he had now passed back to Keith, he couldn’t help but remain curious. Reaching out with his hand, he lightly touched the surface of Keith’s feline ears. Yup, definitely real!

Suddenly, Keith hissed, revealing his pointy fangs and rough tongue. Instinctively, he reached up to bat Dustin’s hand away, and the two entered a slapping contest of sorts, pausing mid-air until the other made a move.

Dustin was undeterred, however, as energy seemed to envelop his body. It felt as though every cell was alive with anticipation. He crouched lower, ignoring the itching on his face as his own set of whiskers popped out of puffy cheeks. He didn’t bother reaching up to tell his ears stretching like putty or to feel his human hair become black to match his beard. He wanted to play!

When Keith took a drag and went to pass the blunt back to his buddy, Dustin nearly knocked it out of his hand. “Hey, watch that! It’s oooour only one!” Keith whined in his new high-pitched voice.

Shaking his head a little, Dustin took another hit, realizing their blunt was nearly gone. Had they smoked so much already? Still, the effects were rapid, and he doubted his system could take much more. Fuck, by now, he even felt that his clothes were too big! And the itching was spreading down his head and neck, making the giant rags even more uncomfortable. Handing the remainder of the blunt back to his buddy, Dustin tried furiously to get out of his shirt, the prickling getting insistent.

Keith took the joint to his lips and inhaled deeply. He felt his eyes start to dry out from the irritating smoke, certain they were already the typical red they became while being high. Smiling, he pulled out his phone and switched to the selfie function. To his surprise, his eyes were yellow, pupils black and dilated, wide in excitement rather than dull stupor. Despite the alien reflection, Keith had to admit he really loved this catnip high!

Meanwhile, Dustin struggled to remove his shirt with arms that didn’t seem to move as well from side to side. It was as though his shoulders had sunk into his chest, making it take twice as long to take off the shirt as it should have. Soon he managed to expose a white-furred chest that was steadily becoming more streamlined. The relief was instant; Dustin immediately began scratching his chest, enjoying the texture of his fingers through the soft hairs.

The prickling began to encroach over his hand, and Dustin glanced at it a moment, annoyed how dirty it suddenly felt. Without really thinking, he reached out with his tongue, licking to rearrange the hair as it grew on his hand. The feeling was exquisite; he couldn't deny how wonderful it was to run his rough tongue over the silky fur.

The action left Dustin curious about what it might feel like to rub his face similarly. Coating the back of his hand in saliva, he reached up tentatively to caress the bare human flesh of his forehead. At his touch, a soft carpet of thick hairs sprang up to coat the remnants of bare skin, eliciting a high-pitched giggle from his lips that ended with a yowl of sorts.

He began rubbing his skin with gusto, feeling his forehead slope and his cheeks continue to puff out. In his substance-induced hallucinations, Dustin was hardly aware that his eyes bulged wide with the iris yellow and the pupil wide and black. They seemed better to take in the low light of the oncoming evening, their pupils expanding to absorb as much of the waning light as possible.

All at once, his seeking eyes honed in on something in motion, and he leaped forward with his awkward changing body, hitting the floor with a thump. The force of his movement sent a dust bunny into the air, and Dustin gave chase, feeling exhilarated.

Keith, who had been struggling with his own overly loose clothing, spotted the scene and felt his body tense up. Little control of his faculties remained from how stoned he was as Keith playfully pounced towards his buddy. His awkward leap sent him tackling Dustin, and the two fell in a heap, flailing their arms in an attempt to uncouple.

“Hey, wrrratch it!” Dustin cried, and the two of them laughed in their new, high-pitched stoned tones. Dustin felt the urge to wrap his arms around Keith's diminished shoulders, while Keith responded in kind. The two of them rolled in a pile, grabbing each other with thickened palms as their legs tried desperately to kick off each other.

“YEEOOOOWWWW! Careful!” Keith cried as something sharp suddenly pierced his flesh. Dustin, in his stupor, failed to detect something poking from his fingertips, stretching from a place further from his fingers than he was used to.

Pulling back, Dustin's wide eyes stared at the translucent claws growing out into crescents, slowly covered by a flap of skin that seemed to exude from inside his fingers. Only a slight ache registered in his stoned mind as a new joint allowed his claws to flex in and out. A moan escaped his lips; the feeling of feline nails extended from his sheaths was sublime, sending ripples of pleasure up his shrinking arms.

Going with the new urges tingling in his mind, Dustin looked around the apartment before settling on Keith's couch. He crawled towards it awkwardly, his narrower hips making it difficult to stand erect. Yet being close to the ground felt so much better. Dustin's nose sniffed the floor, eager to explore the smells that surrounded the apartment. He figured it was just part of the catnip high, but the side of his mind still along for the ride couldn't deny how much fun he was having exploring his enhanced senses and energized body!

Reaching out with his shrinking arms, Dustin moaned the moment his nails sank into the faux leather of the couch. Feeling their insertion was a far more pleasant tactile experience than he'd been anticipating, and Dustin allowed his claws to sink in fully before pulling them out in rapid succession. A satisfying pop echoed in his ears as he let his claws drag his body in closer, his entire being enraptured in the activity.

Dustin was hardly aware of the sensation of his fingers twitching, the bones within diminishing in size. A series of cracks responded up his arms as the fingers reduced into stubs, losing all semblance of flexibility. Yet Dustin only registered a numbness from his hands that he associated with his high. It did nothing to prevent the pleasure of digging his claws over and over into the weak material!

His grip became more enjoyable as thick pads of black skin swelled up over the remaining surfaces of his palms, with another on his wrists. A sudden yelp escaped his lips as the claw in his thumbs caught in the material. Soon, his shrinking thumbs stiffened and allotted the fifth claw to pop free. However, in his obsessive state, Dustin had completely forgotten his prior panic and was back to enjoying clawing at the couch.

Keith was soon beside him, adding a similar series of pops as his own developing claws sank into the satisfying fabric. The two made a game of it, clawing faster and faster and sending more of those delightful pops in the air. It simply felt amazing to give in and followed their stoned impulses!

All the while, their bodies continued to shrink. Dustin felt his chest ache slightly, as though being compressed, but he didn't mind. His arms were still capable of clawing into the couch like this. And despite how restricted his shoulders felt inside of his flanks, he couldn't deny a feeling of strength in his new form. His tiny frame felt packed with energy!

Even in his stoned stupor, Dustin was able to register some of the sensations as puzzling. Not the changes to his body themselves; those simply felt too good to explore and were surely a result of the special grass they had smoked. Rather, none of the usual experiences followed this

particular high. For one thing, he felt none of the usual lethargy that came with a stoned state. For another, he wasn't hungry. Not that they had much in the way of snacks tonight, but Dustin still craved food whenever he hit a blunt, so why not now?

His mind seemed focused on other things as he continued to scan the apartment with his wide eyes. His nose sniffed the stale, smoke-filled air, particularly honing in on a hint of a scent wafting from the blunt smoldering on the floor. His human mind recognized it as the catnip that had made up their joint, but his enhanced awareness simply wanted more.

His scanning eyes settled on a small catnip pillow stashed behind the couch Keith had been sitting on. His body should have been too large to reach behind it, yet he seemed to have shrunk to a point where it might be possible. Leaving his pants and underwear behind, Dustin walked forward, hunched over, exposing his bare skin and naked body. Any modesty he might have felt was erased by the incredibly high, not caring that his balls hung under his form, and his receding hips proudly showed his tight anus.

A bit of a chill rushed over Dustin's body before his skin continued to prickle with more black hairs lancing through his pinkening flesh. His mind was filled with the need to stop and scratch, or maybe groom his new fur into existence. Yet his nose was more preoccupied with the scent of catnip, and he continued crawling forward, trying to push his still-shrinking body into the crook of the couch to reach his goal.

His outstretched claws batted into the space behind the couch, desperate for the source of the alluring aroma. His compressing shoulders should have been too wide, yet the more he pushed, the closer he became to his goal. His muscles seemed to be flowing into liquid metal, far more flexible and fluid than they should have been.

With a sudden push, his arm was forced forward enough that the tip of his extended claws sunk into the pillow. Excited, his entire body sprang backward with a suddenness that should have been impossible. The motion was clunky; Dustin's hindquarters didn't match the abilities that his mind perceived him capable of. He ended up falling over, trying desperately to right himself and not wanting to seem weak.

Keith, meanwhile, was painfully aware of how loose his clothes were, and he rolled around the floor in an attempt to remove them. His shrinking body soon crawled its way to freedom, though his spreading brown and black hairs still irritated his skin. Taking a moment, he licked the fur on his paws and rubbed furiously over his bare flesh, coating it with his saliva to encourage more of the tabby-shaded fur to sprout from his pores. It felt right to clean and move his hair into place as his tongue continued to play over his flesh.

Yet his attention was drawn from his grooming regiment when he saw Dustin's lithe body playing with the catnip packet. It did not escape his notice that Dustin's balls and ass were on full display, smaller than they were, but larger relative to Dustin's changed body. The sight sent a tingling into Keith's loins, one that he'd never felt before. The view of his buddy's maleness was so... sexy.

His thoughts started to drift to sniffing his buddy's male scent, drinking in the feline essence to satisfy the needs that were welling up in his own balls. Keith never imagined doing anything sexual with his buddy or any other male, but now that the idea was planted in his mind, he couldn't imagine not taking the cat man as his own.

As though in response, he could feel his cock grow warm. The flesh around the head started to peel down to the base, itching as it became covered with tabby fur. The tip of his pink flesh grew pointed, and Keith winced as several dozen tiny spines erupted from the surface, pointing back towards the base. His balls prickled with fur growth as the space of his perennial region decreased, his tiny, feline testicles placed just below his pink anus.

The tingling sensation in his sex demanded attention, and Keith began to reach down with flexibility granted by his compressing chest. Yet another scent wafted into his nose that took precedence. Raising his head, Keith was greeted by the sight of a catnip packet that Dustin was furiously licking at. He, too, wanted to sniff and play with it, needing to extend his high.

Keith stood up awkwardly, his hips out of line with the changed front half of his body. Yet a series of cracks down his stretched spine forced his lower body to raise. His hips sank into his flanks, thighs thinning from the loss of fat. Even in their reduced state, they maintained a modicum of spring-loaded muscle. Any remaining fat from his thighs was lost, and his former knees became connected with his stomach by a flap of skin.

Raised heels forced him onto the balls of his feet as a second pair of claws pierced the reducing stubs of his toes. They dug into the floor, eager for the stimulation of running them in and out of his sheaths. Itching tabby fur sprouted over the backs of his feet as his toes contracted, the large digit dissolved entirely from his new anatomy. Thick pads ballooned from the bottoms of his toe tips, allowing him the best possible grip on the carpet.

Keith only felt elated at the promise of liquid power that his lower body granted him as it snapped into his feline shape. His hunting eyes focused on the black male with intensity, wanting him as much as the sweet-smelling pad in his feline lips. Keith hunched over, wriggling his hips as his mind sized up the distance and prepared to pounce.



Keith's thoughts had devolved towards mostly feline instincts at this point. It was far beyond the high that had initially triggered the change. A semblance of humanity remained in the fringes of his psyche, yet it had no intention of swimming up to the surface. This high was far more fulfilling than any he'd experienced, given him a sense of purpose of clarity that his human being had always lacked.

Dustin was completely oblivious, engrossed with extending his own glorious high. His studded tongue lapped with gusto, not even caring how dirty and dusty the packet had been prior. Even though only trace amounts of the stimulant were present, it was more than sufficient to accentuate his stoned state. His thoughts, too, were filled with feline urges, but any resistance to the overwhelming state of being was lost with how wonderful they felt. Every fiber of his soul was fixated solely on the pleasure that this wonderful drug could grant him.

A slight crack echoed through his feet, which were being peppered with black fur. His toenails, too, had been torn away in favor of feline claws, and Dustin reached up with them to dig into the fabric of the packet as he held it with all four limbs, meowing his delight. His shrinking calves, widening hips, and stretching spine all aided in the motion as Dustin played and licked with a fervor he had not known since his childhood. No trip had ever matched this simplest joy of giving into feline instincts!

So caught up in his high, Dustin didn't notice his former buddy preparing to leap until the other cat had toppled into him, sending them both into a tumble of hissing and growling. Yet even with Keith's sharp fangs in the loose flaps of skin, Dustin was not angered. On the contrary; it served to stimulate some new feline instinct in his brain, to play, to hunt one that he saw as an equal. Or maybe a mate...

As the two felines rolled and tumbled, Dustin was aware that his sex was changing, his testicles swelling and rotating back below his anus. His penis was enveloped in a warm sheath sprouting from his own erectile tissue, covered in soft black fur as it attached to his belly. His pointed, spined prick stretched from its covering, hard at the prospect of such closeness to a randy male tom. Any preconceived notions of heterosexuality were erased the moment the male's presence made his cock hard and promised the satisfaction of a proper mating.

Soon, the tumbling and roughhousing turned into mutual grooming, both cats rubbing their heads together to exchange fluids from the scent glands there. It was more than a simple sign of affection; both cats were bonded, completely comfortable in the presence of the other. The fact that their loins were needy only served to strengthen their bond, and both were perfectly willing to satisfy those needs with each other in ignorant feline bliss.

All at once, Dustin took off, his playful posture beckoning his mate to follow him. Keith rose but was soon distracted by a strange extension of his spine pressing through the flesh. The bones in his coccyx broke apart and stretched into the new appendage. It rapidly extended above his backside, as though eager to complete its formation to allow him to give chase. The entire surface sprouted tabby fur as it began to twitch in irritation, its new muscle and bone sporting amazing flexibility. New tail in tow, Keith took off, stalking his mate as Dustin continued to run like a demon.

The two felines tore through the dingy house, flexing their new muscles as they leaped onto tables, beds, and cupboards. They explored the full range of their feline abilities, bounding effortlessly in their play. It was a feeling of exhilaration that neither man could have imagined, and both of their human minds willingly sunk beneath the surface in the hope that their buzz might never end.

At last, the needs in Dustin's loins became insistent, and he stopped, rearing his hips to show off his pucker. Dustin felt something was missing above his ass. He desired to move it to waft his randy scent. As if in response to those notions, the bones in his coccyx expanded rapidly, forming a twitching tail that betrayed his need. Quickly, it filled in with black fur, signaling his completion into his feline form and his readiness to mate.

Dustin yowled, lifting his tail up and to the side as he raised his hips and stretched his upper body to a better position for his mate. His pucker flared open and closed, the prospect of sexual stimulation powerfully exciting. The formation felt right, allowing him to submit to the larger, sexier tom.

A feline whine escaped Keith's lips as the brown and black tabby leaped up and wrapped his paws around Dustin's black flanks. Dustin could feel the rapid thrusting of Keith's hips against his rump, searching for Dustin's eager opening. He guided his hips backward, needing to be bred as much as Keith needed to rut into him. The scents of feline glands and musk only made both toms more aroused!

Dustin elicited a yowl as Keith's pointed prick nicked his pucker, and all at once shoved in. The pain was excruciating; Dustin yowled and hissed as the tiny pointed penis thrust into him, ripping at his insides with sharp spines as Keith began his eager assault. It burned a little, the micro-vibrations traveling all the way down Dustin's rectal cavity.

Soon, the radiating vibrations started centering on his prostate, and Dustin growled, the pleasure radiating from his insides all the way down to his own tiny penis. He couldn't touch or

lick it in this position, but its entire length was being rocked back and forth from the inside of his sheath as Keith's balls slapped against his own genitals.

The mating act was relatively quick, both toms randy and in need of release. Keith humped away rapidly, crying his conquest as he did so. His muzzle reached out and bit the nape of his mate's neck, claiming the former human Dustin as his own. What remained of Dustin's humanity enjoyed being taken and dominated in such a fashion. He hissed a little from the pain of Keith's teeth in his neck but kept his posture still as Keith continued to mate him.

It was Dustin who came first, the fringes of his sheath stimulating his spines and his entire length before his relatively tiny balls pulsed. Yet the sensations were amplified ten-fold from anything he knew in his prior life. His tiny body shook and spasmed as every cell was stimulated to blissful orgasm. He yowled as his feline member coated his sheath and belly with warm cum, emptying his balls of their burden.

Keith was not far behind as his new mate's rectal walls played over every inch of his feline member. He, too, growled his release as he filled the black cat's asshole with his spunk. The sensation of his pulsating balls against his mate's shook his entire body as he bit in a little too hard, making Dustin yowl and reach back to hiss at the overly-excited tabby.

Finished, Keith pulled out, his spines both invoking pleasure and pain in Dustin's rear. Reflexively, Dustin hissed and batted his dom with his paws, though keeping his claws retracted. His hiss was one of pain, but he still wished to be bred at a later date, even if the other male's penile spines caused him pain!

Their lusts sated, both cats curled up on the couch, snuggled together, and enjoying their warmth. Vague memories of their humanity lingered, along with fear they would be trapped here and alone. But, eventually, someone would be along to check on the former men and find the two friendly toms in each other's embrace. They would be given warm bedding, ready food, and plenty of toys. But most of all, they would have each other as mates!

Dustin yawned, his new rough tongue hanging out of his mouth and triggering the scent of nip from the smoke still on his breath. His new nose sniffed the air for remnants of the catnip that he now craved. Sadly, the room seemed to be absent from his favorite intoxicant, those last remnants licked clean from both the packet and the blunt. A fleeting human thought hoped his new owners would provide the pair plenty! As happy as his mate made him, he just as much desired to continue to get high with him, though now in feline fashion!