

## Ferret Funk

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In a high school populated by dozens of hybridized species, it was hard for Ethan Everitt to deny that he was a creature of habit. For years he'd always sat in the same spot in every classroom; second back from the front, farthest side from the door. Despite being human, he was sure part of it had to do with his lizard brain wanting to see who was coming and going and part of it was wanting to be seen as a good student without being a 'front row' kid. That had been his spot for years, maybe too many years. That was why the simple act of sitting in the back row on the right side felt like such a game changer... although Ethan had ulterior motives.

At eighteen years old, Ethan didn't stand out too much among his class. His dishwater blond hair was pulled into a three inch ponytail in the back, a few loose strands of hair hanging over his relatively pale skin. He wore black slacks and a forest green over-shirt left unbuttoned, complimenting the teal t-shirt underneath. He wore skate shoes simply because they were more comfortable than conventional sneakers and his backpack was bulging with abundant supplies. Normally Ethan would have been focused on his homework from the night before or he might have been trying to read ahead to have a jump on all the other students, but not today.

Everything normal about Ethan's life had been derailed, and as he heard an all too familiar click-clack, click-clack from the hallway, Ethan knew the source of his distraction was arriving. Just as the bell sounded the start of class, the doorway was filled with the very tall, very skinny frame of another young man riding a skateboard indoors. Even if he hadn't been on a skateboard, the student stood a good six foot six inches tall despite looking as though he wouldn't have weighed more than a hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet.

"Fane, what have we discussed?" the teacher asked without looking up. With a quick kick of clawed, furry toes he flipped the board up, catching the end in his equally clawed and furry hand. A grin spread across a short mustelid muzzle covered with cream and dark brown fur, a bandit mask pattern across his dark brownish-black eyes and just above his pink nose. Two short pointed ears stuck up through holes cut in a brown beanie that matched his brown sweatshirt. A short and stout tail stuck out above his khaki board shorts as he wandered over to his usual spot and sat down - right in front of Ethan.

Once settled, the ferret boy gave a stretch and a yawn, the movement forcing his sweatshirt to ride up a good six inches, revealing no undershirt and an elongated torso covered in that same cream and brown fur. The movement also unleashed Fane's natural musk which hit Ethan like something out of an old cartoon. It was spicy, tangy, acrid and yet savory. It was the smell of a summer of hard work, of sweat and masculinity, of throwing caution to the wind, of living life the way one wanted. It was the smell of freedom, of vitality. Ethan's eyes fluttered shut as he breathed the scent deep into his lungs.

Ethan had smelled that ferret funk before; Ethan and Fane had gone to middle school together, even a little bit of elementary school when Ethan had first moved to town. Their interactions had been fleeting at first and Ethan was half convinced that Fane's musk was getting more potent as they got older. At first Ethan had been too focused on schoolwork to really notice those around him. Eventually he'd started to think Fane was cool and aloof, a loner and a rebel, someone to envy and admire. Ethan eventually realized it was more than that, a full

blown crush. It was then that Ethan had decided to put his plan into motion, changing his seats to be close to Fane whenever he could. If he could figure out where the ferret ate lunch, he would have tried to eat with him too, though so far Fane had eluded him.

While Ethan was of the mind that a student could sit anywhere and be a good student, it certainly seemed that his new spot was distracting him from his classwork completely. He studied the way that Fane's dark brown hair stuck out from the rim of his beanie, how his fur rippled as he moved, and how his long toes seemed to make up almost all of his feet. It wasn't until a few minutes before class that Ethan realized that Fane had fallen asleep. Even more perilously, it seemed that his long noodle-like body did not have the rigid control that most of the other hybrids had. Fane slowly started oozing back onto Ethan's desk, his mouth hanging open as he breathed, the skater's sharp carnivorous teeth glinting in the light pouring in from the open windows.

Thinking as fast as he could, Ethan lifted his backpack up and slid it onto his desk just as Fane slipped back far enough to be propped up by it. Ethan was a little reluctant because he would have liked Fane to wind up in his lap, but getting in trouble for sleeping in class was the last thing he would have wished on his crush so he was content to spend the last few minutes of class with his crush close and faintly upright. Ethan would have been hard pressed to think of someone more different. He was a nerd and Fane was a slacker. Ethan focused on his clothing, trying to figure out what moods each piece expressed while he was fairly certain Fane just rolled out of bed ready to go... Maybe it was the difference that appealed to him, maybe the ferret's musk had just grown on him. Whatever it was, being close like this felt a lot better than watching from afar. At the very least it would make his daydreams more realistic.

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The hallways had filled with the chaos of hundreds of young people talking to one another, marked by the percussion of lockers being opened and closed. It had gotten even louder as Ethan waited for Fane to wake up and get off of his backpack. The skater's dark glassy eyes blinked as his muzzle opened up into a wide yawn before he gave Ethan a sleepy grin of thanks before nodding his head as he rose to his feet. Ethan lingered behind for a moment, watching Fane's short tail wobble behind him as he meandered to the front of the class and out into the chaos. Ethan gathered his things and scrambled after his crush, pushing into the throng of other students. It wasn't hard to pick Fane out in a crowd, although Ethan's eyebrows rose in alarm as he saw just where the ferret was.

"What did I say about getting your weasel stink near my locker, huh?" An irritated voice asked, ushered from lips hidden beneath a long tapered trunk. The jock's large ears were pierced with huge gauge piercings, but his red and cardinal jersey identified the elephant as a member of the wrestling team. His sweat soaked saffron colored hair was pulled back into a tight bun and his gym shorts were well rumped, indicating he most likely had just come from practice. The jock used his trunk to shove Fane against the locker, holding him there long enough to saunter up. The two young men were the same height but the wrestler was easily almost three hundred pounds of muscle.

"If your point was to get him away from your locker, you're doing a pretty crappy job about it... and if you have a problem with the way he smells, maybe you shouldn't stick your

trunk where it doesn't belong, Tucker." Ethan proclaimed. All at once, the chaos of the hallway fell away to silence as both Tucker and Fane turned to look at the human. Fane, however, grinned.

"He's got a point. You want me out of your hair, all you gotta do is give me a chance to get out of here." Fane shrugged. Tucker's truck flexed.

"All I've got to do is give you a piece of my mind." Tucker glowered before he pulled his fist back and sent it jutting right for Fane's face. The crowd gasped, half in expectation and half at the sight of the wrestler's fist impacting bare metal. Fane had wriggled the top half of his body out of the way with a flexibility that no other student at the school could have possessed. With Tucker stunned from the impact, the ferret slunk down from his grip, grabbed his skateboard and stepped away.

"I'd be careful about that too, Tucker. You don't have a lot of pieces of your mind to give out!" Fane grinned. There was a bellow from the elephant's trunk.

"I won't forget this, asshole!" Tucker shouted, but by the time he had, Fane had already slung an arm around Ethan's shoulders and was walking with him down the hallway.

"I don't think we'll forget that asshole either. You know what they say, you never forget an elephant." Fane said safely. Ethan, meanwhile, was blushing brightly and grinning like a mad idiot. He wasn't just walking WITH his rush, Fane had his arm around him, holding him close, enveloping him in that heady, stinky, wonderful aroma.

"He had no right being a jerk like that." Ethan managed to say eventually. Fane shrugged, his right ear twitching where it stuck up from the slit in his beanie.

"I don't think jerks care about if they're in the right or not, but thanks for defending me. I think that went way better than it could have otherwise." Fane grinned.

"Not a problem." Ethan smiled dreamily. Fane looked at the human, his eyes narrowing for a moment before he sniffed a little.

"Are you wearing a different cologne?" he asked. Ethan's eyes widened.

"Uh, no..." Ethan murmured, his mind reeling as he tried to remember when Fane would have been close enough to smell him in the first place before he retraced his morning. Ethan blushed even more, "I forgot to put on deodorant actually." he admitted. This time Fane's eyebrows lifted, forcing the brown furry bandit mask pattern to ride up higher on his face.

"Really? Maybe you should go without it more often. Makes you smell like more of a threat." Fane grinned.

"Is that a good thing?" Ethan asked. Fane nodded adamantly.

"Oh yeah. The other creeps will know not to mess with you." Fane said, still holding on to Ethan's shoulder. Ethan looked up the several inches up it took to look at the ferret's face.

"And what should I do to smell the way I should if I wanted people to know I was okay to hang out with?" Ethan asked. Fane tilted his head back as they walked, considering for a moment before he looked back with a grin.

"I don't know, but we could hang out after school and figure it out. You want to come over to my place? It's nothing special, but I got a lot of games and stuff." Fane offered. Ethan nearly gasped, his heart jumping into his throat before he swallowed it back down and nodded eagerly. With his parents out of town, hanging out at his crush's house sounded WAY better than going back to his empty house.

“Sounds great. I can meet you under the big oak tree and we can walk together?” Ethan offered. Fane nodded slowly.

“This time, but we gotta get you a board so we can skate together the next time you save me.” Fane grinned. Ethan knew it was in jest, but the only thing he could think of were the words ‘next time.’ It was enough for a dopey smile to cross his lips and remain there for the rest of the school day.

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The late afternoon wind blew through the trees along the road, diffusing but not eliminating Fane’s unique scent. It had been a struggle for Ethan to remain focused as they walked from the school to Fane’s house. It was as if his senses were in overload and he had to remember to talk. He must have driven past this neighborhood a thousand times going to school but he’d never been down this way. It was such a sharp contrast to his own neighborhood where everything was fresh off the assembly line. The trees were enormous, large enough that their roots had displaced the sidewalk to create rises and falls that Fane seemed to enjoy pushing his board up and then coasting down.

Fane and Ethan had swapped stories from school; first recent blunders of Tucker’s various mishaps, then older stories of half-remembered adventures in middle school. Ethan had also started to envy how comfortable Fane seemed with everything. They’d barely ever hung out and now the skater was just sharing deep truths with him as if they’d been friends their whole life. It put him at such ease that Ethan nearly didn’t notice when Fane moved off the sidewalk and up the slightly slanted steps into a two story house nestled between trees so tall they would have been more at home in a forest instead of a neighborhood.

The house was old, easily the oldest that Ethan had ever been around, but there was an odd charm to it. The porch looked as if it had more layers of paint on it than the trees around had rings. As he stepped into the house and looked around the living room, Ethan could see the glass in the windows had warped over the years and distorted the view of the greenery outside. The carpet and wallpaper were patterns that Ethan had never seen before in his life and there were countless relics, knick-knacks and artifacts that could have bore scrutiny for hours if it hadn’t been for how fast Fane was navigating the indoor space, heading through the living room and the miniscule kitchen, apparently headed for the pantry with a tiny back door into the rustic backyard, but as Fane stepped out into the pantry, he swung around and disappeared around the corner.

Ethan pushed aside his curiosity enough to pass through the kitchen without looking at anything other than the refrigerator from the nineteen fifties and the linoleum tile work that might have dated back to the sixties before he stepped into the pantry. He was hit with the smell of corkboard, old glue, and the tang of various metals. He wasn’t sure he particularly wanted to eat anything from the pantry but that wasn’t why he was there. As he looked past the shelves, he spotted an old cement staircase heading under the house. A smile crossed his lips. Fane had a lair of his own.

The descent into the subterranean space was a little eerie. On the way down, the path was lit only by a naked light bulb hanging from a cord well older than Ethan was. At the base of the stairs, a quick glance to the left revealed an unfinished bathroom whose privacy was not

maintained by any finished walls, but rather that stacks of boxes and piles of bags resting against the support beams that kept the rest of the house aloft.

"Watch your head on the way through." Fane commented from somewhere ahead. Sure enough, Ethan barely missed hitting his head on three different pipes and a heating duct.

"How have you survived the low clearance?" Ethan asked.

"I'm a flexible noodle boy, remember?" Fane commented. Clearing one last support pole that apparently had been added as an afterthought, Ethan stepped into Fane's Den, looking around with wide eyes - eyes that suddenly started to water as the wave of spicy, earthy, musky scent hit him all at once. It was tart, sour, and yet oddly appealing, reminding Ethan of how so many people liked stinky cheeses, the stranger the better. He tried to cope, knowing that the human nose adjusted to smells in time, and focused instead on the surroundings.

This end of the basement was equally unfinished with walls made of boards that had turned from brown to almost black with age. There was a pool table covered with dismantled computer pieces, a hammock strung up off to one side, a few folding tables covered with laptops and peripherals, and two tiny recessed milky windows smaller than a microwave in width and depth. Fane had already sunk down onto a bean bag chair, powering on his laptop. Ethan meandered over before settling into a folding camping chair next to him, pausing as he realized that the pile of clothes behind them covered Fane's bed, and straight above the bed was a display holding Fane's skateboards, longboards and skateboards. He really did eat, sleep and drink skating.

"Thirsty?" Fane asked, opening what Ethan had mistakenly assumed to be a safe to reveal a mini-fridge instead. He pulled out two tall, skinny cans of energy drink and tossed one to Ethan who managed to catch it, grinning at his mild feat.

"Thanks." Ethan replied. Technically he didn't need the energy drink, he was already buzzing with excitement. There was an odd thrill in being in a location so alien to the antiseptic new millennium construction of his own place, but even more thrill at being there with Fane. Ethan popped the can and sipped at it before his eyes squeezed shut.

"What flavor is this?" he asked, trying to read the can.

"Oh, sorry, I should have checked first..." Fane said, his pointy ears flattening against his beanie, "Uh, that one's pigeon flavored." Fane said with a sheepish grin, "I can drink it if you want." he offered. Ethan looked over and realized Fane had already open a can of the same drink. Blushing, he shook his head.

"No, I'm sure it's an acquired taste. I'll get used to it." Ethan said. Fane grinned wide, relieved as he leaned off the bean bag to drag over a box of tangled controllers and console pieces and started to fish around for what he wanted. Ethan sat there, looking at how his sweatshirt rode up to reveal that fuzzy tummy and that perfect sloping back, the hints of his skinny butt and that long, thick tail... Ethan took another sip from the pigeon energy drink without thinking until the taste hit his tongue again and his face scrunched up. It might take a while to get used to a meat flavored energy drink...

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While Ethan had never considered himself to be much of a gamer, he had to give himself a little bit of credit for lasting as long as he had against Fane. His strategy had been pure chaos,

making it difficult to predict his moves as a counter to Fane's well rehearsed counters to standard strategies. They'd made their way through the best hits of the Nintendo 64, the Playstation 2 and several PC games. While Ethan had put up a good fight, especially thanks to the energy drink, he could tell that his abilities were slipping. Between his mounting defeats and the faint sheen of sweat across his scalp, Ethan started to realize that he was up far later than usual. He swallowed a little.

"Uh, what time is it?" Ethan asked. Fane alt-tabbed out of the game they were playing to glance at the system clock.

"Two forty five. Do you need to go home?" Fane asked. Ethan was quiet for a moment as he imagined walking home through the city later in the night than he'd ever been up, then imagined the empty house he'd be returning to. He shook his head.

"No, just curious." Ethan said with a slight smile. Fane leaned back against the beanbag chair he was sitting in.

"You could always stay over, if you wanted." he offered casually. Ethan's eyes widened, nearly glinting with renewed excitement and energy.

"I mean, it wouldn't be an imposition, would it?" Ethan asked. Fane laughed at that.

"Dude, there's no such thing in a place like this. The only condition is figuring out where you want to sleep." Fane said. Ethan looked around, his eyes spotting the hammock again, trying to decide if it was load bearing or there just to collect more of the items. "I think my bed's pretty comfortable if you want to try it out." Fane added after a moment. Ethan turned back, his eyes not jutting open in surprise, although his lungs did seem to pause mid-breath.

Despite Fane's bravado, despite his laid back attitude, Ethan could see how the skater had put himself out there and made himself vulnerable. More than that, the whole encounter had been an excuse for them to hang out together, to be together, to pave the way towards... more. Ethan leaned over and brought his lips to Fane's. The ferret boy's long body tightened for just a moment before relaxing and flexing. Up close it was impossible not to smell Fane's unique scent, to have it ensnare and fill Ethan's senses... His dander smelled like warm corn chips, but there were hints of a grape soda like aroma to his neck and chest... How had he ever thought that smelled anything other than fantastic? It was like a picnic lunch, and Ethan was hungry.

With Fane's perpetual inability to find clothes that completely covered his long torso, it was all too easy for Ethan's hand to press against his soft navel before sliding up under his sweatshirt, feeling all that warm and fuzzy flesh before massaging his chest. Fane murmured, his eyes closing, the dark fur on his eyelids completing the bandit's mask across his face. His nose twitched, as did his ears. He shivered with pleasure, his pants starting to tent. Ethan gave a slightly mischievous grin as he reached out his other hand, closing it around the khaki clad cock, eliciting a gasp from the ferret boy.

Ethan took great pleasure at how much joy and surprise he was bringing Fane. After all those years of longing, lusting, and crushing on him, now the noodle boy was putty in his hands. Ethan broke the kiss and brought his head down, burying it in his neck, ruffling his face into the fur before giving him a nip. The skater let out a squeak of delighted surprise before a clawed hand grabbed Ethan's head, pressing him in tighter. Ethan bit again and Fane's back arched, his legs kicking out until the two nearly fell from their perch.

Before Ethan realized what was happening, he'd been lifted up from the camping chair and thrown back into the pile of Fane's dirty clothing. Ethan gasped and then moaned as Fane

didn't just climb on top of him, he slithered his way up like a fuzzy snake. The skater started to bite and suck on his neck, pinning him down with clawed hands. Ethan felt the ferret's erection bumping his knee until Fane arched his back to close the distance and the locus of their lusts came crashing together. This time Ethan groaned, arching his own back to bring their groins together.

Ethan gasped and panted, feeling what a frantic and energetic lover Fane wanted to be. There were kisses and bites and sucking all over his neck, his throat, and his collar. Fane gripped Ethan's shirt before promptly yanking it off unceremoniously, tossing it with such energy that it disappeared into the darkness of the unfinished basement. Fane was about to ask if this was going too fast, but Ethan had already reached down to eagerly unzip his pants. Fane grinned wide and did the same, revealing that his boxers had a wet spot from where his pre was already starting to ooze out. With two less layers of clothing between them, Fane brought his groin back, starting to grind and hump against Ethan again. Ethan's eyes squeezed shut as he leaned his head back, sinking into the mounds of musky sweatshirts, tank tops, shorts and boxers.

"You look right at home like this..." Fane grinned before he moved to bite and suck on Ethan's neck. Ethan let out a hot moan.

"I could get used to this." Ethan groaned, grabbing onto Fane's beanie to hold him against his neck, although as the ferret wriggled, the beanie slipped off, letting his mop of greasy brown hair fall loose around his head. Ethan didn't care, it just gave him that much more to grab onto.

"I can see it now; everyone talking about how you used to be such a nice boy until you started hanging out with the ferret, how you're so grungy now, always wearing old clothes and staying up late and skating around town with that bad influence." Fane said before leaning down to lick and nibble at Ethan's chest, teasing his nipple. Ethan groaned at that, panting harder.

"And you know they're going to complain about how we make out everywhere, not realizing that we fuck every chance we can get... Parking garages, in the park, by the dockyard, and-" Ethan was cut off as Fane kissed him suddenly again, pinning him to the bed with one hand while he managed to utilize his other hand and feet to strip Ethan of his shoes, then his pants, and finally his underwear. Ethan was speechless, laying in another man's bed wearing nothing but socks, his cock painfully hard. He wanted this, he needed this, and he was going to take it.

While Ethan wasn't as dextrous as Fane was, he did manage to grab Fane's sweatshirt by the shoulders and tug upwards. Instinctively, the skater's arms went straight up and the sweatshirt slipped off without any resistance or friction at all, revealing the almost serpentine extended torso covered in creamy butterscotch fur. Ethan leaned in and pressed his face against it, inhaling Fane's scent deep into his lungs, nuzzling and rubbing and then licking it. Fane squeaked out in bliss at that before he dramatically flopped backwards onto the bed while still straddling Ethan.

"You're not getting away from me that easily, noodle boy!" Ethan said, sliding his arms under Fane's shoulders before pulling him back upright. With a little bit of work he managed to tug Fane's boxers down to reveal his long, slender, plump ferret dick. Ethan held Fane's member against his own, feeling how warm it was, how firm and full, how long and slender. He admired them both and was just about to open his mouth to ask a question when Fane doubled

over in half, coming down with such speed and precision that Ethan wasn't sure on what he was doing until he felt a hot, wet embrace slip over both of their cocks at once. Ethan involuntarily gasped until his lungs were full and then slowly fell back into the pile of clothes as the ferret bobbed his head up and down, suckling both of their cocks, using his extreme flexibility to his advantage.

Ethan writhed and stretched, sinking his arms into the piles of clothing, rubbing his face against Fane's pillow before he found a pair of the skater's boxers. He pressed his face into it and sniffed and sniffed, smelling that spicy, musky, tangy aroma. Without realizing what he was doing, he opened his mouth and started to lick at the fabric. It took a few attempts, but slowly the musk started to blossom across his tongue, rewarding him with a sensory overload. His heart was racing, his breath was rapid, his body buzzed and tingled with excitement. His fingers squeezed and stretched, his fingernails starting to snag and catch in the clothes he drug them through - snagging because his fingernails were starting to stretch, growing longer and tapering to points.

It was as if he was swimming in his own body, warm and content, not fully aware of the countless stimuli that were competing for his senses. The ekratine of his fingernails was thickening, sinking down deeper into his digits to anchor and take root. Likewise, tiny little points were forming in his socks, stretching the cotton out. As Ethan flexed his toes back and forth, the fabric stretched, frayed and ultimately failed as tiny black claws broke through. With his face buried in the ferret's dirty clothes, Ethan didn't realize that his ears were taking on points or that his nose was darkening as he suckled his boyfriend's spent man sauce from his boxers.

Even as Fane sucked them both off so expertly, Ethan couldn't get over imagining what a dirty boy Fane must have been to jack off into his boxers, leave them on his bed, to not only sleep on them but to invite guests over without even trying to hide them. To take it a step further, he got even more giddy imagining all that sexual energy now directed at him instead. Ethan thrust up into Fane's mouth, feeling those sharp teeth so tender and protective around their mutual members. Ethan groaned, feeling harder and hornier than he had been his entire life. He was already rock hard but now it felt as if he was still getting harder. In fact, he was.

Centimeter by centimeter, his manhood was stretching longer and longer. He'd maintained his width, but it seemed his cells were propagating at an extended rate. The same paradoxical contrast of warmth, softness and numbness filled his cock and his spine both. He was vaguely aware that his toes were wiggling and his legs were tensing and relaxing, but it was hard to feel anything other than how horny he was. Thrashing around like he was, Ethan didn't realize that he was slowly slinking up toward the head of Fane's bed either. Little by little, his spine was stretching longer. His ribs spread apart, even his neck was stretching.

Baby fat fell away from Ethan's body, consumed for fuel. His skin stretched tight, although instead of making stretch marks, the flesh seemed to take on a peachy-tan hue as it became softer and more pliant. Even through the warm numbness, Ethan started to feel the familiar ache of rowing pains. It throbbed in his knees and his calves, in his arms, even his neck. He murmured, starting to stir and swim towards realization, that was until cold air hit his cock. Fane had pulled his mouth off their dicks, gasping for air before he lifted his hind quarters up, flicked his tail out, slid forward just a few centimeters and came plunging down. Ethan screamed out in pleasure loud enough that there was little doubt their neighbors might hear through the walls of the weathered old house.



“Fuck, Ethan, I’ve wanted this for so long…” Fane moaned, riding up and down on the other’s cock. Ethan’s eyes forced open as he looked up, panting hard, his chest rising and falling. His mouth hung open, half desperate for breath and half in shock.

“Y-you did? Really?” Ethan asked. Fane’s face scrunched up as he pulled himself down as tight as he could around Ethan’s cock and clenched his ass muscles to massage the tender meat before sliding up again.

“I didn’t think you’d want to be around someone as grungy as me. I’m not smart or anything…” Fane murmured. Ethan pushed himself upright, getting a little dizzy and confused since it seemed further away from the bed than it should have been but he chalked it up to having amazing sex.

“You’re sexy as hell, but more importantly you’re funny and charming. I’ve been trying to figure out how to get closer to you for months.” Ethan said. Fane looked stunned at that but then grinned a little slyly.

“Okay, so maybe neither of us are smart.” he joked, “But I’m glad we eventually figured it out.” he said. Ethan grinned and nodded at that, but in a move that surprised the ferret, he grabbed onto his hips and held him in place as Ethan rolled, throwing Fane to the bed. Ethan gritted teeth that seemed oddly sharp as he held onto those furry hips and started to go at it, thrusting in and out, faster and harder, moaning. Despite Fane’s cock grinding into his dirty clothes, the upper half of his torso twisted around so he could look up at his lover.

“Oh fuck that’s weird…” Ethan moaned and laughed, “You really are a noodle boy…”

“Slurp slurp lover.” Fane grinned, leaning up to kiss Ethan again. Ethan moaned and melted into the kiss, feeling the tickle of the fur against his face, smelling that comforting corn chip scent, and feeling something prickle on his face. It wasn’t quite the feeling of Fane’s whiskers against his cheeks, it was…

“Oh my god…” Ethan gasped, reaching up to feel something stiff and pliable extending from his cheek. He reached around, fingers grazing a fine layer of downy fuzz across his jaw line before he reached up and found more whiskers. He gave one a tug and winced in pain, pain that triggers his newly pointed ears to twitch. Ethan fell back onto the bed, yelping as his tailbone got squished, revealing that it was longer than it should have been as well. Ethan’s eyes widened as he looked down at his extended torso, the claws extending from his fingers, the patch of fur on his chest.

“Listen, listen, it’s going to be okay. I promise.” Fane said, turning around on Ethan’s cock to face him fully, sliding his furry legs along Ethan’s newly furry hips.

“Did you know this would happen?” Ethan asked. Fane shook his head.

“No, I mean, I didn’t even think about it. I thought transference was an urban legend. They always talk about how it’s super rare and requires a lot of things like biochemistry and compatibility and stuff.” Fane explained apologetically.

“Biochemistry like energy drinks made out of bird meat?” Ethan asked.

“I-I mean I guess that could have helped…” Fane said sheepishly, “Like I said, I didn’t expect it, but if you just want a little furry fun and go back to your regular life, you totally can. It doesn’t stick without a lot more work…” he said. Ethan remained there a moment, fully aware that he still had his cock buried deep in the skater’s ass and he was fairly certain Fane was using his ass cheeks to gently massage it while it was in there. Ethan looked at Fane for a long moment before he took a breath.

"I meant everything I said. I've been crushing on you for so long, I was doing it before I knew I was gay and that it was a crush. I just thought you were the 'cool kid'. I wanted to be with you, I wanted to be like you, I wanted you to like me..." Ethan said. Fane looked up at his partner gently.

"And what do you want now?" he asked.

"I want everyone to talk about how I used to be such a nice boy until I started hanging out with that ferret, how I'm so grungy, staying up late and skating around town with that bad influence." Ethan said, reaching to run his fingers through the ferret's dark brown hair.

"You forgot the part about wearing old clothes. I think you'd look dope in my threads." Fane grinned. Ethan murmured and grabbed the skater's head and gave him a kiss before he grabbed both shoulders and pushed him to the bed, resuming his thrusting. Fane writhed and squeaked in delight, his tail slapping the bed as he felt his boyfriend's cock going in and out, deeper and harder. He moaned and panted, pre drooling out of his long cock, releasing another pungent aroma of musk and spice. The smell was so strong and rich, it made Ethan's mouth water - but he had to do more than just smell it.

Even as Ethan's spine was elongating, he began to bend forward and around, feeling a little unsteady but also far more flexible than he ever had been in his life. Entirely new muscle groups coordinated together, allowing him to double over. Even as he approached his target, Ethan's face tingled and throbbed. His skin blossomed with thousands of tiny hairs in shades of white and cream, but even more impressively was how his mouth seemed to push forward towards Fane's shaft. Ethan had already had fair features, but now his chin tapered and his nose shifted. His jaw clicked and popped as he opened wide, plunging his proto-muzzle around Fane's meat and began to lick.

"FUCK!" Fane howled, his cock gushing with precum that saturated Ethan's mouth as it changed. Fane's sharp claws dug into his mattress as he felt his boyfriend's teeth getting longer and sharper. There was something extremely sexy about turning someone from an omnivore into a carnivore. Ethan's hesitations seemed to disappear, subsumed by the frenzied energy his new ferret side possessed. He bobbed his head up and down, filling his mouth with the skater's cock, letting it bump and bat at the back of his throat.

Ethan's brand new fur continued to sprout, covering his cheeks and forehead, slipping between his eyes and across the bridge of his nose - a nose that had grown surprisingly pink at the tip as his nostrils reshaped. His whiskers twitched a little as he suckled from Fane's rod, letting the ferret's clear goo roll down his throat. Somewhere in the back of his mind he realized as he swallowed just how much longer his esophagus was now. Even his navel had drifted up a good few inches, now resting comfortably like an inverse island in a spreading sea of creamy fur.

It had been a while since Ethan had been hit by the mild sweat that came from staying up too late, but now he was adding the perspiration of sexual adventures to the mix. A new tangy aroma was emanating from the growing fur in his pits and the thicker fur on his chest. Even the nub of a tail now stretching its way to freedom from just above his butt cheeks seemed to be wafting his musk from new scent glands. It was enough to make Fane wild with pleasure. He reeled up and grabbed onto Ethan's head, his fingers realizing his boyfriend's ears were no longer on the side of his head but had migrated to the top. He held on, tugging Ethan's muzzled

face up and down, up and down even as the other ferret fucked his ass with gusto. Drool leaked from the corner of Fane's mouth, dribbling into his fur.

There was little doubt in Fane's mind that no one else that they knew had ever had sex quite this good. None of their friends were that flexible or energetic. Who else could simultaneously fuck and suck off their boyfriend? Fane forced his eyes open, panting and moaning, watching the fur covering Ethan's long naked body. Even his socks had frayed and torn apart because of his wriggling clawed toes, the remaining fabric looking more like worn out ankle warmers. It was impossible to tell how tall Ethan was now, but it was clear that he had added several fur lined inches to his newly noodle body.

Fane looked at Ethan, admiring how handsome he was as a ferret, but he had to take it in the larger context. Their shared fantasy was going to be a reality now. He had extra skateboards, extra clothes. He could dress Ethan up as grungy as he was. They could go through life doing whatever they wanted, fucking whenever they wanted. Fane knew in that moment he would commit himself to pleasuring Ethan every day of his life, and seeing if he could keep his boyfriend in a perpetual state of corrupted horniness.

"YES!" Fane threw his head back and roared, his slick and silky pre replaced with far more tart, thick, sticky cum. A muffled chirping came from Ethan as he clamped his lips down tight around Fane and gulped and swallowed, taking the cum down deep into his stomach. It only took a few seconds for his own body to follow suit as his long shaft began to pulse and throb as it ejected the last few spurts of his human cum into Fane's ass before following it up with a fountain of far thicker, far more potent ferret cum.

Ethan's mind barely functioned in the midst of the orgasmic glow that burned through his synapses. In whatever function it had left, he realized he had achieved a far better version of life. He wasn't a lonely young man going to and from an empty house, achieving irrelevant goals. He was a ferret, a ferret with a boyfriend - an amazing, sexy, wonderful ferret with an aroma about him that was so wrong that it was right. Doubled over, even with his own mouth full of his boyfriend's cock, Ethan realized that he could smell a different musk in the air as well: his own ferret funk.

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Soft, wet slurping sounds came from the corner of the cafeteria stairwell Fane and Ethan sat on as they made out, Fane grinding lewdly against his boyfriend's lap. Their mutual erections were constant and almost painfully hard, although that only added to the friction. The two had been a perpetual distraction to their classmates. Some envied them, some despised them, but none could deny the chemistry. It had been weeks and Ethan had not returned to his human form. Whatever requirements had been needed to keep him as a ferret, the two had apparently done.

The early morning light glinted off of a bar piercing through the top of Fane's left ear where it stuck out through the slit in his beanie. Ethan had opted for a worn out backwards baseball hat with ear holes cut in it, allowing his unwashed brownish-blond hair to flow down to his collar. While being covered in fur made it harder to tell exactly what was fur and what was hair, the tuft hanging down from Ethan's chin was distinctly longer, making it look a little but like a stylized, pointed goatee.

“What the fuck is this?” an angry bellow echoed from down the hallway. “What the fuck?!” Tucker amended. Slight vibrations shook through the stairs before the elephant wrestler appeared at the base of them, holding up a fist full of dirty towels - towels covered with distinct aroma of ferret musk.

“We thought if you got more exposed to the smell, you might not be so sensitive to it.” Fane grinned. Tucker glowered, lowering his tusks to aim right at them.

“I’m going to kill you...” Tucker growled before he charged. Both ferrets bolted instantly, dropping to all fours, zigging and zagging in a flurry of fur and cotton-blend. There was no way Tucker could have moved fast enough as the two zoomed down the stairs and bolted through the crowds. There were grunts, murmurs and gasps of surprise, but Ethan and Fane merely grinned at each other as they bounded down the hallway. They were living life to the fullest as two of the sexiest noodle boys there had ever been.