

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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