

Naked and overheated, Ray made his way through the trail, thankful it was at least sanded for his convenience and for the comfort of his feet. Never much for hiking, the forest floor would have torn his feet apart in seconds. Still, it led more credence to the reality that this was all a setup for whatever game they were being forced to play. Not something he would have been willing to partake in, Hell, he'd been expecting embarrassing challenges and veto-style eliminations on the island. Fuck, there weren't even any cameras around as best as he could tell. It was too natural, save for the paths that were around leading into the woods and even branched out into several paths. Ray was sure he would need to try one of them over the others eventually, but the prospect of such was rather daunting.

The other worry that had been plaguing him upon waking on the beach was the persistent erection that wouldn't seem to go down. Though it wasn't something that had bothered him too much, given his state over the past few days. Being the only gay man on the boat as far as he knew, it was a little uncomfortable hearing all the other guys talking about their sexual conquests with women and the like. Not that he was sure they were homophobic or anything, but the odds didn't seem too great, and he mostly left himself to be quiet, laughing lightly along and hoping he wasn't noticed.

Being on the down-low did have the advantage of drinking in the offerings on the boat, as Ray put it to himself. One guy, Lance, was pretty hot, definitely Ray's type, a guy that looked after his body. He didn't want to look too much lest he get caught, but it was nice to think about, at least. He'd certainly gotten an eyeful on the beach with his naked buddy laying on his back passed though, though with cock erect and nude as Ray was himself. It took everything he had not to touch himself to the sight, though years of learning to be in the closet as well as not wanting to get caught with his pants...gone, as the case wound up being.

In the end, Ray thought it prudent to leave the man there, sleeping and naked as he was. As bizarre as it was, surely it was part of the game, something they were all being challenged to do. And as much as he was worried about his friend, he was in it to win it. And with several different trails for him to explore, being down one contestant was all the better in the grand scheme of things. If he woke up fine, surely, Lance would as well, and without an earful about being the one to have put him there are stripped him down in the first place!

Ray's motivation for winning was a simple one. Still stuck living with his parents, he wanted enough to buy a house for himself, preferably a state or two away from them. Homophobic as they were, he wasn't safe to explore himself with a partner, or even online, them being meticulous about monitoring his activities. So, in order to be himself, Ray was willing to take any advantage he could to win. With the economy as it was, he was taking years for what could be won in a single day if he did well during the challenges!

Still, as far as he was into the jungle, Ray was no closer to his goal or really anything that had anything to do with the game. Worse, the heat was starting to get to him, making him sweaty and sticky and wanting to sit down to take a break. Yet, he carried on, wanting nothing more than to try and win at all costs. Slowing down was not an option, and even making his way up hills could not deter his desire for victory. Thankfully, he was in decent shape himself, only working up a slight soreness as he scaled the hills and looked into the woods beyond for what might be the best possible route.

Yet, the sound of familiar shouting hit his ears, and Ray stopped, frozen with shame. Looking down with some trepidation, he saw Lance running after him. It was a wonder he'd been able to catch up, as though he'd started the moment Ray had left the beach. Ray couldn't help but keep staring, the man as much a sexy specimen as he had been, especially with the noticeable erection, something which Ray would be remiss for not wondering about prior. Ray's own cock had been at half-mast the entire time. It wasn't too embarrassing on its own, given he was alone. But with such a hot guy near him, one who clearly wasn't gay...

And then there was the challenge before him, not wanting the competition to be hot on his heels. The moment that crossed his mind, Ray wondered if he should simply run away, trying to put as much space between them as possible. Before he could manage it, however, Lance was on him, the well-built man being rather quick. "The hell, man?" He demanded, as though he was well aware he had been left behind intentionally.

"I don't know," Ray replied, trying to feign ignorance over the whole affair.

"Were you back on the beach?" Lance asked, seemingly pissed off. How he had any idea, Ray couldn't really say, but he was certainly feeling self-conscious about it. He wanted to win for sure, but was it fair to leave the other man there to suffer?

"Yeah, but-"

"You were just going to leave me back there?!" Lance said, reaching out to shove the other man. Not realizing how close he was to the side of the hill Ray felt himself nearly stumbling down a steep cliff to what looked like the water below. Lance looked a little concerned at what'd he done, not wishing to harm him in such a way. But with the ground moving under his feet, Ray found he was unable to get his balance until a wave of panic washed over him and he started to fall.

Yet, the sound of something rushing up to him on the wind overwhelmed his senses, followed by a strong grip on his shoulders enough to hoist him up and help him get his balance. With his back turned to the thing, Ray was left to view Lance's horrified expression. Rather than

being ashamed he'd nearly severely injured the other man, Lance was stunned by the creature than who saved Ray, the sounds of it flapping its wings ringing in their ears from the sheer size of the thing.

Spinning around, Ray was privy to the sight of a massive anthropomorphic bird creature, covered in feathers, with massive talons, wings with fingers on the end, and a deadly-looking beak. It should have been impossible for such a creature to fly, flapping his arms as he landed to the side of the two of them. But it had saved him, ascending up from the bottom of the hill and helping him maintain his balance. And it was standing there, staring intently at the two of them, as though sizing them up.

Eager to get away and mind still fixated on his rage at Lance, Ray was able to turn around and dash down the hill, shocked and horrified at the impossible creature before him. Lance, however, was stuck looking at the creature, and fell into some sort of hypnotic gaze, trying to fight off the obvious panic but was unable, calling out for help but losing conviction in the words. "Hey, don't leave me...here..." He called out, though with voice trailing off, Ray knew he couldn't look back. He had to get away, didn't want to be a victim to the creature himself. Naked and afraid, there was nothing he could do against such a being, in reality.

Lance, for his part, could do naught but stare into the eyes of the thing, trapped as though hypnotized. It was more than just his stunned state over the sight of the thing that kept him rooted to the spot. It was as though the gaze of the creature had a hold over him, preventing him from doing what he thought was obvious. He had to run, to escape, but there was nothing to be done for it as the thing awkwardly moved toward him on its talons, grinning down at him with its beak if such was possible.

Allowing the bird man to do so, the eagle reached down with the fingers on its wings and took Lance's in his own, pulling them up for his inspection. The fingers were surprisingly pliable and warm, just as functional as human hands the more the eagle played over him. It relaxed, rather than frightened him, to have the bird so close, and his touch was warm, inviting. Almost like that of a lover....

Though he had moved some distance away, Ray soon found he was more curious than frightened over the entire affair. At the bottom of the hill in some bushes, Ray waited, watching the scene unfold. The eagle wasn't chasing him, thankfully, and whatever spell Lance seemed to be under, it wasn't affecting him down here. Therefore, he was privy to the show, even getting a little hard from the male-on-male contact, despite the horror and the unknown situation. A glance in his direction from the eagle made Ray duck in the bushes for a moment, but there was no further move made, and Ray was left in safety, at least for now.

Soren, for his part, knew the other human was there and might have liked to change him too, but such might make this one run as well. And, if he was being honest with himself, even having one mate made him horny as hell to the point he wanted to fuck him right then and there. But he figured, it being his first time with a human male, he would take his time, wanting to do this right and bring the new man into the fold, something that so many of the other island's inhabitants were denied thus far. It had been far too long since he'd been changed himself!

Given what he'd heard from their conversations, it seemed Soren was being given an asshole to work with, not the most ideal situation. But he was patient in nature to the point he was willing to break him in and take his time doing so, being the dominant male. "What are you going to do with me?" Lance said, a little nervous though unable to fully be afraid given his subservience over the other man.

Soren had another line of questioning for him, one that was a little more fun to use against the apparent asshole. "Why are you so hard right now? Not something I expected from a straight man," he said, a condescending tone that made Lance shiver. He didn't want to answer, but more than that, couldn't imagine being so enamored by the sight of another male. There had to be something else making him hard, damnit! But in the moment it was impossible to determine what, and he was evidently trapped in whatever curse the island, and the eagle man, had him under.

"I don't...I'm not...I mean, I'm not gay..." was Lance's reply, wanting to come on strong with his statement but rather sounding scared and confused. There was no denying the sight of the eagle and his touch was the thing that was doing it for him. But he couldn't admit something so strange, so alien. Yet, there was no way he could deny it either, as much as he was still trying to fight against it...

"Here's another question for you," Soren continued, seeming to love exerting his power over the prone man, having waited for this day for what felt like an eternity. "What do you want me to do with you, now that I have you?" He asked, making Lance squirm in his grasp as he raised one wing to rub his hair, sending a shiver through the naked man's body.

"I...want...fuck...horny..." Lance replied, not really sure why the words were leaving his mouth but afraid of them all the same. He didn't want this, couldn't want this with such a creature, a male one, no less. Yet, the moment the words were out of his mouth was the moment he felt a certain connection with them, as though the sentiment rang true. He really wanted to fuck, and the bird man before him really was the sexiest thing in the world to him in the here and now.

“What? You want me to fuck you?” Soren said, looking down on the man and loving how he was teasing him to the point that the straight man would likely nut from that alone. Though there would be plenty of time for that, given his hold on the man and lack of competition now they were in Soren’s domain.

“Well, I can’t do that, you know. No cock,” Soren said, motioning down to the opening on his groin, one where his penis should have been. The opening itself would have normally remained hidden, but it was moist and clenching, as though looking to be penetrated.

Lance was a little surprised at the sight of it, not really sure what to think. The eagle man was surely a male, right? “Are you a chick?” He eventually asked, hoping deep down that he wasn’t, against his heteronormative inclinations.

“No, but I am a bird, but it’s a very different existence than you’re used to. Maybe a prick like you would do well without one,” Soren said, reaching down with his hand and starting to rub Lance’s member. The man moaned, the scent of the eagle and his imposing presence more powerfully aroused than at any time in his life. With the lust he felt, there was likely every chance that anything the eagle did would lead to an intense climax the likes of which Lance had never felt before.

The tingling on his cock started to intensify, a pressure pounding against his prostate to the point he couldn’t resist the orgasm that was coming. And with a few quick strokes, he was left to call out, blowing his load all over the eagle’s hand and feathers. Grinning with his beak, Soren continued to stroke, making the man moan to the point he felt he could cum again. As it was, his testicles seemed to be spewing their contents all over his feathers, the orgasm lasting longer than it should have and showing no sign of stopping. In the end, Lance felt overstimulated, as though his balls had been emptied completely of their contents. Yet, he was still aroused to the point he was still in the eagle’s power, willing to do anything he said if only Lance could be brought to such a release once more.

At first, the sight of his cock shrinking after such a release was not too concerning, given how much he had cum. But then it was getting too small to the point it was almost as though he had no cock, to begin with. Soon, the slit of his penis opened wide, pulling at the head until little was left, save a sensitive opening. That soon enlarged to the point it looked almost akin to the one possessed by Soren, though not surrounded and obscured by the feathers. Still, the sight of it was horrifying enough to the changing man that he could come to only one conclusion.

“You’re making me into a chick!” Lance called out, looking down at the lack of external junk. It very much seemed to him like he had changed genders, though the same swelling he knew from his testicles was present within, if not muted.

“We’ve been over this...” Soren said, wanting to play his feathered hand over his forehead, wondering why he was stuck with one of the more oblivious ones. Still, the guy was hot, and he would fall in line soon enough as the rest of the changes took him...

Touching the hole where his cock once was, Lance was a little surprised to feel that his swollen testicles were pulling within him at once, making him gasp out. Had they not already unloaded their burden, he was sure they would have forced enough cum out of his hole to drip to the ground. As it was, he was still rocked by a powerful orgasm, almost enough to knock him over as they took their place within him. The discomfort was enough to prevent him from feeling the dissolution of his ballsack, pulled within to make up the folds of his new genital slit.

The changes to his anatomy were about to get far more bizarre as they moved to match his avian benefactor. A tingling in his anus seemed to confuse him to the point he was prompted to reach back for it, shocked it seemed to be moving, making him a little queasy as his internal organs shifted with it. Soon, the bubble of his rotating rectum touched the dripping part of his sex, to the point that Lance cried out, internal organs roiling and making him confused beyond belief. Yet, as his new anatomy settled into place, there was no denying the one sensation that persisted through his being, one that made him unable to resist groaning out loud.

“Are you still horny?” The eagle asked him, already knowing him the answer

“Fuck...yes...” Ray managed to groan, reaching down to touch himself despite not wanting to admit he was gay in the presence of this male, but unable to deny that simple truth.

“They’re inside you now, you know. It feels amazing to have them swelling within you, even better than before, in my opinion. But you don’t need to take my word for it. I plan to show you all the pleasures of avian flesh soon enough, my fledgling...”

Lance hardly had awareness of the words over the itching of his skin, playing over his chest and back. He could not reach all the way around himself, though he was at least able to rub his treasure trail enough to feel the hairs falling out, pinpricks playing over his chest in a sign of the feathers to come. He was not afraid of their development, however, loving the sight of Soren’s plumage and wondering what his person would look like covered with them. And with the intensity of the itching playing over him, he was sure he was able to find out in the ensuing moments. Plumes of spines burst through his skin from gooseflesh, quills that soon erupted out into a bouquet of feathers and covered his chest, back, and upper legs. It was a little thankful to have his sex hidden, though he did lament the sight of it, thinking he was getting sexier besides himself. It was an intrusive thought, not wanting to be gay or a bird man, but he was having a

harder and harder time finding fault with the form as more of his body erupted with a fine coat of plumage.

Reaching up to caress the man's beard seemed to prompt the hairs to fall out before the pinpricks of feathers took their place. Ray likened it to having a handsome beard in his own right, finding the man's own face to be rather fetching. The tingling started to run up his face like sideburns, and if he focused his eyes, he could see the specs of white that marked his head feathers as such. It was delightful to know that his head would be crowned with the same 'bald' visage as this other man's, to the point he was eager to rub the top of his head with still human fingers as the hairs started to morph into white feathers in their own right.

Lust at its apex in tandem with the companionship he felt with this changed man made Lance do something he might never have thought natural in all his years. There was something a little awkward about the motion, but he was determined and moved to kiss the bird's beak, something that shocked Soren out of his lusty daze watching the man change. Still, carefully opening his beak, Soren did his best to return the gesture, beak on lips a little awkward but something he would not have to contend with long, given the changes that were steadily overcoming his new mate.

Eventually, Lance broke the kiss, a hazy look coming over his face as Soren grinned at him, knowing any resistance was being shed and he had the soon-to-be eagle right where he wanted him. "Want it...need it..." Lance managed to mutter, taking a hand and rubbing it against his cloaca.

"What is it you want? For me to rub mine against yours?" Soren asked, lustily, to which Lance could only reply with a "Yes..."

With that, Soren got down, spreading his legs as far open as he could and reaching out to pull Lance on top of him. Lance was worried for a moment that he might be too heavy for the eagle, but with the muscle in his form, it was barely an inconvenience for him to take the still-changing man atop of him. It took some effort for Lance to get into position, having never done such with a cloaca before, but the moment he touched the sensitive flesh of the eagle's against his own, a contented cry of pleasure escaped his lips, and he began reflexively rutting his hips against Soren's, easily finding a rhythm.

Though much of his skin was already covered with feathers, Soren was happy to rub the rest of them into place, feeling them sprout from his skin in waves as he did so. The feathery coat was largely absent over his face, and Lance was eager to feel them grow in, pleasant now and no longer itchy as he had been bothered by before. It was the ache in his cloaca, the pressure building around the sensitive flesh that really did it for him to the point he was sure he would not

last long. Lance had no thought to spare for how birds felt in mating, if it had had equivency to this. But it mattered little with the throes of passion, something he was sure he would finish from at any moment.

“Oh...oh fuck...can't hold it!” Lance cried out as the pressure built beyond reason and he could feel his cum shooting from somewhere inside of him, confirming that he was indeed male. The other on top of him was quick to join him, lost in the passion of mating as their seed intermingled, some of it getting on the feathers of their groins. The discomfort of such was hardly enough for either to care, shivering in passion as they were before getting up.

Lance, for his part, was brought from his orgasmic stupor from a tingling in his feet, likely to be the next change. It started as a prickling down his calves, errant hairs falling out as the skin was replaced by yellow-orange scales. The texture felt off, as though something fit for a prehistoric beast than anything modern. Looking at his new lover's own feet, it was obvious as to their fate, the large toes popping loudly as thier bones and tendons were pulled backward, painfully but alarming to look at all the same. It soon seemed to connect with the bones of his heel, turning around at an off angle until it rotated a full 90 degrees and was hardly to stop there. A thick pop preceded a talon bursting forth from the tip, the rest of the toe rotating until perfectly behind the foot. The toe of his other foot was to experience the same fate, though Lance was hardly alarmed by the predicament, seeing his feet taking a similar configuration to the other bird man's.

The rest of his toes soon started to fall in line, pushing out with a series of pops and flexing with more power than Lance was expecting. He could clench them all the way to the base of his foot, though it nearly caused him to keel over as he did so. Soren was on him, bending over and rubbing at the toes with his wing hand. The sensations were working out the kinks in the developing toes and sending shivers through Lance's body. Soon, talons burst forth from each, save the small toes of each foot, which were pulled inward and refigured for his new legs. Walking would have been difficult had he developed a fully avian physiology, though his feet had not fully shrank and thinned, matching Soren's own. Lance found himself loving them, large and powerful and sure to help him hang on to something like a branch, if such was large enough to hold his weight.

Pops and ripples resonated through his form as feathers burst forth from errant patches of skin, muscle building all over. It was stretched thin as best as Lance could perceive, making him feel far lighter than he had. The muscles seemed to thicken around his chest and shoulders, barreling it out a little as they strapped against his upper arms. The bones within, too, were lighter, as though hollowing out from within. Far from being painful, however, Lance felt the changes with a sense of elation. No longer scared about the implications of change, the reality of

his situation came rushing through his mind. Soren had the ability, had shown it off before he began his hypnotic changes. And soon, Lance was sure he would be able to as well...

“Will I be able to fly?” Lance asked the obvious question on his mind.

“Oh course! You'll love it!” Soren said, gleefully. “Just a little more, then we can fly together!”

No sooner had the words left his beak than the ache of change started playing through his arms, selling and enlarging them with muscle even as they thinned. In a hybrid state, it seemed impossible that he could fly by flapping his arms alone. Not understanding the physiology to do so, Lance figured the truth of things had already been witnessed firsthand. And nothing he had imagined before was more exciting than the notion he could fly. Even the lack of tactile ability his wing hands would leave him with was welcome if only for the childhood dream of flight to be granted him in a few moments.

With that thought, each finger started to push outward, peppering with the quills that made their feathery protrusions. It was a little jarring to feel the joints within dissolving, stiffening slightly, though not forming feathers in their own right. The bones and joints were still present, still as workable as his fingers, but each ended in a feather sturdier than the rest. Their sensitivity was all but absent, at least in a human sense, but it was such a small price to pay for what their presence promised him. As though to give him an idea of what to expect, Soren took his feathered hands, entwining the fingers as best as they could. It wasn't much, though he could certainly perceive the contact, and it was a small price to pay for the rewards that he knew were coming.

By this point, only his face was left to change, something that would have unnerved him before but something he was elated to possess in the past few moments of change. Feeling the rest of his hair receding for feathers was a little unnerving, but welcome for the white that would make up his new species's namesake. Only his nose and mouth remained bare of them, as a pressure started to form in his lips, and a strange texture met his mouth, pushing outward from both the top and bottom in tandem. He wanted to reach up and touch it, though his fingers lacked the tactile senses he needed to really enjoy it. It seemed like his human mouth was being pushed out to allow it to grow, and soon, rolling his eyes down, he was able to tell the orange-yellow keratin of his forming beak. It was almost heavy on his face, numb as his teeth began to retract into his gums, and his tongue tingled as it lost many of its taste buds, thinning somewhat though retaining an overall human shape. As its tip tapered into a pointed, deadly beak, Lance found it was able to close properly, wondering how easily he could talk with his new appendage.

The moment it was closed, however, the other eagle was on him, taking his beak in a semblance of an avian kiss. It was a nice gesture, even though it did very little for their avian anatomy. Still, he closed his eyes, rubbing the back of his shoulders and head as the two of them made out, loving the human connection between them. Having never had a long-term or significant relationship, he was starting to feel such might be possible with this bird man, even if he hadn't wanted it at first. Now he couldn't imagine anything more!

Lost in the sight and presence of the other male, Lance was large unaware of the final changes to his skull that marked him part eagle. His rounded skull, wider occipital holes, and larger beak were all part of the look, though the pressure of compression of his scalp and the expansion of his eyes to match the sockets did not go unnoticed. Still, it mattered little with his desire to match the visage of the eagle, glad that the tingling of change was over, a sign he was done and settled into his new body.

It was even better as Soren's fingers moved lower, teasing the fringes of his cloaca and making him gasp out from the contact. Whether it be his avian anatomy or some facet of the change, Lance couldn't deny it felt even better than his dick, as much as he could discern. It was too good, too right to the point he moaned into it, feeling his internal testes swelling and needing the stimulation to get off. And like an expert, Soren seemed to know exactly where and how to touch himself, making him call out into their beaks as he was pleased and played with, a proper baptism to his new body and the life that came with it.

The sensation of fingers rubbing his cloaca made him shiver, though it was a small prelude to the pleasures to come. Keeping his feathered fingers in there, Soren got into position to scissor their cloacas together, Lance feeling his lust rising to new heights. Nothing mattered but the tension in his cloaca, growing toward its apex as the two avians prepared for their release. Untold pleasures rushed over their forms, far removed from mammalian sex but amazing all the same. Almost toward the tipping point...only seconds away...YES!

Stunned by the clarity of sight as he opened his eyes, Lance was almost drawn from orgasm with his eagle vision fully realized. Every little detail of the world around him had been blown up as though within a magnifying glass, enough to give the human him a headache if he had not been changed as he was. It took some focusing, but soon Lance found himself growing accustomed to it, loving the minute details that were now his, and likely for the rest of his life as part eagle. Something that he was more than happy to embrace with a new love and a new body.

Still, there was no denying the onrush of orgasmic bliss as cum oozed from his slit, intermingling with the cum from his new lover's own. It provided a pleasant warmth, a connection beyond even what past girlfriends had brought. It was more than just a bond of lust that tied them together, though there was plenty of that as well. He wanted to get to know this

man who had granted him such pleasure, such sexuality and sensation that he found he only wanted more. And then there was the biggest advantage of his new form, something he was more than a little eager to experience now that he was coming down from his orgasm and feeling a surge of energy that made him want to leap into the air.

Be it a facet of his avian life or something in his body language that tipped off Soren, he took his new partner's winged hand, looking down off the cliff and knowing from experience that it was a literal jumping off point for him to try his new ability. "Shall we take to the skies, my love?" Soren asked, and Lance felt himself glowing with excitement over what was to come. Not only the flight before him, but everything that came with them being a pair from this day forth.

"Yes, my love..."
