

With a mixture of nervousness and anticipation, Alan looked out over the water at the tiny dot of their island destination. The boat ride had been interesting enough thus far. He and eleven other guys had been the only passengers, and the last few nights had been filled with parties and drinks. But the truly exciting part would be coming soon.

He'd honestly been worried the whole thing was a scam until he actually saw the luxury liner in the bay waiting to take them to a largely unexplored island. Once there, the lucky contestants would compete in a new reality show for a \$1,000,000 cash prize. It was billed as some sort of a cross between "survivor" and "the amazing race," set to air in the coming fall. Yet there were no further details about what the contest would entail, for now at least. Therefore, with no idea what exactly awaited them, the closer they got to the island, the greater Alan's apprehension grew.

His buddy, Tommy, came on deck and put his arm around Alan, enjoying the salty breeze. "Hey man, why are you looking so glum! We're gonna be there tomorrow! Where's your sense of adventure?!" He asked before giving Alan a quick punch to the shoulder, careful not to spill his beer.

"I think I left it on the mainland," Alan muttered sarcastically.

At 5'8, Alan had a runner's build, a nice even tone all over, brown from his Hispanic heritage. He figured he'd have a good chance in any athletic competition that the game might throw at them. His roommate and best friend Tommy was a little taller at 6'0. He wasn't the smallest guy, but he made up for it with strength from sufficient gym visits to turn his body fat into decently sized muscles. He'd be considered an otter, attracting plenty of women with a preference for that body type. The combo of his look and extreme extroversion made him quite the ladies' man.

Alan was rather introverted himself, often finding himself going along for the ride with Tommy's rather exuberant ideas. Without Tommy, he'd never have visited his first nightclub, never found his first one-night stand, never got himself out to meet the limited circle of friends that they now shared. Yet for all the crazy ideas Tommy had in the past, signing them up as contestants for an unknown reality show seemed to take the cake. Tommy had pitched it as their last adventure before settling into their post-college careers. Alan had figured what the hell and went along with it, knowing it was a long shot they would qualify. To their shock, they had indeed, both of them, no less. And so here they were, on the boat awaiting the beginning of the competition, the details of which were kept under wraps. But, as Tommy put it, wasn't that part of the fun?

They'd spent the last few days getting to know the other ten guys onboard. They were all men, surprisingly. Weren't shows these days all about gender diversity? But even after questioning it, they had been assured that the selection had been made randomly and gave it no further thought. Besides, having all guys around with unlimited booze and nowhere to be certainly made for a decent party atmosphere!

Both men went back down to the lounge, where the other ten contestants were still laughing and drinking. They grabbed themselves a beer and joined in on the conversation. The group was discussing the irony of being friends one night and enemies the next in the competition, which got a laugh from everyone present. Alan found that he enjoyed the jovial atmosphere, not realizing how sleepy he was getting after one drink. Tommy always called him a lightweight, but even Tommy's own larger frame seemed woozy. Alan closed his eyes, unable to stay awake even with all the laughing and cheering going on around him, and drifted into a fitful slumber.

\*\*\*\*\*

Alan woke up with a splitting headache. How much had he drunk last night? Memories foggy, he couldn't even recall having gone to bed. Surely, he was in his cabin. But then, nothing felt right...

With a start, he realized that the surface underneath him was coarse and rough, almost like sand. Stranger still, he felt the warmth of the sun on his face, not the coed space of his cabin. He opened his eyes in shock to find he was on a beach, being beaten down by the rising sun. Looking around, it seemed he was a few dozen meters from what looked like a lush tropical jungle. It made sense, given the climate they were in. It had to be their island destination, though he hadn't been sure what to expect upon arrival.

To his shock, Alan realized that the beach was empty of human civilization. There were no cameras or sets that he had been expecting on the island. In fact, there were no signs or sounds of any other people that he could detect. Was this the start of the contest?

Alan felt sand clinging annoyingly to his skin and was startled to look down at his completely naked body. In panic, he leaped up, finally noticing the prone body of his best friend close by. Tommy was also naked, and Alan quickly averted his eyes. He didn't need to see that!

His yelp woke up Tommy, who too jumped up and frantically beat at his body to remove the clinging sand. Upon catching sight of Alan, he immediately covered his eyes.

"The fuck's going on?!" Tommy yelled, hoping his bud would have the answer.

“I don't know, I just woke the fuck up!” Alan yelled, frustrated. Aside from the nearly pristine white beach, ocean, tropical forest, and blue sky, there was nothing else on the beach. No evidence of any human activity, save a clear white envelope that they just now spotted sitting in the sand near where they had been laid. Tommy went to pick it up. It contained a neatly folded paper with a note written in fancy cursive.

“Dear constants,

Welcome to ‘Ultimate Anthro Survivor!’ To win, you need simply to make it through the forest to our cabin on the other side of the island. You have only your wits about you as you make your way through the jungle to the finish line. But don’t worry losers. You might find something more valuable along the way! Best of luck!”

“The fuck’s this shit!” Tommy yelled, leaving Alan to stare at the note over and over. What did it mean by ‘find something more valuable?’ What could be more valuable than money? And why would they strip the men of their clothes, their dignity? Alan had a terrifying thought. This show was to be filmed, right? There would be cameras all over to record their nakedness!

Tommy stormed around the beach for what felt like hours, mumbling curses under his breath. Alan's mind raced with a million thoughts. What the hell was going on? His guesses ranged from a human trafficking ring to some kind of crazy sex cult. He felt a hot swell of anger at his friend for so casually signing them up for this. But there was no use in fighting about it now.

In the end, they decided to head into the jungle. It was better than staying naked on the beach. Surprisingly, they quickly discovered was a man-made trail leading into the dense undergrowth. It was comfortable on their feet, at least. Much better than they had been expecting.

The cries of a million animals, birds, and insects assaulted their senses as soon as they left the sight of the beach behind. Tommy was determined to block them out. He wouldn’t let his nudity or the elements get the better of him, especially if this was some sort of competition! Alan was able to keep pace but was distracted, on the lookout for hidden cameras or human crews. Any signs that this was indeed a game show being broadcast on TV? Yet there was nothing his eyes could detect to that effect.

After about half an hour they came to a fork in the road. It was clearly intentional, adorned with signs that pointed in two directions. Both men stopped for a few minutes, perplexed by the simple puzzle.

“Should we split up?” Alan posed. On the one hand, if they did, there was a better chance one of them would win the prize money for them to split. On the other hand...

Tommy was about to respond when something caught his attention. He could hear a strange shouting in the bushes down the path to the right which made him stop for a moment, trying to decide if it was an animal or another human. Looking to Alan, the other man seemed oblivious, lost in his own thoughts. Yet, the bizarre cry assaulted Tommy's senses once more. It sounded almost human, yet there was a clear animalistic quality to the voice. Was someone in trouble?

Without thinking Tommy took off down the path, running as fast as he could go, determined to check it out. What if someone was hurt? Maybe it would slow them down in the long run, but his human decency prevailed. He quickly came to another fork and took the path to the left this time, sure the voice was coming from that direction.

Alan, lost in his reverie, barely noticed that his friend had taken off. He was the faster runner by far, but Tommy had a good head start and Alan could no longer tell where he had gone. He, too, quickly came to the second fork, stopping and listening, but could no longer hear his friend's breathing or footfalls. He took a chance on the right path and took off running.

Tommy, meanwhile, tore down the left path, drawn by the inhuman wailing. To his ears, it sounded for all the world like a woman in distress. He hadn't known any of the participants were women, but it didn't matter. It was his duty to help out if he could. Even his nudity was forgotten in his rush to be a hero.

Stopped at what appeared to be the end of the trail, leading into a wide grassland with a sizable tree looking over it. Keeping his eyes peeled for anything out of the ordinary, he carefully entered, wary of stepping on anything painful. He listened intently, but there were no longer signs of distress. Had he been too late?

His eyes settled on something in the tree above him, a series of brown and black spots that moved slowly as he watched. His eyes widened in terror as he saw yellowed eyes begin to open and the feline shape start to move. What was it, an ocelot? Yet when the thing in the tree moved, a frightening image unfurled before his eyes. It stood up on its hind legs, a long fluffy tail swinging lazily behind it. Tommy could see lithe muscle under the rippled fur that looked almost human in its definition. Its paws clearly had fingers, though still adorned with extended feline claws. Its face was mostly feline, but there was something human in those seeking green eyes. It looked to be in its early twenties, eliciting the visage of a cat-boi to his startled mind. To his horror, Tommy could see the cat boi was very male, an erect feline phallus sticking out from his groin that was larger than Tommy's own.

“You look lost, little human,” the cat-boi said with a lusty inflection that made Tommy nervous.

Tommy didn't respond to the cat boi's question. Instead, he turned to run, panicked from the bizarre situation. He didn't care what that...thing was. It clearly wasn't natural.

Yet as he turned the cat had leaped from the tree and landed in front of him. Stunned, Tommy could only stand there as the cat began touching Tommy's flesh gently in a way that sent shivers down his spine. Tommy tried to move, tried to run. But it was as though he was paralyzed.

It was then he detected a scent in the air, thick and spicy, an aroma that kept him rooted to the ground. In horror, he realized that the peculiar odor prompted his cock to get hard. He had never been aroused by men before, and certainly not some cat-boi freak! But despite his internal protests, he couldn't deny the feelings from his body.

Stunned by the alluring scent, Tommy felt the cat-boi run his paws down Tommy's muscled chest, leaving him shivering with delight. “Such a handsome specimen,” said the cat-boi, tracing his paws over the curves of Tommy's muscles and chest, finally reaching his cock. Tommy wanted to yell in protest, but he was forced to moan as the cat-boi cupped his hairy balls and played lightly over his penis. In spite of himself, Tommy felt himself leaking all over the handsome creature.

To his delight, Tommy felt a warmth flowing through him as the cat-boi rubbed his bare skin. All at once, he could feel his body shrink slightly, though his definition became more pronounced. It was as though he was getting a couple of years younger, losing his mind twenties for something on the cust of them. He was becoming smaller to match the size and age of this beautiful cat-boi.

Tommy could feel a peppering of hair sprouting all over his arms, his chest, and his groin, everywhere he had been touched. The cat-boi had been standing on his tiptoes to rub Tommy's beard but now their faces were level. The soft, gentle touch made Tommy's beard itch as its texture changed and more soft hairs grew around it to form the start of a fur coat. A rough feline tongue ran over Tommy's face and Tommy sneezed as several pinpricks poked around his nose, the start of feline whiskers.

All of a sudden, the cat kissed Tommy's lips, eliciting a surprised grunt from the other man. Tommy wanted to pull away but the taste of feline lips was far better than any experience

he had with women. In seconds he was kissing the cat-boi back, eager for more. He could taste the beast's warm breath and his body shook with lust.

It seemed like contact with the creature was a catalyst for further changes. His nose began to flatten and turned pink as his cheeks puffed out and his face began to stretch. His tongue grew flat and coarse with hundreds of tiny barbs, and his teeth sharpened into the thin points of a predator. His eyes began to water and Tommy closed them for a moment, before opening them to a world that was more vibrant with color and definition. He couldn't tell it without a mirror, but his eyes were now as green and rounded as his new lover's.

As they made out, the cat-boi ran his hands over the still greasy hair atop the former human's head. It fell out as clumps onto the ground as more soft brown and black spotted fur sprouted up to take its place. Tommy could feel his forehead starting to slope as his eyes widened on his feline face. His thoughts began to dull a little as the last vestiges of doubt that this cat-boi was to be his mate faded. Tommy's ears stretched up around his head as they grew pointed and covered with sensitive hairs. He could suddenly hear for miles around, a myriad of jungle sounds threatening to overwhelm him. Yet the cat-boi's sweet lips held the most attention for the still-changing man.

The cat-boi turned his attention to his new mate's human hands as fur grew over Tommy's shrinking arms and shoulders. He rubbed Tommy's hands as dark paw pads grew across his palms and Tommy's fingers shortened a little. His nails stretched out into sharp claws as the muscles in his fingers restructured. With delight, Tommy realized he was able to retract the still-growing nails into the flat furry surface of his fingers.

After a few minutes of passionate exploration, the cat-boi broke the kiss and winked knowingly as he turned Tommy around. Lost in a lustful haze, Tommy simply allowed himself to be bent over as the cat-boi started rubbing his ass. Tommy could feel something bursting out of his spine and getting longer, covered with the same brown and black fur that was overtaking his body. He moaned sensually as the cat-boi's paw hand rubbed the area above the base and made Tommy squirm. Tommy's tail started moving of its own accord while his anus migrated to sit just underneath it.

Tommy shuddered as the warm, tropical air kissed his protruding pucker. He was about to protest when he felt something long and moist touching his opening, sending shivers of pleasure through his frozen body. A muffled groan escaped his lips as something pointed pushed insistently against his opening, seeking entry. Too lost in the lust-filled haze of the cat-boi's scent, Tommy pushed back and was suddenly filled with a rough barbed feline prick. Yet all the feelings of pain and disgust were soon wiped away as the cat found his place in Tommy's bowels and started thrusting.

As Tommy was fucked willingly by the cat-boi, the last of the change encroached over his lower half. His bare legs grew brown and black spotted fur as his ankles stretched back. His large toes retreated up his ankles before dissolving into the stretched flesh. His toenails grew long and sharp as the ones on his hands, and his feet grew paw pads that felt much more comfortable against the jungle ground. His legs shrank in circumference but bulked up with muscle as Tommy was reduced to the height of his lover.

At last, the cat-boi rubbed his paws over Tommy's still-human cock as the tip began to grow pointed and shrink into the forming fuzzy sheath growing up from the base. Tommy could feel his balls relocating below his anus as their skin grew soft and fuzzy with brown fur. His pointed penis grew dozens of tiny barbs just like the one pounding on his prostate. Tommy growled a truly feline sound as the pointed tip pushed sublimely against his insides. The cat-boi's paw stroking his cock combined with the pressure in his bowels was too much for the newly changed ocelot-boi. He was going to cum and cum hard!

"AHHHH Fuck!" Tommy yelled as his feline prick shot all over his lover's paws and the ground below. Tommy felt his body shiver in pleasure as his bowels stroked insistently against his lover's cock. The cat on top of him yowled too as his feline prick filled Tommy's anus with warm cum.

Tommy couldn't remember why he had been so afraid for his humanity or his heterosexuality. All that mattered was the amazing sex and the sweet smell of his new mate. He allowed himself to lower down as his mate gently pulled out, leaving a little seed leaking from his ass that the cat-boi was eager to clean up for him. Soon the cat-boi was atop Tommy once more, pulling him into a loving embrace as they rested from their carnal acts.

\*\*\*\*\*

Alan, meanwhile, ran down the other path, wheezing from the exertion. He couldn't hear his friend's footfalls or cries and for a moment wondered if he was running in the right direction. But a human voice from further down compelled him forward. He didn't think it sounded like Tommy but from this distance, it was impossible to know for sure. He kept going, encouraged he was on the right track.

Soon, Alan came across a large field with low grasses and flowers. He was stunned such a field could exist on a tropical island and was cautious about entering it in his naked state. Yet as he looked around he could see what looked like a man at the far end, hunched over among the grass as if in pain.

“Are you OK?” Alan yelled, tempted to walk forward and see if he needed help. Yet there was something wrong about the scene that made him pause. To his shock and horror, the man stood up and regarded Alan with a wide grin. To a startling realization, Alan just then noticed the horns protruding from the man's forehead before. Combined with the sight of the man's fuzzy chest, woolen fur covering his legs, and cloven hooves where his feet should be, he was sure he was looking at some kind of satyr! Yet the most disturbing thing was the man's fully inhuman cock sticking up past his naval at the sight of Alan's arrival. It was massive, easily twelve inches, and inhumanly red.

“Oh, a human, so soon? I'm so glad to have the pleasure of having you all to myself! My brothers always take all my fun each game day! Care to wander into my garden?” The satyr said, sure his prey had taken the necessary step into his meadow where his potent pheromones would do the rest. But in Alan's caution, he had stayed outside the zone of danger and had no qualms running away from the creature!

Alan tore off in the opposite direction, scared out of his wits. What the hell was that thing? There was no way it had been real, but he had no intention of staying to find out. He took off at a full sprint back to the fork and down the other path that Tommy must have taken. He had to get to Tommy so they could get out of here!

Meanwhile, the cat-boi, or Alex, as he was finally inclined to introduce himself, arose from nuzzling his new mate as the scent of another human upwind caught in his pink nose. Tommy, too, could smell it, an enticing aroma that he somehow found familiar. Was it Alan? His cock stirred at the idea. He would love feeling up his long-time friend, kissing his growing muzzle before slipping his feline prick into Alan's changing asshole.

Alan, meanwhile, was still running full speed, trying to get the sight of the thing's cock out of his mind. Maybe this was some kind of sex cult after all! One that catered to the kink of animal-man in costumes. But...that thing had looked too *real* to be a costume. Though, Alan had no inclination of getting a closer look.

He ran until he came to the end of this new trail, the sight of grassland and a massive tree in full view. Yet he kept his distance this time, on the lookout for any other creatures like the half-goat man from before. Did all of them hide at the end of one of the paths? He had no way to really know.

Suddenly, what looked like an ocelot-boi stood up to breathe in the scent of his newest victim, giving Alan a full view of his bipedal naked form. Too late did Alex realize that the new man was out of range of his pheromones. Had Alex been in his tree as preferred, he would have



seen his prey coming and waited till the human was well in range. Yet he could still add another ocelot-boi to his pride if he played his cards right.

“Is this your friend, Tommy?” Alex asked, prompting Tommy to stand as well. Tommy regarded Alan with a lustful gleam. He wanted so badly to share the feeling of his sexy body with his best friend. He took a step forward, sniffing the air as his cock grew hard once more.

Alan wanted so desperately to run, but something about the second creature seemed familiar. Could it have indeed been Tommy? He wanted to talk to him, but a part of him worried that the same thing might happen to him, had Tommy been changed. Yet he was frozen in place with doubt. He had to get away, but he couldn't leave his best friend!

A particular scent entered Alan's nose as Tommy drew closer. It was thick and spicy, but there was something about it that made Alan step forward. Despite himself, Alan could feel his cock growing hard. He knew that it was wrong, knew that he wasn't gay and that Tommy hadn't shown himself to be either. But he just couldn't bring himself from the intoxicating aroma.

Cautiously, Alan took a few steps forward, finding his friend's feline form more and more beautiful. How had he not noticed before? The feline features adorning his face made Tommy look all the more attractive!

Tommy, meanwhile, fully admired the lovely features of his friend, drinking in the perfume of his sweat and arousal. He loved the effect his pheromones were having over his friend and couldn't wait to share the gift of his feline form. He walked over and gently placed his paws on Alan's shoulders before breathing in that heady musk. Alan could only stand there still, cock oozing precum in anticipation for what was to happen.

“You're gonna love this Alan, I promise,” Tommy said as he leaned in to kiss his friend. The taste of Alan's lips was better than anything he could remember!

Alan leaned into the kiss, loving the rough feeling of his lover's tongue as he tasted the cat-boi's lips. Tommy's whiskers tickled him and his muzzle was a bit rough. Yet in his current state of arousal, he couldn't imagine anything feeling more sublime!

Alan reached out to feel his best friend's fur, holding Tommy's shoulders as he traced his hands further down. Alan couldn't believe his formerly larger roommate was now a lean, lithe cat-boi. Tommy even seemed a little younger too, his features more akin to a man in his late teens as opposed to a man in his mid-twenties. But the look of a twink suited Tommy. It really was sexy! Alan felt a surge of energy flow through his body and wondered if he would be given

a beautiful feline form to match Tommy's. The notion no longer scared him, enraptured by his friend's form as he was.

Tommy kissed his best friend as he rubbed Alan's shoulders, feeling the pinpricks of fur growing up around his touch. He could feel Alan's tongue grow rough entwined in his own. Alan's cheeks began to puff out as the muscles and bones in his jaw cracked and pushed forward into the beginnings of a blunt muzzle. Alan could feel his nose flattening and assumed it was turning pink just like his lover's. He breathed in deeply, inhaling the sweet feline musk, and felt his cock leak even more from the smell.

One of Tommy's hands came up to touch Alan's hair, sending more wonderful tingles of pleasure through his body. Alan's faux hawk bristled as it shrank into the changing fur spreading over him. He could feel his ears growing pointed and stretching atop his head, suddenly attuned to all the sounds of the island. A series of pinpricks around his nose made him sneeze as his new whiskers grew in.

As his cat-boi maker had done before, Tommy grabbed Alan's hands and rubbed them, causing rough paw pads to form on his fingertips and palms, claws to extend from his tiny human nails, and the size of his hands to regress a little. Alan could feel his shoulders shrink even as the contours of his arms, his chest, and his pecs became more defined under the steadily growing coat of brown and black spotted fur.

Alan felt himself continuing to shrink a little as his body lost height and years. Panic set in as he found it difficult to continue his make-out session with Tommy. Yet soon he was raising up on tiptoes as his ankles stretched and his feet shrank and became more circular. His toes ached as his feline pads and claws formed, but he was too lost in the scents of his would-be mate to pay it much mind.

Tommy took a step back to admire his work. Alex gave an approving nod from a distance, stroking his own member in obvious delight. Alan, meanwhile, could feel the lust building in his loins and knew he needed to cum soon. He had an image of himself on all fours, taking Tommy's cock and giving something back for all the times that Tommy had helped him in social situations. His cock and balls screamed out with the need to be fucked.

Tommy, too, needed to finish what he had started and make the changes to his friend permanent. All the fear and doubt he had for his future was washed away in the promise of pleasure that their new bodies would bring.

Alan got down on his hands, the position more comfortable as Tommy's rough tongue started working over his nethers. A single claw pierced the skin of Alan's tailbone as Alan's spine

extended and a massive fluffy feline tail burst forth, tickling Tommy's nose. As his cat-boi maker had done before him, Tommy's paw took Alan's erect member and began to stroke, loving the damp feeling of pre leaking from it. He could feel Alan's cock growing pointed and barbed as a feline sheath grew from the base and his soft fuzzy balls swelled with seed.

His target moist and ready, Tommy got up and positioned his feline prick at Alan's opening, making sure to hold Alan's cock in his paw as Tommy pushed his way in. Alan moaned as he felt the stiff feline cock enter his bowels and elicited a series of painful tremors. He regarded his own barbed feline cock and was afraid of the damage it might cause. Yet soon it began to feel amazing, sending dozens of separate shivers through to Alan's prostate. Tommy began to fuck his friend in earnest, rubbing Alan's cock in tandem with his thrusts.

Lost in the haze of lust from their new bodies, neither cat boi was fated to last long. "Ahhh...can't hold...aaggghhh!" Tommy yelled as he shot his warm seed into Alan's bowels. The sounds of his friend's release were too much for the newly changed cat-boi as Alan's ass clenched on the feline prick inside him and shot a feline load of his own into Tommy's skilled paw.

Neither noticed their third ocelot brother standing over them, stroking his cock in delight from the show as he prepared to mark both of the new cat bois as his own. The cat-boi came over the two of them, as the three yowled with their release. The sounds of their mating could be heard all over the island as the three cat-bois began their lives together in earnest.

\*\*\*\*\*

The three cat-bois rested in their tree into the evening, listening to the sounds of the other humans as they foolishly stumbled about. Alex was aware of how close the two men had been to the safe path that would have kept them human. But it was too late now and both were forever to stay with him as cat-bois. Still, both former men didn't mind their lithe sexy feline bodies.

Alex had told them they were not to move from this spot for the duration of the contest. Several other paths could still lead stragglers to his domain, more that he could coax to join their little pride. Yet he was happy with his two new mates for the time being and was willing to let some of his other beast-man brethren get their chance to play with the unfortunate victims.

\*\*\*\*\*

All over the island, former players laid in wait. They could smell the humans walking through their forests. They smiled to themselves, knowing that one wrong choice in their path

would lead those poor unfortunate souls into their domain. With but a bite, a kiss, or a fuck, those humans would be made into the newest residences of the island...