

Walking out of the zoo's office donning his brand new uniform, Oliver was all smiles, excited for the day's activities. After applying and waiting for weeks to hear back from them, he had his first interview with the local zoo and was finally approved to start there as a volunteer. Though it was an unpaid position, it was certainly a start and something the college student desperately wanted. Not only for college credits but with the hopes that his efforts might earn him a paid position eventually, exciting him to the core. It had been a dream of his ever since he was a child, and now one that he was finally able to fulfill!

Oliver was thankful they had taken him on, knowing that it was a relatively new zoo and there were hundreds of applicants for the positions, even in a volunteer capacity. He had been a little unsure how one of the questions had gone when asked where in the zoo he wanted to volunteer. Always carrying love and infatuation for big cats, Oliver wanted to answer honestly, though didn't want to waste his chance to get into the program regardless of the species. He could always move where he wanted later, right? Still, he felt compelled to answer truthfully, trying to make sure they knew his willingness to work anywhere but showing passion for some of the animals they had present.

And, to his excitement, the gambit had paid off. No sooner did he get his uniform and was asked to change, than he was informed by his interviewer, a man named Austin, that the zoo had just gotten a new cheetah last week and could use some help acclimating her into her new habitat. Oliver could hardly keep his heart in his chest at that. As a child, Oliver had always loved cheetahs and couldn't imagine getting the chance to be that close to one, let alone on a regular basis. Though he couldn't be sure exactly what his position would entail, given his newness and the difficulty of working with such an animal, he was soon to find out and was more than a little excited. It was all he could do not to regale the employee with every cheetah fact the childhood self knew like he was discussing it with an eager parent.

Oliver hung on the man's every word as the cheetah's background was described to him in detail. The pen for the cheetah was rather large, a full field that gave her plenty of room to run. It had a track in the middle for what he came to understand would be enrichment. Something for her to run and chase in, though she would be fed regularly and did not have to hunt like a cat in the wild. She, like most cheetahs, was a solitary animal, one they had gotten from a nearby zoo after she had gotten too old to stay with her mother. They eventually wanted to get a mate for her and hoped it would be soon. Oliver agreed with that; though cheetahs weren't usually social in the wild, Oliver was told that she was likely entering heat and in need of a male to quell it.

Scanning the pen for the cheetah, thinking she was in a corner sleeping, Oliver didn't see the man reaching into his vest pocket and pulling out something that looked almost like an animal's collar. "Oh, I almost forgot! Please put this on! It's something all our new volunteers

need to wear, to show their solidarity with the animals. It's a little silly, I know, but if you don't mind, it's part of the program here," said the man, an expectant look on his features.

Oliver, feeling it was a little weird, decided to put it on anyways, not wanting to risk the ire of his employers for not going along with it. Austin didn't have one himself, though Oliver figured it had something to do with his volunteer stint. The blue collar fit him well, and to his surprise, came with a tag on the front. Prompted to reach up and grab it, the tag read 'Oliver' was not something he was expecting. How had they prepared something with his name on it this so fast? He wanted to ask but felt a little shy. Eventually, he reasoned that it was part of the attire and that he had been hired as a volunteer before the final interview today. Either way, he did his best to put it out of his mind.

"Alright, let's get you in there! Well, not in there, of course, but I'll take you to the inner area and show you the ropes! We just have to clean up around there, change food and water, that sort of thing," the man said as he unlocked a door on the edge of the pen and motioned for Oliver to enter.

As he entered the darkened room and turned on the light, the sound of a door creaking caught his ears, and Oliver jumped, turning around to see that the door outside had closed. Confused, Oliver moved to open it again, but found, to his shock, that the door was locked. Struggling with the lock for a few moments, he soon found that any chance of it being an accident was unlikely, with the man at the other end of the door not wanting to let him out. With that, he started to bang, hoping that it wasn't some sort of sinister trap to be fed to the cheetah or some such. Though such was unlikely, the animals being skittish by nature and not known to attack humans. Still, there seemed to be little reason for him to be locked in here, Oliver not having much in the way of possessions to be robbed. Then, what was the end game?

The sound of a gate opening from outside caught his ears, and Oliver was prompted to look back to another door at the other end of the room. Rushing towards it, Oliver was greeted by an unlocked door that led out into the paddock, with several layers of gates to prevent the animal from escaping. What he was not expecting was for the gates to be open, and for there to be no layers of protection between him and the cheetah.

Not sure what else to do, Oliver started banging on the cage, yelling for help as loud as he could. Though the hour was early and there was little chance of any guests or employees to come to his aid, especially if his captivity had been planned. That was looking to be more and more the case as his cries went unanswered, and he was left waiting for an unknown fate.

His cries were not totally unheard, however, though Oliver didn't notice it at first. The cheetah, having awoken from the sound, sauntered up to the open gate, grinning in a distinct un

cat-like way. Eventually, the padding of her paws caused Oliver to turn around, almost jumping at the sight of the cat. Though she was hardly to be a threat to him, it was still unnerving to be in the presence of a predator. Still, she didn't seem to be aggressive towards him, acting more as though a house cat interested in pets and rubs.

One rather bizarre thing came to focus as Oliver regarded the cheetah. Though hers was pink, she still wore the same type of collar that was currently fashioned around his own neck. It was puzzling, its purpose not quite obvious but still unnerving the more Oliver regarded it. Almost as though he was given the collar like he was to be another animal in the zoo...

The feeling of something clicking against his neck brought Oliver to try to take off the collar, but no amount of struggling could seem to locate the clasp. It was as though he had been bitten, or stabbed by a tiny needle through the skin of his neck. There was no relieving the itching from whatever pricked him, the irritation flowing from the site and running through his form. He growled in frustration, though it had to be in the back, something he could not manage to reach no matter how much he tried.

Desperate now, Oliver was hardly aware that his fingers were having trouble moving, the joints seeming surprisingly restrictive. The more he struggled, the worse the sensations grew, to the point that he had to pull them away and examine them. Shock raced through his being in waves at the sight. The fingers were stiffening as though the joints within were snapping and popping apart. Yet, it was the fact they were shorter and diminishing before his eyes that really had Oliver worried. It was as though they were changing, becoming something else than their human form. As impossible as that was, there was no denying what he was seeing, save being pumped full of some psychotropic drug.

The change was soon to become much worse as a pop from the end of each finger pushed away his nails, bloodlessly falling to the ground. In their place burst forth a series of black sharpened points, the process painless though still alarming. Soon, the thickened points protruded visibly from each digit and looked more like claws than hands as his fingers reduced to half their old length and smaller still. Even his thumbs were pulled towards the insides of his wrists, which themselves seemed to be stretching longer in relation to his arms. They were sharp, left on the ends of his fingers like the claws of a cat, though there was no ability to pull them back into his digits.

As the skin at the base of his fingertips started to swell and coarsen, along with his palms and a mole growing from his wrists, the mental image of what he now possessed came to the forefront of his thoughts. They looked like a pair of feline paws sat on his wrists, no different than likely the cat in the cage with him. A light dusting of yellow hair at the backs of them seemed to cement his reality. Was he turning into a cat? A cheetah, specifically?

A powerful notion ran through him just then, the reality shaking him to the core. The employee had mentioned they were looking for a male to keep their female company. Was he to be that male? The notion of physical change was not completely foreign to him, an interest in animals and learning about them was something he loved to aid his thoughts of what it would like to be one. But there was no way he could want this, not like this! Not as an animal in a zoo, that reality sank into his mind as the hair itched up his arms and black patches blossomed into what could only be spots.

Lost in the terror of witnessing an inhuman process, Oliver hardly noticed the female cheetah until she was rubbing against his legs, almost tripping him. She seemed oddly insistent for his attention, and Olivier, feeling her presence might be the cause of the changes, went to push her away. There was nothing to be done for it with no hands to perform the simplest of tasks. Like the cat she was, the cheetah was too underfoot, tripping him should he try to get away.

There was something else about the animal that made him curious rather than concerned. There was a litheness to her, the way her body and hips moved, and she rubbed herself over him. Almost like she wanted something from him, something that was entrancing and disgusting in equal measure. As though she was trying to...

A tingling in his nose brought his hands up to his face, Oliver raising his paws to it before forgetting he had claws and nearly scratching himself. Still, he could feel his nose flattened into the bridge of his face, something he could see if he crossed his eyes. It was flatter, wider, and something seemed to cross up the sides, forming a tingling sensation that made him confused. Breathing in, Oliver was shocked by the odors that came to his awareness, animals and chemicals and nature, and some things that he couldn't name. Was this how cats smelled the world?

Yet, one odor came to the forefront of his thoughts, a rich, heady aroma that seemed to burrow into his mind. It was coming from in front of him, a beastly scent that had to be emanating from the cheetah. As though to flag its source, the cheetah moved in front of him, raising her tail and revealing a swollen, puffy vagina above a puckered anus. As though she was in heat...

Disgusted, Oliver was slowly starting to realize the purpose of this trap. He was slowly acquiring cheetah attributes, likely being changed into one. And this female, wearing the same collar that had changed him, was likely a former human, though was clearly interested in him, as though sizing him up as a mating partner. He was to be the male to keep company with the

female, and she was eager and ready to take him. Worse, his new nose seemed to have some inkling of her scent...

Yet, before he could act on his alien impulses, his hips and stomach started to tingle, as though rapidly losing weight. With that, his clothes began to loosen, his pants feeling too large for him, while his shirt started to bunch up and billow around his belly. Allowing himself a quick look at the cheetah, though not too much so as not to risk attachment, it was clear she was much slimmer than the moderately built man. Though the thought of losing his clothes, while repugnant, was starting to become more appealing with the growth of itchy fur, peppering his belly and groin and spreading from anywhere it seemed to pop up over his skin. It was powerfully irritating against the fabric, though getting worse and worse as the minutes ticked past. It seemed to be moving more rapidly to give him an entire cheetah's pelt, something he wished not to experience but had no control over.

With his unruly paws, there was no chance of readjusting his belt or trying to hold up his pants as they suddenly slid off him, pooling around his legs and leaving him clad in only his underwear. Thankfully, the elastic band allowed him to keep them secure, though it was likely not to be the case as he continued to change. His shirt was already two sizes too large, though he could hardly use feline paws to remove it. He was in turn forced to watch the fur spreading down his thighs and calves, spots peppering the skin as the yellow fur moved to cover them. Thicker, likely white fur was covering his chest and belly, itself feeling lean and muscular.

Though it was the scent of the cheetah, rubbing against his legs as though encouraging more fur to grow, that came to the forefront of her thoughts. It was heady and pungent, wafting into his nose as though his senses were becoming tuned to detect that odor above all others. The more Oliver tried not to focus on it, the more his nose seemed to desire to breathe it in. It awakened something in his mind, some developing feline instinct that couldn't turn off no matter how much he wished to. Like he wanted more, that it was doing something for him...

It was a tingling in his crotch that brought his attention downward, just in time to see a swelling in his erection. Within a few moments, Oliver found that he had pounded erect, moaning from the force of blood used to bring. It was powerfully confusing to be so afraid and disturbed by the changes yet to be so turned out in such a short span. Though the source of his arousal was not readily evident, it quickly dawned on him his seeking nose was breathing in heavily of the female's perfume. The reality hit Oliver like a ton of bricks. Not only was he meant to mate this cheetah, but his body was altering to that end, meaning that he found her offering not only receptive but appealing.

Worse was that the cat, in her inhuman intelligence, seemed to notice the effect her presence was having on him. Rubbing her head upwards, her fur and whiskers started to play

over his groin, making him moan from the unexpected touch. Feeling his firmness against his head, the cheetah started to rub aggressively, sending confusing pleasurable waves through his form. Oliver didn't want this, he couldn't want this. But the more he changed, the more his body seemed to become amicable to her presence...

With that, the cheetah started her ministrations in earnest, rubbing his maleness and stimulating his pleasure to the point Oliver was left unable to focus on anything else. "No, don't..." Oliver tried to moan, but there was nothing to be done for it with his unruly paws. Not only that, but his shoulders felt a little tight, as though his chest was beginning to compress and barrel. It was hard to tell, given the dull aches that signaled change and the itching still persisting as his fur grew in. But, even if he was able to, Oliver's mind was unsure if he wanted to push the cat away, her heat burning into his nostrils and making him strangely aroused.

Far too fast for his liking, the pleasure in his balls soon grew to the point that he was sure to cum. As though a catalyst, the female started reaching out with her tongue, licking with its barbed surface through the fabric of his underwear and making the changing man shiver. With such stimulation to his penis, there was no chance of him holding back, Oliver left shuddering as his member spilled its load into his underwear. The orgasm, as sudden as it was, lasted far longer than it should have, as though his cock was unloading its entire testicular contents. Perhaps all of his human sperm, but it was only left to be a passing thought as his jism was released until no longer pleasurable.

Yet, even as it finished and Oliver was allowed to pant his relief, the tingling in his groin intensified. Scared at the implication, Oliver managed to struggle down past his shirt, large as it was through his chest, and his belly retained its length, keeping it from covering his groin. With some effort, he managed to push his claws under the elastic, though not without scratching himself in the process. To his dismay and relief in equal measure, the female managed to get her tooth around it without pricking his skin. With the already thinning hips, it was little effort to leave them on the ground, pooled with his pants and leaving the changing man functionally naked from the waist down.

The sight greeting Oliver was worse than he could have expected. Pubic hairs were lancing out into soft white cheetah fur. His penis was retracting, though far faster than it should have. Its fathead was thinning rapidly, half the circumference as before, and changing from its human shade to a bizarre reddening color. Stranger still, his foreskin had peeled back along the skin of his perineum, pointing his cock backward in the process. In a similar fashion, his testicles were pulled backward as well erupting with a black-spotted white pelt as they sat just under an anus that was becoming more exposed as the fat of his hips receded and his internal organs shifted harmlessly towards a new purpose.

Though he had cum not moments before, the semen swelling in his balls from the prevalent feminine musk brought his retracted cock from its new home. Oliver was greeted with the shock of owning something inhuman and beastly. Its head was pointed, and it seemed as though the crown was covered with minute backward-facing spines, something that surely matched his soon-to-be species. Yet, despite its alien shape, the urge to touch it, to get off again was almost all-consuming. Or, even better, get a closer whiff from the present female and see what she had to offer him...

Almost as though she was reading his mind, the cheetah stopped rubbing against Oliver's legs and walked away, though not far from the object of her evident desire. Raising her tail, a puffy, reddened vagina was present for Oliver's inspection. He should have been mortified at the sight, though all he could think of at the moment was the scent wafting from her loins, speaking to an increasingly feline part of his mind. Thoughts to rut, to *mate*, were at the forefront of his awareness, and it was getting harder and harder to resist the notion, no matter what he felt about the whole ordeal.

The need to smell her sex was all-consuming, and Oliver wanted to get down on all fours, thinking his nose would be closer to her offering. He resisted, for now, but it was all he could do to think about something else, anything else. Though with the invitation just there before him, it took everything he had just to stand there, teetering on the edge of reason and lust. As though his body was trying to make the choice for him, a crack in his spine made him hunch over, as though it was growing. A slight ache seemed inductive of just that, spine stretching and cracking to develop the flexibility that his research would tell him a cheetah would need. He could feel his belly being pushed up, lean stomach longer than its human counterpart even if his form was slightly shorter. But it was more than that, his spine going longer than what the skin could manage. Eventually, a protrusion started to poke out of the skin, though he was unable to reach back and feel what was present. Still, as the thing started to hang heavily on his backside, it became obvious as to its purpose, as much as the rest of the changes coming over him.

“RROOWWW RRRot a RRRail!” Oliver tried to say, though the words were guttural, a growling quality to his voice that scared him to the core. Of course, his voice was lighter, more like a housecat than any of the other cats he admired. It was hard for him to appreciate such sounds when they were coming out of his own white-furred throat!

Worse was that his tail, the only possible source for the protrusion sticking out of his backside, started to twitch, sending shocked shivers through his spine to his brain at the presence of something that should not exist waded of its own accord. The bare skin soon itched irritatingly with the growth of cheetah fur, lean muscle and flesh thickening at the base, getting longer and waving around almost like a prehensile appendage. Several points of articulation waded in

anticipation as though his entire being was enraptured by the female, no matter how much he tried to resist.

Oliver wanted to whine his distress but was afraid of the cheetah-like sounds he would elicit. Still, he was prompted to open his mouth, the ache of his teeth growing almost too large for the size of his mouth in its current state. His canines were far longer, making it hard to close his mouth, as the rest of his dentures, more incisors, and sheered molars for a predatory diet, took form. His tongue, too, was far longer and flatter, tingles of spines forming over them to match his cheetah benefactor. It hung out of his mouth, panning from the heat of change assaulting him, though it seemed his body was too far changed to sweat anymore.

Lost in the changes to his face, Oliver hardly noticed the cheetah rubbing against him, her fur against his thinning legs, prompting his cock to slide out of his sheath. It was red and leaking, and despite its size, he could not recall a time when he was more aroused. It was a primal need, making the proximity to a female in heat all the more alluring as his mind altered. Would he lose himself to the desires as his body changed to match them? Oliver could hardly figure out what was worse!

Thinning legs were a precursor to the changes to his feet, though he could not see them through his shoes in the moment. Still, the same dull ache as claws forming from their tips, the cracking and popping of the toes as they shrank down into the base of the feet, which themselves were widening slightly. Though it was not something that could stop his heel from stretching, or his socks from falling off thinning calves and heels. Fur was covering the entire surface of his feet, pads forming where his paws once were. With that state of his feet in an increasingly feline configuration, Oliver was literally left there teetering on the edge, taking everything he had to stay standing.

With a snap of his hips, Oliver had no hope of staying standing upright, a cat only able for a little motion on the best of days. Afraid of falling on his face, the cheetah was there, allowing him to balance just a little as he put his arms out and allowed them to fall down on new front paws. With that, Oliver felt his calves compressing, his thighs flattened with skin affirming them to his thin cheetah flanks and dooming him to primarily leave him down on all fours. The effort left him struggling out of his shoes, and he backed out of his bowling shirt, finally in a position to be rid of the thing.

Yet, the first thing he noticed, over the alterations to his backside, was the potent stench of feline heat hitting his nose. It was powerfully pungent from this angle, wafting directly into his nose now that Oliver was at level with her sex. Knowing that her body moved back just a little, her backside turned to him, and lifted her tail, wafting more of her leaking fluids and hormonal infusion into his brain. Even trying to back up, awkward in his current stance, was not

enough to get far away to avoid the smell of feline musk burning into his nose and plaguing his mind.

Even as Oliver breathed in the pungent aroma of need, his mind continued to scream to tell him to stop. He wished beyond a fleeting hope that the cheetah recalled she was once human, too, and that, surely, she hadn't wanted to change. Perhaps that facet of her mind, despite her biological needs, would stop before she changed him fully and allowed him a chance to escape...

Yet, his hopes were not to be as the changes continued their relentless march over his form. More intense than before, his chest began to rock and compress, cracking under the skin to force it into a cheetah's chest. The muscle was powerful and thicker in relation to the form needed by a cheetah to run at the speeds they could manage. A long, flexible spine, massive lungs, and a lean belly made up his new cheetah's anatomy. Shoulders shifting forward, and a reversed pelvis left him on all fours like the cat he was to become.

At eye level with the female's sex, it seemed she was sentient enough to take advantage of the situation. Tail once again hitched and backside raised, the glistening orifice looked him in the eye and winked, pulsating and preparing for his entrance. She was clearly willing, having been here for a week as the zoo keeper had indicated and likely under the whims of feline heat from the entire time. No matter how much of her human intelligence remained, she would likely be as unable to resist the urges as he was, wanting it as badly as Oliver himself did.

Oliver took one last shake of the head in order to rid himself of the intrusive thoughts plaguing his form. It was maddening to resist the urges to mount and mate as his new body dedicated. Be it cheetah instincts or some side effect of the serums that was changing him, it did not matter with the lust so firmly entrenched in his mind. The more he stared, the more the female backed towards his nose, sex nearly touching it and tail bapping him on the head as she grew as close as he could. Hell, it would be so easy to reach out with his panting tongue, taste her offering before rising up to mouth her...

Before he had any inkling to stop himself, Oliver's tongue was doing that just, licking at the contours of her sex and taking in her tart nectar. Though the flavor should have been repugnant, he was rather enticed by it, sampling it like a sparkling beverage and enjoying the puls radiating through her body. She was soon grinding her hips back against his mouth, and Oliver was prompted to stop, his own penis getting impossibly taut and demanding stimulation. He could certainly lick himself; with his flexibility, the notion had surely not escaped his notice. But the urge to embed it in this female, with her offering so close, was all-consuming.

In an instant, Oliver had pulled back enough to leap up on her back, gripping her sides with his paws and trying to thrust forward with his inexperienced hips. Cheetah mating, like

much they did, was rather quick, and there was no urge to hold back, only to take what he needed and what the female was offering him. Any resistance was wiped from his mind the moment Oliver took a mating position, unable to fight and mind no longer wanting to. It took some work but eventually, his thrusting hips matched the backside of his might, teasing her backside and anus until finally, the leaking beads from her sex were enough that he was able to find his mark, and his penis teased the opening of his lips. It was a bit of an effort, his body not quite changed to make the connection work. Though that was soon to alter, his spine reaching a proper adult cheetah's length, and his penis sank in, minute though it was. It was just the size to slide in, hips flexible as a cat's, and perfectly suited to mate with a female in this current position.

By this point, the only transformation yet to encroach upon his humanity was the alterations to his head and skull, though that was soon to change. A series of pops resonated through his head as his mandible and maxilla bones pushed out, soon doubling the human size and giving him the beginnings of a proto-muzzle. His mouth was finally large enough to close on his dentures, though he was open and panting and trying to reach out to bite that nap of her neck, something his growing skull was getting increasingly close to doing.

Though he was hardly aware of it, the spines on his penis were enough to rake against the female's insides, making her growl and wince from the intrusion. It did nothing to deter her from sex, in fact prompting her inner walls to grip him even tighter to draw his sperm into her. The pleasure from Oliver's part only increased, and he mated with vigor, each thrust taking from him any whims to resist if he even harbored any at this juncture. It was impossible to recall being anything than the cat he was or reason beyond the lust that had clouded his mind,

Making it harder to think still was the compression against his skull, the front sloping into his muzzle while the cranium itself pressed against his brain. Though not painful, it was powerfully uncomfortable, causing him to shake his head to remove the cloudiness settling in. His eyes watered, occipital orbs increasing in size and changing the configuration of his eyes. Though slightly alarmed by the decrease in colors in the cage around him, with the pleasurable sensations running through him, it was hard to lament their loss. Even the tingling of the teardrop-shaped lines running from his eyes to the base of his nose did little to deter him from his rut.

Even as the tingling of changes slowed and Oliver felt his end was coming, the remnants of his humanity mourned what he had lost, what he was giving up by allowing himself to give in. It was as though he was quite literally fucking himself away, with no ability to halt the process. And, it certainly felt good, better than anything his human experience could manage. Though he was giving himself up to a single moment of pleasure, it was impossible to find any fault with this, if only to allow the satisfaction of breeding a willing female as his instincts dictated...

With that, his changed muzzle bit down on the nape of the female's neck, solidifying his stance, and the last bit needed to fall over the edge. A quick burst of orgasmic pleasure shot through his loins, and with it, his feline semen. The act was quick, and he was off the female's back and panting before he really understood what had happened. But in a moment of clarity, Oliver felt a sense of completion, of satisfaction that defied his previous fear of the experience. The scent of the female and the feeling of her body as she purred and rubbed up against his body. Human thoughts were hazy, though there was no need to think with the focus on the beast he was, on his goals and needs.

With that, a fading part of his mind caught sight of a zookeeper, watching the mating pair with some interest. The person seemed familiar to him, perhaps the one that had left him there in the first place. Had they been there the entire time, watching the changes and the subsequent mating? Did it really matter, zoo animal that he was? Oliver could not muster any ability to feel shame over it. Not with the bestial need in his loins and the willing female, barely finished cleaning the sperm from her sex before taking the mating position again and inviting the male over to her...

Oliver lost track of how many days had passed since he had been inducted into bestial life. Though he retained knowledge of who he was, and who he had been, the cat largely ruled his psyche, a beast that was content to spend most of the day asleep. There were less glamorous aspects of being a feline, of course, loss of autonomy, eating only bland meat, and relieving himself in a litter box. But, for the most part, he was content to keep the cat out, not fighting the instincts and desires of his new form.

Part of him, when his humanity surfaced, was oddly content with the life. After all, his fascination to change and the memory of having undergone such a change had a long-term impact on his happiness. He'd wanted to get to know what the life of an animal entailed to the point that he used to imagine being one. And, now, he was. That, and the relaxing life of a zoo cat was oddly fulfilling. He was an endangered species and his only duty was to live and propagate his species by mating frequently.

And on that end, he rose, seeing the female awake, too, and looking at him with interest before turning around. Though he had never known her in human life, he was sure she had one and now loved her cheetah life as much as he seemed. And, even though her heat had long since abated, and she was likely pregnant, if the frequent vet visits were any indication, it was not a deterrent to her sex life. With the goal of getting pregnant with a far easier term than a primate, she was free to enjoy sex with as much as two animals with as much time on their paws as

possible. And as Oliver licked her sex and prepared to mount her, he felt no regrets in his new life, even one of captivity.