

Taking a moment to really look over her reflection, Michelle admired her current visage for what she figured might be the last time for the next few weeks. Not that she would be long without it, mind. Assuming that everything went well with the procedure. And, as far as she understood it, it was as safe as could be to take a nanite cocktail and change her body slowly into another species entirely. And, it was something she needed to do as part of the contract she had signed up for. Something she had taken eagerly, as much for the fame and paycheck as much as getting to explore a childhood interest that had lived in the fringes of her mind ever since the technology for its implementation came as a reality.

For her part, Michelle was more than a little excited to have landed the role in the reboot based on the old film 'Cat-People' Hardly the first of its kind, the franchise had enough of a cult following that similar premised films were being released as B tier horror films. Though, this movie was to be more of a romance/erotica, something they were trying due to the increased reports of using the nanite technological changes for sexual pursuits. Trying to appeal to that audience, figured their director, was an untapped market, one that everyone working on the film hoped would turn out to be the case. It was certainly a unique way to explore the topic, but as a trained actress, Michelle was willing to give it a try.

Though nervous at first, she was relatively new to the business, having only roles in commercials and shroud appearances as one-off characters in other media. Working in the Sci-Fi genre, though minor roles, gave her a liking for the media and genre. Though she was in need of a breakout role, something edgy would cause her to stand out among her peers. And given the newness of transformation technology for Sci-Fi films, it was the perfect role for her to apply for, and to her delight, she got the part. Even the more intimate parts of the process and the subsequence scenes in the film were not deterrent enough for her to turn it down.

Learning more about the movie once she'd gotten the role, she was a little surprised to learn that nanite technology, though expensive in its own right, was cheaper than using traditional special effects. That and the truism of its use made it obvious it would look better than those traditional methods. Michelle was eager to see it happen from an insider's perspective this time!

The story, as she understood it, is that she and the male lead would be infected with some sort of Were panther curse, living with increasingly animalistic parts as the film went on. There was a need to film in one go, actually changing in real-time as the film went on. It was a difficult endeavor, staying in character all that time, though there were some advantages to that as well. It would be hard to live with partial panther features over the course of the days it would take the changes to happen. But, at least her reactions to the changes would be genuine, her actual reaction to losing her body to that of a big cat. The changes would be full and permanent in the premise of the film, and part of the erotic nature of the film was to show shot for shot the entire

transformation in painstaking detail. It was something Michelle was fine to experience, given she would have to on her own anyway, given the nature of the change. It was one of the first of its kind and hoped to make bank off that unique premise!

Despite the foreign nature of the premise and the process to do it, the movie itself was supposed to be a romance. She was supposed to fall for the man that would be her onscreen costar as they turned into panthers together. They would be expected to have sex at several points in the film, though that, too, wasn't too unwelcome a prospect. Even if they would be having sex as partial, and eventually full panthers, the notion didn't seem to bother her. There was something arousing about the prospect of bestial sex, ones that made her loins ache from the thought. Not something she would admit to anyone, just viewed it as good acting while she secretly partook in animalistic pleasures. Hell, she would have considered using nanite transformation technology herself one day!

Within the plot of the film, her male costar would be playing A Were panther, something that could not be transferred with sex, unless that male were to mate with someone carrying the Were panther gene. Not knowing her status, their sexual intercourse would make them slowly start to change, and the plot of the film would follow their slow changes and how they adapted to their lost humanity while desperately searching for a cure. She would start out to search for the man she had slept with, finding he is changing into a panther as well. Michelle, being in heat from her changes, would be a catalyst that he couldn't resist to make their changes occur even faster. They would come to the realization they were subject to the same curse and start to fall in love with each other all over again, viewing it as some sort of destiny. After a hard time apart and dealing with their new realities, they would eventually come together, promising to be together as they eventually learned to live their lives as animals.

By this point, most of the scenes of flirting and even the sex had been shot already, and those could be reshot later once they had been changed back. Michelle had to admit, they were rather fun, all things considered. The guy was hot, and certainly her type, and even outside their scenes together he seemed to be amicable toward her, not full of himself as many actors were, especially outrageous for their low standing in the industry. It was only in a friendly way, but with the flirting, they performed in the movie thus far, Michelle, against her better inclinations, had a hard time separating it. Oh well. She decided it was best to just go for it, for now, thinking the reality of the feelings would allow her to act the part even better.

And now, it was time for her to be injected by the nanites that would slowly start to change her, part by part, into a totally non-human cat. What would it feel like? Michelle did her fair share of research on the subject, understanding what it would be like to be an animal. There was little on the subject from the point of view of a human, though certainly a litany of information on cats in captivity that she was able to get the basics down. Some aspects were less

than palatable, but she was sure she would get accustomed. After all, she would stay the part of a feral panther for at least a couple of days for the purposes of filming.

Nanites in her system, Michelle went down for her first day of filming, alongside her co-star David. By this time, she was comfortable being naked in front of him, and he was pretty good in bed, much to her enjoyment. She was more worried about the onset of changes, slow as they would be, though figured they wouldn't be so bad, at least at first. Being half human half cat was not an exciting prospect, though the nanites would at least keep her alive and functioning in the interim. The changes themselves would be slow, running over the course of several days, and she had prepared herself for the realities of life that came with it. As much as she could, at least!

At least the first changes did not need to be filmed, and she would be coming onscreen with the first changes having already occurred. So, she was able to enjoy them in her trailer, for as much as such a space contained her. Staring into the mirror, she waited with bated breath, eager to feel what would happen. The injection site was still a little sore, and it was due to happen at any moment. Even with that in mind, Michelle couldn't help but look in the mirror every few minutes in her excitement!

The first thing to happen was tingling at the edges of her nose, as though something was under the skin waiting to burst through. Resisting the urge to rub the spot, Michelle was left to feel the discomfort, watching in the mirror for any sign of what had to be fur or whiskers. Not thinking it would take this long, she sighed, going back and forth between the mirror and her phone. Yet, eventually, the tingling reached the breaking point, and several dozen thick hairs burst out of the follicles, poking through the skin like rapidly growing weeds. Michelle was there to watch it happen, tempting to rub the contours of them but finding their formation surreal.

The moment she touched them, a shiver ran through her body, as though she was not expecting the level of sensitivity they possessed. It was as though the vibrations they made told her the size of her hand, the fingers, and the arm beyond. They dwarfed any ability in her fingers, and Michelle was delighted, knowing that if they were so sensitive then any other changes to her form might elicit similar exciting feelings beyond anything she was prepared.

She was soon to get her to wish with the cartilage of her nose started to pop apart, reforming and flattening the bridge of her nose. It was a slow process, thankfully not painful, though disconcerting. Eventually, slits slid up the sides of her nose, ones that flared with each and every breath. The changes started to show on the bridge of her nose as well, which became wider between her eyes and the upper part of her jaw. One annoying aspect was that the mirror of the nose started to leak, moist with the development of excessive mucosa. It felt damp at all times, something that Michelle had to get used to doing but some effort to do so.

Though she was sure without her fully feline skull, her sense of smell would not enhance in the way she might have expected. But she was certainly aware of odors in the room, the ones from her own body as well as perfumes, items, and even some aromas that had escaped her notice until now. It left her elated to know what she would experience in a few short days, the world through literal panther's nostrils. It was likely more alterations to her head needed to be made before the full olfactory abilities of a panther would be granted to her.

Staring at herself in the mirror for more changes, Michelle was not expecting a gleam in her eyes to begin to show. It was a dull, yellowed shade, akin to the beginnings of jaundice as she'd seen on an elderly relative at one point or another. But, soon, the yellow started to overtake her iris, spreading in a pooling shade over the entirety of one eye, then the other. It was akin to watching a pitcher of juice being filled up. Though her eyes were white if she moved her head, Michelle was aware the eyeballs were white, though the yellow irises took up much of the space. Her pupils seemed to be enlarging too as the moments ticked past, rounded in the light of the room. It was almost alien watching her eyes turn feline, and she was sure the expression she would make for the cameras would be genuine, one of the benefits of being transformed for the first time.

The altering of her eyes came with more drastic changes, ones she was not fully ready for. It started with an effect on the clarity of the room, as though its contours were much sharper than she was expecting. Though she soon found it was limited to a strip in the center of her field of vision, and normally comparable to her human vision along the horizon. That made sense to her, given a more animalistic way of looking at the world, the sharpness of predatory eyes she would need to hunt with. It was delightful to look at the room with literally new eyes, though the next change to come would be a little more daunting. The colors of the room started to wash out, and fewer cones and more rods in her vision for picking up color. Looking around the room, Michelle was suddenly aware reds and greens were absent, having faded toward yellows and blues and other shades that took her a few moments to get used to. It was a bit alarming at first, though Michelle soon decided it to be par for the course and paid it little mind as she waited for the next change.

Thus far, the alterations had all been surface level, tissue, cartilage, and superficial alterations that marked her altering toward a feline fate. The last change to her visage for the night was to be her ears, a tingling spreading from there that denoted their growth and expansion. As though being melded like playdough, the edges expanded, rounding, almost fanning the sides of her relatively small head. Edges overlapped onto each other, and the canals themselves enlarged slowly, widening with veins and ridges in her ears that were likely useful in an increased auditory detecting capacity. To match the final alterations to her ears, their innards filled with long vibration-detecting hairs, something she was tempted to rub but ultimately

decided against it. She didn't want to damage any aspect of her physiology in mid-change, even if it was to be temporary!

With that, the changes were down for now, and she was left to enjoy her transitory visage before the morning. It took her some time to stare at how much she had changed in as little a time. It was powerfully disconcerting to see feline features on her face, though after a time she grew accustomed to it, thinking it akin to prosthetics. Though these ones would not be coming off her face anytime soon, and would thus be part of her until the changes were over. They were but a prelude of what was to come, as it were, though Michelle was excited and nervous about the results in equal measure.

Getting ready for bed that night, Michelle was privy to the first of many quality-of-life changes that came with the nanite injection. First of all, even in the dark, her whiskers were aware of her surroundings in a way that left her perplexed. Any motion against a dresser or walls made her shiver, always as though she could see with them alone. That was a moot point, given that even in the dark of her trailer she could see everything, eyes drawing in light from the outside far more efficiently than her humanity. The scents within her trailer, too, while taking some time getting used to, though it didn't take her much time to find the background. The sounds of outside, however, with her new ears, were detected with rather a decent accuracy, much to her chagrin. Still, she eventually managed to sleep a dreamless sleep, despite the excitement of what was to come tomorrow.

It was an early morning, though Michelle found herself wide awkward at the crack of dawn, as though her body was prepared for it. Was it part of the changes as she had researched, or was she simply too excited to begin her day? It was almost impossible for her to be sure, but for whatever reason, she got up ready to start her day. Breakfast was bacon and eggs, something she normally did not care for but her nanite-induced changes needed more protein intake. And, the food went down easily, meat not her favorite though something she would be enjoying for her tenure as a cat.

For the next part of the shooting, she was to look at the changes in the mirror with horror, having changed so much overnight after their first bout of sex. Not sure what to do, she would try to go to a doctor, who would determine the anomaly in her DNA. She was to showcase the alterations to her senses that came with it, something that was at the forefront of her thoughts from last night's activities. The best acting was realistic, after all. And it was easy for her to act upon her surprise when going through it for the first time. Most of the takes they did that day didn't even require additional takes! Looking in the mirror, exposing her eyes and whiskers, going out with sunglasses and a scarf on to try and hide her feline assets. On set with the doctor, everything was going so smoothly they didn't need to reshoot anything, allowing the nanite program to continue the change into the next day!

Even as the day wrapped up and Michelle was to go back to her trailer, she couldn't help but think about her costar, David. She had filmed her scenes with him already before the changes, and his own scenes needed to be filmed today as his own changes came to fruition. Still, she wouldn't want to see him and his changes, wondering what he looked like with the same feline features as she possessed. Surely, he was rather hot, even though she found him much already. Though part of her wondered if she should be intrigued by such, there was no denying the fascination she had with the mental image. Still, she couldn't see him until tomorrow when the next phase of their changes took place.

With today out of the way, Michelle was set to wake up with her tail, already fully formed. That being said, it was the growth of the thing she needed to contend with tonight, much to her interest and trepidation in equal measure. Like the changes to her head, she would be allowed to experience its development in the privacy of her trailer. It was equally exciting and nerve-wracking to own an appendage that few humans had ever experienced possessing, and she was eager to get it over it, unable to fully prepare for the experience to come.

After waiting for what seemed like an eternity, a tingling in her spine and lower back seemed to be a sign the nanites were at work within her body. It started as a small bump, one that she could not take her hands off of as she tried to rub it into existence. Her efforts were not needed, of course, but rather it was exciting to own, even as the bump pulsated and the bones within her coccyx started to separate within them. It was as though the bones themselves were being painlessly pulled apart, the calcium within them being added and expanded until it made a sizable dent in her backside. Getting more and more insistent against the skin, Michelle was worried that they were bursting through the skin. But, the nanites had different intentions for her, and the bump behind her started to grow, writhing against her touch at first but soon expanding beyond that, to start the beginnings of what she knew to be a tail!

Despite her best intentions, Michelle could not keep her hands off the growth of a new tail, curiously exploring its contours and excited to be present for every moment of its birth. The bump continued pulsating under her touch, and she was sure it was growing, albeit steadily. Part of her longed for a ruler to measure its development, but such would be fleeting at best with the speed it was to grow in. It had to be close to an inch now, the bones having separated and each individual one expanding together, muscle holding them in place as the welt continued to grow to accommodate them. She wished she'd had the foresight to look up how many she would possess in the end, though the point was moot given that she wanted to experience every moment of the changes in real time. If only her contract didn't prohibit the distribution of her changes being recorded, though she figured she could have kept them for personal use!

The skin of the bump was almost painfully tight around it, though the nanites numbed the process enough that she was not ailed by it. The skin remained red as it started to grow visibly, getting closer to two inches now as soft pops rung through it. Michelle was sure she wouldn't be able to hear it had her ears not altered. It was a bit disconcerting to hear the bones sliding together, the joints popping into place as the growth started to inch outward a little more, and the bump itself showed a modicum of movement. Though for the moment, it could not move of its own accord, that was soon likely not to be the case. It was the muscles knitting together within it, around the new bones that was causing a series of ridges to poke from the top of it before meat and muscle filled in to make it look more natural.

As the minutes ticked passed, Michelle was tempted to reach down and rub the growth, afraid of its sensitivity of it against her hands. Having held off until now, the temptation to feel the skin was too much, and she rubbed it, its texture coarser than she expected. It was not human, pinker than her normal skin shade and gooseflesh covered the surface, as though it was getting ready to erupt with a pelt of black fur. It was bizarre to feel a new extension of her body, as much a part of her as her arms or legs. At four inches now, it was still steadily growing, and Michelle could feel the bones and muscle rippling under the skin, making her moan a little from the sensations. A passing thought ran through her head; how long would it be by the time it was finished? She wished she had bothered to look into it!

A shiver ran through her spine just then as the nerves within her growing began to integrate, and the tail started to *move* under her power, waving back and forth from the base. If she concentrated on it, Michelle found she was able to move it herself, as flexible as a limb and becoming more so at five inches now. As it got longer and longer, Michelle found herself able to move it in several places, gaining points of articulation as it continued to expand. Michelle found herself rubbing over the edges of it, teasing the rounded point it possessed and trying to discover all the ways it could move. Raising it gave her butt in a curved shape, moving it tightly around her waist, and playing it up and down was all par of the course with such an articulate possession.

By now, the tingling growth of her tail was nearly done, and Michelle reveled in playing with it, loving the sensations it gave her. Though it was still skin bare, the flesh different than her normal skin, that was soon to change as itchiness started to play over the entire length. It was as though millions of hairs were preparing to breach the surface at once, Michelle hardly prepared for something akin to having just shaved, though far more intense. Soon, the skin started to darken from the peppering of Michelle rubbed frantically, but it was spreading all over her new tail at once, black rosettes blossoming from the skin in integrated patterns as more black hairs lanced from the gooseflesh that had covered her. Rubbing the hair, the coarse texture soon became soft, and Michelle relished touching it, loving the contrast between the fur over once bare skin. Though eventually, there came a discomfort with her touch, the hairs being more

sensitive than she recalled they should be. A chuckle escaped her lips, wondering if this was why housecats hated having their tails touched, even while doing it themselves.

Playing with her now fully formed tail for some time, Michelle lost track of the clock, and with it, the excitement to come with the next day. It was time for her to sleep, and get ready for the shooting when she would film a scene waking up to the new growth. Though it was soon to be impossible to see how that might work, given the unpredictability of her tail and the irritation she felt at having it confined under covers. It took her some time to find a position to get comfortable, eventually lying in such a way that she could leave it hanging out of her bed.

The morning came far too soon, and with it came the next round of filming. The first part was easy enough, waking up with a tail and showing her shock over the thing. Though her character was much less favorable with the growth than she was in real life, and the shock and awe over the growth had to be faked and acted upon. Though the worst part was trying to keep her tail in her pants when trying to meet the other man, her director thought confining her tail was the best way to display her hiding the changes from others as she made her way to her costar's apartment. It ached intently as she kept it in her pants, and she had to grit her teeth to get over the filming until she could let it out again. It was torture!

In the moment of filming, Michelle felt a sudden compulsion, one that she reflexively acted upon. Whiskers feeling irritated, Michelle reached down to lick her hand, then began rubbing the sides of her cheeks, trying to remove the irritation. Only after the act did she realize what she was doing, a flush crossing her cheeks. Yet the director seemed happy with the action and decided to keep it in the film. Moreover, the camera was required to stay on her at all times, hoping that her natural instincts would allow for some great footage. Though being constantly on film made Michelle hyper-aware, and she was sure they didn't get too much for her to do. It was out of her power, at least.

Yet, all notions of embarrassment were eliminated when she saw her costar David, talking with one of the production people. Even from this distance, Michelle could see the same alterations to his form, the feline-like edges of his face too natural to be prosthetics. Whiskers adorned his face, and Michelle could tell from twitching ears and flared nostrils that he possessed the same facial features as she. Even his eyes were feline, though looking small against his still human skull, much like Michelle's own.

Yet, it was his tail that gave her pause. It was long, swaying behind him eagerly as he talked. It was as though it had a mind of its own, or rather was reacting to his mood. It made her resent the fact that hers was in her pants at the moment, needing to get used to it being confined for the scene to film it. The ache resonated from the base of it as it twitched in her pants, obvious to anything watching that she possessed one. It took everything she had not to pull it out right



there, though Michelle knew the moment it was out that she would never want to put it back in again.

As she approached the man, a strange smell came into her awareness, one that Michelle was unfamiliar with. Though it came with a more familiar sensation, one of wetness within her that was sudden and unexpected. No stranger to arousal, it was the fire in her loins that made her infer the scent was coming off the male. No, *David*, she tried to rationalize with herself, wondering why that mental slip had occurred in the first place. Was she changing in mind as much as she was in body already? Still, as the odor grew in intensity the closer she got to her costar, it was harder to think of him as anything else but a male to quell her heat.

The obvious advantage was it allowed her to get into character, to immediately cling to the man that she wanted so desperately to fuck her. No stranger to sex, Michelle found it was not demeaning in the least to be so needy in front of the changing man. And given her role and the instincts she deemed came from the nanites, it was easy to act the way her director needed to her. David, on the other hand, seemed to have much more difficulty in his actions, knowing he needed to resist and was barely able to. He would as soon pull down his pants and take her then play his part and try to have them both resist to 'prevent' the changes. Though in his way, it made him play the scene well in his own right, body unable to resist as the mind screamed at him not to give in and damn himself.

It was during their scenes today that David's character was to explain to Michelle about the Were-panther curse, and how it activates between two people with the recessive trait. The sex they had prior had triggered the first alterations, the tail, and facial alterations. The changes would slow down over the course of the next few days and even revert if they abstained from sex for a time. But the sex drive, as they could both attest to, was enough for them to change more and more, the process being permanent if they eventually succumb. And, the more they had sex, the more their bodies craved sex, to the point that it would cause the curse to take its final form. Several times having sex would be enough to trigger further changes and make it permanent, giving the pornographic aspects of the movie that would trigger a target audience. Michelle wasn't exactly sure the semantics of the curse made sense, but it would certainly appeal to the niche audience that enjoyed that kind of smut. And in making the film, Michelle was certainly starting to understand why!

Yet, even with that knowledge, her character was supposed to beg for it, needing sex and not able to quell the hunger that was eating away at her mind. And, although there were repercussions in the world of the film, none would plague her for partaking in pleasures of the flesh. Save for being exposed to all of the film crew, that was hardly a deterrent for her to enjoy herself. With nanite transformation technology, it was even safer; there was no chance of any

diseases being caught, largely eliminated by the technology in society as a whole. And, she was sure that in mid-change she would not be able to become pregnant, making protection unnecessary!

With that, she took the panther man in an embrace, kissing his lips and grinding up against him, running her hands up his shirt. What she was not expecting was the soft texture of panther fur to meet her touch, something she was somewhat familiar with from feeling it on her own tail. Though, while hers remained devoid of her, his was luscious, soft, and pleasant to the touch. Michelle, though she heard something akin to a purr in his tone, though wasn't feeling a vibration from his chest or anything of the sort. Why the nanites had moved his changes passed hers, Michelle had no idea, but she wasn't about to question it, wanting to continue to rub at it, maybe feel it pressed up against her own chest. More so than that, however, Michelle wanted to grow her own coat, desperate to feel it against her own hands as she stroked it!

With that, the pair pulled down their pants, grinding against each other as David's penis teased around the fringes of her sex. She wanted to pull him in and make love standing right there. Though there was a more pressing need, something that she wanted to do instinctively. Part of her wanted to get down on all fours, to present her sex to him and raise her tail, more like the cat that she was becoming. And why shouldn't she, given that she was changing and mentally becoming more the animal that the movie would have her? It would make for more accurate filming, she figured.

Stripping off her pants and panties, the scent of her wet heat burned into both of their nostrils, and Michelle moaned, an aching need to be taken and penetrated. "Take me!" She begged, a natural reaction to the heat that she had been subjected to. Her tail moved back and forth in insistence, hopefully wafting the aroma of her scent in David's direction. Her reactions were genuine, needing sex as much as her character in the film would, the nanite-induced estrus making it easy for them both to play the roles presenting them.

David was on her in an instinct, eating her out and making her cry out and beg for more. His tongue, while too moist and human, was still hitting the right spot for her, teasing her over and over until the orgasm started to roll over her. Never before had she experienced such an intense orgasm from oral sex, and it was impossible for her not to cry out her ecstasy, begging for a thick cock inside of her.

Not bad for his size, David lined up his cock and thrust it forward, penetrating her sex and making her shiver on the heels of an intense orgasm. He wasn't very large inside of her, but like his tongue, his penis was eager to press against her clit, pounding in and out and just enough to open her elastic insides. The pressure was perfect for her, bringing her back on track for a second release. Be it David's skill or the scent of his feline changes in tandem with her heat, it was certainly doing it for her! Best of all was the sensation of his firm hands gripping her back,

his own chest against hers as his soft chest hair rubbed against her bare skin. Michelle was elated by the sensation!

Yet, the more he fucked, the smaller he seemed to get inside of her, as though his cock was deflating within her. Pushing back against him in an effort to keep him hard, Michelle was eager for the sensation of him cumming within her, a primal need that would not sate her heat until it was felt. To her excitement, however, the penis was still erect, though not the same size as his humanity. She wasn't sure how that was possible, though, in her heat-fueled lust, there was little for it, needing the stimulation to get off more than at any time she could recall.

It was a tingling heat in her own sex that made her perplexed, taking her from the edge and preventing her from receiving the much-needed orgasm. At first, it seemed to be getting tighter around the male's cock, making her eager to take it deeper. Even if the length of the shaft within her had shortened, it was still enough to do it for her, as though her own sex was shrinking to match it. Though difficult to fully fathom with her thoughts hazy as they were, it was as though her sex was becoming shallower, that the phallus within her didn't need to reach so far to hit her sweet spot. Though such should have been impossible, for both her sex and her mate's within her to be shrinking. Were they perhaps changing to match the sex they were having? After all, sex was the catalyst for change in the movie. And if they were being filmed in every sex scene...

A sharp pain resonated through her cunt lips just then, as though she was being speared with dozens of tiny needles. Each time her male thrust into her, the same waves of pain struck her to the point that she was forced to growl out. Her sex seemed to be overly sensitive to the intrusion, as though she was being fucked with a phallus that didn't suit her genitals. She was hardly in a position to complain about the aches, given the heat she was in and how wet and moist her sex was. And there will still be that need to take the man's cum inside her, even over the pain that his penis was currently giving her. Thankfully, the more that he pounded, the less aching his member gave her, especially as his thrusts started to intensify and he prepared for his end.

Despite the ache in her sex caused by forces, she was hardly able to understand, Michelle couldn't imagine anything better. The sex was more primal, more bestial than anything she had felt thus far. Part of her had hoped it would feel like this, that she would crave sex so bad and give it in a case where her mate cared not for her pleasure but his own release at the behest of her heat. She was completely absorbed in the sexual act, even through the pain and discomfort she loathed because it was simply so good and animalistic.

The slick slapping sounds of their sex increased in intensity as David moved to reach his end, and with it, Michelle felt her second release growing closer and closer. She hoped to get off

before he did, and the sheer force of her desire was almost enough to allow her to do so. The orgasm was building so fast, especially after the tightening of her sex around the male, and the ache of his spines almost became sensual. It was getting to the point where she couldn't hold back, and didn't want to with the force of her estrus. It was David to cum first, grunting in a more primate tone than the feline he was becoming. Yet, it was still immensely fulfilling to feel a small splash of semen sitting warm inside of her. The thought of it was enough to bring her to orgasm as well, milking his cock for the minute amount of semen it provided even as David struggled to pull out. Her sex was apparently even more so designed to keep a male inside, it seemed!

The pain of David pulling out made her growl, and Michelle had the notion to turn around, almost glaring at him for the act. Though reflexively taking a look at his groin, Michelle was shocked to see a much smaller penis than the one that had sex with prior. It was smaller, pink, the tip tapered and the foreskin had peeled back, though was presently moving to cover his shaft as it deflated. Of most note, however, were the backward-facing spines that seemed to adorn the surface. Those had to have been the cause of her pain, the presence of feline anatomy within her sex. She hadn't been expecting that to happen during sex, even though it is painful and amazing in real time. Had the nanites had been programmed to change them during sex? It was certainly an interesting coincidence to happen during their filming now, indeed!

With that, Michelle was prompted to look down at her own sex, a little shocked that its contours were different, and rubbed the inside of it, not caring if everyone was watching or she was being filmed. She wasn't sure how to describe the changes to her sex, not without careful examining of it in her own time. It was at least in the same position on her groin as it had been, much in the same location as David's penis for now. She was sure they were supposed to be moved back along her perineum, but for the moment had not altered. Her shocked expression was likely good for the film crew, so she allowed her self-exploration to continue. All she did was resist the urge to look at David's cock, turned on by the notion of what it looked like. He was likely looking at his own member, in the same way, stunned by the unexpected alterations their sexual intercourse had caused.

With the changes to their sexes, Michelle found herself wondering how the aftermath was to be shot. Apparently, getting footage of her rearranged sex and David's feline cock wasn't essential, and rather having them come out of coitus with panther parts was better for the overall process. They were supposed to act disgusted, ashamed of the elements that made her more like a panther and the failings that had led to such disgusting consequences. And, trained as they were, it was possible to get through the scenes, especially the ones of anger as David's character forced her out and told her to never come back. It felt a little stinging to be dejected like that, though Michelle was able to rationalize it was part of the acting and that she should harbor no real feelings toward David. Save for using him for his essence, something that she also had to quell,

given the pervasive panther instincts welling in her mind. A conflicting cocktail of emotions, indeed!

With that, she was left to her trailer, before the morning's filming, when the next series of changes would occur. Their directors seemed happy with the scenes they had gotten, the sex seemingly so intense and genuine that it surpassed a porno they had worked on. There was every chance, at least from what Michelle could gather from their murmurings, that the film might gather more attention than just the niche target audience. And with it the promise of a bigger paycheck!

Though Michelle could hardly focus on such things at the moment, the memory of their sex was fresh in her mind. Part of her didn't even want to wash David's sperm from her sex, wanting to keep it inside of her to fertilize...what? Surely, she did not want to be pregnant and did not want to birth children or cubs. She couldn't anyways, not with the nanites programmed into her. Though it was impossible to deny the need burning into her loins, bit only for stimulation but for the precious seed to be gifted to her. She played with it within her, even licking some of it in reverence of the male. Never before had she felt such raw sexuality before, and it was powerfully elating to think of what was to come next as the filming continued and her changes came to fruition.

It was almost maddening to be without a male in her moment of heat. Though it certainly made the sex scenes more realistic, it was difficult to wait in the interim for the male to quell her heat. Michelle was aware that feline heat needed constant attention to be fully quelled, but reading about it was one thing, experiencing it was another matter altogether. That precision prick, painful though it was, had been burned into her mind to the point she could imagine wanting nothing else. If only he was allowed to come to her outside of filming! Would he even dare be down for such frivolity?

As the hours passed and sleep became impossible, Michelle decided that, save for breaking down the man's door and begging he take her right then and there. That not being an option, Michelle's only reprieve was to touch herself, reaching down to stroke her bizarre hybrid anatomy. Opening it up revealed a vulva that was not the same as she possessed as a human, lacking the familiar pearl over her femininity. It was still present, thankfully, though slightly shifted on her form in a position that might trigger orgasm and ovulation from a panther's penis. Michelle had no choice but to touch it!

No stranger to playing with her own sex, Michelle was still shocked at the sensations flowing from her lips as she teased around them. Though she was in heat, needing stimulation above all else, Michelle was disappointed to discover that her touch had little effect on satisfying the ache in her loins. It helped somewhat, to be sure with the physical sensations. But there was

something else in her need, even as she explored herself, that was obviously missing. Be it the male's barbed phallus, his weight on her back, the sensation of semen in her womb, or even the mere scent of his male musk, touching herself without a male present was simply not doing it for her. Still, several orgasms in, she was finally tired enough to rest, even if it wasn't as fulfilling as she might have preferred.

With that, Michelle couldn't help but think about how she would deal with the curse had it been real and not artificial like the technology within her was programmed to simulate. Surely, she would not be able to resist the siren song of her sex and would make the change permanent. She didn't want to be an animal, scarcely able to see herself that way for the rest of her life. But there would be little chance of resisting, even if she was determined to see it through. No one could, she was starting to assume. Though at the end of the day, the effect of it on her seemed to be the same either way. The heat her body was in, while not enough to change her, still plagued her mind, making sleep almost impossible. At least after the next round of changes, she would be able to mate again!

Eventually, the sun rose and a fatigued Michelle made her way to the set for the next shoot. Makeup could hide the blackness around her eyes, though in the end, her director decided that it was best to leave her face as it was. More natural, as he called it, though Michelle could hardly muster up any anger towards the sentiment. It was true, after all, given the reality of the change and the effect they naturally had on her sleep cycle. So, she went into the filming as she already was, for once not ashamed of her appearance and eager to get started with the next set of changes besides.

The next set of changes was scheduled to happen after she got up, as a consequence of her mating the day before. The idea was that it would not stop, that she needed to spend weeks on end without sex in order to resist. Having just cum and having sexual dreams of her mate, Michelle's physiology was well prepared for the changes to come. She would be forced to watch some of them in the mirror as her face began to alter further, losing her humanity in a bit of a horror show. This was not the part she was looking forward to, a transitory effort before the final scenes took place and she became a cat.

Given the timetable of the change, her crew was ready with filming equipment to catch every usable second. The nanites would change her at any moment once she entered the set, and she branched herself, looking in the mirror for both confirmations as well as for the film crew to get as much usable footage as possible. It was an ache in her dentures that drew her attention to the next set of changes. It was as though her canines were becoming loose, preparing to fall out of the sockets. Though she was aware of this to be a part of the process, it was still akin to a nightmare, one where her adult teeth were to fall out as though cursed with some sort of illness.

Though she knew the nanites were safe and that such things were not to plague her in the long run, it was still unnerving!

Thankfully, the process was bloodless, with her human teeth coming loose to the point where she wanted to run her tongue over them to knock them out. Though she resisted the urge, wanting to wait for it to happen naturally, it took all of her willpower to do so. Eventually, her canines fell out, followed by eye teeth, and eventually premolars and molars leaving her gums toothless and giving her a horrific appearance. It was unnerving, to say the least! Moreso when holding the discarded teeth, something that did not sit well with her, the conclusion of her worst nightmares come to life. Even the knowledge cat dentures would grow in eventually did little to deter her disgust over the process.

Though Michelle knew that her teeth would soon grow back, there were other alterations that had to take place in order for them to fit. Changing one's species was hardly an easy affair, especially in the gradual way the technology provided. She knew that her skull would have to alter to be better than in the teeth of an animal and that it would prevent certain human enjoyments like speech. Such would make it harder to articulate her lines, but that was the point of this part in the film. She would have to use body language and pheromones to 'seduce' her mate, though it would literally be everything he had not to give in right then and there the moment she walked on screen!

Left to stare as the tingling ache of her jaw signaled the next stage of changes to come over her, Michelle was still not expecting to see her mandible and maxilla pushing out in equal measure, calcium being added to the bone and prompting the muzzle to push out around it in equal measure. It was painless, as with all the changes, though still disconcerting to see her face press mouthward, the beginnings of a muzzle long enough to accommodate the teeth that were starting to grow. Her nose, too, was prompted to crack outward, faster than the muzzle could reach. Her upper lip and nose soon became more in line with each other, losing the more angular position found in her humanity.

Eventually, she could see the beginnings of her snout in her periphery, looking more in line with a cat than the human visage she was used to. It was disconcerting to see in front of her no matter how she looked, though at least it was mostly out of her field of increased clarity. Though not fully formed, it seemed large enough to support her soon-to-develop teeth. Breathing was somewhat easier, and the scents in the room were amplified somewhat, with her increased rostrum evidently able to take in more scent molecules. Though she was barely able to comprehend what she was smelling, brain not ready to process things in a way that was meaningful. So, Michelle was left dizzied by the smells in the room, adding to the air she was putting on watching the changes and receiving praise from her director, something she was barely able to accept.

By this point, Michelle was staring in the mirror, waiting for new teeth to erupt from her gums and to make her visage in the mirror more comfortable. Yet, it was not her teeth to change first, but rather her tongue, tingling and flattening in her mouth. Michelle was still thankful for that, its smaller, fatter state was not enough to fit her new larger jaw. The most notable change for her was that her mouth started to dry out, as though stuffed with cotton balls. Though she could not tell at first, the entire surface of former taste buds soon erupted with hundreds of stunted spines, a thick carpet that would make feline grooming a breeze. She was only aware of the full spectrum of alterations when rubbing her tongue against the roof of her mouth, the sensation almost painful when she tried. It was bizarre, though intriguing enough that she kept doing it to grow accustomed to the sensation.

That seeking tongue soon detected tremors under the gumline, the sign that her dentures were soon to grow in. Not wanting to see herself in such a way any longer, Michelle was thankful when the tingling ache of new, feline teeth started to take hold, pushing bloody from the gums and filling her with that tangy, familiar taste. It was her canines that came in first, almost long enough to fit through the gumline on the other end, hanging almost heavily on her face. Incisors were next to grow in, thinner than human equivalents and more numerous, filling that front space between her two piercing canines. Molars and premolars filled out the rest, sheering edges made for an all-meat diet. Not something she had a problem with, mind, though not something she would have to deal with for long,

To her chagrin, however, Michelle was soon to learn that this set of changes was not to be down with her yet. Though her whiskers were set on cheeks that were puffier than she was used to, they were soon to be joined by a series of itching as dozens, hundreds of hairs erupted around them, the start of a feline coat that would soon cover her entire face. It looked like a spreading disease for a few moments, the skin pinker for a brief moment before the blackness of short hairs told her. They covered her skin like a forest, leaving no skin visible as it moved up her cheeks, running faintly over the bridge of her nose and around her eyes, the itching causing them to water slightly. Soon, the backs of her ears, her chin and cheeks, and the front of her face were covered, all the way up to her blond hair, a stark contrast.

That was not to be the case for much longer. The itching of hair growing started playing over his scalp, and Michelle was sure that her own hair would start to shrink away to make up the rest of her feline scalp. She was shocked to learn that was not to be the case as the hair started to loose from their sockets, falling out in clumps around her. It was akin to losing them to illness, to the point that it was almost enough to bring her to tears. Of course, Michelle knew she was to lose her hair in one way or another but to lose in it such a way was drastic. Soon, all of her revered, lovely blond hair had fallen from her head, leaving only a black scale with a ring of panther fur to signal its loss.



It was not to be the case for much longer the persistent prickling was a sign that the bare, lightening skin was to sprout a matching coat of panther fur. Having wanted to look away, a bald visage not something appealing to her sensibilities, Michelle was nonetheless curious to see the bare patches fill in with panther fur, the visage off but not as bad as being bald, she reasoned. The skull shape was largely the same, looking off with her muzzle in its current state. A horror movie monster without makeup, in some sense. Michelle had to admit, it wasn't too bad, all things considered. And it was only past the halfway point of change!

With that, the shoot was over for now, and she was given a reprieve to get used to the changes before she was to go out and scare some passersby as part of the next scene. She would not be changing anymore today, thankfully, and she was glad of it, the program able to affect the speed of her changes in a way that she preferred. Playing with the new alterations, the first thing she realized was that, while she still possessed a human larynx, her altered throat and especially her changed tongue and teeth were making it impossible for her to speak in a way she was used to. It was unnerving to play with the timber and pitch of her voice, the resulting sounds barely articulate in a way she could understand. She resigned herself to the loss of her voice for the time being, hardly the worst human trait she was to lose before the change was done. Still, it was one she would miss if only for the inability to communicate and leaving her to the whims of her crewmates. It was obvious they would have to switch to narration she would record after the fact when her efforts to talk were rendered moot. With her hands able to gesture, she was at least able to communicate her intentions. And the filming directions were easy enough that she didn't have to ask any questions.

One other ill came to her attention as she went to lunch, the scents of food served not appealing to her sensibilities. She knew it would happen soon enough, but was not prepared to have to eat raw meat just yet. Her nose knew, however, it was time to try it, that her altered pallet would be able to acclimate to it. She didn't even have to ask, one of the servers had experience with preparing meals for zoo animals and having hunks of steaks barely cooked ready for her. The bloody mess would have made the human her wretch but her altered taste buds didn't find the flavor offensive, as much as was left in comparison to primate pallets. It would constitute her meals for the next week or so, and after doing it for the first time, Michelle figured it would be OK.

The day's filming was easy enough with the instincts in her mind that naturally compelled her to act like a cat. She was caught grooming herself on more than one occasion, the cameras forever on her for any such moments. Licking her hand and rubbing her face with it was one habit she couldn't break, and figured there was little point in trying any further. Though it was not the only thing she was expected to do on set. Changing down and roaring at someone on the street was supposed to be the result of someone running into her. It went against her instincts

to do so, wanting to slick away rather than be aggressive. But it was certainly fun to scare the guy, her present fangs eliciting a fear she could almost smell!

The day done, Michelle was left to go back to her trailer and await the morning and the next changes to come. Looking at the script, she was aware that the next thing to change was her hands, and that she would lose all her tactile abilities. Hell, she wouldn't even be able to flip the pages of the script to see what was next! She would also have to be relocated to a habitat with the male, her costar, though such might be welcome with the ache in her sex and how simply sublime it was to get her her feline cunt lips. Pros and cons of the situation, she reasoned. It still didn't make the fear of losing her hands any more palatable.

The morning came all too soon and with it the time to film where she was to gain her panther paws. Michelle found herself clenching and unclenching her hands in reflex, wanting to feel them move while she still possessed the ability. The nanites could trigger at any moment, and the cameras were on her, any natural fear of losing her hands making prime footage. She was sweating, nervous, knowing that any twinge, any tingle could mean the start of her next change.

She would not have to wait long, given her now familiarity with the sensation of change. It started with her fingers, light cracks echoing in them as they started to stiffen and shrink before her eyes. The process was gradual, though not enough she couldn't notice them diminishing. Her ability to move the joints underneath was being robbed from her, and that terror of losing them was brought to the forefront of her thoughts. Though there was nothing to be done for it as her fingers retracted steadily, losing their mass, stature, and mobility. By the time they were done, all that would remain were barely motility nubs that she tried to twitch in vain. The worst was when her thumbs were pulled up with his wrists, diminishing up and stuck away from the rest of the digits. Their thickened state was a testament to the size her paws would eventually reach, far larger than any house cat she had experienced thus far.

An ache in her nails prompted her continual stare as the nails popped off, the skin retracted and separating the layer of tissue between them before they loosened and fell unceremoniously to the floor. It was unnerving to see them go, all ten of them at once, but thankfully the process was mostly painless and bloodless. Still, it left a nice bit of body horror for the film, likely the purpose of making it happen in such a way.

Waves of pressure started making her feel uncomfortable as what had to be feline nails started poking through the tissues, sharp though not enough to make it completely nerveless. Still, the points of translucent crescents poking through the tips of her nubs made her wince reflexively as they poked their way through. Her facial expressions were on point for the character she was playing, leaving her looking absolutely admonished by the realization she was to gain feline claws. New joints from within pushed them outward, as though they were meant to

remain in their rested state. She could feel the muscles tensing to force the claws outward, sheaths of skin and casing allowing their sharpened contours to stay sharp and deadly within her. Several inches of claw pushed from each digit, impossibly large on human features as a testament to the eventual size that her paws would reach.

With that realization in mind, her hands tingled with the start of their growth, the skin swelling around to the point where they were almost heavy on her still-human arms. She realized with some certainty they were growing to full size in those go, comically out of place on the relatively human body. They were easily twice the size of her human hands in mere minutes, puffy against the skin before taking their final shape. The skin, thus far bare of fur, was starting to pepper across the backs of them, making her wish to scratch though she lacked the ability to do so any longer. The skin of widening palms soon became coarse and firm, darkening to black and swelling with firm skin underneath. The formation of skin around palms and fingertips took on the familiar visage of feline paws, black fur spreading between them and cementing the formation of her paws.

Michelle looked down at them with a mixture of awe and fear. It was one thing to admire their size and shape but another to experience them on her body. They were clumsy and unruly, and their uses were largely limited for the human affairs she was used to. She would have to have someone open doors for her, would struggle getting to bed, wipe herself, and be unable to brush her teeth, something she lamented with her now all-meat diet. Oh well. It was par for the course and something she was sure she would get used, or at least have to force herself to.

Although she was experiencing the fear of losing her hands, there was a horniness that was unable to avoid. It was getting more and more insistent as the moments ticked past, and she was worried about the lack of ability to touch herself. Thankfully she was soon to shoot another sex scene, but it would not be an act for her to beg to take the male's cock. In the film, it would be the sex that changed them further, but her desire was a real one, and came with the freedom from the film's repercussions. And, she was eager to see what had happened to David, the mental image of what he might look like making her leak and surely releasing a pungent scent enough that even the humans could detect it.

Anticipation at its epitome, she was still not expecting to see David naked and covered with fur. His entire pelt had grown in by this point, hair even having fallen away to make room for his panther coat. The sight of which had her elated, wanting to bend over and feel the fur against her skin as he fucked her senseless like the animals they were. Of course, he couldn't wear clothes, but Michelle would have it no other way. It only made her more excited to get her own fur coat, almost to the point she could hardly wait!

As David walked toward her, the full extent of his changes become obvious. His stance was awkward, as though his feet were not large enough to balance on. His legs were still in their human shape, though like her hands, his feet had completed their transition to their feline paw state. It made walking precarious at best, something that was easy to film with the obvious state they were left in. Michelle was thankful for her own feet, though eventually wanted to be down on all fours, feeling awkward in this hybrid state.

Unfortunately, without getting her hands on the script, this scene was not to be a sex one. They had a conversation, one-sided as it was, where David decided they should avoid seeing each other to prevent the changes from taking over. His penis was at erection all the while, likely at the scent of her heat, making the scene all the more realistic. Thankfully, they were to film the next scenes that day, after lunch. Michelle couldn't her mind off him, thankful she would not have to wait long...

In the film, Michelle's character couldn't wait, unable to touch herself with paws and needing it so badly. The panther need to be bred and impregnated was too strong for her to fight, and the nanite-driven instincts provided her gave her enough characterization to play the part flawlessly. She was thankful she did not have to wait to have sex, unable to touch herself and knowing it would not have the same effect in quelling her needs.

As was in the script, the two of them were not able to resist each other as they approached, panther instincts at their apex. They were allowed to improvise the scene, though, with the truth in their changes, it was likely to be far more effective than anything they could possibly script. David's character had some banter prepared, telling her to get the hell away and the like in an effort to save his humanity. But, of course, his penis was at attention, and there was nothing to be done for it other than give in to his animalistic urges with enthusiasm.

Even though it was the plot of a movie they were acting in, both needed the sex so much that it was easy to act it out. Michelle went over to his bed, raising her tail and rearing her back legs in a way that would allow her to be taken like the cat she was turning into. There was no foreplay, no romance, just the simply bestial need to fuck and quell the urges playing insistently over her mind. David was courteous enough to lick her cunt lips, teasing over them and sending shivers through her entire body. It was amazing, but even that brief tease wasn't enough to do much about it. She wanted the penis inside of her and she wanted it *now*.

"Rrruck Meeee!" She tried to call out, the words articulate enough to be made out to the viewer's ears. David got the hint and got on her back, spearing for her cunt lips with his feline prick. It was a little difficult with their hybrid anatomies, loins not lined up in a way that made their shifted sexes a little awkward. Still, with some effort, David managed it with his smaller

panther penis, and with some getting, he was able to get it inside and stay there before he began his frantic thrust to give them the release they needed.

Having not experienced sex in such a way, Michelle was not expecting to feel the sensation of David's penile spines rubbing against her insides, painful and aching at her sex and making her yowl out in a very feline-like cadence. It *hurt* on the exit, in a way that was almost unbearable. How cats did this as frequently as she knew they did, Michelle could barely say. But such was her reality now, and there was little to be done for it in the middle of the act. And as much as the exit hurt, the thrusts inside were too much for her senses, making her cry out and satisfying her cravings in a way that no past sex could manage to simulate. It was heaven for her to be fucked in such a way!

Getting into the rhythm of the mating, Michelle was remiss for not noticing the tingling of the change at first. She vaguely recalled that she was to lose her legs at this juncture, and relished how it would help her take this male's phallus with more ease. But it was still a little unnerving to feel her calves compressing, thighs being robbed of their fat as her heels stretched to make room for the eventual paws she would possess. Her hips widened, pushing into the flanks of her belly with a thick line of loose skin like the cat she was becoming.

It was not the only change to occur to her backside as the ache of sex seemed to resonate toward her pelvis, as though the penis itself was pumping the changes through her. Her pelvic girdle, for as much as she could process through the sex, was coming apart, separating, and changing the location of her cunt lips. The force of it expelled her lover, in opposition to what her cunt lips were trying to do with him. Through the repositioning of her pelvis, its forward orientation moved her lower intestines, anus, and cunt lips toward a more feline configuration. She could feel her hip bones shifting harmlessly through the skin, though was not enough to have her thrust backward, a more feline shape eager to take the male's cock inside of her. At the time, she did not concern herself with the realization of what it meant to lose her ability to stand as it were. She simply relished the fact she could be fucked more easily and pushed back against the penetration, eager for the small gift of cream the male could grant her.

With his easier access, David plowed into her cunt lips with abandon, no mercy for her abused lips and no consideration for her comfort. Such was the way of animals, and it was certainly the way she preferred to be taken. It was everything she needed and craved, building her pleasure to the breaking point and beyond as she came, feeling her lips clenching on his cock and holding him in place as he came as well, the damp recesses of her sex taking his feline cream inside. Even the painful exit was largely ignored with the bliss of knowing that she had taken him, that she had ovulated, and that...there were those damned thoughts about having cubs again! The instincts given by the nanites were certainly potent, it seemed!

The consequences of their sex, though rather generated through the nanites, were soon to be felt as David pulled out of her, and she tried to stand, realizing that she could no longer do so. Falling forward awkwardly, Michelle was thankful for her paws as she tried to stabilize herself. Her hind feet were not ready to suppose quadrupedal movement, though she tried with it, arms not there but legs and pelvis ready for it. Walking was slow and cumbersome, but she was able to manage something workable, if not the most functional.

The original goal was to have them take the day off after the sex to rest and film the next scene in the morning. But that script-writing did not take into account feline mating desire as well as their physiological abilities. But with the needs they had, it was a wonder they didn't bite off the producer's hands not to let them fuck again. Both of them agreed, Michelle with actions and without words, that it was relevant for her to need to fuck again, giving them enough time to move up their timetable. And since the nanites had the potential to be shifted in their usage, it took only half an hour to get ready for the next scene, though, to the two needy panthers, it might as well have been a lifetime. Panthers could go back to back with little reprieve and it was maddened to be kept apart when

The sex they had was akin to the first time, though Michelle was used to the sensations by now to the point that it was of little consequence. It was even familiar to have her toes clenching, pulling into the lower part of her feet as her heels stretched to merge with the shortening calves and giving her a proper quadrupedal stance. The same slight ache of nails preparing to piece forth was proceeded by the dislodging of her toenails. They flexed forth, though Michelle hardly had the cognizance to work with them, given her sexual escapades still ongoing. Feeling the swelling of paw pads, under four of the toes as well as the base of her foot, or what was left to swell below the feet. This time they did not feel heavy on the back of her legs, as their muscles were sufficient to hold them on her anatomy. The loss of her large toe was barely felt or noticed, though she could clench the remaining toes as she prepared to take the male's seed inside of her once again.

The mating act was as brief as the changes to her form, as though her body was deliberately waiting for them to complete before it was time. She was sure David's must be as well, though she hardly had the wherewithal to look back and experience them first-hand. She was aware of his presence on her back, as though he was trying to get up and rear on her back in an attempt to bite and claim her. To David's credit, he did get close, but it was not near enough to make a proper go of it. Still, it was nice to feel put in her place as it were, allowing Michelle's orgasm to overtake her and fill her with that wonderful sense of contentment she had come to love.

Though she wasn't privy to the sight of David's changes, she was sure he was changing in much the same way, a panther below the waist as the two of them were. Michelle had trouble

walking after that, her shoulder girdle had not quite changed yet. Though the stance wasn't too bad, and she was allowed to be taken to a place that was more suited to her needs, albeit one away from David. She would have been taken by him again and again if they could, but such was a little taboo outside of the set, and she was left with the notion that it was better for her to remain alone. It was a cage of sorts, though easier to access than the normal fair a zoo animal would use for being filmed in a similar scene for past such films. It was small, and contained creature comforts meant only for a cat, but that would be her for the next several days, so she was forced to endure it.

Eating was a messy affair without hands to clean herself, though even without fur on the backs of her hands, she was able to lick and wipe the remnants of her meal on them, to her satisfaction. Using the bathroom was more of a hassle, unable to use a toilet or indoor plumbing and having only been given a litterbox of sorts to squat in and relieve herself. Such, too, was an unclean affair, though one she was forced to deal with and thus made do. David had the same issues, after all, and he was effectively her mate and would have no qualms about such things. In the end, that was all that mattered.

There were only to be three more sex scenes, and with panther stamina, it was likely to be finished all in one day. The nanites would only need to keep them as full panthers for a couple of days before it was time to revert, making the experience unique though not totally unexpected. It would be one of frivolity, she was sure, nothing to do but to mate, sleep, and eat. Well, if she wanted to be in the cage with David, that was. Surely they would be allowed to make that choice once they were changed, right? She would certainly make that choice if given!

Sleep came difficult, the heat giving her trouble without the ability to relieve it, given the state of her hands and the lack of a male. But she was able to manage it, something inside of her content with the semen that had already been planted within. There was something to be said for the sex she had previously, a flame to light her candle that allowed her some reprieve enough to know it would be sated soon.

Morning came all too slowly, and she was up and ready to get to work with the shoot. They would essentially fuck themselves into panthers in one last extended scene, pieces of which taking from the last few times they had sex. Michelle couldn't help but think the whole thing was for her own gratification but was in no state to complain, given her state of lust and her need for the changes to complete themselves. As far as she understood it, they could get take three more sessions in today before the changes completed themselves. And then? Maybe she could convince David to share a cage with her? Michelle certainly wanted him to!

Hearing a comment from one of the crew that they looked like panthers from behind at this point, save for the fur that she was largely lacking. There was a sense of pride in the

comment, finding more appeal in her panther body than even her humanity. She was hardly average, but her humanity was always something she found meek, desired only for what was between her legs. But now, as a panther, she would be revered for the beast she was, respected for her prowess, and desired only by what she considered was a worthy mate!

Naturally, when it was time for them to mate, Michelle was all panther in her actions, no longer bothering to act like a human. There was no need with her animalistic form to act any other way, and David was on her, licking her cunt lips with that fabulous feline tongue before getting on her back and spearing for her cunt lips. Eager to take him inside, the white-hot burning of his spined prick was only just enough to distract her from the next series of changes. The familiar tingling of change started to play over her head, and Michelle figure it was to be her skull next to alter, giving her a fully panther appearance. The bones started to flatten from a rounded primate skull toward the falter, more streamlined shape of its feline equivalent. Cheeks puffed further up as her forehead slowed, compressing on her brain and leaving her thankful she would retain her human self. The nanites would see to that, and Michelle wanted to experience the change from the perspective of a human while essentially being a cat. The alterations to her skull allowed her occipital holes to increase in size, making her feline eyes finally comfortable in her skull. A thickened neck and firmed muscles rounded out the changes, allowing her the bite power she needed as a cat. Not that she would be hunting her own meals, but it was still impressive to possess regardless!

Effectively by this point, Michelle was rendered a panther from both ends, something he found a little surreal to be in the throes of. Though her chest was out of sync. And she lacked the fur to mark her as a true cat, making her at first appear ill. Of course, the lack of a feline's chest made walking precarious, but not something she relented too much, knowing it would come sooner or later as she was continuously fucked into a cat.

All of those thoughts were fleeting with each thrust as the male found his place inside of her and gave himself over to the instincts of a cat. He, too, was changing, and with the new flexibility in her neck, she was able to turn around and see what was happening to her mate. His chest was barreling, pushing outward as his shoulders cracked and pushed within his flanks, widening with the stature of a panther. Belly thinning and stretching, he had to scabble backward as his configuration was pushed a little longer than what he was used to as a human male. But he managed it, pushing in and growing closer and closer to the orgasm they both so eagerly sought.

Soon, the force of his pounding brought Michelle's cervix to bear, causing rippling waves of orgasm to flow through her being and her cunt lips to massage his penis into coaxing its load. Lips full of warm cum once more, Michelle felt her thoughts floating away like the semen in her womb. She loved it desperately, the feeling of being filled and fucked beyond anything her



human being had ever understood. And it was hardly a drop in the bucket to know what was coming and how much she needed every experience toward that inevitable end of...what?

There was little time for her to reflect on such things with how close their next mating would be. Michelle would have yowled her desire to be fucked once more. They were told to wait between takes, the director and crew wanting to get it right as there would be no do overs. It was almost maddening a wait knowing that a feline's refractory period was shorter than what they were being forced to wait for!

The next mating act was to come soon enough, Michelle no longer nervous about what the changes would entail and more excited to be a full cat in body so that she could function in this new form. That, and her vaginal lips desperately wanted a male within them, knowing what she wanted and only limited by the male's phallus and the crew mates that needed to get in place to film the changes. Part of her hoped that this fucking would grant her the soft panther fur she desired. But that was not to be the case with the slight ache in her chest that determined it to be the source of the nanite's progress. It was her breasts to deflate first, pulling into her chest as their fat and tissue was dissolved into nothing. She was remiss for caring about their loss, however, with how much she wished to be a cat, and how she could not touch them or have them touched anyway. Besides, their fat and flesh were cumbersome on a panther, after all, and she was happy to be rid of them. Besides, there was a chance she would have more than three cubs, and...there were the intrusive thoughts again!

The rest of her chest was soon to alter as well, barreling and stretching and thinning in some places, building muscle in others to make her chest that of a panther. Finally, the pops and cracks of her shoulders pushing inward were enough that she could finally walk in a more comfortable stance the way she was meant to. The trade-off was the lack of ability to rotate her arms in such a way, but it was of little concern with the advantages she would gain in their stead. Muscle swelled within her upper arms, contributing to the potent jumping strength and the power to grip prey. A longer spine, thinning torso, and powerful stomach gave her the flexibility to tend to her own needs should David stray too far. Best of all was movement of what remained of her breasts moved powered, another pair underneath them signally the formation of four functional feline nipples, ones that would...no, she did not want cubs, no matter what the instincts kept trying to drill into her thoughts.

David's changes were even more obvious as he gripped her sides, having difficulty with the state of his arms and the twitching of the digits. It was clear he was to lose them with the sensation of them pulling at her skin, and Michelle didn't need to turn around to know that her lover was gaining his own set of front paws. Still, curiosity came to the forefront as she turned to view his fingers becoming tiny, fattened nubs. Wincing through still-human features, he was likely feeling the ache of claws piercing the skin and popping off the remnants of human nails.

Michelle had to admit that the rough sensation of paw pads on her skin made things more comfortable than weak human hands, and the male was able to crawl up her back now that their statures were equal, hunched over her as he rutted with the speed only a beast could manage.

With their changes done for the deed, it took them little time to reach their ends, not wanting to hold back. After countless sessions, she was sure it was the best sex she had ever had, nothing in the human world able to compare. She wanted this to be her sexual sphere for the rest of her life, even if cats seldom mated for pleasure. Still, the bestial needs burning through her mind, there was no doubt that these few days of pleasure were exactly what she needed, wanted more than any other man had done for her. She only wished he was able to bite her on the neck, and to his credit, David was trying. Though it was obvious he lacked the fangs to pierce the nape of her neck, and he was left grunting his frustrations, almost pulling out from the pressure. But, thankfully, it was not enough to deter him from his ultimate goal...

With a fully feline yowl, the male came, screaming his conquest to the world. No longer caring about social convention, and figuring part of her job might benefit from such actions, Michelle let out her own primal scream, something that only an apex predator could get away with in the wild, not needing to keep their rut silent with no predators to harass them. They were granted their reprieve to bask in their pleasure, the cameras and humans around them hardly a deterrent to the animalistic sex they still craved even after so many sessions!

At this point, both knew one more fucking would cement their forms as panthers. Well, in the movie, anyway. Some sadness in human expressions, David's in particular, was all they could manage, but even that was fleeting. They were supposed to act as though they loved being cats now, and that was largely to be the case and easy to simulate, being her truth!

They wasted little time getting down to their fucking, David not even licking the semen from her cunt lips before preparing to plant his own in there once more. With his still human face, he had more to do on the screen than she, giving into an eventual fate and dragging David down with her. But, more to the point of simple sex, the final changes would grant her the pelt she so desperately wanted!

It started in the area where David's fur was rubbing against her own, wanting to feel fur on fur to cement her state as a cat. It blossomed up as beautiful black rosettes, something she could determine easily with feline eyes against the backdrop of high melanin content fur that made up her luscious black panther coat. It spread down over her shoulder blades, itching and making her wish for the ability to scratch. But the discomfort was only momentary with the spread of such soft fur, running from the follicles of her arms now and coating her paws. She had been sweating before her skin had altered, though the potent musk only allowed her to enjoy the mating further. Now her skin no longer possessed the ability, but her fur was left to soak in the

fluids as it sprang up over her skin, running between the nipples and down her chest over her thinned belly, the only place where fur was a little more sparse. Rounding out her form, her legs peppered with the growth of her fur, marking her a panther in full.

David's changes had a way to go, the more drastic ones for a man who was a panther below the neck. Panting in their rut, he wasn't ready for his teeth to fall out, some of them peppering the top of her head and making her growl. But she was able to quell the urge, knowing what would come in their stead. He would soon have the fangs to burrow into her nape, to hold her in place and use her like the panther she was. And she wanted to watch excitedly as his visage stretched into a muzzle, a handsome male suited for inseminating her. Ah, those damn intrusive thoughts again...

Cracked echoed from his head as Michelle watched from her periphery, not able to turn around fully. Still, she knew from experience that his face was stretching out, cracking as the bones expanded with the nanites' whims into what seemed to be a proper shape. Tongue already rough, his gums slowly erupted with panther fangs, ones that soon pierced the flesh of the female underneath him and made her yowl with pain and pleasure. It was exactly what she wanted to be taken and fucked in such a way, and she ignored the reshaping of his skull, or the formation of feline ears, caring only that she was to be fucked and given the cubs she wanted...

With a yowl of release, the pair of them were done, David pulling out and finally lapping at the semen he had planted within her. Michelle was thankful for the cleaning, though she possessed the ability to do it herself. Getting up and shaking herself, she allowed herself to feel the panther body she now possessed. It didn't feel nearly as strange as she might have suspected, though she was gradually brought into it, if not a bit more quickly toward the end. She was a satisfied panther, and a grooming lick to her cheek cemented the bond the two of them shared as mates. Yes, she definitely wanted to keep him close for the next few days they would have to spend as a panther.

Their director, as well as the rest of the crew, were congratulating the pair, though were a little nervous, given they were primates in the presence of an apex predator. But with the compliance and friendliness the two of them let on, some of the crew were even able to come over and pet them, the sensation a little annoying but nonetheless tolerated. The shots, too, were seen as excellent, their director happy with their performance and telling them to take the time to rest, though a few more shots of them in cages as panthers would eventually be needed.

Spending the new few days as cats, all in all, was an interesting experience, not one that Michelle would want to relive necessarily but one that she would cherish for the rest of her life. Being an animal and treated as such was a little below her, though it was the case, given that they seemingly forgot the pair were human. Thankfully, the two of them were given cages together,

not far from each other like the two were really mates. Unpanther-like behavior to be sure but something that set right with the two of them.

Life as animals was far from glamorous, if not something to be considered a vacation of sorts. Eating raw meat left no variety to their diets, thankful they were given meat off the bone and not some semblance of highly processed cat food. It was filling but did little else for them, save meet their physiological needs. Their senses were enhanced, of course, but there was little to use them on, given they were in the middle of the set and could only hear and smell their coworkers moving around to get things taken down. Relieving themselves in a little box, something their senses told them was the right way to dispose of their waste, was distasteful, as was using their tongues to clean their hind ends. Not something Michelle wanted to get used to, though in reality was not as gross as she might have thought, given the cat she was cared little about such things.

Of course, the nanites that put her in heat did not alleviate and she needed the presence of the male's prick inside of her to deal with the pain. It hurt to be fucked so often, cervix rubbed raw with feline spines. But it hurt even worse to be denied sex, to the point that she shoved her cunt lips into the male's nose as much as she dared. David was quick to respond, to the point of exhaustion for both of them on some evenings. His stamina was made to match, it seemed!

All in all, being a cat, though somewhat disgusting, was relaxing, especially with the amount she needed to sleep. 16 hours was the average, and once the needs in her body, digestive and sexual were met, there was little else to do than to sleep it off, something she did happily. Michelle couldn't recall the last time she had rested so well, and it was a nice change of pace from the everyday rigors of life. A literal break from humanity, though if only she didn't have to shit in a sandbox!

In some ways, Michelle found it was almost sad when it was time to turn back, the tenure as a full cat being far too short. Without the slow burn of change required for the film, they could be changed back as fast as the nanite technology allowed them to be. Both of them would be changing back in much the same way, though Michelle cared little about that, a little nervous about the return change at all. But by the time the tingling started and her panther teeth fell out, Michelle found herself eager to be human again, missing her life and interactions and not wanting to be without them for much longer!

Feling teeth gone, her muzzle was left to retract within her skull cranium rounder and expanding for her human brain within. Whiskers fell out, her nose expended, and eyes watered as she blinked back the color of the world. It was a little jarring to feel her ears lose their ability to move, but there was nothing to be done for it. Dulling scents were missed as well, though she love having the vibrant world back as her neck thinned and was sure her voice would come back

with it. The last thing to change back was her tongue, that sensation of having cotton balls within jarring before her tongue retracted and resumed its human form.

As expected, the return change was rather quick, and Michelle was thankful for that, not wanting to be in the hybrid state for too long like with the initial change. Fingers and toes popped out from the thick nubs, claws pulling in and leaving nail-less digits in their wake. Cracks and pops resonated through her form, pelvis reshaping and shoulders widening to allow more primate physiology. Though it was unnerving, Michelle allowed herself to stand as soon as she thought she was able, relishing the ability that had been robbed from her as a cat.

Like disrobing, her feline hair started to fall out all over, starting from her head and working its way down to her tail, legs, arms, and chest being robbed of her luscious fur. It wasn't unnerving to be naked, she was used to that from filming previous sex scenes. Rather she missed the warm fur, the air cool on her skin and almost making her wish she could keep that one animalistic trait. In the end, she was left with no body hair, not even on her head or groin, leaving her hope she got that back at some point.

The final thing to lose was her tail, and, again, Michelle wished she didn't have to be rid of it. Like being sucked up into a tube, inches were lost from the magnificent piece before being removed from her anatomy. In desperation, she tried to wag it one last time, and out of the corner of her eye, she did notice David trying to do the same thing. It made her wonder why humans did not have tails or did not give themselves permanent tails as part of nanite technology being as widespread as it was

Reversion done, Michelle was left with some time to acclimate before being called to do additional scenes for the film. Going back to her trailer, she was immediately blinded by the lack of scent, having become accustomed to learning about her surroundings through smell. Worse was the lack of self she felt, without the perfume of her natural body odor to make the place her own. And it was a little awkward seeing herself in her mirror without hair, thinking there was something wrong with her visage, or wishing she was changing back toward the cat she once was. The itching of eventual hair growth was annoying, though allowed her the privilege of at least looking human, as little as that seemed to mean to her.

The dreams she had that night were very much reminiscent of those while she was a cat. She was back there, not in a cage this time but rather free in her natural habitat, stalking prey and exploring her domain with the grace and sovereignty of an apex predator. And there was something about feeling she was in her own skin of sorts, missing the fur and paws and above all the tail of the beautiful beast she had been. Though she surely couldn't still want to be an animal, there was no denying the sense of dysphoria she felt upon waking in a human body, hoping the feeling would fade but not having that be the case as the days went by.

There was another thing ailing her, one that she did not want to admit to anyone. It seemed that even with enough sex she experienced as a panther, her feline heat had not yet abated. It should have let up by now, and at first, she attributed it to wanting more sex and a residual effect of the nanites. But as the days went on, the need in her sex had not abated, making her think she really was in some sort of heat, as impossible as that should have been. Even touching herself several times a day was not enough to fully sate her lusts. It was as though she could take panther cock inside of her once more, though such was unavailable to her and would not be welcome in her anatomy besides.

Little did she know, Michelle had not kept track of her period, something that was due soon after the change back but something that seemed to have passed her by. Her body, in the midst of change, had started its human reproductive cycle, something she had never considered at any point in her life, never wanting children. So, she was thus left ignorant of her cycle, the unprotected sex she'd had, and the nanite's prohibitive to protect life and regenerate life...

A seemingly sense of species dysphoria crept into her mind, even as she moved into a hotel to await the call to return for additional scenes. She missed her fur, her tail, the suppleness and strength of her panther body. She wanted sex, that primal need where she could demand it from a worthy male and take his cum inside of her. Even as she settled back into her human life with all its creature comforts, there was something missing she could not deny. Though she did not want to be a cat on a logistical level, deep down there was something wrong with the body she had that only a feline's form could satisfy. Did David feel the same way? Could she ever ask him such a thing?

And it seemed like her wish was to be granted, though not in the way she would have ever hoped. Michelle woke in the middle of the night, cunt lips leaking from the dream and the promise it made. There was no denying it was a panther male that was giving her such pleasure, almost nothing else she knew capable of doing so. And, as with many evenings, she would touch herself to quell the aches in her sex, even though it was impossible to settle for anything else that wasn't that short spined member. She could imagine it, though...

Yet, the moment her hands touched her sex Michelle realized something was wrong. Her genitalia did not feel right, even in the early morning as she struggled to touch herself. Its contoured were tighter, sensitively of her clit not present, as well as the overwhelming desire to have it penetrated by a cock. She liked penetrative sex to be sure but it was hardly what she needed at all times. And the sensation of her changes junk sent her into a bit of a shock, not able to fully process what was happening.

Yet, before she could get up and try to discover the source of the change or some help in reverting it, Michelle's hands were on her sex, one teasing the wet folds while the other traces her groin and moved eventually up to her breasts, which felt more sensitive than at any other time in her life, save the mid change she had experienced the week prior. She knew it was a bad sign, that the nanites should have been purged from her system and there was no way she could change without them. But she was clearly in the throes of change, clearly aware and discovering the alterations in real time. And there was no ability to resist them, needing it more than anything she had been aware of prior.

With her lust at its zenith, it took little time for her to reach her first orgasm, calling out in a tone that should have been out of her range but sounded all too much like the cat she had been just last week. Though it came from human vocal cords there was no denying the feline inflections present there, causing her a slight panic. There was no way she should have sounded like that but if she had changed a little bit already there was every chance the rest of the changes would come. How fast she had no way to say. But in the moment, there was little ability for her to care.

The heat that had invaded her sex was ever present, and there was no resisting as she continued to touch it, rubbing another orgasm through her loins. As skilled as the male had been, it was rare he could bring her a second release in a single session, and she was craving it now. Of course, it was better to wait for his phallus a second time, requiring less than half an hour for his refractory period to end. And he could go multiple times a day, something she could certainly attest to. And, best of all, now without the cameras she could get access to him as many times as he was able, to finally fill her with enough cream to give her the cubs she desired...

As though the oncoming orgasm was a catalyst, Michelle could feel an itching over her back and chest, as though pinpricks were erupting through the follicles. It was something she was familiar with to be sure, though not something she had ever expected to experience again. It was starting to get persistent across her skin to the point that she wanted to rub it down to quell the irritation. She had felt it before, of course, at those final throes of change. But lost in lust as she had been at that moment, there was little care for the itching or discomfort. Now she was prompted to rub as much as possible with one hand, unable to take her hand off her sex in an effort to cum. At the time, she needed it so desperately that convention was thrown out the window!

Rubbing the darkening patches of fur over her skin, Michelle was shocked to feel what started as her own follicles quickly erupted from newly formed pores over her neighbors, creating the start of what had to be a fully feline pelt. Like the changes before, lovely black rosessets played over her chest in the areas she could see and across her back as she could feel against the bedsheets. They sprang up in their beautiful, integrate patterns over her skin, leaving

only moments to admire them before their counterparts grew as well, giving her a lovely full bodied coat over her chest and back. The fur seemed to settle below her neck and shoulders, and above her hips and groin. Her breasts, too, remained bare for the moment, though they seemed a little smaller than perhaps they should have been, making her wonder if they would be the next thing to change.

A tingling in their areolas confirmed what she was concerned and curious about in equal measure. She had loved their removal from her form the first time, feeling their fat and mass and tissue dissolve and pull into her chest. The flat, muscled chest of a panther could be hers again, as long as she was rid of these pesky breasts. And even with as sensitive as they were, she figured she would lose little of that as a cat. Having paws the last time she possessed them, Michelle was curious, even in her sex-crazed mind, what it would feel like to touch them. And the extra pair to grow below them...what would *that* be like?! Michelle could hardly wait!

It would not be something she would have to contend with for long, given the tingling occurring just below what she understood were her primary pair. They had sucked into her chest, as bare as a male's though still possessing the tiny nubs of a feline's nipples. They seemed to move lower on her anatomy, almost to the point of spreading the fur in their wake. Eventually settling lower toward her stomach, the absence of fur over the nubs made her certain that she could feed cubs the way her altered psyche had craved so much since the nannies had first been introduced. There was nothing stopping her from playing with herself running her hands over the and teasing the second pair to come to the surface as well. Both pairs were just as much the pleasure centers as her breasts had been, and Michelle was eager to touch them in tandem with her feline sex.

Her vagina, for its part, was less sensitive on the outside, and she almost longed for something shiny to press inside of it. Her touch was having the effect of bringing her closer to orgasm, and the feeling against her nipples was almost orgasmic on its own. Touching over the two rows of tits had her growing, loving the feeling of fur in between them and the exotic nature of their duplicity. Just possessing them was enough for her to come to orgasm, powerful spasms running through her body and making her cry out with that feline cadence once more. It was enough that surely she had been heard by the rooms beside her, though no one came to interfere. And Michelle preferred it that way, not wanting to share her body or her sex with anyone, save for the male that her body so craved. The one that was currently absent...

It wasn't until that second time that rational thought returned to Michelle's mind, not fully aware of what she was doing to herself but sure of it now as she rode that last orgasmic high. The itching of soft fur growth had ceased, giving her part of the coat she so cherished and held in such regard. There was little to be done for it, given the changes were done for the moment. And they had come on with sex...she was sure she had been masturbating in her sleep,



something Michelle had done often in recent days. It was almost as though the changes were coming along in the same fashion as the film, like the act of sex was actually changing her in real time. Though it should have been impossible, there was no denying what was happening to her. She had masturbated, came twice, and incurred several changes to her anatomy. What she had been told was a lie, and she was in the throes of a reversion into her panther self, whether she wanted it or not.

Being 3 am as it was, there was little point in trying to contact anyone for help. So, instead, she laid there, trying to sleep and glad she was at least over her lust for the moment. For the moment, sleep did not come, fears of panther dreams and lust at the forefront of her awareness. She had loved it so much in her recollections to the point that even touching herself would do little to satisfy her needs fully. But with the reality that it was to change her...it took everything good and safe from the process. She didn't know how to feel about that, or how it was even possible. And there was nothing left for her to do than to wait and see what the morning brought.

The more she reflected on it, the more the intrusive thoughts seeped into her mind, as though planted there by feline instinct. The notion to have cubs, to bare children from her loins and have them suckle from her teats was ever-present. Yet, the more she reflected on it, the more the desire was...satisfied, if that was the right term. As though she no longer needed...what did that mean? Was she already? No, there was no way for her to know that. It was, however, impossible to deny the moment that thought entered her mind, she felt it fit, as though a truth she could not ignore.

Unable to sleep, she got up to check some information on panther pregnancy. 80 days was the norm, and a female could, in fact, know when her egg had been fertilized. It didn't necessarily sap her heat away, something she deeply lamented. If it would change her further, yet, she certainly needed it at the time!

It was impossible, she knew. There was no way to become pregnant from the nanite's effects, that she had been told. So then, what happened? She hadn't taken any precautions for the sex scenes filmed before the nanites were injected. What were the odds of her being pregnant from that one sexual encounter? And, if she had...the nanites were designed to protect life above all else, right? Even if they were supposedly removed from her system, had they persisted, just to protect this life within her? One that, like her, had been converted into panthers, even at the embryonic stage? Why sex was the apparent catalyst, she wasn't sure. Maybe it had something to do with orgasm and the fertilized egg. It didn't make any damn sense, and she could barely afford to wait for a second opinion!

It occurred to her then, that even if she wasn't ashamed of the whole ordeal, she didn't even know who to contact. Nanite transformation technology wasn't exactly commercial, and there was no way to know who her agent had contacted, save the agent himself, who was on vacation for a few days. And who knew how long she had before the changes were made worse? Surely, they would know an errant panther was a former human, but she didn't want to take that chance. And, of course, there was that ever-present part ever since the changes began that did want to fulfill the powerful biological drive to become pregnant. It was so hard to fight against it when everything felt so *right!*

Eventually, sleep did come for her, the adrenaline eventually wearing off to the point that she passed out. Though with everything that was happening in the waking world, it was impossible for her mind to truly sleep, panther thoughts bleeding over as though even the simplest changes were a catalyst. In particular, the fur she had so cherished made resting against the sheets impossible, and she found herself rubbing the skin vigorously, loving the soft, luscious texture. It was wonderful, and even in her dream-like state, she was able to play over it with reverence, as though she wanted even more to grow. And she was soon to get her wish!

The now-familiar itching started to play over his arm and legs, Michelle throwing the covers off to be able to experience it in real time. She wanted it so bad, despite her previous fear of the change and all she had to lose from being an animal, possibly forever. It felt so good rubbing against her skin when her mate possessed it, but without her fur coat until post paws, she had no way to feel it over herself. Now it was hers to explore as she wished, and it was every bit as amazing as she hoped it would be. The fur was soft and thick, and rubbing it down seemed to make it grow down her arms, stopping at the edge of her wrists, and playing over the backs of her hands. It was wonderful, and even without her feline tongue, Michelle was still tempted to reach out to rub it into place. The fur against her tongue was uncomfortable and without the barbs she held in reverence, it wouldn't be enough to achieve the desired effect. But it was enough to know that she would soon possess the ability as the changes moved toward their inevitable conclusion.

The fur was not to stop over his arms, however, soon moving over his shoulders and chest, getting thicker and darker in some spots. She could make out the pattern of black rosettes that made up her panther coat, loving their formation as her skin gently prickled. Even the itching she was used to from before was absent, the sensations crawling over her skin rather pleasant as it changed. It was wonderful feeling her skin bloom with panther fur, playing over her chest, though sparing her human breasts for now. She knew soon she would possess pantheress nipples and they would not be covered by fur, but that was not to be the case for now. Still, the fur covered her human skin, teasing her belly and the rim of her belly button, something she would not possess much longer in her pantheress state. It was amazing thinking of all the things to come, unable to think beyond the future that the change was to bring her.

There was no denying the urge to touch it as fur continued to play over her thighs and legs, sparing her groin for the moment as they moved over her lower parts. Teasing her hands over the skin, Michelle was delighted to have her fur pelt over his thighs, down her calves and any errand hair follicles erupted with panther fur, coating her completely to obscure the skin. Even the backs of her feet were covered in a fine pelt, and Michelle moaned, loving the sensations of growth and all the promise they would bring.

Of course, with her fur coat came one of the more overt changes, Michelle feeling it starting in her dirty human hair. Strands began to loose from her follicles in droves, falling to the floor only to dissolve into nothing. Curious, she moved to a mirror, watching her hair fall from her head, dissolving into nothing as pepperings of black panther fur started to replace the bare skin. Yet, the thought of losing the hair only served to excite her to the point that Michelle wanted nothing more than to be rid of it, loving as the last of the strands faded from her form and her scalp was covered with fur. Strange as it was, Michelle seemed to love the look, wishing only that her skull would alter into the feline shape she craved.

Naturally, the sight of her changes had an effect on her sex, making her wet and horny and desperate to feel the barbs of a male's panther cock. Though part of her didn't want to touch herself, remembering the fate of the main character in the film, the urge to do so was powerful to the point she could scarcely contain herself. She simply couldn't get the touch about the male out of her head, nor the cat she had been and the sex she had enjoyed. Even the consequence of being pregnant was not enough to dissuade her from touching herself and wanting David to plow her cunt. She had no way to know if he was up to the task, still carrying the traces of the nanites that would make him a panther as well. But she could imagine it and certainly did the more her mind moved toward the notion. And with that, there was no recourse other than to touch herself, rubbing the contours of a sex that was still human and odd to her feline inclinations. Regardless, it still felt amazing, enough that she was unable to stop!

Part of her was aware of the consequence within the film that would change her more with sexual contact. And that seemed to be proven as a tingling in her spine seemed to signal the familiar separation within the final seven bones within. They began pushing at her back, forming a nub within the flesh that started to move its way out of her back. Even through all the fur on her back, she could feel its bare skin, pushing out almost an inch and continuing to lengthen. It was almost as though she could tell the muscles, tendons, and bones within were forcing their way into the growth, giving it enough material for it to grow to the length that it could.

It took Michelle all she had to wait for her tail to grow an inch now, waiting with bated breath for its development to all its motion. Focusing all of her attention on the nub, Michelle was delighted to feel it twitch, just a little for now but enough for her to know she would be able

to twitch it with multiple points of articulation soon. And at three inches now, it seemed to be able to twitch from the base and the tip, everything Michelle had wanted and more to have it returned to her. It was getting longer each moment, and it was all Michelle could do not to touch herself at the notion she had one once more. And that was exactly where her hand went, tearing the leaking folds and hoping that growing a tail would bring her needed orgasm.

As another inch of tail was added, its flexibility grew, and Michelle moved it to wrap around her legs now, rubbing it all the way down to the base. The area it connected with her spine was more sensitive than anything her human body had known, and rubbing it in tandem with her sex was almost enough to send her into orgasm. It was almost enough to knock her over from lust, though she didn't want to sit on the bed, making sure her tail and sex were able to be teased in tandem. She was forced to stand there, imagining a hand on her spine as a male fucked her cunt lips, getting off on the notion of such alone. And at five inches now, she was soon to get her wish, a fluffy pantheress tail the envy of her species. Best yet was the slow spread of black fur up to its tip, leaving no inch of skin to show. It was almost done...she almost had her tail once more...she...

Stifling a growl, Michelle felt her body going into orgasm, stumbling backward and onto the bed as the pleasure grew too much for her to bear. Thankfully, she was able to land on her side so as to not crush her tail, and it did not bring her hand from her sex as she reveled in her orgasm, writhing on the bed as her body was wracked with pleasure. It was second to only the sensation of a male's spines, but it was enough for her to cum, and cum again with another orgasm on the heels. Each tremor of lust seemed to sink into her tail, as though causing it to grow another inch until the weight of it returned to what she recalled to be perfect for her pantheress form.

It took some time for her to regain her faculties, though eventually, she did, standing easier with the presence of a tail behind her. By, this point it was obvious to her that the touch of her sex was changing her faster, bringing out the panther in her as it had in the movie. Though there was a part of her that didn't want to change, didn't want to be an animal, that part was swimming in panther hormones as another orgasm wracked her loins. She had things to look forward to in the human world, to be sure. But she was in heat, and with the memory of its alleviation so firm in her mind, there was nothing in the immediate future that could match that satisfaction.

Even attempts to draw her attention from sex and change did little to abate her lust to the point that she was compelled to look up the location of her co-star. Looking him up online yielded no results, his schedule something not publically available. It was soon looking like she would never find him, despair filling her up. Though a budding feline instinct knew she was pregnant, something impossible for her to know but something she was sure of with certainty, the

heat had not abated. Nor would it for several weeks, something that made her crave for the male's cock. Would he change in her presence from the nanites residue effects? Would he even want to return to life as a panther, possibly forever? Did it really matter to her?

Eventually, Michelle decided she had to try something, anything to find that which she sought so fervently. There was a hotel nearby, upper scale, and she had it under good authority that both she and David were contractually obligated to remain within the city in case of reshoots within the next few days. Surely, if she started there, then calling the hotel to ask about her lover's presence might yield some results. And it did, the lie about their relationship status enough for the desk to give her a name and room number. All she had to do was to seek him out and get everything she desired!

Her initial offer of after shoot drinks was declined, David apparently not interested in the implication of what that meant. She was insistent and could hear the need in his voice, but he ultimately declined, having up on her. Perhaps the influence of the nanites was within him, or perhaps he could not help but recall their stint as a mated pair. Either way, he was surely unable to resist the scent of her pheromones, and Michelle made the choice to visit him in person.

Such was easier said than done in her current state. Having to stick her tail up under a sweater was powerfully uncomfortable, not to mention her distaste for clothing against fur. And he had to keep her hood up to avoid the awkwardness of her bald pantheress visage. Only her face was devoid of fur, but in that moment she determined not to allow that to be the case, to let the changes move to their natural conclusion. Not just for the cubs in her womb and their promise of new life but all that came with panther existence.

Thankfully, she made it to the hotel without incident, a smaller woman as she hardly noticed dressed as she was. Having the room number, she knocked on the door, taking off her sweater and coat. She had not bothered to don underwear, and the scent of her heat was palatable to her nose, and sure would be to the male. It was hard for her to think of him any other way now than the male that had implanted her with cubs and that could continually use his prick to ease her ache. Either way, he would do so soon, and hopefully eagerly.

“What the...” David started the nearly naked panther woman like nothing he expected to see outside the movie set. His delay from fear response made him susceptible to her heat, and David wavered, nose twitching from the pungent, heady aroma. With that, Michelle was able to push inside the room, closing the door and giving them the privacy she wanted.

Already, the effects of her musk were enough to make sure David was infected. Be it the nanites left residual in his own system or an influx from hers, his nose started to flatten, slits breathing moist air and drinking in the molecules that spoke of her heat. His eyes wavered, and it

seemed that any efforts to resist her temptations were soon eroded by the offering she brought forth.

Without saying a word, Michelle moved toward the bed, getting on it and lifting her tail upward. Her sex was not on display, hardly in the right position to be taken like a cat but wet and needy at the same. It was leaking over her fur furiously by now, and the more she flicked her tail, the more her heady aroma moved toward her potential suitor. She wanted desperately to be placed in a position like the cat she had been, and the tingling desire of her need seemed to do just that. The sensation was familiar and it was all she could do not to yowl her frustrations at wanting to be taken. The sensations of her internal organs shifting to allow her sex to sit just under her tail were more than a little uncomfortable but worth the ache given that she knew she would be in the perfect position to take the male inside her as she wanted so desperately.

Looking back without a word, she was privy to the sight of something that excited her more than the growth of her luscious pantheress fur once more. David already had his pants down, stroking off his disgustingly human cock with a leaking bead of precum. Yet, Michelle could tell even in the dim light of the room that his cock was starting to change color, pinker than the skin shade he once possessed. Like before, the former foreskin started to peel downward, clinging to his groin before fanning out with a coating of black fur. David was wincing with the development of what had to be feline spines over his prick, and as the cleft melded into the pointing shaft and the length of his erection shortened, it was obvious his member would be suitable to mate her in the state she was in.

It did not take any further prompting for David to move forward, grabbing her hips and pushing in his feline prick toward her cunt lips. The moment he was in Michelle let out a needy yowl, equal parts pained by the spines against her cervix and excited for the fucking to come. Soon, her vaginal lips clamped on his cock like a vice, and she was pulling him inside, equal parts elated and aggravated by the feline function of his member. It was the perfect thing to quell her heat, all the better by the truth they were more feline than human, and this time not watched by cameras and crew.

With the potent stink of feline heat in the air, it took little time for them to reach their end, David trying to reach down and nip her nape, though, in his human form, he was unable to achieve even that. Still, his cock reached orgasm, the quantity smaller than anything a human could manage but enough to send waves of satisfaction moving through him. Though it was hardly enough pleasure on its own, the fact he was breeding a female in heat gave a more thorough fulfillment than anything the human him had ever known. Something that he had only gotten once before when he'd been a full cat. An animal...

Shocked at what he'd done, David pulled out, not bothering to clean the cum from her cunt as he might have done as a full cat. Rather, his words were harsh, yelling at her to get out lest she damn him further. Michelle did just that, lost in the lust and post-orgasmic reverie and hardly concerned with his harsh demeanor. His nose was still sniffing her heat, and such a reaction was par for the course for feline mating. Until she needed him again, of course...

This time, Michelle did not bother to hide her panther tail or the scents wafting from her heat. Surely, anyone walking by her would think the tail an accessory like a furry might wear, though Michelle hardly cared what anyone thought. She was not one of them any longer, thinking herself more an animal than anything else in the human world. Rather, she relished possessing her tail once more, and relished being able to swish it around, making her way back to the hotel.

After mating, sleep came easy, her heat temporarily quelled. She wanted to sleep with the male, but he would need some time to come around and accept his role. At least she convinced him in the end and she knew he would change, and become the male she needed. And that was all she needed to know her needs would be taken care of...

At some point in the night, her whiskers grew back in, and she was promoted to curl up in such a way as to match her cat form. Her nose likely changed as well, the pungent smell of sex and the lingering pheromones present on her sex lulling her into relaxation. It was some comfort, though part of her knew she was not ready to be away from the male, she still needed him. Not able to really understand why, given her certainty of pregnancy, it was still a relief to know all she needed was to visit him once more.

And visit him she did that morning, sure he would take him in. This time she did not hide her panther from the world, though it was largely considered either a costume, or some of the more experienced thinking it was the nanites technology. Michelle cared little, of course, thinking herself as a pantheress rather than a transformed human. It felt more right, more suited for her being, in a way that she had never known possible. Be it her desire or that of her pregnant hormones, she had no idea. But either way, this was her life and she accepted it readily.

This time, David answered the door without a word, able to smell it was her before she got there. He was naked, cock visible in a more animalistic position than last night. His nose and whiskers were present as well, but it was the formation of his luscious fur that truly had Michelle enamored. She immediately rubbed against it, not hugging him as though a human might but rather in feline fashion. He, too, rubbed against her, sharing their scents before preparing to mate once more.

Like the night before, Michelle got onto the bed, raising her tail and inviting the male to mate. David growled, lips quivering as he moved his cock with his hand toward her eager cunt lips. Not something he would be able to do for long, but necessary for his hybrid physiology. Still, it mattered little with Michelle needing it so bad, her cunt lips clenching on his stiff rod and taking it within her, feeling the familiar ache of spines taking her insides, filling her with purpose and need beyond her understanding.

The changes were not to spare them, coming faster it seemed as they rutted their bestial delights. David felt his own spine pushing against the back of his skin until a nub formed, erupting from his backside, and started to twitch with its ability to do so. It grew faster this time, though sensually, making him growl and grip Michelle's flanks perhaps a little too hard. Soon, several inches now and still growing, David had it moving back and forth in his eagerness to mate, barely aware he even possessed it from his focus on the goal.

For Michelle, it was the formation of feline ears, rounding and swelling within and becoming coated with fine hairs, and taking in sounds from outside the hotel room. Other people were having sex, of course, some were watching TV, or engaging in a variety of other activities. To Michelle, it mattered very little, given her need to be fucked and her feline ability to shut out the rest of the world and non-existent threats.

Like before, the mating act was brief, coming to the point of conclusion almost at the moment of penetration. Be it their pent-up lusts or simply the way of feline making, David soon cried out with a yowl as his balls shook and he deposited his virile seed within her. This time, Michelle was quick to cum as well, feeling her sex quiver and her entire body spread into orgasm. It was a nice pleasant fuck, fulfilling the feline instinct to ensure her eggs were properly inseminated, something she knew but something her physiology seemed to want to ensure besides.

In a moment of clarity, David moved to his cell phone, making a few calls and sounding rather urgent. Michelle could not bring herself to care about it, however, with the contentment of being mating and fulfilling her biological prerogatives. She could barely perceive the words, though it seemed he was calling an executive or the zoo itself in order to give them aid. She didn't want it, all things considered. Not to be changed back, certainly, Though she wouldn't mind a zoo habitat, some places she could change the rest of the way and regain all the feline quantities she carried with such reverence.

Somehow, David convinced her to leave with him, though she was mostly following her male to entice him to breed when her body was ready. She was content for the moment, and the words exchanged with the men David met with mattered little to her. Though she was able to comprehend some of what was being said, she did not mind, something about neither of them



being able to be changed back with the programs in place, their prerogative to bring her offspring to term. Why it also influenced the male was something she did not understand, she didn't care, wanting the male in her time of need until her pregnancy was secure and her heat had totally abated. If David could resist sex, he might change back before the period of Michelle's pregnancy was over, but with some resignation, David admitted that would be impossible and decided to embrace a feline fate.

With some urgency, the two of them were taken to a local zoo, one that had a habitat prepared for cats of their larger stature. It was all Michelle could do not to seduce her lover in transit, though she knew she would be put in a cage with him soon and that he would be free to have his way with her. From the scent of David's erection, Michelle was sure he wanted the same and was glad to give it to him, knowing she needed him as much as his own biological directive was to take a female in heat. They were told they would be given privacy until Michelle's estrus had passed, though they would be required to show off to guests during her pregnancy. Michelle was in no state to respond to that, focused on feline endeavors rather than any foreign notions of human modesty.

With that, the too-eager soon-to-be cats were shown to their new quarters, a little small for them but nonetheless sufficient for their needs. Clothes were thankfully discarded, fur covering them anyway and constrictive against their fur besides. The moment the two of them were guided into their pen was the moment David pounced on her, teasing the back of her neck even though he still lacked the teeth to do so. He was all instinct as he went to mount her, and Michelle would have it no other way. Eagerly, Michelle raised her tail, wafting her scent in his direction and even peeing a little, urine laced with hormones as she signaled her receptiveness to breed. As she had anticipated, the male was on her, penis in her cunt and giving her all the sensations she'd come to expect from having a male willing to mate.

This time, the mating had a consequence that might have once bothered Michelle but one she had accepted was par for the course of panther life. Her fingers started to crack, reducing into her palms and peeling open with the formation of new claws that poked out her former nails. She was glad to be rid of them, having more useful functional claws, and the moment she was able to flex them, she did so, digging them in the dirt of the pen and relishing their existence on her form. Swollen, massive paws, nubs of digits, and no functional thumbs were not as scary to possess as she once thought, not needing them for the life she was to live, human hands a relic of her past. Their loss signaled the death nulls of humanity and something Michelle welcomed eagerly.

It did seem as though the changes were coming faster as they rutted, needing to take their panther shapes to show their eagerness to procreate. A series of cracks proceeded David's stature to shift within her, likening his posture to match a quadrupedal stance. It was such a drastic

change, yet Michelle could muster no sympathy for him, given that his previously shallow thrusts now allowed him to penetrate even deeper within her, hitting her sweet spots and making her growl with contentment.

Soon, it was over, another small dose of cream within her to signal their mating dance had ended. It was getting late in the day, though neither of them was fatigued, in the throes of feline heat as they were. Both knew from experience that sleep would come briefly during this time, that David would be compelled to take her as much as he could physically manage. And Michelle was eager to experience it all over again, finally having the male to have her way with as instincts dictated.

The changes, too, seemed to be coming more rapidly as the oncoming night crept in. The same tingling just known in her hands started on her feet, toenails popping out at the pressure of panther claws within. Toes curled within as her heels stretched and their balls grew massive. Michelle enjoyed the feeling of her back legs altering, thighs flattened into eventual flanks as calves constricted and heels made up the most of their length. Best of all was the swelling of muscle under the skin, making her far more powerful than her humanity ever had a right to be. A much more preferable form in her mind, to be sure.

The same changes were overcoming David's form, though Michelle hardly had a human understanding of what was happening to him for her to care. It was his stance inside of her that Michelle truly cared about, wanting him to be able to mate her in the way she craved. It was only the muzzle that he lacked to bite down on his shoulders to confirm his place as a male panther. And that would come soon with each mating changing them faster and faster. And she was sure that would come soon enough.

Michelle lost track of the number of times that the male had come within her, though it was of little consequence with the amount she craved him inside of her. He was changing all the while as well, of course. One significant alteration was when he tried to grip her sides with his hands, only to have them altered into their feline equivalents soon after, claws digging into her fur and skin and making her moan. But it was of little consequence to the mating act itself and was enough for her to skill get off, knowing he needed the paws for the final transition and caring little about the consequences to either of them.

Naturally, Michelle was in a place to feel her own changes coming about, her pelvis realigning and her spine settling into a life of four-legged travel. She cared little at the moment, wanting to be on all fours as was her pantheress right. The tingling of nipples against her fur did bring with them a desire to have hands to touch them, though she was fine with her fate for the moment. But she instinctively knew that within a few short months, they would be filled with

milk and that she would have panther cubs to ease their ache, something a part of her longed for with more urgency than she could ever muster.

In truth, the final alterations to her form met very little in the grand scheme of things. Her tongue was of most note, needed to groom and clear herself and her mate. But her teeth served little purpose in her captive life, save to bite into the already prepared meat she would consume as she had prior. Still, she was happy to feel her human ones falling from her head, replaced with the carnivorous ones better suited to her form. Getting her muzzle was nice, feeling more comfortable to see in front of her as she had been expecting. But it was the male she wanted to feel grow his own for selfish reasons, to have it bite into the nape of her neck and hold her still

Though they were fully changed by this juncture, their need to mate was still days away from being sated. It was hard to focus in human terms while slaves to their panther urges, the two of them managed to fuck multiple times a day, with enough human intelligence to truly enjoy it. The moments their humanity resurfaced were fleeting, but enough for them to truly revel in the act from both perspectives. Michelle preferred it to be from the perspective of a pantheress, but there was no denying her human side, and how she had once been another being altogether, sometimes looking at her animalistic actions with a sense of purpose and enjoyment. Those thoughts were quickly undone with the promise of feline pleasures, not simply from an outsider's perspective but from a place where she could gain some sense of purpose beyond her understanding. She had never wanted children and even some remnants of human instinct could not dissuade her from that certainly. But as a cat in heat, such was her only purpose and one she took on with a sense of pride that defied her human experience.

Panther life was easy for both of them to acclimate to, given their stint of doing so in the few days it was required. Shitting and pissing in a litter body, though repugnant at first, was something they grew accustomed to, even the clearing of their anuses and genitals. It was a life of ease, of little want, eating when fed, mating, and sleeping when there was little else to do. Eventually, the zoo brought them forms of enrichment, things like toys and treats that triggered feline sections of their minds. Human wants like TV were brought to them as well, but it was of little interest to the changed cats to the point they were quickly removed.

Though it was boring living as panthers by human standards, the two did not seem to mind, much of their humanity taking a backseat to the needs of their panther bodies. Even when sex was no longer a factor, the relaxation and lack of urgent tasks were rather pleasant, if only to slowly watch the world pass by. It would do for their minds to have more enrichment activities, or to be wild, free beasts, but the zoo did its best to match their needs, and it was enough that neither of them longed for their human lives as much as the inclinations could reach the forefront of their awareness.

Thankfully, the gestation period for panthers was much shorter than for humans and did not come with the morning sickness, aches, and cravings that would have plagued Michelle's human self. It was easy, the extra weight was hardly a deterrent to her daily activities. She would need to be able to hunt and feed herself, after all, had she not a zoo's chef to tend to all her dietary needs. Even the birth was easy, a simple period of pushing to birth her three cubs, the only distasteful thing cleaning up after them, though panther instincts were there to make such acts deplorable to human senses were taken in stride.

Eventually, her cubs would be weaned, and the humans would come to her, offering her the chance to be human again. There was nothing permanent about the process now that her cubs were birthed, after all, and lacking access to a panther to care for them, and her apparent love of the body, the zoo staff saw it prudent to allow her to bond with the cubs. But, be it too long in the form and degradation of human thoughts, her love of being a panther, or her connection to her cubs, she seemed prevented from longing for her human life. It was decided to leave her be, perhaps offering her the chance down the road once her cubs were taken from her to be relocated to other facilities.

The male, too, was uninterested in the reversion process, shaking his head as a verbal no when offered. He maintained his sensibilities more than his mate and had come to love panther life, its ease and simplicity eagerly accepted once he had gotten over some of the less palpable aspects of being an animal. With that not in mind, they assumed the same was the case with their resident female, knowing instinctively that both of them had found something better for themselves, some contentment in their new lives. They had a family together, birthing a rare species, and it seemed prudent to allow them to continue on in that life, something they might have never wanted but something that made more sense to them now. Thoughts of the movie, of money, of fans and tabloids of what they'd done to enter their new lives together were erased with the certainty they had finally found some happiness.