

Tiv stared up at the brilliant moon, hoping its beauty would soothe his soul. He was allowed such few comforts in his captivity, and the sight of the moon each month, provided the skies were clear, was one of them. It was one he always partook in, despite the tiredness he felt from doing so. It made him ache for something beyond the bars of his pen, despite not knowing what lay in the world beyond.

Still, this night he had more on his mind than the usual yearnings for freedom. Tomorrow, he was to receive a mate. He had smelled her for some days, now. She was being kept in an enclosure close to his. Given the scents he detected, she was in season. That left only one obvious reason for her intrusion.

While the perfume of her heat was mildly enticing, it held little interest to the solitary snow leopard. He had never wanted to share his space with anyone, least of all a female. A male, perhaps, though it had been some time since he'd partekn in the odor of one of his own sex. Still, the memory of that scent caused a greater stirring in his loins than did that of his would-be female.

He at least found himself wishing that he did not have to endure her presence for long. The expectation to mate with her, and perhaps stay with her for several days, was a certainty. Mating was an exhausting endeavor, and the prospect did not sit well with him. The female would claw, bite, and abuse him as she clamored for his seed. It would be a hellish few days, not one that Tiv had any inkling to endure. And, what if he was forced to stay with her longer, to share the habitat with him for the long term? Yet, it was not something he had a choice over in the confines of his captivity.

The sight of something streaking across the sky caught his attention, and narrowing his eyes, Tiv saw what appeared to be a falling star. They were a rare occurrence, and he couldn't help but feel drawn by its presence. Wish firmly in mind, his gaze followed the star streaking across the night sky, letting his thoughts and worries of tomorrow fade as he observed its beauty with the last of his peace.

Kiera, too, was looking up at the same midnight sky and the brilliant stars and moon illuminating her cage only some meters from Tiv's own. The sight of one shooting star blazing across was not lost to her, though she could hardly discern its meaning. She seldom looked at the night sky, not needing the moonlight to help her hunt when the humans brought her sufficient sustenance.

She could not sleep that night. Not in this unfamiliar place, with the noises and odors of animals she did not know. She had been knocked out, transported in some sort of human construction, and placed in this vacant habitat that held none of her markings. It was upsetting!

Worse was what she understood was to be her purpose here. There was clearly another of her kind nearby. Her nose told her that much. Though the heat in her loins was like fire, scorching her insides, she did not wish to mate. She had been uprooted, forced into this space, and was soon to meet a male she was expected to breed with. The idea was abhorrent!

Kiera had never mated before, though was no stranger to the periods of heat that assaulted her. She hated it each time; no amount of lapping or licking ever gave her the level of comfort she needed. And the idea of actually breeding was a frightening endeavor. She knew that males of her kind had members that were spiked, causing her pain if she were to allow them inside her. She had no desire to go through that experience, even for the brief reprieve that it would cause from her heat!

Even worse, she was to be forced into consummation with a male not of her choosing. She didn't know if his genes would be compatible with hers, or if he would even make a worthy mate. She hated that the choice would be taken from her, especially if the larger male decided to take her by force! Kiera would have to be on constant alert for his advances the entire time she was expected to stay with him!

Troubled thoughts on her mind, Kiera had little reprieve other than the brilliant moon and the lovely star that suddenly shot past it. She found herself wishing that she could be somewhere, anywhere than this cage, and that she could choose a mate of her own when the time was right. Still, the chance was nearly zero that it would come to pass. So, she was left with little to do but let sleep finally take her, and see what the morning would bring.

Rob looked up at the night sky, sipping his beer and enjoying the pleasant moonlight. It was one of the rare nights he was able to do so in recent memory. Tomorrow would be the first day he was to have off in some weeks from his demanding and domineering job. Though it afforded him this house in a nice suburb, even that was starting to feel of little worth. Every minute spent in the office was hell as of late. His department was woefully understaffed, and overtime was mandatory. What was the point of all that money if he was never home to enjoy it? He wasn't even allowed to take a vacation!

Worse, he had become increasingly lonely as of late. Even though he rarely dated in school, he at least had roommates to come home to each day. The house they had rented together was loud and

boisterous with drinking and celebrations when the occupants weren't all studying. It had become a second family of sorts, one that he had wished to cherish forever. Those were the halcyon days.

Now that he had 'made it,' as the term went, he was left alone in his decent-sized house. His friends had all moved to other states, and he had all but lost contact with most of them. One friend, Josh, still lived in his city, but Josh was dealing with his own troubles. Neither man ever had the chance to meet up, despite talks of plans and their mutual desires to do so.

Rob was essentially alone. His family was some distance away, and he never had time to make the six-hour drive there and back. He had no option to even purchase a pet; Rob loved cats but was not home enough to make it fair to the poor prospective animal.

The evening at home, even though lonely, was pleasant. He could finally enjoy his decent-sized yard, his fire, and his drinks with no risk of reproach. The moon was nice, and with the lack of light pollution, he could plainly see the stars in the night sky. When was the last time he'd gotten to enjoy something like this? Not since his childhood, staring up at the sky behind his parents' house.

As he did, the sight of something tracing across the sky caught his eye. It was moving far faster than the lights on a plane should be. A falling star, maybe?

He recalled a story from his youth. 'When you wish upon a star', or some crap like that. Still, buzzed as he was, the words hung in Rob's mind, until he finally decided, fuck it. Why not?

"I wish I had someone to come home to. I wish I didn't have to go into that stupid job all the time. Fuck it!" Rob shouted, thrusting his glass up to the sky as a sort of toast.

The star soon shot from view, and Rob decided it was time to head inside. He was tired as hell, and a single day off was not sufficient enough to get him the rest he needed. Still, he had to try hoping for uninterrupted sleep.

Somewhere across town, Josh was looking up at the same sky, cheap beer in hand as he desperately clung to any kind of reprieve from the worry that had been assaulting him for many months. His internet had been cut from lack of paying the bills, which gave him very little to do and even fewer ways to search for a desperately needed job. His six-pack was currently his only escape this night, to take his mind off from the enviable trip to welfare offices and job recruitment centers in his bid to stay afloat.

Things had been some much better all those years ago in college when he'd studied sociology and lived in the dorm with his buddies. But they had all gone on to be relatively successful in their respective fields. He had been the only one, at least to his knowledge, that had struggled to make a name for himself. Depression and anxiety and the cost of medications to make his conditions manageable only served to accentuate his problems.

Worse still, his frequent financial struggles left him no time to date. He'd been desperately lonely in his one-bedroom apartment, though couldn't fathom bringing a girl here to save his life. It had been forever since he'd felt the confidence to try. Yet, despite the pain it caused him, it was relatively low on the list of problems he was currently facing.

Over a month passed due on rent, no money for the internet, and barely enough for food. Josh was facing eviction if things kept up this way. Then, even his meager apartment would be taken by someone who was in slightly better straights than he.

Tonight, he stood at the window, watching the moon over the skyline of the city. The cloudless sky was beautiful, more so than Josh ever remembered seeing. It was nice just to stand and watch the world go by, as much as any other escape he could fathom tonight.

As he watched, a familiar shape rapidly raced across the sky, bright enough that it stood out even with the magnificent moon. It was a shooting star, as best as he could recall. He hadn't seen one in some time. For some reason, tonight he recalled the adage about wishing upon one. It seemed silly to be thinking of such things as an adult. But, right now, only a wish and a prayer could get him out of the state he was in.

"I wish I was anywhere but here. Anyone's life would have to be better than this," he muttered to himself. He said the words with more conviction than he'd even intended. But right now, in the moments before he lay down to dream away his troubles, he meant them truly.

Rob very seldom dreamed, much less was aware of them when they occurred. But this time was different. He was in an unfamiliar place, outside in the cool evening air. He was naked, which was odd even given the circumstance. Odder still was the fact he was aware of it. What was it called? Lucid dreaming?

Briefly, he wondered if he could grant himself flight or any other fancies while he was in this state. It was silly, he knew. But this was his first time exploring lucid dreaming. The sky was the limit if he had the power to influence the dream in any way!

Unfortunately, flying was likely out of the question, unless he found a way out of the prison he currently resided in. It was hard to tell from the angle, but it seemed to be the cage for some sort of animal, like at the zoo. It was like a habitat, with a water dish and a massive tree with branches and even a house area for sleeping.

The enclosure registered so vividly that it even smelled real. Judging by the scent of meat and stale piss, in tandem with the toys and tree in the habitat, he thought it might be for some sort of big cat. But, he had not visited a zoo in some ages, so it was nearly impossible to say.

To his shock, he was not alone. There was another naked man in there as well, looking around and just as confused as he was. Rob would have been ashamed had he not been so sure it was a dream. Yet, in the state he was in, there was no point being bashful. It wasn't like the other man could see him, not in reality, anyway!

Rob would be remiss for not realizing he was, in fact, sharing a dream with his friend. Josh, too, had woken up to this altered reality, finding himself naked in a cage. He had to admit, however, as bizarre as the situation was, it wasn't entirely unwelcome. A brief reprieve from the troubles of everyday life was welcome. Being an animal in a cage was better than being homeless on the streets!

Josh saw that he was not alone, though the figure took a moment to register in his brain. It was a man, someone he knew from the waking world. Perhaps someone he had not seen in a long time? Was it one of his... Rob?

Josh opened his mouth to speak, but only a low-pitched yowl came out. He tried again, the same baritone escaping his lips. It was not possible to be made by a human. Josh wasn't sure what kind of animal made that sound, though it was somewhat reminiscent of a jungle cat. Likely the inhabitant of the cage he was in.

He would have thought it funny, though wasn't sure why his brain had placed him in this particular location. He hadn't watched any nature documentaries since he was a kid. And he'd never visited the zoo before, feeling no real need or desire to. Then why was he roaring like a cat?

He opened his mouth to speak once more when an ache in his teeth caught his attention. It was as though they were loose in their sockets, ready to fall out at a moment's notice. It wasn't too bizarre to experience in a dream, but it didn't make the sensation any less unnerving!

Reaching up to touch them, he almost gasped at the sight of his hand. His nails looked as loose as his teeth felt, hanging from his fingers by what looked like a few threads of flesh. But, it was soon clear that something underneath was pushing at the nails and prompting them to fall away.

Josh stared in shock as pointed claws painlessly poked through, stinging only slightly as the fingers around them contracted, revealing more of the keratin underneath. All that remained of the flesh was a covering of white skin that slid over the nail. Josh tried to flex his fingers, but his action only caused the skin to retreat from the nail and expose what was clearly the claws of a cat!

A covering of grayish-white fur peppering the back of his hands was not unnoticed as Josh stared in horror at the transition. Soon, a soft coat covered the entire surface, thickened between the stubby digits as they continued to recess into widening palms. The only traces of skin were shaped into paw pads, and the swelling coarse flesh was soon black like the pads of a cat!

Soon, the same fate befell his right hand, the fingers curling of their own accord as claws ripped their way through weaker human skin. Despite knowing he should be terrified from the process, Josh could nonetheless only stare in fascination at the inhuman sight of fur growth, lengthening claws, swelling pads and palms, and shrinking digits.

With no fingers to touch them, Josh had no choice but to let his teeth fall out, too loose in their sockets to maintain their position. He spat furiously not wanting to swallow any missing dentures as they littered the floor of the cage in moments. Yet, he was not afraid of their loss. Before he even felt the new dentures growing through the pale skin of his gums, Josh knew instinctively he would soon have the teeth of the beast that belonged in the cage they were standing in.

Rob, meanwhile, was undergoing a similar transformation. His own fingers retained enough sensitivity that he was able to touch his dentures. It was akin to every nightmare of having all of his teeth loosen and fall from their sockets and collect in his outstretched hands. There was no blood, thankfully. Yet, no disease or fracture indicated a possible cause for their removal. It was only the sensation of newer dentures pushing their way through aching gums that gave Rob the notion that his human teeth were being done away with for the teeth of a cat.

Rob wanted desperately to have a mirror to look into. The sight of his dagger-like canines, his shearing molars, and rough incisions all poking through the flesh would have been fascinating. But, he had only to settle for the tactile sensations of running his fingers over them, careful not to spear himself on the sharper ones. Though, it soon became a non-issue as the tips of his fingers developed their necessary paw pads and began to shrink away into stubs.

Glancing at Josh, who Rob had finally recognized as the other man in the cage with him, he was able to see the development of the feline dentures, even though they were set in jaws that could not properly house them. That was soon to change as Josh's cheeks started to puff out, the bones audibly cracking underneath as they extended into the beginnings of a blunt muzzle.

Rob did not bother to speak. Josh's roars were enough for him to know that he would elicit the same sort of feline growl. And the prospect of hearing that sound from his own lips, dream or no, was a little daunting.

It was already obvious that Rob was turning into one of the inhabitants of this cage. He knew instinctively that such a thing should bother him. After all, he was losing his hands, his face, and his human voice. Yet, deep down, he recalled it was indeed a dream. And such things were impossible in the waking world. It would be quite an experience to let things happen now as they were!

Josh, meanwhile, felt the aches and twinges of change starting to center on his tailbone now. Even with limited flexibility, he could see the beginnings of a growth sticking from his backside. It stuck out what looked to be a good foot, and was still growing by the looks of things. Was it a tail?

Dream or no, he was fascinated with how much movement the growth seemed to have. It weighed heavily on his backside, making his stance awkward as it continued to grow. It was twitching of its own accord, the tip, in particular, a bit unruly. It was as though the appendage was as much a part of him as his arms or legs!

Thus far, save his hands, the skin of his body had remained absent of fur. Josh almost longed for the luxurious coat that could adorn his flesh if he allowed the change to progress. Cats had wonderful coats, did they not? And, besides, he still had no idea as to the species they were becoming. Josh wanted to know where the dream would take them!

Rob was in the process of dealing with his own hands changing, fingers compressing in on themselves as nails popped off from the growth of lovely claws. It was fascinating to feel their sheaths forming, the new joints allowing them to pull in and out as he tested them. His fully-formed paws felt powerful, capable of slamming into a prey animal before his new canines severed vital arteries. Though, in his zoo habitat, he would likely just use his claws for play and gripping both food and toys!

Sneezing a little, Rob was unprepared for the sensation of minute hairs to pepper his nose, which he had just now realized had flattened into his facial features. The sensitivity of the new growths

made him think of whiskers. He marveled at developing a series of new sensory hairs as their tingling made him sneeze all over again.

Rob hardly had to cross his eyes to see what was happening to his lower jaw. It was spreading outward, cheeks growing puffy as his flattened nose formed slits and sat just above his quivering lips. The creak of bone was enough that it should have pained him. Yet, Rob only felt the relief of having a muzzle befitting the cat he was becoming. It was one that could actually house the fangs he now sported!

The tingling seemed to envelop his entire face now as the hairs of his head and beard fell away, leaving him with a bald visage. It started to audibly crack as it altered with a sloping skull, reorientated ears that twitched of their own accord, and massive eye sockets sat on his now-feline head. Even his skull had compressed on his brain, making Rob worried he would soon only think like the cat he was becoming. But, in the moment, his human thoughts were only concerned with how he looked with his sudden baldness!

A glance at his long-time friend was enough that Rob needn't have worried. Still eager for the growth of a lovely feline pelt, Josh was soon to get his wish. An itching started from the back of his tail, which had stretched out almost the length that his body was tall, and still continued to grow. A peppering of grayish hairs soon covered its base and was spreading up its length, even as his tail swelled up with fat and muscle. Josh was growing his fur coat!

Josh had no idea that a dream could elicit such vivid sensations. Yet he could almost feel every hair lance out of his skin as they continued to grow even longer.. Soon, the entire skin of his new tail was obscured as it reached the twitching tip.

Finding its color confusing, Josh pondered what species of cat he was becoming. It had to be some kind of big cat, right? There was no explanation for the species otherwise. Yet, the moment that black fur started erupting in various patches, blossoming into brilliant rosettes, Josh had his answer. The pair were likely turning into snow leopards!

A similar itching played over Rob's scalp as it, too, started to grow its own coat. He longed for a mirror to see the alterations to his visage. But his larger eyes were above to spot the pepperings of hairs that made up his muzzle as it cracked forward to its proper length. Judging from the sensations, it had completely covered his scalp as it made its way down his neck and across his back.

The next part of the process should have left Rob feeling intense pain. After all, his shoulders were compressing, his spine was extending, his chest barreling, and his hips and pelvis breaking apart and reorienting. It was clear he would soon be on all fours if the changes continued

unabated. But Rob cared little in the dream state he found himself. He was almost curious now how his psyche would interpret the sensations of being a true cat. It was the most vivid, intense dream he had ever imagined he might experience!

Bent over as he was, Rob got a good look at the underside of Josh's naked form. He would have looked away to grant his friend some modesty had it not been a dream. But, Josh wasn't here, after all. And though he had no desire to see what his mind would perceive to be of his friend's cock, Rob was curious for a preview of what might happen to his own member!

Yet, he was not prepared for the sight of the urethra to expand, spreading across the cock head and heading down the shaft. Its flaccid state seemed to be pulled further into Josh's hairy groin as his balls deflated, as though his testicles were dissolving. Rob could even see his buddy's uncut cock shoot a modest load of cum all over his groin, yet was not made uncomfortable by the sight, more curious than revolted.

Josh only felt a shiver through his body as what felt like his entire testicular contents blew from his penis. It gave him very little pleasure; his cock hadn't even come to an erection as his sperm spilled all over his groin. Yet, his body still shuddered as the orgasm overtook him, leaving him momentarily spent and unaware of the changes to his genitals. Even the sensations of his cock peeling back and his testicles dissolving were not enough to distract from the momentary wave of pleasure.

Josh was soon brought back into the present and looked down with a flexibility that was steadily being granted with his stretching spine. It seemed as though his cock head had shrunk, a nub being crowned with the remnants of his former foreskin. The slit that had formed from his urethra had widened significantly, and what remained of his ballsack was slowly drawn into his groin. The entire orifice seemed to be pulling itself backward on his frame, moving along with his anus to situate under his tail.

Josh wanted to cry out his protest at the loss of his sex, though could only elicit his feline yowls as the flesh started to grow moist and needy. He desperately wanted something to penetrate his sex, to stimulate its insides as he growled his release. It was as though the pleasures of his former shaft were amplified, the nerves that he'd once enjoyed on his cock spreading the entirety of the cavern he now possessed. It was as clear as the changes to his body that Josh was not only turning into a cat but a female one at that!

Yet at the moment, the need to clean the fluids that he'd spilled over the flesh took precedence. Josh had no idea how to do so without his hands to wipe them. Struggling with his paws, Josh tried to reach down, but rubbing them only caused the hairless skin of his paws to get sticky in turn. Frustrated, Josh reached down to lick at the skin with a tongue that was just beginning to

flatten and form a series of minute keratin spines. Though the taste of his seed was initially off-putting, he nonetheless started lapping with gusto, licking off all the irritants and leaving the back of his paw clean and covered with saliva.

Josh continued to lap the surface, making sure it was coated enough that it could take with it the cum of his groin if he was so inclined to wipe at it. He proceeded to do just that, rubbing the cum-stained areas with his paw, and removing the soiling as he did so. It felt nice to have the tingling of filth replaced with drying saliva as he made sure to remove every inch of the irritant.

Eventually, his paw moved low enough to caress the entryway to his feminine opening. The moment he touched the folds of his sex, a shiver ran through his body that was unlike anything he'd experienced before. It was as though the entirety of his genitals were as sensitive as his cock head. Was this what it was like to be female?

Josh would normally have found himself deeply disturbed by the notion. After all, it was not something he'd ever imagined. It was impossible it was accurate, given his unconscious state of being. But, he could not deny that it still felt amazing. And he figured he might as well enjoy being female, even though it was only his mind's interpretation of such. It was still a dream, right?

Lost in lust as he was, Josh never bothered to turn to see Rob looking at him, almost drooling at the sight. Rob's new nose sniffed the air, detecting an alluring aroma that had not been there prior. It was impossible for him to fully understand why he was doing so, having never used scent in such a significant way. But, distracted as he was by the heady perfume in the air, he hardly had the wherewithal to consider that anything was off about his current arousal.

The spicy perfume sent tingles into his groin, signalling the next stage of his shift. His cock came to full erection, balls swelling with their seed. But, he did not release his testicular contents as did his buddy. Though his erection shrank a little, his balls swelled even more, as though his form required a greater reservoir of semen.

Rob wanted to rub the skin around his groin, though was incapable of doing so with his paws. He was forced to suffer in his hybrid state as his cock head drooled with eagerness, the scent in the air egging on his erection with insistence.

He was hardly aware as the lust rolled over him, but his phallus was in the process of shifting. Growing pointed at the tip, minute, backward-facing barbs peppered it as the entire shaft shrank a few inches and it became as red as crimson lipstick. His foreskin pulled back, the outer layer prickling with white fur as his genitals kept up to his tail, now sat below his exposed anus. The

entire phallus was overall smaller than it had been, but that was of little concern to Rob with how hard it was at the moment.

Rob was largely unaware of the changes to his penis, enraptured as he was by his buddy's scent. He was intent on drinking in more of that heady, female perfume. Rob kept ever closer to Josh, now on all fours as he drank in the musky aroma of lust and need. It seemed his friend was just as horny and needed Rob's help!

Josh was oblivious to his approaching friend, however. He was much more inclined to determine how best to go about his business of licking his female sex. It was difficult for him to get into the proper position to please his sex in the manner he seemed to crave. However, his shifting anatomy would soon grant his wish. His spine cracked as linkages broke apart and reformed, leaving his stomach more room to stretch taut. In tandem with a collapsed rib cage, Josh's tongue was able to reach much closer!

One more crack from his stretched jaw allowed his leopard tongue to hit the sweet spot he was craving. An unexpected, yet not unwelcome yowl escaped his lips as his tongue hit home, playing over the feminine folds of his leopardess sex with gusto. Never had he thought of going down on himself, especially while having a cunt. But, at the moment, he could imagine nothing better than the ripples of pleasure that the sensation of tonguing his new vagina was giving him!

As his tempo increased, so, too, did the alterations necessary to provide him a lovely feline form. Compressed shoulder blades and stretching ribs gave him a broad chest, allowing him a more comfortable position against his straining sex. His hips cracked and popped as his spine realigned and his flattened pelvis ensured that he would remain in his current configuration. But Josh was enraptured to care. Only the siren song of his sex could persuade his attentions!

A crack in his muzzle made it even easier to dig into his cunt lips as it finally reached its proper leopardess shape. His sloping skull, bald visage, and larger eyes crowned his head like that of a leopard. His teeth felt comfortable in his maw now, as did his tongue, leaving him to his important work of masturbation.

Best, however, was the consistent itching that signaled he was being granted with a wonderful fur coat. It spread down his thighs and calves, shorter than the pelt that was working its way over his hips and flanks. The hairs there formed both an under and guard layer to protect against the elements his species often fought against. It was luscious, thick, and likely soft as it coated his belly and groin. The same light peppering expanded from the backs of his hands to move up and join the thicker coat moving up his neck. His scalp itched fiercely as a puffy coat spread across it and down his former cheeks, completely the wonderful visage of his new leopardess self.

Rob, meanwhile, felt the slow rate of fur growth start to speed up, as though it was being accelerated by the sight of Josh's own coat being fully formed. He could feel it itch and prickle and run down his chest and back. It tickled around his nipples as they were drawn back towards his stretched belly. A slight tingling denoted the growth of a second pair, but Rob was overall too horny to notice in the heat of the moment.

Both former men still sported human-like feet, though they were steadily being covered with snow leopard pelt. Toes retracted in tandem as developing feline claws poked through them. Unlike their thumbs, nothing was left of their large toes as they shrank into widening paws. Thick, warm pads of black skin grew along the underside of their new digits until the appendages were virtually indistinguishable from their front paws.

Though Josh had transformed more quickly, perhaps due to lapping at his cunt lips, Rob was not far behind him. He had yet to grow his most prized portion of leopard anatomy, though that was soon to change if the tingling from his tailbone was any indication. A low growl escaped his lips as the flesh and muscle started to extend, forming the basis of a nub that soon doubled in size. In mere moments, his new growth was twitching excitedly back and forth as a show of his lust and impatience. With the stretching muscle, bone, and fur across its surface, Rob would soon have his own leopard tail!

Yet, the needs in his loins kept Rob from considering the implication of his new form. Though his mind was not gone, not exactly, his body did have urges and needs that his human self could not fully grasp. Specifically, the heat coming from the female was of the utmost importance. He sauntered over to her, sniffing the air for the musk that had him so enraptured.

Josh, meanwhile, was amazed how much better it felt to have a feminine sex than anything his penis had ever granted him. He loved the realism that the dream was providing him. He was sure that it didn't *really* feel this way to be a female, much less a cat. But, he was certainly enjoying it the way the dream was presenting it!

The sensation of something cool and damp on his nethers made Josh hiss for a moment before he realized that Rob was behind him. It was the other cat's tongue that was teasing the fringes of his exposed sex and anus. Josh nearly ran away from the close contact of his friend. How dare Rob enter his personal space!

But then, why was Josh hesitant about having the other lovely cat near him? It was surely just his brain's facsimile of being a cat, after all. He was in heat, wasn't he? It felt so good having his nethers stimulated by another's tongue. Rob was clearly male; Josh could see his erect leopard privates on display behind him, clearly enticed by the scent that Josh had to offer.

It took only moments for Josh to contemplate the situation. He'd never had any inkling towards males or his friend in particular. But then, he'd never had a vagina, either. And it clearly yearned for the male's equipment now that they were both snow leopards. Plus, it was all just a dream, right? There was no consequence for getting fucked as a female leopard. He couldn't get pregnant in a dream. And it wasn't bestial. The other leopard was Rob, after all. Besides, no one would even have to know!

Instinctively, Josh knew what position to take to be mounted. He got down on his haunches, hips lifted so that his ass was on full display. His tail was raised up and to the side, more comfortably than it had any right to be. Front legs stretched out, he was as ready to mate as he would ever be!

Part of his mind knew he should have resisted the idea of being bred. Even in the dream, it was a bit much for him to grasp. Yet, the moment Rob's tongue started tasting his leaking fluids, Josh lost all notions of hesitation and doubt. He was sure this was what he both wanted and needed. It simply felt too *good* to be female!

Rob, meanwhile, savored the flavors that Josh's aching leopardess sex was freely offering. He didn't think that Josh minded, apparently needing sex as much as he did. Any hesitation he might have felt was lost under the scent of leopardess musk and Josh's insistence that they mated. And, it was a dream, after all. He wasn't sure why his subconscious chose Josh of all people to turn into the leopardess. But, there was no harm in going with it now! Besides, he was already on the back of the female, ready to plunge his needy cock into her exposed and willing nethers!

The mating act itself was relatively quick, with how horny both former men found themselves. Rob started thrusting with fervor, and Josh was close behind, matching his thrusts and speed. It did hurt to have the spines raking his insides, and Josh yowled a few times, feeling the barbs sting like peppers inside of him. But each motion sent shivers through his sex, making him growl as his body was sent into ovulation.

Josh could feel his orgasm oncoming, a slow-rolling sensation welling from his neithers as his folds were stimulated. The hot pokers in his vaginal lips cascaded over his form, and Josh was certain his orgasm was coming with the next one right behind him, like waves crashing against the shore.

Rob, too, was reaching his end far faster than he might have hoped for. Still, he pumped with fervor, his hips moving far faster than any human could. The position he was in, though relatively comfortable, was missing something key that Rob couldn't quite determine. He wasn't quite low enough, he needed to get down towards his lover's neck, and... what?

Before he realized what he was doing, Rob's head had lowered, and his new teeth were looking to dig into the nap of his friend's neck. He nearly stopped, realizing that Josh might be hurt or worse if he was to bite down as forcefully as his instincts wanted him to. But, it was only a dream. And it was how cats mated, or at least how his mind was interpreting the situation. So, he allowed himself to lower on the female, prepared to blow his load as his orgasm crawled over him.

Josh yowled in response to the male, formerly Rob, on his back, biting down with a force that should have been uncomfortable. And it was, with him having not expected it. But, it gave him a sense of relief to be dominated and taken in such a way. It was his dream, after all. And he figured he might as well keep enjoying it. Best of all, it sent his dream leopard body into a second orgasm as he felt the male's cock spasming inside of him!

Rob was too far gone to even consider holding back as he yowled and shot his modest bolt into his former friend's womb. It took only a few pumps before he was done. Only a small amount of watery cream ejected from his balls and into the female. Yet, Rob's mind, even in the dream, found the act extremely rewarding. It would not take long for him to mate again, though the stamina was likely a result of his eagerness to continue the dream.

It was then that the realization hit both of them. They had just successfully bred. As a result, they were leopards now, in body and soul. The mating act had sealed their lives in the cage, and they would not be leaving of their own accord as humans. It was a finality that assaulted both of them with a waking level of fear. The cage seemed to close in around them, trapping them as the exhibit animals they now were. Even in the dream, the consequences of the event were impossible to ignore.

Josh was sure it was the sperm in his womb that seemed to seal something inside of him. It was not only the promise of new life, though that elicited more contentment than fear in his current state. It was also that he needed to take this life to term and raise it. He needed to nurse the cubs from his own nipples, and mate many times to ensure more of his progeny persisted.

Rob had the same inklings in his own mind. He was sure that, dream or no, he was a leopard now. Giving in to the baser instincts had sealed the deal, so to speak. He was needed in this form, with no chance to turn back now that the deed had been done. He would have to mate the female many times over the next few days in order to endure her pregnancy.

Rob pulled out, a little stunned at the revelation that he was to be a leopard for the rest of his days. Even though it was a lucid dream, he could not shake the notion that this was to be his body forever now. In his stupor, he was not gentle as he pulled out, feeling his spines catch on the female's insides and making her cry out in pain.

Josh was brought out of his reverie with the agony of Rob's spines tearing his insides. Pissed off at Rob, not only for the pain he caused but also for sealing him in this body, Josh swatted at Rob, trying to hit him with the back of his paw for his insolence. How dare the male hurt him like that especially after Josh let himself get fucked!

Rob backed off quickly, not wanting to get hit again. And, besides, he had come, and temporarily quelled the heat from his mate with the action. Satisfied from sex, at least for the moment, Rob was finally able to look at the world with his leopard senses.

Josh, too, found himself curious now that the lust in his loins was warmed with leopard cream. The new leopards looked out into the night with vision that was not human. Their new, green eyes were perfectly adapted for drawing every atom of light for nocturnal vision. They could make out every tree, every bug, any sign of movement from beyond their home. It was almost fascinating to experience the world through the eyes of a predator.

Yet, of all the sights in the world, only one caught their attention now. Two identical snow leopards were staring back at them, dimly lit in the gloom of the zoo's overhead lights. At first, both cats thought it to be a mirror of their forms.

Yet, much like their former human bodies had, the two cats started to change, though far more rapidly than Rob and Josh had. Fur and spots soon receded into their skin. Claws and teeth retracted, sealed up with nails and human dentures. Tails shrank into dwindling spines as their chests flattened and the bones restructured. Muzzles cracked and shrank into rounded skulls as dimmer eyes looked back at the cats in the cages.

It took little time to figure out what was becoming of them. Soon, the naked, former cats were able to stand, situating themselves on flattened, plantigrade feet. Their bodies were hairless, save a bit of body hair and the hair atop their head. They had quickly shifted from their feline forms and were now as human as Josh and Rob had been.

It was clear to both former men that the new leopards were now not only human, but they were *them*. It was like looking into a mirror for Rob and Josh to see themselves from this angle. The two cats had turned into copies of them. Just like they had turned into copies of the cats.

Without a word, the two now-humans started to walk towards the cage, awkward smiles on their faces as they reached forward with arms outstretched. Compelled to join them, both Josh and Rob walked forward, coming to the edge of the glass. They, too, reached up with their paws, connecting with the humans as with a flash of light...

It was then that Rob woke up with a start, gasping as he did so. It took some time to shake his head from the vivid images of the dream. It had been a dream, right? Yet, it seemed more real than anything he'd ever experienced. He had never had a dream like that before!

As Rob went about his morning, the details of the dream clung to his mind, making him question his very sanity. It was as though his house felt *wrong*, somehow. No amount of coffee could clear the fog that had enraptured his thoughts. He just couldn't shake the feeling that the dream was somehow his reality, and that this world he found himself in was the true dream.

Never one to be hungry in the mornings, Rob nonetheless found himself famished now. He didn't keep much on hand for cooking, always grabbing himself something on the way to work when needed. But now, overcome with the urge to eat, Rob couldn't help but frantically scour the fridge. He didn't keep much in the way of fruits or veggies, anyways. But that was not what his mind craved. He needed *meat*.

At least, he found some frozen bacon at the back of his freezer, and hurriedly thawed it in his microwave. He was salivating as delectable scents wafted from the bag, drool dripping down his lips as his belly rumbled. He hardly realized it, but the wrapping still stayed held in his hands, and he was soon licking the greasy package and savoring the flavors. Part of him knew he should put it down, but the flavor was so sublime, he couldn't help himself but lap at it!

Rob only realized what he was doing when the ding of the microwave broke him from his trance. Throwing the package aside, he tore open the door, not caring that the hunk of meat was piping hot. Part of him knew he needed to grab his frying pan and cooking oil. But the smell was simply too tantalizing for him to resist. The moment his lips tasted the flesh in front of him was the moment he lost control, gorging himself with ravenous intent. The taste was even better than the greasy residue on the packaging!

Before he knew it, the entire package of bacon had been devoured, finally filling the need in his belly. Control only returned when the last bits of meat were in his stomach, making it gurgle slightly as his body started to digest. It was only then that Rob started to become disgusted with himself. What was he doing, eating his breakfast raw?

Yet, of greater concern than his actions was the grease still on his hands. It irritated him to know it was still clinging to his skin. Rob went to the sink to wash it off, but the smell of grease hit his nostrils again, and he was suddenly compelled to lift up his hands to take another sniff.

Breathing in deeply, he could still detect the residue of bacon grease and fat and it made his stomach hunger all the more. Flavor still on his lips, Rob reached out with his tongue and started licking at the drying grease, its remnants just as good as licking at the plastic and styrofoam had been. He started slobbering over his hands with fervor, enjoying the taste all over again. But there was something else satisfying about the action. He was cleansing his hands of the stains, leaving them coated with his drying saliva.

Shaking his head, Rob went to wash his hands, not knowing what was wrong with him today. But, the moment he went to do so, he stopped, no longer feeling it was necessary. They were clean, weren't they? Fuck, where all these intrusive thoughts coming from today?

His worst reaction yet came when he tried to enter the shower and turn on the water. The moment it hit his skin, he yelped, as though he was incredibly sensitive to the liquid. He almost fell over, trying to get out of the shower and onto the floor. Only where the towel had wiped every inch off his form did he begin to feel more like himself.

A quick internet search gave him no results to explain these behaviors. At least, none that couldn't have been brought on before years of debilitating mental illness. He might have thought himself stressed from work, perhaps in need of some leave time. But, something kept playing in the back of his mind. His actions were reminiscent of a cat's, weren't they? Just like the one he had turned into from the dream.

All day, Rob felt restless. It was as though something was *wrong* with his home, but it was impossible to say what. It didn't feel like his own, like he was a stranger here. The notion made it impossible to relax on what was his one day off. He had to go somewhere else. Somewhere specific...

Finally, he had had enough. It was getting too much for him to bear in this place. Even getting into his car was a troublesome affair. It was too small and cramped. It, too, did not feel like it belonged to him. But, it was necessary to get to his eventual destination. He still recalled how to drive, thankfully. And to use his phone to find the location of where he needed to go.

Rob didn't bother to check if his goal had the one thing he was looking for. He knew it deep down, that the zoo in his city contained snow leopards. A mated pair, if his mind was to be believed. It was there that he would find his answers, or at least, some sense of relief from the fog that had been tormenting him!

Across town, Josh, too, found himself overcome with strange urges. He had skipped his shower, the water on his skin instantly a deterrent. He knew he smelled of sweat and alcohol and was thus not in the best shape to visit the assistance offices today. But he could not bring himself to let the water touch him. And the scents of body spray and soap were abhorrent to his senses. His own natural scents, though pungent, were far preferable to his nose.

A few times, Josh had to stop himself in the middle of licking his hand and rubbing at various parts of his body. He was only alerted to the reflexive action by the time his hands had pulled away and he could feel the coolness of his drying saliva and the taste of his bodily odors on his breath. It should have disgusted him. After all, he was grooming himself like some kind of goddamn *cat*. Like the leopard he was in his dream. Yet, unlike the dream, he was human. What the hell was wrong with him?

Leaving the house, Josh tried desperately to keep his hands in his pockets, lest he was overcome with the urge to groom unnecessarily where someone else could see. It was a Herculean task, and more than once, he realized his hands had risen up to his lips as though he were ready to try licking them all over again. The urge to groom was maddening!

Worse was the insistent growling of his belly. Too proud to reach out to food banks or other help services, Josh had little in the way of anything edible at home. Besides, he felt that canned food would do little to sate his appetite. He wanted something fresh. He wanted *meat*.

A tantalizing scent suddenly wafted into his nostrils, and looking over, Josh realized he was passing an open market. Several roasts were turning on spits, smelling absolutely mouthwatering. He desperately wanted to pounce on one but knew he did not have the funds to purchase one. It was everything he could do to pull himself away. Even then, he was left grumpy. Why did he give a damn about social convention when he was so damn *hungry*!

The sudden sound of a dog barking startled him, and Josh started growling instinctively, pissed off that such a creature would encroach on his territory. He rushed forward, teeth bared and ready to devour the insolent beast. Yet, the sound of the woman's voice stopped him.

“Hey, what the fuck is wrong with you! Fuck off!” She yelled, reaching into her purse to pull out pepper spray or worse.

Josh took off at the sound of her yell, running a few blocks away before stopping to catch his breath. What had he been doing? It seemed like any moment he let his thoughts drift, the stray impulses flicking around in his mind took over, and he was compelled to act on them without fear of repercussions. What the hell *was* wrong with him today?

He knew deep down, of course. His actions were very much in line with the cat that he had been in the dream. It was as though the instincts and drives of the snow leopard had carried over into the waking world. Deep down, he wanted, no, *needed* to be that leopard!

Josh knew there was something psychologically wrong with him to be thinking such things. He needed to go to a doctor, assuming he could somehow afford such a thing. Still, he couldn't let himself keep acting like this without some sort of assistance. He could end up hurting himself or worse!

Yet, another thought resounded in his psyche, something that made more immediate sense. He had to get to where the actual snow leopards resided. He wasn't sure they would be there, but there was indeed a zoo in his town, only a short bus ride away. If he went there, then, maybe...

Mind made up, Josh hopped on the bus, trying desperately to keep his feline urges in check. He hated being cramped on this vehicle that was letting so many humans on and off, each with their overwhelming odors. But, even though his instincts protested, he knew deep down that it was the only way to reach his goal.

Getting off the bus, a familiar scent wafted into his nose, ones that spoke to his mind and the memories that seemed to contain. He didn't know why it was so important to him, or how it could possibly be familiar. But, memories or no, he was compelled forward, to the zoo and the place where he was sure his quarry lay.

Tiv had spent the entirety of the morning inside his den, retreating there as soon as the female had been placed in his enclosure. She had hissed at him initially, and he had submitted, not wanting to bring about her ire.

The stench of her heat was maddening, and it took every ounce of his willpower not to go out there and attempt to quell it. But, given the state she was in, Tiv knew that she would not reciprocate. It was a small reprieve that neither of them actually wanted to mate. Still, he had to keep away from her, lest she beat him up, or worse.

Tiv recalled the dream from last night, though he did not understand it. In it, he was one of the humans, walking around outside the cage. He had touched the cage with himself and the female inside of it, and had cemented his form as one of the humans. He had difficulty contemplating it beyond what he was supposed to do. But that was all that mattered in the end, wasn't it?

Keira, too, was in disdain of her current situation. She was thankful that he had chosen to hide himself away so that she did not have to beat him away. She would not have him mate with her, no matter how much her heat persisted!

She had spent the morning urinating and rubbing her scent glands on the habitat, trying her best to make it hers. But the male's stench was all over. And it was obvious that he would still maintain the habitat, and she would eventually be transferred home. Still, she didn't want to be in a place that did not carry her scent. And she figured, in her hesitation to mate, she would be kept here much longer than she preferred.

If the images of the dream last night held true, then there was every chance that she would not have to endure the expected mating. She did not understand, not fully. A human that would come to her cage, and then she would escape from here, granting her wish. That was all that mattered in the end. Any escape from her heat, her personal hell, would be welcomed with excitement.

After parking his car and paying the admission, Rob found himself looking over the map, trying to find the snow leopard enclosure. He was right in that one existed here; it housed a single male, as best as he could tell. Why the dream told him there were two was a mystery, but it was one that he would soon find out.

It was some distance to the enclosure, but Rob walked there with purpose, ignoring all of the other animals that were present. He did note that the cages were rather large and that the animals all seemed to be well treated, as well as any animal could be in such a situation. For some reason, that observation was very important to him.

Even through the crowd, he was surprised to see a familiar figure standing outside the snow leopard habitat. It was his former flatmate Josh, the only one who still lived in the city. Strangest of all, it had been him in the dream who had turned into the female leopard. Was it a dream? Or some sort of shared vision that Josh was part of? His presence was too strange to be a coincidence.

"Hey, Josh!" Rob called out, not really sure what else to say. Was he supposed to ask his friend if he'd been licking himself? Eating raw meat? Remembering a dream where they turned into leopards and fucked?

Josh was not surprised to see Rob appear here, though he hardly recalled how to respond properly. All he was able to do was to raise a hand in greeting, meekly smiling in the direction of

his friend. He, too, found it hard to believe that Rob had shared the dream, had fucked him as a leopard, and was compelled to visit the leopard enclosure at the same time as he. But the coincidence was too great to ignore.

“Josh, I...” Rob started to say, but it was impossible to formulate the words. The look in both men’s eyes spoke volumes. They knew, deep down, that they had both experienced the same vision and came here for the same reason.

In tandem, they turned around to look at the cage that housed the leopards. To their dismay, there was quite a crowd gathered around their enclosure, all waiting for who looked like a trainer to start addressing them.

“Alright, thanks for coming! If you’ve never been here before, then you’ve likely already met Tiv, our resident snow leopard. He’s a three-year-old, born and raised here in captivity! Now, snow leopards in the wild are usually solitary, but Tiv has a special visitor for a little while. This is Keira who you can see pacing,” the woman continued, as many members of the audience oohed and awed.

“She’s on loan from another zoo, here for a week or two. We are hoping that her visit might result in some little baby leopards in about four months! Now, don’t worry about keeping the little ones away! They aren’t getting along too well, as you’d expect from solitary animals. But, if nature takes its course, then soon they will become a little more amicable to each other!”

“Leopards will mate many times in the span of a few days, to make sure the female has cubs. It can be stressful, so once they start, we will have to close off their exhibit. So, enjoy seeing Kieva for now! Tiv’s being a little shy, so you won’t see him today, but he should be ready to come say hello again once he’s had some alone time again!”

Both Rob and Josh felt themselves becoming frustrated at the state of affairs. There were indeed a pair of leopards here, male and female. They wanted to see the leopards, to understand why it was that they were compelled to come here. But the heavy crowd, with the miasma of scents they gave off seemed to make the process unbearable.

After the woman left, however, some of the crowd began to disperse, and both men were able to make their way over to the enclosure. They were greeted to the sight of the female leopard pacing in the pen, occasionally hissing and showing off her impressive fangs to the crowd. The clicks of camera phones went off over and over, those gathered evidently excited by the display. It was so rare to see one of the animals up and moving, let alone putting on a show for the onlookers.

Yet, the moment she caught sight of the two men, she stopped, seeming to stare in their direction. Both Josh and Rob stepped forward, regarding the cat with interest. Why was she looking directly at them? Did she somehow recognize them? Was it the leopardess that Josh had become in the dream? How was such a thing possible?

The leopard's mouth opened, and a low growl could be heard even through the cage as she seemed to summon the male. Without missing a beat, Tiv crawled out of the back area and sauntered out in front of the crowd, to a chorus of cheers and excitement. It seemed that both cats would be putting on a show!

Yet, neither cat seemed to regard the other in lust or anger. All they did was stand beside each other, their tails occasionally touching as they twitched back and forth with irritation.

Then, to the surprise of everyone present, the two leopards walked up to the glass and raised their paws up to it, squishing their faces slightly as they seemed to reach for something. Both Josh and Rob were overcome with excitement. It seemed impossible that the big cats could do something so damn *cute*. Collective "aawwws" escaped their mouths, echoed in sentiment by the other onlookers present.

Something clicked in both men as they walked up to the cage and placed their hands out. No one went to stop them as they lowered their hands so that they were level with the two cats who seemed to reciprocate. It was almost like fate that they would come together in such a way. Like the cats were drawn by the same dreams as they, as impossible as it was.

Their hands reached lower as the feline paws moved up. The eyes of the cats lined up with their own as though the leopards were staring into their souls. There was a connection there that was impossible to ignore. It left them bringing their hands closer and closer, and the cat's paws further up until they were nearly touching. Almost there...

All of a sudden, a white light flashed before their eyes, drowning out the entire world. Both Josh and Rob were in it together, but there was another presence as well. It was like... the leopards were here with them... Reaching out to...

Rob woke up slowly, opening his eyes to a world with sharper features than he was accustomed to. Blinking a few times, he looked around to see that some colors were washed out, while others came in perfect view. His stance was all wrong as well, as though he was lower on the ground. As though he was...

The reflection in the glass confirmed his fears. Looking back at him was the perfect visage of a snow leopard. The silky grey spotted fur, the muzzle, the tail. He was a snow leopard. Just like in the dream.

Only, this wasn't a dream. Sounds were crisper, odors more pungent. Some seemed to disgust him, those of a big cat living in a small enclosed space. Yet others served to entice him, like those of food and the scent of people and places beyond the confines of his prison. And there was one other...

Looking to his right there was another leopard, smaller than him by an insignificant margin. Still, it was enough that if he looked, he could tell it was not the same sex as he. The scents in the air told him the same, though it was nearly impossible to fathom exactly *how* he knew that. Much like the dream, he seemed to carry enough of the cat's instincts to comprehend how his body worked.

For a moment, Rob was overcome with excitement. He could feel how powerful his new body was. Perhaps a little overweight, but that was to be expected with the lifestyle he had. Muscles rippled under the skin, and sharp claws pierced the surface of his stubby paws. He currently felt no aches or pains in his body. He was a male leopard in the prime of his life.

In the prime of his life and ready to mate, it seemed. His balls felt heavy behind him, and though a warmth seemed to envelop his penis, it was steadily sliding out, aroused by a scent in the air. It was a musky aroma, one that spoke of need. And to his embarrassment, it was coming off of his buddy's body. Did that mean Josh was in heat, like in the dream? Then were the two of them in the cage expected to mate? He couldn't do that, not in real life. But, was this truly real life, or still the dream from the day before...?

Josh, too, was coming to understand that he was now a snow leopard and trapped in a cage. From the movements of the cat to his left, it seemed likely that Rob was the other leopard. It was impossible to say for sure. He opened his mouth to speak, but, like in the dream, only a feline growl escaped his lips. Like the cat he was, he couldn't speak!

Still, dream or no, it was somewhat fascinating, if not frightening, being in a body that was not his own. Though, to his distaste, he was clearly female. He might not have otherwise known until he had a chance to better examine himself. But the ache in his loins was all too reminiscent of the dream he experienced the night before. Not only was he female, but he was in *heat*.

Without warning, the sensation of something warm and moist on his backside caught his attention. Looking back he was startled to see that Rob was sniffing the scent of his heat, looking more like a leopard in the action than the human that persisted inside. Though he'd taken no action yet, Rob was still clearly interested.

Josh could hardly protest for even a moment as the proximity of his friend gave him pause. His loins ached fiercely, worse than in the dream as they begged him to submit to the male's phallus. He was so tempted to lower himself, as his instincts were begging him. To take that wonderful penis inside him and...

In a moment of lucidity, Josh turned and hissed, batting at the other cat with his massive paws. Rob backed away, a startled expression on his features that looked more in line with the human underneath than the cat he was. Josh batted his friend a few more times for good measure, making Rob retreat towards the inner area.

Josh felt a pang of regret, though knew it was necessary. He couldn't let himself be bred, after all! Besides, it was the feline thing to do, and both still carried aspects of snow leopard instincts. He did want Rob's company, but not if that meant either was tempted to mate! He couldn't get fucked as a female, as a cat! Besides, if what he recalled from his dream was true, then mating would...

In his shock at waking up in the body of a female snow leopard, he hadn't thought to check the crowd gathered for his former self. Josh instantly started scanning, looking for the human forms of himself and Rob, likely inhabited by the spirits of the leopards. Yet, wherever he moved, some of the gathered crowd followed, holding their hands to the glass, likely in the hopes that they, too, would get to touch the paws of the cat through the barrier. Their persistence was maddening!

Even with his view mostly blocked, Josh swore he saw the bodies of their human selves, now two leopards, walking quickly away from the enclosure. They seemed to show none of the same panic that both Rob and Josh felt about their change of bodies. Josh wanted to call out to them. To beg them to return and swap back. But he was helpless as he watched them go, stuck in the glass prison as he was. As of now only an animal in a zoo.

The next few hours were akin to torture. Hordes of humans came to harass his prison, flocking and yelling and holding their hands up to the glass. He had no respite, nowhere to hide from the masses. The only place of sanctuary would be the back of the den where Rob now lay. And to go to the horny male was damning in more ways than one!

All he could do was to watch, hopefully, for their former bodies to return so that they might be taken from this bestial hell. Yet, why would they? With their newfound freedom, the leopards could do what they wanted. But would they act like cats while in human bodies, embarrassing Josh further? What else might they do? They were out there living *his* life! It was not one he wanted until he had lost it. But it was his to take back!

The sight of the zookeepers entering the habitat got his hopes up for a moment. Maybe there was a way for him to communicate with them, to get their help in retrieving their former bodies so there might be a way to swap back!

Yet, soon, Josh felt the sting of a dart touch his flesh before he rolled over and went to sleep. His tired mind could barely perceive what was happening, but in his periods of lucidity made him realize that he was in an office of some kind, what looked like a vet clinic. And they were playing with his damn sex, poking around in there like they would with a female!

With the chemicals in his system, there was nothing Josh could do to stop them from touching his body, examining him like just another animal in the zoo. He wished for the reprieve of sleep so that he might not be aware how their fingers poked and prodded him without his consent. But, drugged as he was, Josh could only lay still as the zoo staff had their way with him, measuring his body, clipping his nails, and fussing over his vagina, likely to ensure he was in estrus!

Eventually, to his salvation, Josh was taken back to the cage as the zoo started to close for the evening. He was alone, or as much as he could be with Rob hidden in the back area. It was better than being gawked at or poked and prodded! Yet, there was nothing he could do but wait and hope he either woke from his nightmare or that the former leopards felt the same way as he did and returned to swap back into their proper lives.

Several days passed as each of the leopards grew used to their new habitat. Josh's heat was undeniably strong, but he stayed away from Rob, knowing that any interaction might tempt them into sex. If there was any chance of them holding out until the two former leopards returned with their bodies, they had to take it!

Life as a cat was surprisingly simple. Their bodies required so much more sleep than humans, and Rob found himself passed out over eighteen hours a day. Josh had no such reprieve; the heat in his loins was strong, and it often kept him awake with the need to mate. The damn feline hormones threatened to overwhelm him at any moment. It was all he could do to stay away from Rob!

Their waking periods consisted of a few hours, eating, grooming, using the litter box in the back of the habitat, or just looking out into the human world and lamenting what they had lost. Flushed with embarrassment, both only had their reprieve at nighttime and then during alternating periods of using the back area for rest. They dared not to use it at the same time, lest they be too tempted to mate from proximity alone!

Rob spent most of his day, when not sleeping, licking himself. Despite inklings of having been curious about going down on himself in the past, in practice, it was a deplorable thing. Even though his tongue had sufficient spikes to prevent serious injury from licking his equally barbed cock, the contact often stung. He had to be careful lest he hurt his tongue and be relieved of his own reprieve from the torment that Josh's scent was providing. Worse, the taste of his own cum was *revolting*!

Josh had things even worse. Rob had the option to bury himself in other scents, though some were more pleasant than others. Still, the scent of musk and need wasn't wafting off Rob's own sex. Josh had never known that female animals went through such agony when in heat! It was terrible not having a mate, or worse, being in the presence of one and being unable to procreate! Only time or the penetration of a male's phallus would alleviate the agony assaulting his loins. And neither of those things were currently options.

He, too, spent much of his time not sleeping or grooming, licking at his privates, trying his best to stimulate himself with his leopardess tongue. It did help, somewhat, giving him micro orgasms, a true idea of what it might be like to be female. But, each session left him satisfied for only a few moments before his needs flared once more. He recalled the words of the zookeeper, of how many times leopards could mate while in heat until they successfully conceived. He was already licking himself constantly, and it hardly had an effect to quell his heat!

Worse than the needs in his body was the implication of what would happen if he gave in to the urges. He knew from the dream that the swap would be permanent if they showed whatever force that had changed them the desire to copulate. If everything in the dream came to pass, the inability to switch back if they had sex was a certainty.

Still, that was a drop in the bucket to the idea that copulation had more implications for him now than the simple pleasure of sex. He could get pregnant. *Would* get pregnant. That was the point, right? Weren't leopards endangered? The zoo likely kept them together in this cage for that sole purpose.

Had he really wanted this? Josh had been desperate to leave his life behind. But not as an animal on display at the zoo! That had to be the worst part of all of this. Of all the lives to swap with, he

had to be a damn cat! Not only that but a horny female in heat! If the leopards, too, wanted to swap out their lives, then it was no wonder!

In his periods between serving the needs of his cock and sleeping, Rob, too, found himself wondering what had brought him here. Was it that damn shooting star? There was no way. Yet, nothing else could come close to explaining their presence in this cage right now. But why the cats? Had they wanted out, as well? Were they being forced to mate against their will, and desired to escape just as Rob had? Was it even possible for cats to understand, much less wish on that same star?

Both former men lamented their inability to communicate in these forms, at least in human means. Their growls and yowls had little meaning to still-human brains. They would have to use sign language or some other body motions to signal their words to one another. Yet, that would run the risk of tempting them into quelling the heat plaguing Josh's loins.

Holding out for the needed time seemed impossible. But, whenever Rob felt the urges overcoming him and sauntered towards Josh's alluring scent, a hiss and swat from the other cat made him back off enough to come to his senses. He would then retreat with shame, mind awash in animal instincts. He didn't want to be a cat, and he certainly didn't want to lose himself!

As best as he could tell from infrequent zoo staff visits, the humans were perplexed by the new leopard's behavior. It was one thing for the cats to need some time to adjust, unless the female rejected him outright. But the masturbatory actions were very rare in cats. At least, not to the degree that these two were showing. They were contemplating sectioning them off from public viewing, partially to see if they would mate, and partially to avoid alarming the audience from the sights of leopards playing with themselves!

There was no way that either Rob or Josh could conceive of that would allow their captors to know of their humanity. What could they possibly do to show they were once human and were trying to get help to return to their former bodies? Hell, there wasn't even enough sand in the habitat to try to write out a message! How smart were snow leopards, anyway? They had to be smart enough to wish to not be snow leopards! That was the only explanation for this mess!

Left with little else to think about, both Josh and Rob lamented the foolishness of their wish. It was beyond fathoming that they could ever swap places with cats. But then, there was no other way to explain what had happened to them. Let alone the consequences if they were unable to meet with their former human bodies and initiate a swap back. Despite how badly they might have once wished it, an escape from their lives was not worth their humanity!

One night, it finally happened. Both former humans could scent them before seeing them. The faint odors that spoke of *them*, their true selves, the human smells that they had recognized as their own before the swap. Those odors hung in the air, distinct from the smells of the other animals, guests, and the zoo staff.

It was as though they were lying in wait, ready to come out into the open once night had fallen and the zoo had closed down. Slowly, they walked into view of the cage, holding hands like a couple. With no guards around, and nothing to stop them, the former bodies of Rob and Josh stood there, admiring their own former snow leopard bodies in the cage where they once lived. Like in the dream, it seemed an impossible experience to describe seeing themselves from the outside!

Worse was the maddening sensation of being this close to their former bodies and the salvation they had been craving. Were the leopards here to grant their wish? Did they, too, regret what had happened to them and want to swap back? Neither Rob nor Josh could imagine wanting to come back to be zoo animals. But, the cats had been animals all their lives, right? It made sense they would be as disturbed by the process and would want to revert, too.

Both Rob and Josh knew that all it would take would be for the cats to come to the glass and place their hands on it to allow the reversion. And then, the two of them could return to the lives they once had. It was small comfort to return to an existence they had both wished to escape from. Yet, they would make things work, having contemplated plans and goals to change their lives around in their time spent in the cage.

Both leopards stared out into the gloom, waiting for the salvation that would grant them human form. Yet, it did not come. The humans stared back at them through the darkness, no doubt barely able to see them from their side. For a while, they did nothing. But then, grinning at the leopards, they turned to each other and kissed deeply, signaling a bond that should not have existed.

Josh's heart sank. His former visage was taking off his clothes, removing his shirt and pants and even underwear, until he was standing there, naked in the low light from the lamps. What was he, or she, rather, doing? Was it because she was a leopard that she wanted to be rid of her clothing? But that didn't make any sense. She had clothes on before, she must have if she was not taken away into custody for odd leopard-like behavior

To the shock of both current leopards, the leopard wearing Rob's visage did the same, taking off his clothes until he was completely naked. The two men stood there, nude and staring into the

cage that housed their former bodies. The tension in the air was palpable as all four waited to see what would happen.

For a moment, both leopards held out hoping that it was just the necessary steps to initiate the reverse swap. Yet, to their horror, both men were sporting obvious erections. It should have been embarrassing to see other beings wearing their bodies, with rock-hard boners. Yet, worse was when the two turned and started to make out aggressively in the light of the lamps.

Both leopards stared in horror as the realization dawned on them. It was as clear as Josh bending over on a bench, spreading his ass cheeks. It was as clear as Rob rubbing his cock against Josh's anus to spread his precum over it. The two leopards, wearing their bodies, were going to fuck in front of them. And in doing so, they were to seal the fates of all four beings in their current bodies.

Tiv gave Keira a knowing look as he kissed her, now him. They had talked for some time now about how they were to proceed, especially given the increased intelligence their human forms gave them. They, too, knew that an act of breeding would seal themselves into the forms they found themselves in. And they knew that it was a permanent solution to their former problems.

Weighing the pros and cons brought them to this final decision, to this night. They wanted to let their former bodies know that it would be permanent when they coupled. It was a decision they'd come to collectively, one where they would spend the rest of their lives as humans, and possibly, together. No one else in the human world could possibly understand them, after all.

Tiv welcomed the idea of having another male to couple with, having been more in line with his proclivities. And Keira simply did not wish to be pregnant and bear children. The notion of remaining male was more appealing on its own!

Keira moaned a little in his human voice as he felt the tip of Tiv's cock enter his eager rear. He had no experience with this sort of thing, either as a human or a leopard. It took some effort and was accompanied by some pain, but soon, Tiv's penis forced itself inside, making both former cats moan!

Tiv, for his part, felt more pleasure mating his partner's anus than what he imagined the tight cunt lips of a female would feel like. He had always wanted to take a male and was not disappointed by the sensation. Still leopard in his thoughts, he pushed in forcefully, his mate's moans of pain something to be expected as he made it all the way to the hilt of his cock. The sensation of breeding would be good for both of them soon!

Tiv could not hold back as he started to thrust, his ample sexual fluids made it easier to pull in and out. Like a leopard, he kept his thrusts shallow, moving fast and trying to hit home inside his new mate. Unlike a leopard, however, he did not nape his lover's neck. He did reach down to stroke the other man's balls, teasing the fluids out of them while Keira continued to stroke himself in tandem with his mate's thrusts.

Akin to leopard mating, the act was relatively quick. They both wanted the same thing, after all. They were both pent up, neither former man having used their genitals in some time. Neither said a word, only panting and moaning as their ends grew near. Tiv could feel clenching rectal muscles against his cock, and it began spasming uncontrollably as his testicles emptied their load inside of Keira. The sensation was beyond anything he could have imagined, and he started thrusting harder, wanting to draw every bit of pleasure from the experience as he could.

It did hurt Keira somewhat, but the ache was far more preferable to anything that he would have experienced when mating as a leopardess. Besides, the pressure against his prostate was more pleasant than he had been expecting. It sent waves of energy into his balls and penis as his own end approached and he used new, more flexible fingers to stroke himself to completion.

Crying out uncontrollably, Keira felt his cock spasm and shot cum all over his hand and cock. Some of the sticky fluid dripped down towards the ground as his rectum clamped down on Tiv's maleness. Tiv moaned in unison as the added pressure applied more stimulation to his phallus and caused him to release what little load he had left.

Pulling out with little fanfare, both former cats rubbed their sexual fluids onto their hands and then lapped the cum with their tongues in feline fashion. The taste seemed to bother neither of them, the urge to clean even in their human bodies evidently overwhelming.

Sexual fluids cleansed for the moment, both donned their clothes again with experience that did not benefit former leopards. They simply smiled at each other, giving a romantic kiss as they turned back to the cages. Grins on their faces, they regarded their former bodies with curiosity, as though wanting to see what they would do now that the knowledge of their sealed fates had been confirmed...

All hope faded from the visages of each cat as they realized what had happened. There was no chance of them going back to their humanity now. They knew instinctively that even bringing their hands to that of the cats would not allow them to return. These were the bodies they were to wear for the rest of their days!

It seemed that the cats felt the same way and walked over, reaching out their hands to their former bodies. Rob and Josh, eager for any chance to return to humanity, reached up with their paws to connect with the humans' hands. They drew closer and closer, just like they had the last time...

But nothing happened. There was no flash of light, no tingling to signal that the swap could occur. The wish that they had all made could be reversed no longer.

Josh felt he should have been filled with deep despair from the realization. He would be a leopard for the rest of his life, a female. He would never be human again. All his hopes and dreams and goals were confined to this singular cage.

Yet, there was one benefit to the circumstances that was impossible to ignore. The heat plaguing his loins would no longer have to bother him. He could mate with his friend, allowing Josh the chance to quell the heat, the objectively worse part of being a leopard. Then, he would finally be able to rest...

The instincts that had been gifted through the process told him exactly how to proceed. Just like in the dream, Josh stretched out his front, raising his ass into the air and lifting his tail and up to the side. He needed something inside him desperately, and his entire posture was an open invitation.

Josh hardly had time to lament the loss of his humanity as the heady scent of feminine musk hit his nose at full force, and he turned to see Josh had presented to him. It was just like in the dream; Josh was his vagina on full display, its opening leaking fluids as his tail served to waft its heady stench.

It was clear that his friend wanted to mate. Though he had understandably resisted, as had Rob, the invitation was clear as day. It looked just as it had in the dream some days ago when Josh had given himself willingly. He wasn't sure why Josh wanted to give in so eagerly, but it was undeniable that Josh wanted it.

The scents wafting off Josh's eager vagina were more than he could bear. There was still that part of his mind that told him he should try and resist. But, why? There was no reprieve from the forms they were given. Josh was clearly in heat and needed to be fucked. This was the life of a leopard now. It was both of their lives. And they might as well embrace them.

Rob sauntered close to his former buddy, now potential mate. The scents wafting from Josh's leopard cunt continued to entice him forward until soon, his tongue was lapping at the fluids

leaking from the leopardess that Josh had become. He had to admit, the taste was inviting, stimulating the leopard instincts in his mind to take the next step.

Rob was hardly aware of what happened next. In his need, it was easier just to give in to the instincts and take a back seat to watch how they unfolded. Pulling back, he jumped up onto Josh's back and started spearing for his vaginal hole with his modest prick. It took little effort, even with his inexperience, to hit home, and he felt his leopard penis envelope itself into Josh's femininity.

Josh yowled at the sudden intrusion of Rob's penis inside of him. The dream had been surprisingly realistic, given the feelings he was experiencing now. Still, he was not prepared for how much it *hurt*. The spines that Rob's penis possessed raked his insides like hot peppers, tearing at the sensitive flesh until Josh thought he could take no more. Was this really what feline mating felt like?

Yet, it took only a moment for his sensibilities to adapt to the situation. His pained folds triggered pleasure centers inside of him, ones that sent waves of feminine lust through his entire body and elicited a cross between a growl and a purr from his body. This is what he needed. What he'd been craving since he'd been swapped all those days ago. He needed to be bred and mated by this magnificent male! Wait, he? No, Josh was a she now. As much as she didn't like to admit it, it was the truth in the matter. And she reveled in the certainty her femininity was on fire from the intense mating!

Rob, for his part, had a little difficult getting into the proper position. It was intuitive for him to hunch over his former friend, now leopardess, as he started thrusting his hips faster, having found his mark. The pleasure he felt was accentuated by the speed he was going, desperate to rut and cum.

As in the dream, the urge to bite down on the nape of his friend's neck was overwhelming. Worse, his penis kept slipping out of her, as though his bite was needed to hold her in place. A small part of him was still worried that he was going to bite down too hard and injure his friend. But, he needed to so badly that it soon did not matter. Josh squirmed as his fangs pierced the nape of her neck, but Josh didn't move, so Rob held on.

It was easier to think of Josh as a her, now. His senses confirmed that realization as he continued to rut and breed. She was a female of his species, one in heat that compelled him to mate. And, besides, they were leopards now, right? It was best to let their new instincts guide them.

Climax came much faster than Rob was expecting. He briefly wondered if he should try and slow it down, to celebrate the moment. But his leopard instincts made such notions moot. He

continued his thrusts with fervor, the tingling of orgasm playing over his powerful form as he slammed his fuzzy balls against her cunt lips.

Josh felt the rush of warm leopard seed before her own orgasm was triggered. Yet, at the moment the male started to pull back, his sharp spines rubbed her just the right way to send her into ovulation. She wasn't sure how she knew that was the case. It was like an additional sense that could only be explained by such terminology. Still, all she cared about at the moment was how it sent her into her own orgasm!

Spent, Rob pulled out, trying not to move too quick lest he hurt his mate. Part of him wanted to ensure not to discomfort his former close friend, but the other part didn't want to earn her ire by pulling out too quick!

Josh was compelled to swat at him, mad that the arrogant male would discomfort her so. Still, she was able to repress the urge, for the moment. She wanted to welcome Rob into this life as much as she was. And she also wanted him to mate her again, to fill her womb with warm seed until the heat assaulting her loins finally abated!

It had been some weeks since the mating and since Rob and Josh were trapped in their new bodies. Yet, despite the initial terror, they had adapted to life rather well. Once the reality of their situation settled in, and that initial panic had left, it was easier to adjust and even learn to love some aspects of their new lives.

It was a simpler life, one free of care, money, or responsibility. They were expected only to live as animals, to eat and groom and sleep and take care of their functions. Regardless of what they did, it was a draw to the gathered crowd, making them one of the zoo's more popular attractions!

Of course, they were also expected to mate, which they did often in those first few days. It was almost exhausting for both cats to fuck to the degree that their bodies required. Still, with their human sensibilities, they slept cuddled together, resting with their warm fur on cool evening nights. It was a level of companionship that both had been seeking and that had prompted the initial wish to escape from their former lives.

Though Josh was expected to be returned to her home zoo, her resistance, in tandem with the money that they as a pair brought in, made the higher-ups hesitate until finally, it seemed obvious the cats would get along in their current cohabitation. Yet, both of them heard whispers of being separated once the cubs were born. Josh's lack of heat and swelling belly was a sign that she was

pregnant. Because of that, Rob was determined to prove the ideal father so that they would not be parted. Besides, such displays would be sure to be a draw for an even higher traffic of guests!

As time went on, Rob found himself not missing his old life, his job, or his humanity. He had been overworked and lonely, and now he had a perfect mate and no cares in the world. It was the exact opposite life from that which had prompted him to make his wish in the first place. It was hard to get used to the crowds each day. But, those people were on the other side. Inside the pen was their shared space, one where the two of them as a couple could live out their simpler existence!

Josh, too, would never have thought that life as a pregnant leopardess would solve all the problems of her human life. But, here, things like money and job status meant nothing. Even if the loss of her sex was of little consequence. She didn't mind being female, much less a snow leopard, especially with such a powerful mate by her side. Unlike the despair she felt in her former life, each day as a leopardess brought new excitement. Her purpose needed to be nothing more than to rest and prepare to aid in adding more members of an endangered species into the world!

Life had also improved for Tiv and Keria, who had taken to human existence surprisingly well. Both had retained enough of the former's instincts and experiences to make it into the human world. Many things escaped them, of course. But both had the ability to use the internet on their phones and had comprehension of the English language. Because of that, humanity soon became easy to master!

Both of them made a comfortable couple, their proclivities already preferring a mate of the same sex. It was sensible for Kiera to move in with Tiv. In a way, it solved the issues that both Rob and Josh had been experiencing. Tiv had Kiera for comfort, and Kira had Tiv to help him get back on his feet until both of them were able to be successful. If only the former humans had come to the same conclusion, their existence wouldn't have been as uncomfortable!

One night, Tiv walked out into the yard, alcoholic drink in hand as he looked up at the night sky. It was still a pleasure he enjoyed, even after all of the distractions and exciting things to explore as humans. To his delight, a shooting star shot across the sky, burning brightly in his eyes and reminding him of that night he'd made the wish that had changed his fortune.

Instead of looking up at it with longing, Tiv simply smiled. He knew that a single wish had the potential to change his fate forever. But now, with his mate inside the house, his future looking bright and exciting, Tiv wanted for nothing. Another smile crossed his features, hoping that the

former humans had found their joy as leopards as well before he walked back into the house and all he had gained.