

“Comfortable?” Ariél asked his lover while trying to balance his tone between lusty and cautious. He wanted to be sexy for their first time, but he didn’t want to come off too forceful.

Fresh out of college, Ariél finally had his own place and the space to have someone special spend the night. He had been dating Chris for a couple of months and had enjoyed the weeks of courting that had led up tonight. It was wonderful to go on dates, get coffee, see movies, and eat out at restaurants. Even better were the late-night messages and role-play sessions. Ariél had strong feelings for his Caucasian partner and was highly anticipating this evening of taking things to the next level!

“Oh yeah!” Chris responded, moving closer to Ariél and rubbing his boyfriend's legs.

Chris was just a week away from finishing his own degree and was in some much-needed rest before the final grades came in. Although it wasn’t quite time to celebrate yet, he had set aside the night to spend with his boyfriend. He was the shyer of the two but wanted Ariél to feel comfortable to lead things where they both wanted to go, just as he did in their many teases.

To his delight, Ariél moved down to take Chris' hand in his own, entwining their fingers as they had several times before while on dates. Neither liked to make a scene in public, not wanting to invite scrutiny from those less enlightened. Still, whenever they got a moment, the two would share a handhold, a sign of their affections and joy towards each other’s company.

“What are you thinking, my love? Tell me?” Ariél said in an accent that made Chris' knees weak. Though his voice was sultry over Skype calls, in person, it was even better!

“Would you...ummm...want to...kiss me?” Chris asked nervously, though the eagerness was not lost in his tone. They had kissed a few times, but never as a prelude to physical intimacy!

Without a word, Ariél reached down and gently pressed his lips against Chris' before the passion overtook them both, and they started to kiss in earnest. Ariél reached out to take his lover's shoulders, pulling him close as Chris reached out to rub the man's broad forearms. Never before had they had the chance to make out like this, and neither man wanted to waste it!

Emboldened, Ariél reached out with his tongue, entwining it with his lover's. He was the larger of the two, and he found his lover's lithe form powerfully attractive! His dark-skinned arms ran down the length of his Chris' back, reaching up under his shirt and teasing the bare, warm flesh. Chris tried to stifle a moan but was unable with the feeling of rough fingers caressing his flesh.

Giving himself into the kiss, Chris felt his fingers playing over his Hispanic lover's arms, rubbing up the somewhat toned flesh and under his shirt. He couldn't wait to feel the rest of the man's powerful body!

To his delight, Ariél felt his cock rising to attention, the head already leaking from anticipation. Feeling frisky, he traced his hands down to Chris' groin, hoping for a similar texture to greet his fingers. To his delight, a shiver resonated through his boyfriend's body, and the familiar sensation of an uncut cockhead met his touch!

Their make-out session lasted what felt like a fortnight, but the needs in their loins would not be ignored. Both men were rubbing their leaking shafts through their shorts now as they continued their session. Their lips were pressed tightly as their tongues intertwined, and their spare hands were running over every inch of warm flesh they could find!

At last, Ariél broke the kissing, momentarily eliciting a disappointed look from his lover. Yet, at the realization of what was to come, Chris smiled, pulling at the bottom of his lover's shirt. Ariél let his shirt be removed before reaching down to take off Chris' own, exposing the man's relatively bare belly. In contrast, Ariél's stomach was surprisingly hairy, and Chris' hands played over it with excitement.

Both men took time to savor the sensations before taking things further. They had all night after all, with no chance of being interrupted. Each second they waited to expose themselves fully caused tremors of need to ebb from their pricks and accelerated the experience.

Soon, Ariél's deft fingers were removing the belt buckle of Chris' shorts, pulling them off to explore the precum-stained navy blue underwear underneath. Chris allowed his lover a few moments to tease his confined cock before reaching down to pull off the Hispanic man's own shorts, drooling at the throbbing erection waiting for him. Both sets of fingers teased oozing shafts, eliciting moans of anticipation and furthering the make-out of eager lips and exploring fingers.

Not breaking their lip lock, Ariél took his lover's hands and raised him, guiding him towards where Chris assumed was the bedroom. Chris followed eagerly, almost racing ahead, knowing full well what kind of fun they would get up to.

Ariél closed the door behind them, mostly out of habit. It was part of the ambiance, he supposed. The two of them were on each other once more, kissing and groping and playing over each other's eager bodies. Their groins continued to grind against each other, musky fluid leaking into the air and accentuating the experience.

At last, they stopped the needs in the loins no longer able to be ignored. Ariél pulled out a pair of special condoms he'd procured from a sex shop downtown. Though it was a little embarrassing, he'd wanted to get something

exceptional and sexy for their first time. He'd settled on some expensive condoms, both wanting to stay safe and give his lover some added pleasure.

Ariél handed Chris one with a leopard-spotted ornament while taking one with a brown, hyena-spotted pattern for himself. He thought it was cute to have animal patterned condom wrappers when they would soon be rutting like beasts!

Chris carefully took the unwrapped condom from his lover and slid it over Ariél's cock, making the Hispanic man moan. Once it was secure Ariél returned the favor, teasing the tip of Chris' cock with his tongue before placing the condom carefully over it. With delight, Ariél realized his lover was long, perhaps surpassing his own length. It mattered little with how entranced he was with the man it was attached to!

Ariél rose and took his lover's lips in his own once more, as both of them rubbed their condom covered cocks against each other. Ariél's hands were soon on both of their rods, the connection sublime as they frothed together.

Chris soon broke the contact, moving over to the bed and getting on his back before raising his feet for Ariél's inspection. He knew it was an interest both men shared and knew that once they had played with each other's feet, orgasm would not be far behind!

Ariél climbed on the bed with him, looking into his lover's eyes as he lowered himself towards the man's twitching feet. Ariél was delighted to notice that his lover's toes were long and flexible, the flesh smooth and hairless. Chris's dexterous toes played over the man's nimble fingers, causing Ariél's cock to leak in anticipation. Chris had taken great pains to properly look after his feet much to Ariél's excitement.

Without hesitation, Ariél reached out his tongue to tease the flesh, causing Chris to moan. He relished the idea of being pampered in such an intimate way and his cock throbbed furiously through the condom. His toes twitched excitedly as

Ariél's tongue became familiar with all of them, his lips sucking at their tips and teasing in between them before reaching around to caress the flesh of his soles with his fingers. Chris gently wrapped his flexible toes around the tongue, encouraging it to continue its important ministrations over his flesh. Chris was in heaven!

Lost in his rapture, Chris was barely aware of an itching coming from his leg, one that centered at the top of his foot before spreading outward. The feeling of Ariél's tongue washed away the pangs and twitches of his bones and muscle as they started to reshape. His heels stretched while his tarsals shortened, and his phalanges reshaped to make room for the growth of a new nail.

Ariél, meanwhile, felt a similar prickling over his own feet, followed by a slight ache as the bones and muscle started to snap and reshape. The feeling of his tongue on his lover's foot prevented him from doing little to relieve the discomfort.

The texture of the skin under his tongue was starting to change, becoming coarse and rough as the familiar feeling of hair caught his attention. He was startled; wasn't Chris' foot bare before now? There was no mistaking the sensation of hairs touching his tongue, making him gag a little before realizing they were thickening as he licked. What the hell...?

Chris was hardly aware of the changes or the discomfort they brought, lost in the relaxation from the pampering he was receiving. It took every bit of his concentration to avoid touching his cock with how horny he was. He wanted to wait and cum with Ariél inside of him but DAMN it was hard to hold back!

Yet the sensation of Ariél's tongue being removed did give him some pause. Chris went to ask about it, but the intense prickling over his feet made him wince a little as he tried to flex the digits. Yet they no longer seemed to have the level of flexibility. Their surfaces were itching, the discomfort running up to his ankles and calves. His aching toes seemed to contract in on themselves while something irritated the tips as though threatening to pierce their surfaces.

“Ow...what the...Chris, trim your...wait...WHAT THE FUCK!” Ariél cried out as he backed away to the sight of his lover’s foot changing before his eyes.

Chris leaped up, and both men stared in horror at Chris' diminishing digits, something sharp and translucent poking from the tips. His big toe was soon gone entirely, retreating into the flesh of his stretching heel. Long before the former digit dissolved with no impression Chris realized that he could no longer move it. The other digits were mere stubs now, the flesh on the underside coarse and calloused as they ballooned into distinctive nubs.

The hairs dusting his foot were getting thicker, spreading up his heel as the soles of his foot contracted with a painful crunch. Chris winced, his foot altering as the entire surface continued to cover with fur. Its color was primarily yellow though lines of black sprang up at intervals, forming circles that looked like miniature rosettes.

The most shocking feature of his mutating feet was the translucent nails that continued to stick out of his remaining toes. The keratin continued to stretch out, pointed into curved crescents as his former nails bloodlessly popped off. A secondary sheath of flesh poked out from the base, and when Chris went to reflexively twitch his toes, he was shocked when the nails started to retract into them. A similar motion extended them painlessly, and Chris felt them dig into the blankets of his lover's bed.

As the nails moved in and out with Chris' beckoning a thought crossed both men's minds. Retractable claws sat upon four stubby toes, and thick pads was a signature feature of feline paws. His stretched heels gave him a digitigrade stance even as his lower legs continued to shift to accommodate it. The most distinguishing feature was the golden yellow fur, the black rosettes accenting them in a pattern that resembled leopard spots. Was Chris turning into some kind of leopard?

Ariél's twitching toes made him cry out in shock, and both men's attention turned to see the Hispanic man's appendages sprouting thick, brown fur that ran towards his ankle. Ariél struggled to scratch the flesh, but it did nothing to stop the fur growth as it spread. The skin underneath was coarse, pricking up his leg as the fur raced to cover it.

The cracks coming from his toes were of most concern. Though it was relatively painless, Ariél was still disturbed to see his toenails thicken out his digits, curved into wicked-looking talons as they gripped the bedsheets.

His toes were changing as well, fattened into little stubs with almost no flexibility. He tried to twitch them, but the more they pulled into his foot, the less motility they seem to retain. His large toes were worse off, reduced to immobile lumps at the sides of his heels, though not entirely gone as were Chris'.

Though his heels were stretching, it seemed evident that his feet were to remain plantigrade as the sole of his foot continued to broaden. Whatever they were changing into, it did not seem to be the same creature.

The brown, spotted fur color matched the condom on his cock rather well, Ariél realized with some shock. It couldn't be a coincidence, especially since Chris's condom matched the leopard print pattern now adorning his feet.

"What the fuck man?!" Chris yelled, bringing Ariél out of his reverie. In truth, he'd been too stunned to say anything but the words of his lover brought him back to reality. There was no way such a thing was possible, especially not something that could be caused by a condom!

"I don't know! How is this happening!?" Ariél yelled, echoing his boyfriend's sentiment. He reached over, rubbing the flesh on Chris's leg in comfort. His fingers instead brushed the thickening fur that was spreading up his legs. In shock, Chris pulled his leg away quickly, impulsively retreating on the bed.

“I-I’m sorry! Are you OK?” Ariél said, his demeanor softening to a more comforting tone. Whatever was happening, he needed to be there for his lover.

Y-yeah, sorry...” Chris said, feeling guilty for making his boyfriend worry. It wasn’t Ariél’s fault, and he didn’t want to shun the other man’s comfort, whatever was happening to them both.

Ariél reached out to caress his lover’s cheek, reassuring Chris of his presence and comfort. As he did, the sight of his lover’s throbbing cock cocooned in that tight, leopard print condom caught his attention.

Chris’s eyes followed his lover before settling on the likely object of their transfiguration. With a start, he reached down to pull off the condom, hoping that it wasn’t the source of the infection. The moment his fingers caressed his cock tip, he moaned, the contact sending ripples of ecstasy through his body. His cock was more sensitive than before, leaking in the condom and coating his prick in slick precum.

‘OOOHHH...’ Chris moaned, trying desperately to reach down to the base. Any contact he made with his cock sent his senses into overdrive, and he couldn’t even come close to remove it without falling over in pleasure.

“Chris, are you OK? Let me help!” Ariél ’said, reaching down to pull off the condom. Yet as his fingers touched the latex, Chris shot like a cannon, filled the condom with rank spunk. His leopard paws twitched and dug into the blanket, causing a series of pops as they tore into the material.

As his lover continued to cum, Ariél removed the condom, trying gently to pull it off as a rush of semen coated his hand and the bed. As it did so, an intense itching covered his hand, and he was shocked to see more brown hairs coating the surface where he was covered with cum.



Not wanting the elastic to hurt his lover, Ariél reached down with his other hand, the tingling of fur growth covering it the moment his flesh touched the slick juices. Still, he was able to roll the condom off his lover's penis as Chris's still-throbbing cock dripped fluids over his hands and bed. Even though he had just cum Chris's penis seemed to still be fully erect, as though the single orgasm was a simple interlude in his lust.

The exposed penis was not quite the one that Chris had before donning the condom. Both men stared in shock as the flesh became red, and his foreskin peeled down to the base. Chris resisted the urge to scratch as the entire surface of his new sheath became peppered with white fur. The same hair was beginning to cover his groin, running down to his throbbing testicles, which themselves seemed to swell slightly.

Yet it was the shape of his cock that really took both men's focus. The reddened flesh was growing pointed at the tip even as the entire length extended slightly. Chris winced momentarily from the intense tingling of tiny spines erupting from the head. Thankfully, the sensations were painless, and soon, they died down, the change evidently completed.

"It looks like a fucking cat's!" Chris yelled, and Ariél pondered for a moment as to how Chris knew the specific configuration to make that assumption. It was clear to both men that his cock was now bestial. The sight of his replaced manhood made him shiver. Chris didn't want to be part animal. He desired to take his lover as a man!

"Ariél, your hands!" Chris yelled suddenly, drawing Ariél's attention to the slight tingling. His digits had thickened slightly, though thankfully, retained their human configuration.

His fingertips were now adorned with fearsome claws. The familiar black-spotted brown fur coated their surfaces, running all the way up to his wrists and replacing the comforting sight of human skin. His palms seemed most altered,

the skin thickened to coarse black lumps over his palms and the underside of his fingertips. They resembled paw pads, something Ariél had no interest in seeing on his own hands!

“Taking off the condom didn’t help!” Chris said, the fur on his groin growing thicker as it ran down his perennial region, coating his ass cheeks and pooling over his hips. The entire surface of his lower body was beginning to itch uncomfortably. Chris was certain that his body would be covered with the same black-spotted yellow coat.

Meanwhile, Chris’s legs were continuing to alter, his heels stretching while his calves receded. They were clearly swelling with muscle, writhing almost visibly under the skin down his legs. The flesh started to warp, maintaining his lean stature though making him wonder how powerful he might be. Chris was concerned that he might not be able to walk, but the limbs still seemed somewhat functional, even though his altered stance might take time to get used to.

An ache in his spine drew his attention to an irritated backside. Chris reached back to try to alleviate it when his fingers brushed over a bump that was continuing to extend. He winced, the new flesh sending electrical signals up his spine as the growth started to move.

Soft fur erupted from the tip as it expanded even longer, several inches now and clearly not at its full length. Chris now owned a leopard’s tail. Even in his stunned stupor, he reached out with new neural connections to make it twitch in several places as it gained newfound flexibility. The sensation of moving a new limb soon became all-consuming, something only his child-self had ever experienced.

Ariél, meanwhile, felt the muscle in his arms swelling as the skin became covered in a bestial furry coat. Already a rather beefy man, Ariél felt his tingling muscle press almost painfully against the flesh, the tissue tearing and reforming painlessly, as though he’d be in training for months. Soon, they grew beyond that,

far larger than his frame should be able to support. Ariél couldn't help but run his fingers over it, relishing the feeling of the veins and outlines that his new bulk afforded him. How strong was he now?

Even with much of his focus on his new tail, Chris' attention was drawn to the condom entrapping his lover's cock. It, too, was throbbing, as though eager to be released. He knew it was unlikely to help hinder the change, but Chris wanted to free it all the same. Part of his mind was excited for the sight of the beastly dimensions it would be granted.

Tentatively, Chris reached out, rubbing over the erotic flesh before heading down to the base. Even the briefest touch sent Ariél into orgasm, his deep voice moaning as he blew a thick load into the condom. His wet spunk leaked all the way down out of the condom, soaking Chris' fingers as he struggled to roll it off. His lover's shaking body made Chris excited even over the fear of the changes!

Chris knew that exposure to the condom and his lover's jism might change him, so he hurried on with his work, not wanting to stab Ariél with newly grown claws. As he'd surmised, the backs of his hands started to itch, more black-spotted yellowed fur sprouting from his flesh. His fingers snapped slightly but did not shrink as did his toes. His new sets of clear feline claws grew in soon after, painlessly piercing the flesh before a new sheath moved to cover them. Chris flexed them a little, loving the power they held over his former hands.

The condom popped off with an oozing string of cum, coating Chris's hands with the sticky seed. As it touched him, however, Chris felt a compulsion to remove the irritation from his fur. Throwing the condom onto the floor, Chris raised his hands, sniffing the pungent fluid before reaching out with his tongue. The taste was divine, and Chris started licking with gusto, savoring the musky flavor.

As his tongue worked over his changing hands, pad-like imprints swelled from his palms and fingertips, growing coarse and dark like the feline he was

becoming. Chris choked a little bit at the texture, his human tongue not used to it. The leopard fur bothered him too, akin to kicking a shag carpet. He couldn't stop with his hands so dirty!

As he lapped up the remnants of cum on his dirty paws, however, the texture started to become more pleasant. The irritation of fur and coarse flesh started to fade, allowing Chris to lap up the rest of the cum that was staining his hand-paws.

Lost in the pleasure of cleaning his flesh, Chris was hardly aware that his tongue was flattening. Backward-facing, minute spines started lancing from the surface, taking any stray remnants of seed from his sprouting fur. Chris was only slowed down from a wincing pain near his nose as several dozen thick hairs erupted at the sides.

Meanwhile, coming down from his intense release, Ariél stared at his lover's feline-like actions and warping face. Ariél wanted to stop him and warn of his change, yet the sensations welling from his still-turgid rod took precedence. He reached down, holding his fingers at bay lest he changed himself further. Even without direct contact, Ariél could feel his cock throbbing to life, oozing more precum down its already stained length.

Like Chris's penis, the flesh encompassing it split down from below the head and began to cover with brown fur. A swelling, ursine-like knot pushed almost painfully at his bestial sheath before it popped out, growing ever thicker.

His penis continued to darken towards deep crimson, the head melding into the shaft as it grew pointed. Its length continued to press outward far beyond the 8 inches that Ariél had enjoyed. The temptation to touch it was all-consuming, but Ariél was determined not to. Even as his weight balls dubbed in size and the testes within swelled into golf balls, he resisted the urge to be some kind of animal-man!

No amount of willpower could slow the changes. Ariél could feel his thighs swell with muscles, his skin pulled taut around the meat. The itching intensified

around his groin as it became covered in more of that spotted brown fur between his legs, his ass cheeks, and accenting his tightened pucker. Every inch of his furry legs thickened with hard-packed muscle, far beyond what his former human frame could support.

Even as he changed, it became difficult to determine the species his form was based on. His fur resembled a hyena, but his heels had not stretched, and his cock was far thicker. In fact, if he wasn't mistaken, it seemed more...ursine.

An ache in his backside made him turn around. A short, thick tail worked its way out of his spine and itched with the growth of new fur. Its stubby shape seemed to confirm his suspicions. Perhaps his form was to be a combination of the two?

A moan entered his ears, and Ariél raised his head to see his lover licking his hands and rubbing the saliva over his face. As Chris groomed himself in feline fashion, his cheeks began to grow puffy, swelling around his newly formed whiskers. His nose had taken on a pinkish shade, flattened on his visage and forcing his cheeks into curved indents. His lips grew dark, pulling back to reveal that his eye teeth were starting to lengthen into predatory fangs.

To Ariél's shock, Chris seemed to enjoy rubbing the humanity from his face, replacing it with leopard features. His puffy lips and cheeks started to extend with an audible crack, forced forwards into the beginning of a blunt muzzle. The fur was running to the top of his head, his own hair shrinking away to join the forest of leopard hairs that covered his visage. Even his skull seemed to reshape a little, his forehead sloping to resemble a cross between human and cat.

Chris rubbed at his eyes, covering them with his paw-hands before blinking to reveal golden, feline irises. Yet despite the bestial features, his humanity shone through. An eagerness met Ariél's view as Chris stopped his cleaning regiment and gazed back at his lover.

“Chris, don’t...” he started to moan, but an ache in his face caught the words in his throat. His nose swelled before his eyes as the surface became rough and moist. Ariél raised a clawed hand to it, feeling it being forced forward from his face. He could see it turning black, signaling his nostrils expanding towards the more ursine visage he was likely to carry.

His nose started twitching of its own accord, drinking in the air through his wider nasal cavities. Various odors leaked into his awareness, but none more potent than the thick scent of musk and cum from their activities. The smells were cloying to his senses, overriding the concerns he had for the changes they were undergoing. The pungent odor was powerfully attractive. Ariél found himself audible sniffing, desperate for more.

Despite himself, Ariél felt his cock burble out another bit of precum. His thick, girthy rod was crying for his touch, beginning for release. Yet he knew deep down his hands would be insufficient. He was in the presence of a lithe, sexy, leopard-man, and he wanted nothing more than to bury his thick girth into his lover’s male cunt!

Ariél’s vacant stare did not go unnoticed by Chris' golden eyes. Chris stopped licking himself, his head nearly changed by this point. It was the needs in his loins that took precedence. All his fear of the change was replaced by the power and sexiness his new form offered. The sight of a massive, virile beast-man ready to mate him and take Chris as he desired was more than he could bear!

Without hesitating, Chris crawled to the end of the bed to present to his boyfriend. Instinctively, his new tail raised, exposing a backside that was steadily being covered with fur. Chris could feel the fat from his asscheeks recede and his puckered asshole rotating up towards the base of his tail. Chris grew excited; his fuck-hole was now in a much better position to be bred by his lover!

“Take me, my love,” Chris said, his tone pleading. Though he’d taken a few lovers this way in the past, he’d never had such strong feelings towards another man before making love the first time!

Ariél stared enraptured by the willing offering before him, his nose drinking in the rank musk from the leopard man’s scent glands. He could feel his face jutting forwards as though desperate to partake in all the sensory inputs from his boyfriend’s body. With a wet ‘CRACK’, his jaw pressed forward, taking his black nose along with the thick, rubbery lips of the bear he was becoming.

His teeth thickened into predatory points that Ariél assumed to befit his hybrid form. His entire head was expanding, growing to match his bulging muscles and larger body. It was a powerful visage that made him proud, the masculinity worthy to mate his leopard lover.

Ariél wanted nothing more than to take what was offered. However, his body was still wracked with changes. His entire chest itched, modest body hair thickening at the center of his treasure trail, though the brown spotted fur spared none of his flesh. Ariél was delighted to maintain his dominant male assets, particularly the hair atop his groin and his armpits. He was sure his lover would approve once their bestial lusts were satisfied!

Ariél crawled forward, feeling his biceps swell with mass, but soon, his altering dimensions make it easier to maneuver. His belly ballooned outwards, a bit of fat hardly hiding the hard-packed muscle underneath. His pecs swelled and flattened tight across his frame as they reached towards his massive upper arms. His biceps, triceps, and deltoids all tore apart and knitted together in rapid succession, pressing almost painfully against his thickening flesh before bulging out into their new proportions. Ariél was truly becoming a beast of a man!

“Yes, I need you...take me!” Ariél cried as he rubbed his drooling cock head all over his leopard's tight tail hole. Chris purred a strange sound to both of them yet not entirely unwelcome.

Gently, Ariél pushed his cock in, eliciting a pained moan from his lover. They had not bothered to replace the condoms. All notions of protection were lost in a bizarre situation. It was unlikely there was any need for such things in their new shapes.

Chris did his best to stifle a moan; the size of his beast-man's cock was far larger than what he was prepared to take. His lust was great, and his new body was in a better position to stretch and repair itself. With a thick 'Plop', Ariél's cock made its way in, and both beasts panted, allowing themselves a moment to grow accustomed to their bonding.

It did not take them long to give in to their desires and began rutting in earnest. Ariél started gently thrusting in and out, and Chris rocked his body back in tandem, clamping his rectal muscles as tight as he could over Ariél's girthy penis.

Chris's body mass was nearly that of a half-leopard man, his chest deepening and his stomach stretching out with lean muscle. His own upper arms were swelling with strength, though it was a far cry from his beastly mate's. That was of no concern. His beautiful yellow-spotted coat left none of his skin bare and was accentuated by a white covering across his chest that ran towards his groin.

The rest of Ariél's skull pressed forward, his human hair thinning as it stood straight up on his head and ran down his beefy neck. His ears had expanded to rounded lobes, reaching atop his head and twitching to take in the new sounds. They matched the set of leopard ears that Chris now sported, stretching up atop his own head as the two rocked back and forth in unison.

The most prominent new sense from both men was the enhanced smell of their partially animal bodies. The thick, musky scents in the room only serve to swell their lusts to unfathomable levels, making their cocks throb and leak as their orgasms drew near. Even though they had cum not 10 minutes prior, they would not last long from their throes of passion.



Ariél felt something pressing insistently against his lover's anus, trying desperately to make its way through. It was a thick bulge at the base of his penis, an ursine knot that seemed desperate to work its way in. The stimulation of Chris's asshole on his knot made his orgasm draw near. Ariél knew its entry would be all it would take to bring him to his end.

He growled, lowering his paw hand towards his leopard's cock to stroke it in tandem with his thrusts. The leopard's feline member started to leak insistently from the contact. His balls shock against the hyena bear's massive ones, drawing their release in unison.

“Yes...Knot me! Cum in me, my love!” Chris yelled, lost in the bestial rut. Deep down, he was thankful that it was Ariél to take him like this. He could imagine wanting no one else to share this bizarre experience!

“Yes, take my knot! Take my cum, my love!” Ariél yelled, and with a mighty thrust, his cock popped in with a wet ‘POP’. The sensations rushed over Ariél's penis and into his prostate, forcing his body to go into orgasm as he thrust uncontrollably.

“AAWWW, I'm gonna cum!” Chris yelled, his balls jerking as his cock throbbed and released all over Ariél's paw and the bedsheets. The stimulation to his prostate flowed over his entire body, making his skin tingle as he basked in the amazing glow.

“I'm cumming! I'm nutting!” Ariél yelled as his lover's skilled grip on his cock coaxed his viscous seed out of his balls and all over his lover's insides. Copious amounts of jism poured from his throbbing shaft as it washed his cock tip in warm cream, sending his body into wave after wave of orgasmic bliss.

Spent, both beasts collapsed, not caring that Chris' cum was coating their fur and the sheets they had fallen into. Chris could feel a glorious warmth as excess seed flowed from his bowels and onto the bed.

Ariél tried to pull out slowly against the comfortable sensation of being in his lover but found that his knot held them firm. The notion of being tied to the leopard-man had wonderful connotations as he spooned with Chris. Both beast-men held each other close while they basked in the afterglow.

“How was it, honey?” Ariél said in his deeper voice, nipping the leopard’s ear as Chris purred in contentment.

“Better than I could have hoped, my love,” Chris muttered happily, raising his lips to kiss the hybrid beast that had become of his boyfriend.

Purring, Chris rubbed his lover’s muscles through the fur, content to be tied to such a magnificent beast. It was the fulfillment of his dreams to be mated to such a strong male who would protect him and breed him whenever he was horny and required copulation. Given the vitality of their new bodies, it seemed likely that would be as often as he’d always hoped!

They stayed tied like that for some time, Ariél’s bulge remaining inside as they tenderly explored each other’s bodies. Ariél felt the stirrings of lust once more and humped his mate, his paw bringing the leopard with him as they came again. Their balls were heavy, and their thick musk only served to accentuate their needs for each other. Ariél was thankful that he’d bought a house; any neighbors in an apartment would have been surely altered to the bestial sounds of their rut!

Ariél’s thick-knotted cock finally popped free as he gripped his lover, a rush of seed spilling on the blanket. The scents mingled with their sweaty musk and served to relax the new lovers as they curled up together. Their soft fur and warm bodies made rest come easy, the comfort of their closeness a welcome reprieve from the shock of the change and the events that led to this moment.

Though lost in the pleasures of the flesh, they each held fear that the changes were not receding. There was every chance they would wake up to the world as half-beasts, unsure where they could find a place in it. Those thoughts carried with them countless challenges impossible to fully fathom.

That was a problem for tomorrow. Whatever happened, the new couple would face it together. Tonight, they were content to lay together, enjoying the afterglow that baptized their connection as lovers.