

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Ethan whispered, figuring no one was around but not wanting to make their presence known all the same. That familiar childhood feeling of dread quickly washed over him, knowing they were not supposed to be here and worried about being caught and chastised by their parents. Well, in this case, they would be caught by the law for breaking and entering, carrying with it hefty penalties. Yet, if what the zoo worker said earlier was true, then it was a golden opportunity to see the zoo in a new light...

Robert just grinned, showing off his perfect teeth as he pulled back the fence, motioning for Ethan to enter. Ethan sighed, but followed his best friend’s lead, making his way into the zoo grounds under cover of darkness. The pools of light illuminating the walkways were distant enough that they were not exposed yet, still time for them to turn around. Ethan knew it would be pointless to bring that up. Once Robert made up his mind, it took an act of God to change it, something that had gotten the two of them in trouble on more than one occasion in their years of friendship. Yet, despite being burned more than once, Ethan followed him almost loyally, and not just out of their long-standing friendship. If he was being honest with himself, Ethan had a long-standing crush on his friend, something that surely wouldn't be reciprocated, but something he could not deny. As much as he knew he should have confessed, been turned down, and moved on, Ethan couldn't bring himself to do so, and so was caught in a loop of sorts, at least enjoying being in his best friend’s company.

Of all the myriad of stunts the two of them had partaken in over the years, breaking into a zoo at night certainly took the cake. And under normal circumstances, it wouldn't be something to ever occur to either of them. Yet, there was no denying how tempting the words of a zoo employee made it seem. He had walked up to the pair unprompted, likely assuming they seemed bored and apathetic. Such was apt, as much as Ethan didn't want to show it. With little to do on an off week, the two had decided on a whim to visit the local zoo, not something they were particularly inclined to do but something that was rather hyped within their town, which drew their curiosity. And, by all accounts, it was state of the art, tourist attractions abound. Yet, the animal displays were lacking, fully set up but obviously waiting for new specimens to be delivered. That, and mid-afternoon was hardly the right time to see the animals active, most preferring to sleep in the heat of the day. Given their experience, it was not something the two of them were eager to return to.

Yet, when the zookeeper suggested the pair come back at night, it seemed to spark a surprising interest, something Ethan was not expecting his friend to go for. Robert liked taking dares, certainly, but when the zookeeper all but told him the grounds were empty at night without a camera in sight, and evenings were the best times to see the animals active, it was almost like an open invitation. His expression of “Crikey” gave enough of a chuckle, bringing up memories of childhood heroes and their animal exploits. Hell, they had even been pointed in the direction of a hole in the fence that would be easy to pass through, as though compelling them to try.

Something about the novelty of the experience seemed to click within Robert to the point they ended up back there that night, ready to embark on whatever the zoo had to offer after dark.

True to the words of the zookeeper, it was no trouble getting into the grounds, and there was no sign of any guards or the like to impede their exploration. Ethan felt it was a little too good to be true, though Robert kept up his confidence, strolling around and reading the lit-up signs to see where they should check out first. Ethan was a little more inclined to move toward the big cats, though few cages were filled from what he recalled earlier in the day. All he'd seen were a pair of leopards and several lions, all of whom had been sleeping. Surely the nocturnal animals would be up and about now!

To their delight, the sounds of animals moving about their business were loud and numerous, and Robert moved down one of the trails, eager to see what they were up to. Ethan could only chase after him, the sounds of bleats and whinnies making him curious as well. Anything, really, would be more interesting than the events of the day, and Ethan felt himself growing elated, having the place to themselves to boot.

Yet, he was a little abashed to see the sights within the zebra pen as Robert stopped abruptly, as though not wanting to spook the animals within. The beasts were calling out between grunts and snorts, and, it was easy to see why as they came into view. There were four of the animals in the pen, both pairs in the midst of copulating. Two of the zebras had herd mates on their backs, gripped on either side as their thick equine cocks plowed their mate's backsides. Yet, what really surprised Ethan was that only one of the beasts on bottom was female, the other sporting a cock that impressed the man, unable to look away as it slapped against his belly in a steady rhythm. It took little time for him to reach his end, whickering and blowing a rank load of semen onto his belly as it seemed the male on his back was done as well, pulling out of his black donut with a rush of seed.

"Damn, that guy wasn't kidding..." Robert said, unable to look away. Ethan wouldn't have thought he would stare so long, yet Ethan was hardly one to talk, unable to pull his gaze from the sight of them.

The myriad of sounds around them were indicative of more animals up to carnal acts, Ethan's gaze sweeping wide to see some of the other outdoor exhibits around them. Everything from ostriches to camels to rhinos were all mounting each other, more often than not male/male pairs. It was bizarre, as though each pair had coordinated themselves to rut in tandem, or they were simply inclined to breed themselves sore and tired. Either way, it was a bizarre display, certainly something that Ethan didn't expect to happen in the real world, much less for him to witness here tonight.

“Man, I didn’t know animals were so...well, any port in a storm, I guess...” Robert mused, his eyes filtering from one pen to another.

“It should be obvious male animals can pair off, too,” Ethan chastised, a rare note of defiance toward his best friend. Robert simply nodded his interest, still unable to turn away.

Ethan wanted to say something about moving on, though he, too, seemed fixated on the animals amidst their personal pleasures. In fact, he was slowly becoming aware of a strange scent in the air, something like a thick musk perforating his nostrils. Surely, the scents of sex and semen weren’t going undetected, but it seemed a little too much for him, the stink of all the animals mating at once overbearing. Shaking his head, Ethan took Robert’s hand, pulling him away from the display before his own head started swimming. More than that, he didn’t want to start getting any ideas about his best friend, knowing it would be a no-go and not wanting to get his hopes up!

Still, while the more noticeable stink of the larger animals mating was left behind, the tingling feeling it seemed to elicit intensified, as though the heady miasma was still having an effect on him. It was harder to see some of the animals within the enclosed chambers, and in the branches as they passed the primate exhibits, but the sounds they were making were just as likely from them being in the midst of the same carnal actions. And the more he tried to scan the trees for sights of their randy occupants, the more Ethan found himself wanting to engage in some relief himself, even to the point he was tenting in his pants, despite his embarrassment about being seen by his best friend doing so...

“Man, animals sure have it easy...” Robert muttered, looking around at each of the cages as though wishing he was in one. Ethan had to admit, as bizarre as the notion was, it made a lot of sense. All the animals had to do was sleep, eat, and fuck, something the residents of this zoo excelled in showing off. Hell, the more he reflected on it, the more the notion of living with all his needs tended, even if it was a relatively small cage, became appealing. Especially if he was with a sexy, needy stud like his best friend...

“Hey, we could just be animals, right? Why not?” Robert said, bringing Ethan out of his stupor.

“What are you talking about?” Ethan asked, less about the words and more that they were coming out of his best friend's mouth, as though mirroring his inner thoughts.

“You know? We can just go into one of the cages! There are plenty of empty ones! What do you want to be? For the night, I mean. We'd have to go out in the morning...” Robert added the last part, almost disappointed as he did so.

“That's dumb, man...” Ethan said, though his words hardly carried conviction, liking the idea more and more, especially with Robert on board. Being like these animals, giving into their urges...like the ones he'd had for Robert all those years...that last thought was enough for him to shake himself from the notion, knowing that he was only setting himself up for disappointment later. Still, that brief bit of hope was enough for him to get into it...

“Why? No cameras around, right? And lots of empty cages. I just want to...wouldn't it be cool to see what it was like?” Robert said in that tone he used when he had made up his mind, and Ethan had no choice but to go along or be left in the dust. And, despite his trepidation about doing such a thing, there was no denying his excitement over what might come to pass, to the point he was tenting even harder in his pants...

Hoping that Robert would make his way toward the cat cages, Ethan was elated to see him moving down that path, looking at the signs as though trying to figure out where best to go. The thick, musky scents of animals in rut still burned into his nose and made him shiver, cock leaking already as he scanned the cages for more animals in the midst of mating. The fact he was so interested in such did not cross his mind, certainly something he might have found amusing before but nothing beyond that. But now the idea of being an animal, acting in the interest of his baser instincts was more attractive than anything had a right to be, especially if Robert had anything to do with it...

The sounds of leopard yowls hit their ears, and the two looked in tandem at one leopard hunched over another, biting the back of their neck in typical feline mating fashion. It was hard to tell the gender of the one on bottom, but such mattered little with how much pleasure it seemed to grant them. Being in place on the bottom, especially with a sexy man plowing him, was planted firmly in his mind now, and Ethan was sure he wouldn't be able to leave the zoo without getting off. And, perhaps in one of the cages, such as Robert had suggested...

Eventually, Robert walked off the path, looking toward another one of the massive, leveled feline-type pens that Ethan hoped they might find empty. Taking a few moments to regard the outside, Robert started to walk around, as though looking for a door. Reflexively, Ethan went around the other side, seeing a lesser-used trail and finding the back door for zoo staff. It had to be locked, even if the cage was currently unoccupied. Yet, there was only one way for them to know for certain, and with trembling hands, Ethan reached out to pull the handle. He was surprised when a click hit his ears and the door opened, wide and somehow full of that same heady musk that had enveloped the entire zoo. Something Ethan couldn't get enough of...

“Hey, the door's open!” Ethan managed to call out, Robert rushing over and nearly pushing them both inside.

“We only have a little time, let’s do it! I want to feel what it’s like...” Robert said, apparently as enamored by the bestial musk as Ethan. He was practically at the point of creaming his pants right then and there, and their fun was just about to begin...

Taking a look around, Robert found himself running from one end to the other, as though wondering what it would be like to jump to the ledges with the leg power of a big cat. He was muscled, sure, though nothing compared with that of an animal, and at that realization, his excitement seemed to droop a little. Still, Ethan felt himself excited to be there as well, wishing that he, too, could leap that high, but satisfied by the mental image all the same.

“Hey...we’re going to be acting like animals, right? Animals don’t need clothes...” Robert muttered, and before Ethan had a chance to respond, Robert was pulling off his shirt, revealing his firm, flat stomach and well-shaven chest. Ethan was drooling, not the first time he’d seen Robert shirtless but certainly the first time in such a compromising situation, especially as he started to pull off his shoes and pants, leaving him clad in only underwear. Ones that are stained with precum and sporting a rather prominent erection, something Ethan wouldn’t mind seeing first-hand!

Ethan followed suit, his own underwear slick with sweat and precum as he stood there, shivering from the evening air spreading over his damp skin. He almost missed the sight of Robert checking him out and found himself blushing a little, ashamed of his shorter, chubby frame. Surely, even if Robert was inclined toward men, Ethan wouldn’t be his type. And the teasing jeer he gave next seemed to cement that fact.

“Is it a flashlight in your pants or are you just happy to see me?” Robert mused, making Ethan blush even more.

“Hey, you’re one to talk!” Ethan shot back, feeling emboldened.

“Hey, it’s what an animal in one of these pens would do, right?” Robert retorted, and as disappointed as Ethan felt over the comment, he had to agree it was a good point. And he was in a mindset to take whatever he could get, which, for now, was a welcome eyeful!

“What else do you think animals would do...?” Robert asked somewhat absentmindedly, walking over to the end of the cage. Taking in deep lungfuls of air, Robert started to sniff intently, lowering his body toward the bars as though something specific had his attention. Ethan couldn't help but investigate as well, finding nothing interesting to his nose. But the urge to explore it was powerful, and not only because Robert was doing the same thing. The compulsion to act like an animal, to explore and sniff and succumb to their lust was more exciting than

anything had a right to be. As though they really were animals in the cage, with all the freedom and comforts that came with it...

An acrid scent hit his nose an instant before the sound of urine hitting the grass reached his ears, and Ethan felt a little abashed that his best friend had whipped out his dick and was taking a piss right in front of him. Such should have been disgusting, but Ethan found himself more confused than grossed out by the action. Why was he taking a piss right here if he had to go? Though, the idea of him naked in front of him, acting like an animal, certainly had its appeal...

"Hey, gross," Ethan said, though hardly had conviction in the words.

"Why? Animals need to mark their territory. You do it too, it's your cage just as much as mine, you know," Robert replied, and without missing a beat, Ethan stood up, whipping out his dick to do the same. Rather than mark the same spot as Robert had, Ethan saw it more fitting to piss beside his, so that their scents wouldn't override each other, but would rather intermingle, a sign that both of them shared this habitat

While it was silly, he knew, something about it made sense especially as he bent down to sniff their piss further. Something about it confirmed the pair were healthy, vital, and more than a little horny, as obvious as that was. But it was the fact he could sniff it so clearly than perhaps he should have that bothered him, though Ethan could only muster a semblance of care at the realization. It made sense, after all, for him to mark his territory as much as for his...mate? No, *friend*, he corrected himself, as much as the former would be wish fulfillment. He had to get those thoughts out of his head, knowing that as weird as Robert was acting, surely, he would never...

Looking up, Ethan was a little surprised to see Robert licking the back of his hand, really salivating over it with a tongue that looked a little out of place in his mouth. It was almost as though his tongue was flatter, curving around the back of his hand and easily able to work its way into the grooves of his knuckles. When had *that* happened?! Stranger still, Robert seemed oblivious to the fact anything was wrong, simply engrossed with licking as he coated the back of his hand with copious saliva. After making sure it received a proper covering, he reached it up to his short blond hair, before running it through over and over, as though putting the hairs into place. The action didn't really seem to have much effect as far as Ethan could determine, but he didn't want to begrudge his friend. It seemed another facet of Robert's determination to be more like an animal, grooming himself like a cat might. After all, the two of them were in a big cat's habitat, and it was rather hot to think they were properly playing the part...

With that, Ethan found himself fixated on his friend's head, watching as Robert continued to lick his hand and rub his saliva over his hair. Ethan couldn't be sure, but it seemed to have an odd effect, one that he initially played off as coming from the overhead lights. Yet, the more he stared, the more obvious it became that the man's hair was darkening, changing shades rather than simply getting it wet would account for. Overall, the coloration seemed a little inhuman, altering toward red or orange as though he'd gotten highlights. But soon it was obviously more than that, creating dark lines that streaked through his hair in patterns that looked intentional. The texture, too, seemed a little off, though Ethan had no inclination to reach out and touch it, Robert obsessed with his ritual as he seemed to be.

And then there was his ears. While they had always been a little on the larger side, one of Robert's fetching features in Ethan's opinion, they now seemed rounded, twitching a little as he moved more of his hair out of the way for their growth. There was no way they were able to stick up through the hair as they were, forming wider canals that seemed to erupt with their own coat of rather long hairs, unbecoming a human. Their backs, too, seemed to itch with the growth of a short coat similar to the one that comprised his groomed hair. Almost as though they were the ears of a...

Yet, the more Ethan stared, the more those thoughts of wrongness seemed to evaporate from his head, replaced instead by another need. If he was to do the same, would he look more like Robert? Wasn't that something he wanted, more than anything? The idea of grooming himself was not a distasteful one, but rather pleasant to the point he couldn't deny the urge to try it himself. It felt a little awkward the first few times, licking the back of his hand and running it through his hair, clean as he would have thought it from a recent wash. As he did so, a pleasant tingling settled in his hair, as though the individual follicles were shifting from his insistence. The texture of his tongue against the back of his hand seemed odd as well, almost rough, like being licked by his childhood cat. And there were soon hairs on the back of his formerly bare hand, too, sparse at first, though becoming more numerous as he licked. Hell, even his own ears were beginning to tingle, hairs growing on their backs as well as their insides to match the rather animalistic ones adorning Robert's own head.

Despite the bizarre nature of the changes, the only thing Ethan could focus on was Robert's handsome visage, his friend's eyes closed as he enjoyed the sensations of grooming. There was a desire not only to match Robert's changes but rather to do it for him, to act as he was and give into the animalistic urges plaguing his mind. More than that, he wanted to look attractive to the man he held in such high regard, hoping beyond his wildest dreams that Robert would truly notice him for the first time. And maybe, just maybe, be more inclined to play with him, in an effort to give into animalistic urges or not...

It was then his eyes started to strain for a moment, and Ethan closed them, feeling them almost tighten in their sockets. It was bizarre for them to ache in such a way, and Ethan was prompted to run his damp hands over the lids in an effort to remove the irritation. They continued to water, and as Ethan opened them, the world was suddenly lit up as though it was the middle of the day, his eyes taking in light at untold levels. More than that, images seemed sharper, more in focus than he was used to like his eyesight had been somewhat enhanced. Certain colors were a little faded, or distorted as much as he could perceive. But it was a small price to pay for the better visual acuity he was being granted.

Naturally, his gaze moved downward, wondering if his crush was hard. Ethan couldn't help but lick his lips at the sight of his friend's erection, clearly into the changes and situation they were in. It was rather thick while at full attention, everything Ethan hoped it would be, and more. There was no denying his desire to suck it, or even better, take it inside of him, as he'd always longed for. At the notion of fucking, his larger ears, acute as they had become, became awash in the sounds of animals mating, grunting howling, and braying with lust. In particular, he was focused on the male/male pairings, much like Ethan was hoping to be a part of...

Without thinking, Ethan moved in toward his friend, gently taking Robert's lips and closing his eyes. Robert, whose eyes were already shut, was a little surprised by the action, though rather than pull back as Ethan feared, Robert seemed to get into it, even putting his arms around Ethan's back and pulling him in closer. It did not escape Ethan's notice that the hair on his back was surprisingly thick, likely matching the altering hairs on their heads. A corresponding itching ran over his skin, making Ethan sure it was spreading in real time. It was of little consequence, however, the two of them getting into it as their cocks leaked furiously, needing stimulation.

Entwining their flattened tongues together, Ethan's hands moved down to grip their cocks, taking them together as the two of them thrust their hips in tandem. It felt amazing for their members to be throbbing against each other, leaking and straining with the desperation to get off. It was a primal, bestial need, far different than how he'd always imagined it, though far more filling than that tender exploration Ethan had always wanted. And to be allowed to take control as he was went beyond his expectations. With that, he allowed himself to get into the moment, any weirdness lost in the heat of passion.

Still, there was no denying the odd, cotton ball dryness in his mouth as their tongues peppered with minute spines, rubbing against each other in an almost discomforting manner. Ethan couldn't help but wonder what such a tongue would do for his growing hair, though he was far too busy for such things with their current lip lock. His lover's teeth, too, seemed a little sharper, thicker and pushing his lips upward to make room for them. Though there was some sadness in knowing Robert was losing his perfect teeth, Ethan found himself more elated Robert



was gaining fangs to match the beasts they longed to act more like. Feeling the same thing happening to his own, Ethan had difficulty finding fault in that, rather engrossed in the act of making out with his long-term crush, something Robert was finally eager to reciprocate.

With some insistence, Robert reached back and grabbed Ethan's ass, making him moan into his lover's mouth. Ethan was a little surprised to feel Robert's fingers playing over a lump that he wasn't expecting, one sticking out of his tailbone as if it was distended. Yet, the more he rubbed it, the more it seemed to grow, to the point that a nerve shocked up through his body, making it twitch slightly. Almost tempted to break the kiss to examine it, the sensation of Robert's fingers tracing over the base of the growth made Ethan growl, far more sensual than the area had a right to be. Finding it to be hot as hell, Ethan was prompted to reach back and rub Robert's own backside, hoping to find a similar lump. And, to his delight, there was one, with the same sensual sweet spot at the base that made Robert growl in response. Both of their new tails twitched uncontrollably in reflex, forcing their hips together and making their cocks leak toward the point of no return.

With the persistent musk in the air, there was no holding back for long as Robert moaned out first, spilling his load over the two of their hairy groins. Ethan was close behind, growling in a deeper baritone as his own cum added to the heady stink between their bodies. It felt amazing, a dream come true for him to experience release with his friend, drunk on their combined musk. Even though the circumstances for their coming together were beyond bizarre, he was lost in the moment, eager for what could come next. And, to some delight, like many of the animals in the cages around them, one release was not to be sufficient, the urge in their loins preparing to come to a head once more with barely a few moment's refraction.

A tingling in their cocks prompted both men to look down, confirming what Ethan felt to be true. It did not escape his notice that Robert's eyes were larger, amber with wide black pupils, likely the same shape as Ethan's own altered ones. It was the sight of their cocks that had all his attention in the moment, however. To Ethan's disappointment, it seemed they were shrinking a little, if not reducing in their turgidness. They were becoming thinner, for sure, though there was no denying the ache within their testicles was growing to the point they were sure they could get off soon. Still, both were prompted to watch and wait, holding each other's increasingly hairy bodies to see what would happen to their pricks.

While both men were uncut, their foreskins were soon to deepen even further, pulled down from the force of their erections until the skin seemed to bunch up a little before sticking to their groins. The action seemed to pull them backward a little, further toward their assholes than either man was comfortable. Still, the pleasurable tingles running from their cocks were enough to keep both men stationary, more curious about the changes than worried about what they meant for their futures.

That was hardly to be the only alteration to their pricks as their shrinking contours altered color, something that was not easily perceived with their newly adjusted eyes. Still, it was obvious they were no longer skin-shaded, nor smooth as more of the skin peeled away for the spine-peppered flesh left in its place. Their members were smaller, to be sure, though the pointed tips leaked just as much as before, and their backward-facing orientation was a non-issue as their erections pulled back the rest of their foreskins. Their testicles, which still lay beneath, started to swell larger than their human selves, filled to the brim with fresh seed as though they hadn't just orgasmed moments before. Wiry public hair shrunk into the start of a soft, white pelt, one that enveloped their balls with warmth as they took their new position right below their rectums, comfortably should they find themselves on all fours like the animals around them. Such notions were hardly enough to bother them, however, given the level of reverence they felt for their situation, and their bestial desires brimming at the forefront of their thoughts.

Before they could get back to business, the insistent itching intensified to the point they could do nothing but scratch in irritation. In moments, their bellies erupted in a white coat that spread from their treasure trails to their groins, moving toward their sides before deepening to orange. Black stripes played over them in evident patterns, running up their backs, down their bare legs, and even to their hands and feet as tiger pelts took form over them. The itching was almost too much to bear, though each was encouraged to scratch in tandem, even going so far as to help each other with their itch, the sensual contact enough to drive their erections to touch once more. By the time it was done, each of them was covered neck to toe in tiger fur, even the former hair atop their heads and ears converted to match their chosen animal. Ethan could not have imagined entering this cage would have such an effect on him, but in his moment of lust, it was hard to find fault in that truth!

There was hardly time for him to focus on it further as Robert came up and gave him another deep kiss, reaching back with his hands to rub the thick fur over his shoulders and back. Ethan was quick to do the same, loving the feeling of tiger pelt under his hands as he explored all their new bodies had to offer. Despite the alien nature of transforming in such a way, to their musk-drunk minds, it was impossible to find fault in anything as they allowed the changes to consume them. And with those came came an increase to their lust, cocks frothing together to the point it was tempting to allow themselves release once more. Yet, with everything on the table, as it was, Ethan had other aspirations for their fun, content to wait until their make-out session was finished so they could get down to business properly!

Feeling his stance shifting, Ethan found it harder to stay upright, getting taller as not only his heels shifted, but lengthened as well, far greater than their human equivalents. Holding each other for balance, Ethan felt his toes starting to splay, thickening and shrinking in tandem. The balls of his feet were widening impossibly large to the point they dwarfed the stature of his

formerly human feet, more befitting a beast several hundred pounds larger than his current self. It was hard to stand erect on such feet, made more difficult by the swelling of thick pink pads at their bases, making him need to raise himself even further. Still, Ethan was able to manage it, the two of them keeping each other upright as they adjusted to what could only be considered a digitigrade stance.

The strangest sensation yet was the formation of something from within each digit, at least the four that persisted on each foot. Their large toes were eliminated from their feet entirely, though lost in their lip lock as he was, their loss seemed to be insignificant. Even the lack of mobility each toe now possessed was hardly a deterrent to their current pleasure. It felt so amazing, so sublime to feel their penises pulsating together, their growing mouths and tongues entwined as their muscles bulged and their statures grew. The pinpricks of pain erupting from each toe as sharpened claws dug their way out and into the dirt were barely noticed, either. It was only when their toes relaxed and the claws retracted into their newly formed sheaths that they were prompted to look down. The feline claws adorning their feet was a clear sign it was not only their inclinations were animalistic.

Yet, even as terrified as Eric should have been that the pair of them were losing their humanity, the heady musk in the air, something they were now contributing to in spades, made such thoughts all but moot. The same tension in their fingers that signaled they were to be lost as well prompted them to grope each other with fervor, wanting to feel up their muscles while they still could. Yet, even as their fingers became stumpy, thickened nubs that erupted outward into deadly talons, and their tactile ability was lost under the thick feline pads adorning them, Robert carried no worry on his face, grinning and showing off his new fangs. Ethan kept his paws on his lover's shoulders, feeling them swell beyond anything that was meant to persist on the ends of his arms. Ethan couldn't help but play with them, especially delighting in his new claws sliding in and out of their sheaths.

What amazed Ethan even further was how much Robert seemed to be into the changes, almost relishing his alteration toward a tiger form. "Rrrret's ferret rrrrown on rrrall fours..." Robert growled, the feline inflections sexy as hell as the man moved to lower his paws to the ground, gazing up with amber-slitted eyes as though beckoning Ethan to join him. Ethan could find no reason to stay balanced on two legs, especially as his widened nostrils drank in the male stink wafting from Robert's form. Nothing he could imagine could turn him on more than getting down on all fours like an animal, giving into the beastly urges playing over his mind, and finally being fucked by his best friend, the fulfillment of a dream come true.

It seemed the act of surrender was enough to trigger further alterations to their forms that would make their life on all fours a permanent thing. Bones shifted under the skin, pelvises broke and realigned, spines extended, and their skeletons made the final adjustments to match the size

of the beasts they longed to become. Muscles swelled under the skin, stretching it in several places, though their fur and dermis were able to stretch to keep up. Calves compressed, heels elongated, thighs flattened into flanks and shoulders sloped forward, making both beasts firm their stances. It was a little jarring, bodies still sore from changes that should have been powerfully painful. Yet, only a brief discomfort was felt through the lust burning into their beings and bringing a conclusion to the changes that would allow them their desired feline forms. Even the gurgle of shifting internal organs, intestines lengthening for a meat-heavy diet, lungs expanding, and bellies swelling were not enough to deter their want of the process. It simply left them waiting with eagerness for their bodies to settle so they could get to the next part of their fun.

Of all the changes to their anatomies, perhaps none carried with it more promise than the shifting of his intestines, prompting Ethan's anus to move under his tail. Lifting it and swaying it back and forth slightly, he was sure to waft his musky scent into his lover's nose and bring his erection to bear. It would be a dream come true to take Robert inside of him, and even the fact they were mostly tigers now was not enough to detract from that reality. In fact, with their lust amplified beyond anything humanly possible, Ethan couldn't help but think this was better, to be bred and fucked like the animal he longed to be.

The continued sounds of other animals in the midst of rut and the scents of their semen confirmed Ethan's desires as he turned around with the liquid grace of the cat he had become. Lowering himself on his front paws, Ethan reflexively raised his tail and wriggled his backside. Turning a half-human head with a come hither look, Ethan growled a little, not even bothering to word things in human fashion. Animal gestures made more sense to him now, acting like the beasts around them and finding them alluring and sexy in a way that surpassed his former humanity. And to his delight, Robert was willing to give him exactly what he wanted, moving toward him and using his feline tongue to lap from Ethan's balls to his asshole, preparing him for what was to come.

With the veracity of an animal, Robert got up on Ethan's back, gripping him with powerful feline paws and claws slightly extended, a little painful though not too much so as Robert took his position. The sensation of a moist, warm prick poking at his backdoor made Ethan growl and try to readjust his hips, trying to make his opening meet. With surprising skill, Robert's penis soon did just that, poking Ethan's eager pucker and pushing in, shallow from the reduced size of feline genitalia. Still, the spines rubbing against his inner walls were enough for Ethan's prostate to burn, and Ethan growled his approval, wanting to take the tiger's thrusts as much as he'd always had a crush on the man. Any big cat would do, but there was something special about having it be Robert, the fulfillment of his deep-seated desires.

Ethan was soon to growl out in pain as Robert started to hump with vigor, the penile spines grinding in and out of Ethan's rump with rapid, shallow thrusts. It hurt, to be sure, but each pull sent shivers up through his prostate, making his own tiger prick leak and his testicles quiver from the stimulation. It was better than anything he could imagine, being taken and fucked like an animal, and Ethan was there for it, thoughts murky as he gave himself over to the pleasure.

There was some awareness of the dimensions of his body enlarging as he was bred, as though Robert was literally fucking the tiger into the two of them. They put on weight at a rapid pace, adding pounds and pounds of raw feline muscle as their bodies grew to match the cats they had become. Of all the changes left, the alteration of his skull was the most jarring, face pushing out into a semblance of a muzzle and making room for his larger fangs to take shape within. His tongue, too, flattened and lengthened out of his mouth, already adorned with keratin spines for feline grooming. Thick whiskers burst from the skin around his nose, and sideburns blossomed out into frills of white fur, giving each former man a fetching tiger visage. And, with that, Ethan was able to let out a truly feline roar, skull sloping and compressing on his brain as the instincts playing into his mind became a permanent part of his being.

With the bite of his mate's teeth on the nape of his neck, Ethan felt Robert's penis spasm and release a small load of semen into his ass. Such filled him with a warmth and pleasure unknown to the human him, allowing him to fully embrace his tiger self. His mind was fuzzy, release not quite there but certainly closer as Robert pulled out, spines tugging his rectal walls and allowing Ethan near orgasmic sensations. It would only take a few careful licks, or his mate's own rump to rut, and the satisfaction of knowing the other tiger had taken his pleasure from Ethan made such a release well-earned.

The sex was relatively fast, though it was enough for their bestial desires to be alleviated for a moment. Robert was kind enough to lick Ethan's clenching pucker, relieving the irritation of semen leaking from his used anus. The contact was sensual, making Ethan chirp in contentment as a tiger. Rubbing against his side all the while, Ethan turned his massive feline head, hoping to tell Robert he loved him, that he always had. But all that came out was a beastly growl, one that concerned him for only a moment. Such words soon escaped him, thinking that the scent of musk and semen was all Ethan needed to know Robert had the same inclination. Such was only furthered when Robert moved to lick Ethan's muzzle, taking him in the feline equivalent of a kiss. Any fleeting human inclinations were merged with his tiger persona, giving him everything he wanted and more. His human intelligence, while not fully gone, was not able to rise to the surface over his new tiger desires.

Ethan was almost stunned by Robert moving in front of him, getting down and raising his ass for Ethan's use. Ethan was quick to sniff it, savoring the feline musk and teasing his sheath,

testicles, and anus, making the big cat vibrate. He might have pleased his mate further, though the needs in his prick were getting insistent. Without further thought, Ethan mounted his lover, having difficulty hitting the mark in his desperation. Still, Robert was patient, and Ethan soon managed it, hitting home and making the tiger growl as he started to thrust rapidly, the pleasure in his prick building to a crescendo. He did not take long to reach his end, only enough time to reach back and hold Robert in place as he spilled his semen within Robert's rectum. However, even as he pulled out, Ethan was sure he was not fully satisfied, able to cum again and enjoying the afterglow for only a few moments before fully recharging.

Eager to reciprocate his mate's gesture, Ethan moved to lick Robert's anus and rid it of his seed, savoring the flavor as it leaked out and made the massive tiger purr. It was powerfully pleasant, the scent of his mate burning into his nose all the while, cementing their new bond. That reality felt good, felt right, even over the persistent hum of human memories that were still present. He knew who he was, who they had been, and the events that brought them here in the first place. But none of that mattered in the face of feline instinct and promise, body powerful and sexual needs at the forefront of his being. Tigers, like most felines, had amazing stamina, and in the heat of the night and bathing in the musk of rutting beasts, only breeding his mate came to mind.

Before that, however, Robert moved toward Ethan's new muzzle, licking and rubbing their heads together once more in a show of continued affection. They were bonded males now, free to give each other over to sexual pleasure whenever the other was horny. And this time, it was Ethan's turn to be on bottom, something he relished, though was happy to switch when Robert required Ethan inside of him. This time he was inclined to get down on his belly, raising his ass as Robert took a few sniffs and began lapping, though only for a moment as he got on Ethan's back and began to spear for his tiger pucker once more...

A smile crossed the zookeeper's face as he came in the next morning, checking each of the cages while looking for new occupants. There was a chance, of course, that his words were not successful in planting the seeds in the minds of the two men he'd talked to earlier. They seemed like perfect candidates for the program, after all, and one was clearly into the other, something the zookeeper was sure he would appreciate moving into their new lives. There were still many cages to fill, and surely, one would have its appeal for the two former men.

The sight of two fully grown male tigers sleeping cuddled together was all he needed to know what had become of them. It seemed fitting, the new males rather fetching and healthy, all he could ask for in new additions to the zoo. They would remember all who they were, of course, albeit with the instincts of the tigers they had become. And with the prominent desires to eat, sleep, and above all, mate each night, there would be no regret in their minds for the human forms they had lost. None of the zoo's newest additions ever did regret, giving in to the

simplistic urges and desires of their new animal forms. Once the idea was planted in their heads, after all, the musk of beasts in rut was all it took to entice new recruits to seek out their own cage and join the zoo as its newest inhabitants...