

Shark Trunks

“Finally! Summer is here. And you know what that means Marble!” exclaims an anthropomorphic white furred wolf with predatory powerful blue eyes. He leans back into a lazy chair, an open half-drunk beer in his paws, his feet kicked up onto the messy coffee table.

An orange furred anthropomorphic dog with amber eyes glued onto the television as he plays his first-person shooter, fingers racing across his controller, his body bobbing and weaving as if it would have any effect on the position of his game character, “More time to play video games. Yeah! Got that cock sucker!” he exclaims, excitedly.

He chuckles, “Well that, but there’s something even better.”

Marble’s tail flicks, “Kevin. After all those hours of cramming for exams. What in the world could be better than video games?”

“Women Marble, women! It’s beach season. Just picture it. All those beautiful babes laying across the beach to get a tan? Ah, it’s going to be heavenly,” he remarks, adjusting his shorts as his pants grow tight at the idea of countless women in bikinis and perhaps sunbathing with nothing on at all.

“Don’t get your hopes up.”

He huffs, “Why?”

“You’ll have to compete with me,” he states, looking over his shoulder with a toothy grin only to be smacked in the head by a couch cushion, nearly knocking him over, “Hey now!”

“When I get my speedo, I’ll be turning heads,” he says confidently, taking a drink.

“I don’t think a pair of speedos is going to beat this body,” he says, flexing and showing off.

“You have nothing on me, and you know it,” he states.

“To think a pair of swimming trunks will go this much to your head.”

“These are the top-of-the-line form fitting speedos. I ordered them off of reef. An awesome deal for how good they’ll make me. They guarantee that it will change your life or your money back. How can they not be awesome with a guarantee like that.”

“Looks like you need to work out your brain as well as your body my friend. I can’t believe you fell for such cheap marketing tactics.”

He huffs, “You’ll see. They should be arriving any time today.” The doorbell rings, causing him to leap to his feet, tail wagging, “There it is!”

Marble rolls his eyes, “Relax man. It’s a pair of shorts. They aren’t going to change your life.”

“You’ll see. All the women will fawn over me in no time,” he retorts, rushing to the door, opening it to reveal a brown package on the ground, the Reef logo, a smile shark face on the side. With glee he snatches it, “I’m going to try these on right away!” He scampers off to the bedroom, closing the door.

Marble chuckles, yelling, “Don’t cry to me when they aren’t what you think they are!” He smirks, shaking his head, getting back to his game, “Time to frag some noobs.”

With a giddy glee, Kevin tears into the box, revealing the sleek black and grey rubber shorts with a thick solid black belt that has a circular belt buckle that has a red and black shark fin logo on the front. He feels the smooth latex along his fingertips, giving it a firm stretch, hearing it creak and squeak, enjoying how smooth it is, “Yeah, this is going to feel good and will show off what a man I am to the ladies,” he growls playfully, stripping out of his clothes, his red canine length at half mast, the thought of all those women eyeing him up, and the feel of latex against his fingertips has really gotten him aroused and eager.

“I bet this will just make those fine sexy ladies just howl when they see me,” he says with ever growing excitement, emotionally and physically. His fingers run across his hardening member, “Don’t worry, we’ll get some this summer.” His member twitches and throbs as if agreeing with him. He slips on the tight pair of rubber shorts, the latex squeezing his fur as he pulls them up. The latex squeaks as he takes a moment to slip his tail through the back hole, taking a moment to fiddle and stretch the shorts, “This is going to be a tight fit. I hope I got the right size.”

He wiggles his butt, tugging up, pulling his tail to help it all slip through. The shorts tightly grip his legs, massaging his thighs on the way up. Till finally he manages to pull them all the way up, the belt snapping around his waist, the hole for the tail goes all the way to his tail base, giving fully unrestricted movement of his eagerly wagging tail. His throbbing member is contained with a nice sized bulge, the smooth latex caressing his sensitive bits, which only further excites him, “It fits!” he exclaims happily, taking a moment to look at himself in the mirror, “It really feels like they just mold to my body.” His tail wags faster, his butt hiked a little as he turns to show off his muscular form, his well-sculpted ass, as he gives it a few shakes. Gently he caresses his rear, giving it a firm squeeze, “That is one nice ass if I do say so myself,” he states, stopping his train of thought and shaking his head, “Naw, that is gay to say,” he says with a chuckle, “Glad Marble didn’t hear me say that. He’d bust my balls over it for a week.”

He walks away from the mirror as he just misses a sleek rubber black and grey rubber shark with red stripes and the shark logo with the word “Reef” right underneath. It has a toothy grin, with the fin jutting out of the back of his head, with red markings around the neck gills. It forms steadily from the back of the shorts, hands ready to reach out as it thinks, “*Yes, this host will do nicely. He has the hungry I need. All I need to do is adjust his tastes just a little bit.*”

Kevin’s tail wags happily, just missing the growing shark creature that forms out of the back of his rubber shorts, which now begin to drip and spread latex along his legs, “Huh? What is this?” His hands touch the shorts, feeling a sleek slime sensation across his fingers. He pulls his hands away, seeing a black rubber slide across his hands forming a glove fit around his paws, “What the? Are these melting?!” he exclaims.

The rubber shark has long black hands that are like elbow length gloves that suddenly turn into that deep dark grey. Fins just from the sides of his upper arms. The shark’s red eyes swirl in a hypnotic pattern. His gaze completely locked on the wolf, his body growing with each passing moment.

A sleek domineering voice creeps into his mind, yet it sounds like it's coming from behind him, "*Relax. It's perfection coming over you. Soon you'll have the perfect beach body just like you've always wanted.*" The shark chuckled menacingly.

Kevin's ears perked, spinning around, "Who said that? Who's there?" he barked out.

Marble doesn't hear a thing as he's turned up his video game, the sound of explosions and combat drowning out any sound his friend makes, in fact it is Kevin that hears him yell, "Got another one! Take that noob!" from within the bedroom.

The white wolf bares his teeth, "This isn't funny. Show yourself," he exclaims, feeling the latex crawl down his legs, spreading across his thighs, squeezing them, showing off his muscles that was hidden underneath the fur. Those muscles tense as the tingle delight of the latex rolls across them, climbing its way up his belly, showing off a well-sculpted six pack, "*Yes, yes. You are exactly what I want... what we want,*" cackles the shark, growing into a liquid rubber suit from the wolf's back.

"I don't want anything. And I certainly don't want what you want!" he exclaims, his tail shifting between his legs, till the latex rolls across it, thickening it out, packing down his fur, as the iconic shark tail curve begins to take shape, with black and grey along the tail's length but a solid blood red fin at the end.

The shark grabs Kevin's arms, the latex splattering across his limbs, spreading the rubber that is changing his body or perhaps its spreading the creature over him and he's simply being drawn into him, "You say that now, but not for long," says the shark, pulling Kevin in close, so he may see the shark tooth filled grin, "After a bit of convincing, You'll change your mind, on what our prey, our desires really are."

He tries to fight against the supernatural strength of his assailant, "What are you talking about? Let go of me now!" he barks, trying to bite the creature when it brings its head towards him, catching a glimpse of those red and black hypnotic swirling eyes. No matter how he struggles, its all for naught. The warming rubber moves down his legs, melting away more of his canine features, replaces by smooth, shiny latex of a shark. Yet he can't help but feel an arousal build between his legs. The smooth null bulge, growing, as it continues to heat up, building up the desire to mate. Yet it mixes with his desire to fight and tear this monster from his body, but all his attempts have thus far been in vain.

The shark chuckles, "Someone wants to bite? I'll show you how to bite." He melts over Kevin's back and chest. The latex rolling over his body. The shark opens his mouth wide, showing the black and red rubber insides.

The wolf's ears go flat, his eyes widening, trying to move away but the more the latex covers him the less control he has over his body and at this point he's a prisoner in his own rubber shorts. Unable to make a run for the door, to grab his phone and call for help. He can only wonder what is going to happen next when the shark bites around Kevin's head, drawing it into the shark's rubber mouth.

Shark teeth dominate Kevin's vision. The rubber draws him deeper into the shark's mouth, his head forced into the shark's own. The warm rubber flowing over his nogging, teasing

him, soothing him, calming him. His body shudders. There's something delightful about the warm sensation, like taking a hot bath after working a long hard day outside doing yard work. A desires accomplishment that yields to accepting the soothing sensation.

"Good, relax, and listen. You'll understand the new you soon enough," says the shark, closing his mouth around Kevin's head. The light of the outside world turns into darkness before it shifts to a pulsating swirl of red and black, *"Just look into my eyes and relax. Feel your body change to the apex predator of the **land** and sea."*

"A-apex predator?" he asks, the thought of it feels enticing to him. The idea of being so strong, of being *on top* of the food chain, so very domineering. His body quakes at the thought. His arousal grows, looking into the wonderful red and black swirls.

"You like that don't you? Accept me. Embrace me. And we'll become the apex predator. Enjoying all the men we could ever want."

He huffs, groaning, "Yes we can enjoy all the men we could ever... what?!" he exclaims pulling his mind a bit away from the alluring corruptive voice, "Men? I don't want men, that's gay!"

The shark chuckles, "Of course it is. The top predator makes all others bend to his will. And being gay is great. Pleasurable. Remember the saying. The gay old time. Gay means happy. You'll be happy. You'll be gay."

The warmth in his loins continue, pleasure building, seeming to double between his legs. Something about the words rung true, but he shook them off, "No, no. I'm not into men. I want all the women fawning over me. I don't want dick."

"But dicks are great. They are so nice in fact, how about we have two," teases the rubber shark. The rubber flowing into the wolf's mouth, rear, filling him up. Not a single white hair could be seen from under the latex. The rubber squeezed and massaged his length, surging the pleasure higher, while the smooth null bulge crotch continued to bulge more.

"Fuck," moans Kevin, feeling an outward pressure from the bulge. His length pushing hard against the latex, eager, and aching to break free.

"We'll be doing that soon, just watch and feel how wonderful we're going to be," he whispers in his hear, in Kevin's mind. Unsure of his hands are moving to caress his sensitive smooth crotch out of his own will or of the rubber creature that has fully enveloped him. The smooth rubber squeaks loudly, caressing along his fingers, his crotch pulsates and aches, a budding desire building up within him as his rear is filled, with ever growing sensation. A moment of discomfort, turning into a slow steady pulsating pleasure as he feels his prostate being massaged for the first time, discovering the hidden pleasure button hidden within him all along.

He struggles against it, but he moans, hands continue to caress, rub, squeeze, fondle. The latex creaking loudly, folding and then smoothing with each delightful satisfying squeak. His hips gyrate against his touch, the pulsating swirls of red and black drawing his gaze forward, but the rubber or perhaps his own pleasure with touching himself makes him look down at that crotch.

“Twice as nice is better, wouldn’t you agree?” he asks, his voice echoing in Kevin’s mind.

“Twice as nice is better.”

“Two is better than one.”

“Why have one when you can have two?”

“Double the dicks, double the pleasure.”

His fingers dance across the latex, “Two cocks... twice as nice,” he mutters, his mind picturing two canine cocks in his hands, the thick knots, twitching pink lengths, dribbling with pre-cum, “Yes, I’d be so sexy with two,” he groans. Two peaks poke through the rubber. A pair of sleek black rubber claspers forming along his fingers, fingers caressing the sensitive throbbing lengths as they grow bigger, thicker, dribbling white pre-cum at the tips.

“Grab them. Feel how good dicks feel in your hands,” he says, squeezing the lengths, the pleasure shoots through his body. Building up bliss within his loins, adding to the lust within his loins, creating an arousal bomb that is aching to go off. His members throb, aching pleasure pillars, that twitch with each heavenly stroke, *“Feels good, doesn’t it? Dicks feel good, can you just imagine it?”*

He shudders, legs feeling weak he fumbles back onto the bed. He thrusts up into the air, more pre-cum leaking out of the twin spires, spreading the pre-cum all along the length. Each stroke causes him to throb harder. Each throb draws his mind toward the aching dicks. Each moment he spends his thoughts on the dicks, the more he thinks about males, dicks. His mind’s eye at first creates a fantasy of female, all fawning over his twin canine cocks, the ladies, caressing his member, sucking him off, pounding into their twin holes, one into their pussy, the other into their tight rear.

He huffs, groaning, “Dicks feel good.”

“So very good,” says the shark.

“So very good,” groans Kevin is unable to look away from the hypnotic spirals, his eyes glued on the visual. Pleasure surging through him, his body thrusts up into the air, squirting out more of his leaking essence, the pressure building up to new unimaginable heights.

“Focus on the cocks.”

“Dicks are a delight.”

“Dicks are delicious.”

“Penises bring pleasure.”

He huffs, fingers trailing along the lengths, alternating his strokes as the shark’s voice echoes into his mind, desire and hunger growing, all those women around him, a few guys are now sprinkled within. Strong powerful males, their cocks throbbing, aching, ready to be touched. The women there gently touch and play with those lengths. It draws the attention of his fantasy from those sexy ladies to those handsome men. With each stroke his focus shifts toward those rippling muscles, the broad shoulders and those massive throbbing...

He groans, trying to resist, but his body grows ever more relaxed. The delight, pleasure, it feels so good. His rear is filled by the rubber, making him feel like something or someone is

slipping into his rear. In his mind he feels the shark rubbing along his chest, pressing up against his back, pressing his lengths against his tight rear, tail raised and brushed to the side.

“Yes. Cocks feel so good. Focus on it. Focus on the pleasure. Focus on how happy it makes you feel. How gay it makes you.”

Kevin mentally whines, stroking away. Unable to do anything but to continue to rub. He huffs faster, and faster, “Yeah it feels good,” he mutters as he questions himself, *“What’s wrong about enjoying dicks. It feels good, doesn’t it? Perhaps it’s not so bad.”*

In his mind he feels the shark thrust into him, his rear squeezing on the claspers, the shark penises that push against his prostate, building up his lust, “It feels good, doesn’t it? This feels great. It could never be wrong, could it?”

“Ah...” he huffs, tensing, milking, fewer women are in his mind, more males, more dicks, throbbing lengths. His gaze focused on them, his hands tightly gripping the woman’s hips that he’s pounding, perhaps the last woman in his mental fantasy.”

“She’s tight, but its tighter if you put both in the rear. Shove your lengths into the ass. Accept how good it is to pound ass,” the shark chuckles.

Kevin bucks into the air at the same time he slips in and out of the women in his mind. He feels him slipping out of the tight pussy, pushing both claspers into her rear, her moan growing louder, deeper, a bit more masculine. Slipping into the female’s rear feels so tight as his cocks rub up against one another, just bubbling up in the bliss as he’s about to a boil over, unsure how much longer he’s even capable of keeping a lid on it, or sure how he’s even lasted this long.

“Good, good. Accept it. It’s wonderful. Repeat after me and let us become one. Accept the gay energy, the gay desire, the gay pleasure. You’ll be happy. You’ll be gay.”

Kevin’s body has shifted, if there was anything left of the wolf’s original body. He’s not sure, and perhaps he doesn’t care now. His webbed toes clench as he’s ready to unleash his load, “I am so close, just a bit more. Please, a bit more.” His stiff cocks are so sensitive against his constantly stroking hands, pre-cum oozing from the tip, running down his lengths, making them glisten and slide even faster, harder, trying everything in his power to jump over the ledge, and delve into the bliss of a climax.

“You will. Let me in. Accept your new sexuality. Embrace it. Just look how much you are enjoying me taking you. And you are taking another male. Topping powerful guys. It’s thrilling, isn’t it?”

“Ah... ah... but...” he tenses, bucking harder, closing his eyes, yet he still sees the spirals, that dazzling spirals, that keeps his attention transfixed on the center, drawing him ever deeper. Steadily words float in and out of his gaze.

“Obey.”

“Dominate males.”

“Love males.”

“Fuck males.”

“You are gay.”

“You love to top males.”

"You are a gay dom."

"You are a sexy gay shark."

"Follow your instincts."

"Follow your gay instincts."

"Become the apex predator."

"Become a gay shark."

"Become gay, be gay, you are gay."

The shark's voice echoes in his mind, pleasure building higher, growing with new lusts and desires, his members twitch, throb, dribbling the pre-cum, which only makes his cocks ever more lubricated.

Kevin is drawn deeper into those inviting spirals, the soothing and domineering voice that drills into his mind, the vision before him, humping away at that tight hole. His hands caressing along the person's sides, reaching around to rub his smooth chest as he pounds even harder, "So very tight, so very good," he moans.

"Tight. Wonderful, isn't it?"

Kevin groans, "Yes, so very tight."

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

With a deep huff he nods, "It feels wonderful."

"Accept how good male ass is. Accept how gay you are. How good it is to be gay."

He looks down in his mind, seeing the handsome male before him, pounding into the ass. He huffs, pounding faster, harder, pleasure rising as his cocks grind against one another, going in nice and deep into the male's ass till he's flush with the guy's rear. He huffs looking down at it, "It feels so good... Nice, this can't be..."

"Who you really are? Look around. Look at all the throbbing dicks around you."

His heart races, looking around in this fantasy, while in reality he's staring in the center of the welcoming spirals, the rubber body becoming more of his own as he starts to accept this new version of himself. Less of a suit, and more of a rubber shark. His gaze looks at one male, then the next, and the next. Not a single female around, and yet he continues to hump the male before him. His orange fur, his lovely tail, Marble? Is he fucking his friend? And yet his arousal only grows, "Y-yeah. It feels really good."

"Let your preconceptions fade away. Being gay is the best. Being gay is who you are. Be happy. Be gay."

His cocks twitch within Marble's tight hole and with a deep groan he mutters, "Be happy... be gay."

"Again."

"Be happy. Be gay."

"Again. Accept it. Let it take you. Forget women. Take men. If anything, turn all females into sexy males. Doesn't that sound tantalizing?"

He whines, feeling himself so close to the edge, ready to blow, his heart races. The concern of accepting this newfound version of himself, the fear of it. His entire world view is

turned upside down, taking a guy like this. He never thought of it before and now he can't get it out of his mind. And each second, he thought about it, the more he wanted it. It broke down his previous perceptions, his cocks ached so very hard, it was straining his mind to the breaking point. He slams the fantasy ass of his friend, "Yes... it does."

"Cum away your desire for women. Let it drain away. Accept your new self. Your gay self. No more women, only males."

"No more... women, only males," he huffs, slamming harder into his partner's rear, loving how tight he feels. He reaches down between Marble's legs, feeling his throbbing cock.

"Look how close you are now with your friend. Being gay is the best."

"Being gay is the best, so very close, on the edge."

"Accept it. No more resistance. Only gay."

In his mind he sees all the sexy males, each turning into a rubber shark like himself. He looks down at marble pounding that tight ass, wanting it so much. It feels better than any pussy he could have ever had that he begins to think, *"Yeah. Why go for some bland pussy. Marble is right there. His tight ass. His throbbing cock. I could please him better than anyone else. And he could please me... better than anyone else."*

The shark chuckles, the merger between the two nearly complete, *"That's its Kevin. Embrace your thoughts. Embrace who you are. You are gay. You've always been. You just need to **accept** it."*

"Yes, yes, yes. I am gay! I am gay!" he yells, his cocks erupting, spewing out their white rubbery cream. The hot streams of rubber seed flood out of his body, the last vestiges of desire for the female body slipping out of his head as he fully accepts his new gay mind set. With a sharky grin he milks his cocks, drawing out every lovely drop of his essence. His vision clears, yet the spiral in his eyes remains. He takes a deep breath, continuing to milk and massage his lovely throbbing dicks.

"That was the best climax of my life, and it was all because of these lovely..." he looks down at his rubber shark body, caressing his still hard dicks, "To my two newfound lovely dicks," he chuckles, the rubber seed around his body rolls off his body like water being repelled by wax. It pools on the bed, refusing to be soaked into the fabric.

He runs his hands across the lengths, keeping a firm grip on the claspers as they twitch and throb, bits of pre-cum already leaking out of them, "This is what I wanted. The perfect body," he muses, tail sliding across the bed, one eye on his dicks the other on the pool of rubber cum, watching it darken and turn into a grey and black color, turning into a pair of rubber speedos that look exactly like what he was wearing not so long ago.

"What a lovely pair of trunks," he says with a devious chuckle, running his fingers across them, feeling how wonderful the smooth latex is against his rubber fingers, his cocks aching, wanting to slip into a tight ass. The fantasy of taking his friend bubbling up in his mind.

Suddenly there's a knock on the door, "Kevin? Are you alright? You're yelling so loud that people on my coms are wondering if you are getting stabbed or something."

Clearing his throat he responds, “No, I’m totally fine. Better than ever really. I can’t wait to show you just how great this new outfit is. I think you’ll just love it.”

“Fuck man. I don’t care what you are wearing, that’s gay as hell. Glad you are enjoying them at least. I’ll be having fun in the living room.”

“Have fun! I’ll be sure to join you...” he says, gently stroking his eager cocks, the desire to take him building up as the anticipation grows as he softly mutters, “Shortly.”

Kevin sits up, the new mind set solidifying in his mind, any doubt gently being squeezed out of his twin spires that now ache and throb to try the real thing. To fill a tight hole of a handsome male for the first time. The anticipation is palpable, the thought of breaking his virginity with popping Marble’s cherry just made his cocks twitch and stiffen even harder.

He reaches over to caress the matching pair of speedos. His mind a light with how to go about putting them on his friend, “*He’ll understand the joy and delight of being a gay Reef shark soon,*” he thinks, chuckling at the thought. His members grind against one another, doubling his pleasure, as he uses one hands to keep his excitement at its peak, “I could jump him. Or use the shock of my new *perfect* body to throw him off. Not that he could ever hope in overpowering these muscles,” he says, flexing, body squeaking, the sound of which sends a shiver of pleasure down his spine.

“Yeah! Take that! Such a noob. Suck it!” exclaims Marble from the other room.

Kevin’s dicks twitch, “I think I know exactly how to go about it.” He grabs the shorts and heads out, taking slow calculated steps back into the living room. His nostrils flare, the scent of his friend hanging in the air. Feeling the pumping adrenaline from his games, which only excites his predatory instincts.

Marble smashes the button on the control, completely engrossed in his game, headphones on his head, blocking out the rest of the world, “Yeah take that!” he exclaims over the intercom. His tail wags happily as he’s suddenly grabbed from behind, “Hey! You’re ruining my game!” he exclaims, growling in annoyance, but when he turns to look at Kevin his eyes widen in shock and surprise, “Who the fuck are you?”

Kevin chuckles, pulling Marble’s right off, underwear and all, revealing his soft orange furred rump, creamy belly. His nice package bouncing between his legs, the sight of which excites Kevin even more. He grins, responding in a voice that’s not quite Kevin’s but one that Marble could still tell that it was his friend, or at least he hoped it was, “It’s me Kevin.”

“What the fuck happened to you!” he exclaims, trying to wiggle out of his friend’s grasp, sliding out of his shirt, leaving him butt naked. He leaps back, spinning around to face him, “You said you got a pair of speedos not some kind of rubber shark kink suit.”

“You’ll see soon my friend, and you’ll know that we’ll be together, hunting our future prey, together,” he says, showing off the rows of pointy teeth in a way that no suit could possibly ever do.

Kevin took a step back, his tail moving between his legs, feeling all sense of aggression and bravery sapped from him. The sheer strength and power of the shark before him, told his instincts one thing in this fight or flight scenario, *run*.

The rubber shark grins at his good fortune, "*I am the perfect apex predator. Look how he runs from me, but it's futile,*" he thinks, catching him in a moment, pinning him to the ground with a thud.

"Let go of me!" Marble cries out, helpless to fight against him as the pair of rubber shorts are slipped over his legs and in one quick swift motion pulled all the way up. The only difficulty he had was slipping his friend's tail through the hole in the back of the trunks.

"Relax my friend. Soon you'll come to understand what true power feels like. The love between two males. How good it is to be *gay*."

The shorts slip on, tightening around Marble's waist, showing a nice sized bulge, "What? I'm no faggot!" he exclaims, feeling a tingle run down his spine, the rubber shorts instantly getting to work melting across his thighs, the black and grey rubber quickly spreading over the canine's orange soft fur.

"No, but you soon will be," says Kevin pressing himself against his friend, feeling the soft fur, eyes lightening up with the forming of another shark just like himself from behind, gripping and holding Kevin and keeping him in place when he lets go. The shark standing tall and proud over his friend, his twitching claspers ready to be suckled, "Just let yourself go and be happy."

He whines, trying to move and wiggle out of his position, shivering when he notices a pair of hands grasping along his chest, gently massaging his chest, while he feels his own pleasure and lust grow within him, swelling up as the pressure against the rubber builds up, "What is this?" he asks, hearing a deep and domineering voice whisper in his mind.

"*It's the new you. The better you. The happy you. The gay you,*" the rubber shark coming forth from the speedos, has already completely enveloped Marble's tail, transforming it into that of a shark with the same, grey, black and red markings. Already a solid third of his body looks like a clone of his friend. Who stands over him, towering with his twin dicks that throb and dribble pre-cum in front of him. The white fluid lingering on those black rubber dicks.

"I-I'm not gay!" he exclaims, tugging hard against the rubber that spread down his legs and feet, converting them into shark webbed toes. His six-pack forming as the latex slides up along his body, making the impossibility of escape now a certainty. All hope of escaping this situation, feeling him, and yet, he feels rather good. His gaze locked on those twin dicks that throb just inches from his muzzle. The shark's powerful claws running along his fur, claws gentle scratching him behind the ears.

"Perhaps not yet, but you soon will be. Don't my twin dicks look so nice? So nice to have two, a bit *jealous*, aren't you?" he asks as the rubber shark with his swirling hypnotic eyes moves up from behind Marble ready to swallow him.

"N-no, no," he moans, looking up at Kevin, catching his hypnotic swirling gaze. The pleasure surging through him instantly doubles as his bulge between his legs grows, arousal building up. His body relaxing as he looks deep into Kevin's hypnotic gaze, "I just... need to..."

"Relax and look into my eyes. See how wonderful they look. How good it feels to just relax and *obey*."

Marble whines, his arousal bubbling up, the lust staring to cloud his mind, weakening his resolve, “Relax...”

“That’s it, relax and let me in.”

“Relax... and let you in,” he says, licking his lips just as Kevin places the tips of his members along those lips.

“Let me in and obey.”

“Let you in...” he says, letting the claspers slip into his muzzle. The salty flavor of the latex rolling across his tongue. The hot pre-cum flowing down into his mouth as the shark from the speedos flows over his arms, combining with him, his mouth opening wide, ready to eat what little remains of the orange furred canine whole.

Kevin looks at his shark companion, his eyes simply read “Wait” as he enjoys this moment with his canine friend. Enjoying his warm muzzle and tongue across his lengths. He slides in deeper with each firm moaning thrust, “Good, very good,” he groans, wanting to enjoy this moment, knowing that once its over, Marble will be joining his ranks, and his canine muzzle will be replaced by that of a superior shark.

The orange dog whines, his body aching, his single cock growing, splitting, doubling the pleasure. They push through his smooth rubber bulge, the two claspers forming, pre-cum dribbling from the tip. He sucks on the dicks, finding the flavor far better than he was ever expecting. He never could imagine that sucking dick could feel and taste so good. His desire to continue building up, digging deep within his mind, beginning to accept the delight of being gay and how it really feels to embrace his true sexuality.

The shark that is merging with him whispers into his mind, *“Yes, that’s it. Accept it. Become one with me. Become gay. Let your fantasies of being so powerful become true. Dominate your male adversaries. Fuck them hard, as you have said so yourself so many times before. Accept how good it is to be gay.”*

Marble huffs, nostrils flaring, taking in the intoxicating aroma of the latex that is pressing up against his nostrils. He takes both lengths deep into his muzzle, his tongue stuck between the two as he slurps and licks across them, feeling each throb and pulse, the warm liquid flowing down his throat, tasting just so good that he begins to want it more. “Good to be gay,” he mutters with the dicks deep in his mouth, his eyes swirl with the lust and obedience that his mind and body crave. The two claspers aching so hard, beginning to dribble their pre-cum as every straight thought and desire melts away from his mind and flows down into his loins, beginning to build the process that will climactic remove such silly thoughts and desires from him.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full my love.”

Marble whines and suckles away, saying nothing more, falling deeper into the sexual trance, *“Follow. Obey. Be gay. Follow. Obey. Be gay.”* the thoughts building up in his mind, the sense of his growing desire building as he suckles harder, his hands on Kevin’s hips, fingers caressing his butt, giving them a firm squeeze as he expresses his change in sexuality with every fiber of his being.

“Much better,” Kevin replies, unleashing his load into his hungry friend. He gives the shark a nod of approval and as Marble drinks down his essence, the shark overtakes marble, completely covering him in the perfection that is the rubber reef shark.

He orange dog steadily feels himself melting in the warm bliss of the moment. Taking in his lover’s dicks, drinking down his essence. Never before has he had such an intimate relationship or even a moment with another. Deep down his instincts found just what was really right for him, and he wanted more. His swirling eyes looks up and catches his lover. His cocks ache and throb, his climax so close just not there. His body craving for more from Kevin. Wanting to be brought closer with him.

Even with his climax, Keven knew he had more in him. He sees Marble becoming just like him, and all he needs is that last extra push to fully embrace his new self. The canine within is melting away into the sexy masculine gay shark. And when their eyes met, the swirl of black and red between the two, they knew exactly what they will need to do to bring this about.

Kevin pulls himself out of Marble’s hungry mouth, milking a few droplets of cum out of his members, and onto Marble’s face, which he happily licks up. He turns around, raising his butt and tail toward his lover, while letting his hungry cocks hang between his legs.

“I want you so bad Kevin. Please take me. I now see that you are the right man for me.”

Kevin with a shark tooth grin, kneels behind his lover, gripping his hips, guiding his cocks into that tight whole. Feeling the reality of what he desired so much only minutes ago like it was his entire life, “With pleasure my handsome lovely *gay* shark,” he teases, pushing into his rear with a loud squeak.

Marble moans, squeezing on his lover’s lengths, his own jumping, and throbbing harder. His body feeling bliss that he never knew possible until now. He’s overjoyed by the prospect that this is his life now. A powerful apex predator ready to expand and grow the shark pod. He bucks against his lover, gritting his teeth in delight, “More, please, more.” he begs.

“With pleasure love,” he responds, leaning over his lover, caressing his rubber sides with a loud squeak. He slides his hands across that well-sculpted stomach, feeling the ripples of his muscles. He thrusts harder as his cocks rub against each other in that one tight hole.

Marble moans, arching his back, his dicks dribbling pre-cum even more so than before like a leaky faucet. The pressure building up in his loins, “Yes, yes, harder. I love this, I love you Kevin.”

With a heavy pant he responds, “I love you to Marble,” his hands find their mark, gripping both of those hard throbbing dicks, giving each a firm stroke, alternating between the two so he may feel a constant never-ending surge of pleasure while he pistons hard into his tight rear.

It was too much too fast, but Marble didn’t care, in fact he loves it. The damn breaks, his mind being freed of his heterosexuality as his hot latex essence gushes out of him and onto the floor. His hard throbbing claspers milked for every drop they are worth as they shoot hot jets of rubber white cum, which soon begins to darken and merge together in the rubber pool beneath him. And by the time he is drained of every last drop, his mind devoid of anything heterosexual,

leaving the perfect gay shark. There is a new pair of rubber speedos that are just begging to be put on. And as the two gay sharks embraced each other, enjoying the afterglow of the moment. Marble's rear filled with his lover's essence. So lost in the moment that he didn't even know he was filled by him. The two can only imagine the hot inviting beaches. Filled by so many that need to become hot sexy sharks, just like them.