

Lost in a fucking mountain range, cold and hungry and stuck in a cave. Probably the worst scenario I could imagine for myself. It was certainly not where I thought I would be when I awoke this morning!

My goal was to spend a few days hiking known trails. It was supposed to scratch a much-needed itch to get outdoors. But sitting here in this damp cold hell, the snow closing me in, and with no other human being for miles, it was almost impossible not to feel a sense of dread.

I'd been planning on using my vacation to get some much-needed rest. But after a few days in the house, the urge to get outside got the better of me. The mountains of Kazakhstan were calling me, and I made the impromptu decision to head out that morning on a two to three-day excursion. In my haste, I never bothered to inform my friends or family. I did bring my cellphone, for the few areas that might have reception. I figured it would be enough should I run into trouble. I hiked often and considered myself seasoned, if not a bit arrogant.

It almost seemed fate for me to end up in this abysmal situation. Early on, I dropped my smartphone on a hill where it promptly slid out of reach, completely irretrievable lest I risk injury to myself. I cursed my luck but foolishly decided to continue my trek. Next, my exploration accidentally led me off familiar trails and deep into the mountains. Normally, it would not be an issue, but with a sudden onset of blackening clouds, I knew I didn't have time to find my way back. Wandering around in the wilderness with no direction would be a futile waste in energy and resources. So I decided to stay put in hopes the weather would improve. It didn't. There had been no bad weather in the forecast, but to my disdain, it quickly became apparent that I was in for an early fall snowstorm.

I had only a short time to take shelter before the first snowfall. Thankfully I'd found a deep crevasse in the mountainside large enough for me to sit out of the storm. The biting cold stung, but it was a better shelter than none. Yet I was not equipped for this extreme weather, and I struggled with frozen hands to get a fire

going. The driving winds only allowed me a brief time of flame before it was extinguished, and I was left in the cold once more.

So I sat there, huddled in the dark cave awaiting help that would not come. I had no idea how long the storm would last, no clue how long I would be trapped here. At least I was safe for the moment. I had food rations and supplies and could wait at least a day or two. But that was assuming I could survive the frigid winds with my current state of dress. And the way the storm was coming down, I found myself wondering how safe it would be to climb back down the mountain, even after it had subsided.

With nothing to do but allow my thoughts to drift, I found myself fixated on negative imagery. What if I died out here, my location unknown to all my family and friends, wasting away alone and forgotten? It was the worst-case scenario, I knew. But it was almost impossible to keep the fears at bay. I tried my best to recall the plots of tv shows, lyrics to songs, and lines from books. Anything to take my mind off the fearful unknown I found myself in. Yet it was a difficult mental exercise. I was not able to fall asleep, afraid that the storm would become too nasty and bury me in a tomb of my own making. There was so little to do but just state out into the void of blowing snow as what little light remaining began to fade to blackness, save for the small area illuminated by my flashlight.

After a time, I started to feel an alarming tingle on the back of my neck that made me wary. It was as though I was being watched. I knew it was impossible. There were no humans out here, or else they would have made their presence known. And no human could survive out there in the storm long enough to give me this sensation. Still, I found myself staring out into the white void, wondering if eventually, I'd gaze at a pair of eyes staring back at me. There were no large predators anywhere in these mountains, at least none that had been seen in many years. The chance of anything stalking me was next to none. Yet I couldn't shake the feeling of being watched.

The fear played over me like a tremor that ran down my back and centered in my spine. At first, I simply interpreted it as the fear of the uncertainties of my fate. Yet soon, I realized that pain was indeed centering in my backside, an ache right around my tailbone that would simply not subside. I reached down to try to alleviate the bizarre discomfort. Had I been sitting on something the wrong way?

My fingers played over the area, reporting flesh that was far too warm in contrast to my freezing body. As soon as my fingers brushed the skin, a lump began to form, swelling up under my touch. I thought for a minute that I had wounded my ass. But the bump was expanding far too rapidly for that. And I could feel my tailbone pressing against it, as though trying to burst through. The longer I held my hand there, the more the bump continued to distend. What the hell...?

I got up then, trying to turn my head to look at the...thing. It seemed to be getting longer, pushing out at least an inch from my backside and still growing. To my dismay, there was nothing on the cave floor that could have caused such an injury. My first impulse was that I'd been bitten or stung, and the swelling was due to poison, but that didn't add up. The growth wasn't getting wider, and the skin around it was not inflamed. But then, what could be going on?

An audible crack echoed in my ears as the ache in my spine began to intensify. I bent over, rubbing my spine as the protrusion of bone met my fingers. I could tell it was steadily pushing out against my hand. It was as though my coccyx was unfusing, as though each separate bone was drawing apart from one other. Yet without anywhere to go, it simply worked its way out my skin. Even more bizarre was that it wasn't piercing through the skin, rather expanding it as more flesh formed to encompass the swelling.

I remained mesmerized as I viewed the thing sticking out behind me. I should have been terrified. In fact, I was petrified by the idea of something sticking out above my ass that should not be there. But I couldn't scream. Couldn't yell or cry. There was no point. No one could hear me out here. Instead, I remained entranced by the growth.

Part of my brain tried to reason out what was happening if only to keep my human rationale intact. It was obvious that the appendage was still growing behind me, steadily pressing outwards against my gentle touch.

Eventually I pulled down my pants and underwear, needing to see it in the flesh, so to speak. It was a gross lump of pink flesh, the same color as my own. The skin prickled with gooseflesh as it became exposed to the cold air of the cave. There was no hint of an abscess or anything else to indicate my skin was any worse for wear.

I wanted to pull my pants back up to prevent a chill, but I couldn't stop staring at the alien growth sticking out above my ass. Every fiber of my being was focused on its growth.

The thing was stretching longer out of my backside right before my eyes. If I closed my eyes for even a moment and opened them, I could tell it was a little longer. It seemed my spine was extending along with the protrusion, the seven bones of my coccyx expanding to fill the space inside the unusual appendage. But there was no way those simple bones were enough. A soft crack from inside the swelling seemed to indicate that the bones within were snapping, though not accompanied by any pain. And if I felt the flesh for long enough, I could swear there were more bones than the seven I'd had when waking up this morning.

I thought of a myriad of possibilities to explain the bizarre circumstances, but nothing seemed to fit. It couldn't be an infection or a bruise or a parasite trying to burst through. And it didn't hurt as it continued to lengthen, not really. The initial pang of the growth being crushed under my ass was gone, and only a dull ache ebbed from the spot as the thing continued to extend. It kinda reminded me of a...

An electric surge suddenly stemmed from the base of the extension and bolted up to my spine. I panicked, almost falling down on my ass. It felt like

something...new had been plugged directly into my brain, forcing itself around my neurons and curling into my brain stem.

Yet I barely had time to recover when another bizarre sensation started emanating from my backside, right at the base of my spine where the growth had emerged. I could feel several muscles moving, much like one of my limbs, only this was sticking out of my ass. I focused on the movement, and all of a sudden, it stopped. I focused on it again, and it began to move once more. I could move the fucking thing!

I began staring at the growth more fervently as it swayed back and forth under my direction. At first, it could only move at the base. It was completely foreign to me having something akin to an extra member that I could MOVE. Yet as I did, I realized my reach extended down the length to the growing tip of the appendage. It was like each divot between the bones was developing the layers of muscle and tendons needed to move it as well as any other limb.

A picture was starting to paint itself in my mind as I gingerly explored the new range of my appendage. Was it a tail? It made sense, as impossible as it was. Nothing else could account for such a limb. It was different from anything I'd ever seen, of course. But I could chalk that up to the lack of hair or fur. I'd never seen a shaved tail on a dog or cat before. Would this be the human equivalent?

my mind raced with the possibilities as the growth swung around in exploration. How had this happened? Aside from being stuck on this mountain, I'd experienced nothing unusual. Such things were not possible in nature. So then what was causing it?

It was difficult to focus on anything other than my flowing tail as it continued to grow centimeter by centimeter. Yet I couldn't deny that insistent tingling at the back of my mind. Not the sensation of moving the tail, that I was steadily growing accustomed to. It was that familiar alert to a possible danger that resided in my lizard brain. The feeling of being watched, perhaps even hunted. I

tried to tell myself that there was no way I was being stalked. Nothing could survive out here. Yet my rationale was slowly being overwhelmed by the certainty that I was being pursued by something I could not perceive.

A strange itching from the base of my coccyx drew my attention back to my new tail. The growth was about 60cm long from what I could tell so far and had not reached its full length. But the prickling was getting insistent. It almost reminded me of the sensation of having gone without shaving for a couple of days. But this was coming far more rapidly and beginning to spread from the base of my tail. Oh god...

My blood ran cold. Was I growing fur? Like an animal? I didn't want to touch the formerly bare skin. But I had to. A quick bush over my tail reported my worst fear. It was sparse and short, but I did indeed feel the texture of hairs in a patch around my tail's base. I held my hand there a moment, becoming accustomed to the feeling of hairs sprouting under my touch. It seemed as though the skin underneath was mutating as well, but it was difficult to feel through the light forest of hairs that was coating it. It was certainly swelling; the flesh felt lumpy, thickening with a layer of fat that expanded from the base. Yet underneath was the powerful complex muscle needed to move the thing as skillfully as a...what?

The realization hit me like a ton of bricks. Was I turning into some sort of animal? My mind played over lore about werewolves and shapeshifters. Is that what had become of me? I'd received no bite, no curse, or ability as far as I knew. Surely there was an explanation, but for now, it escaped me. Tears ran down my face as the full extent of my potential fate began to sink in. Would I ever make it home again, or would I be forever changed into something else? How could I even begin to comprehend such an alien experience?

I ran my hands over my tail as the hairs started getting longer. They brushed against my palms as each individual hair extended out of my pores, growing an inch and then two even as the pricking sensation ran down my tail's length. I trailed my fingers to follow and could tell the entire surface of my tail was slowly

becoming covered with the strange fur. It felt almost soft to my touch even as it continued to lengthen. Yet the texture seemed off, nothing like the human me had ever touched before. What sort of animal did it belong to?

I craned my neck back to take in as much of my tail as I could. The fur seemed to be spreading all the way down the tip now, and I could clearly see its grayish-white pattern lengthening before my eyes. Yet in some places, the hairs seemed to be black, spreading up around the grayish fur in stark contrast. I stared as the black hairs seemed to blossom, turning into a decoration of hollow rosettes along the length of my tail. The pattern seemed familiar, but in my panicked state, I wasn't able to place it.

Within moments the fur had completely encompassed the entire surface of my tail. I noticed how thick it was becoming, far longer than even my human hair. I hadn't realized it in my panic, but my tail flesh had been rather chilly in the damp cave. But with the lovely coat of fur and thickening layer of fat, my changed skin was rather toasty. I smiled a bit before chastising myself. No! What did it matter if I was warm when I was sporting such an inhuman appendage!?

The skin on my groin started to itch, and I absentmindedly scratched at it, annoyed by the clothing preventing me from achieving the relief that I craved. So enraptured by the sight of my tail I hardly noticed how bad the itching had become or what it meant. The more I rubbed at it, the worse the itch became. Oh fuck. Was I growing more fur?

Cognizant of the cold in the cave, I stripped off my jacket and pants, needing confirmation of what I already knew it to be true. Sure enough, where once I possessed human skin, a coat of the same white silvery hair was peppering my groin and pooling under my stomach. The fur here was lighter, fully white in some places, and lacked the same black patterns that adorned my tail. What the hell was happening to me?

The pricking sensation also masked a steady pressure in my loins that had been building the entire time. I moaned a little before realizing in horror that my cock was stirring to life. Why the fuck was I horny? I tried to force my cock head down, but the itching fur distracted me and served only to make my member leak into the folds of my underpants. Another moan escaped from my lips as I realized that my cock was harder than it had ever been. I needed nothing more than to rip off my pants and touch myself here and now!

I played with the idea over and over, wobbling unsteadily on my legs as the fur continued to spread. It wasn't the time to relieve my urges, but no one else was around, right? What would the harm be? And it was getting nearly impossible to think. I was so damn needy that I couldn't concentrate on the changes to my body. Maybe if I just touched it, just a little...

As though in a trance, I realized that I was completely naked from the waist down, having unbuckled my pants in my reverie. A chilly breeze washed over me, but the warmth of the light fuzz and the heat of my desire prevented me from suffering. My cock was rock hard despite the fierce cold, and my fingers began playing over it, tugging at the taut flesh. It wasn't much stimulation, but it was enough to make me moan and leak as I teased my member.

The itching on my balls seemed to intensify as the soft white fur covered them. I played my other hand over them, enjoying the surprisingly soft feel. It was wonderful, making my cock ooze all the more in anticipation. Yet soon, the texture became coarse and rough as a new layer outgrew the fuzzy covering. Part of me realized that thicker guard hairs might be sprouting to protect against the cold, but I was presently too horny to care.

My member throbbed insistently the more I stroked it. I started to wonder if I was close to cumming. Yet instead, my cock seemed to be...shrinking? Was that right? I didn't feel that my arousal was sated, and the cold certainly was not affecting my boner, not with the lovely silvery fur coating it.

I looked down, shocked to see that the tip was beginning to taper, growing pointed as the color darkened towards a deep pink shade that did not match my skin tone. Pinpricks poked out around the head, and I realized that it was slowly becoming covered with a series of spines, reminiscent of a pineapple. They faced downwards towards the base of my shaft and stuck out a couple millimeters. Within moments, my cock head was peppered with them. It was taking more and more effort to continue pleasuring myself without catching my fingers over those spines. Yet my need was great, and subconsciously I adjusted my strokes to compensate without diminishing my pleasure.

Frightened, I attempted to stop myself from forcing these changes upon my most private of places. Yet every time my fingers tried to unwrap themselves from my cock the insistent needs drove them up and down my rigid dick once more. I was helpless as the length of the shaft continued to diminish, and my arousal swelled. The more my member mutated, the more pleasure I felt. Yet I could not achieve release, not yet. It was maddening!

A shift in my groin almost caused me to lose my grip, and I adjusted my hand to match it. It was as though my balls were being pulled backward along my taint, reorienting for a different form. The darkening flesh on my penis was starting to feel particularly warm, and I was shocked to feel a flap of skin caught on my hand that hadn't been there before. It almost felt like a foreskin, yet I'd been circumcised before now. It began pulling downwards, pooling at the base of my smaller penis and prickled with a light coat of fuzz all of its own. It seemed thick enough to cover my entire shaft if I wasn't so boned!

I should have been concerned about the state of my clearly inhuman member. But a familiar bunching in my testes signaled my end was near. I started pumping my shaft faster, eager for the release that had eluded me all this time. The wild ministrations caused my balls to shoot their load, and before I knew it, I was over the edge.

“AAAHHHH..UUUGGGHHH!” I yelled as several fine spurts of cum erupted forth from my shaft and onto my hand and the ground. The quantity was less than I had been accustomed to, but the pleasure was wonderful all the same. Waves of relief swelled from my groin and washed over me, a delightful sensation that seemed to satisfy a primal need.

I panted for a moment, trying to fully comprehend what had happened. I had brought myself to orgasm with a penis that did not belong to a human being. As much as I had enjoyed the pleasure of such an act, it was short-lived. Instead of the familiar post-coital letdown, I felt a renewed stirring in my loins that seemed to indicate I was not yet finished. I was still too spent to cum again for now, but part of my brain was certain that I was not finished yet, not after I had a brief respite.

The familiar itching started on my belly again, and I absent-mindedly scratched it. To my shock, I was greeted by more soft fur. I pulled my shirt up, now unphased by the howling cold outside. It had spread up towards my belly button, the soft fur covering every inch of my skin, followed by the coarse guard hairs.

My tail had been growing longer this entire time, swaying behind me with a mind of its own. I couldn't be certain, but it seemed to be least as long as it was going to get, at any rate. I could easily maneuver its entire length now, particularly at several joints that had developed all the way to the tip. Its flexibility gave its species away. A dog's tail did not move this way. Nor did any other animal's tail I could conceive of, except for one. The patterns in the fur started to look familiar, the lovely grey fur accented by patterns of thickening black circles. They resembled spots. Like a cat might have. Like a leopard.

I grasped the thing in my still human hands, panicked. Was I turning into a snow leopard? How was this possible? Humans did not simply change into other creatures! I pulled at the tail in frustration, yelling all at once from the strain to my spine. The thing was attached to me! I had an animal's tail! And judging by my changed penis, and the itching of fur, my changes were not limited to the animalistic appendage!

Just then, a low growl echoed from outside the cave, resonating in the tiny space. Fully immersed in the bizarre mutation, I had completely forgotten about the sensation of being watched. Now even as I stared out into the gloom, I could make out the form of something etching steadily closer, becoming clearer the longer I stared. It seemed low to the ground, moving with liquid grace as it stalked ever closer. A shiver of fear flowed over me. I could see terrifying greenish-gray eyes in the dark, staring at me with an intelligence, a hunger that chilled me more than the frigid winds.

The closer the creature came, the more I could distinguish its features. It seemed to blend in with the storm, its light grey skin leaving only a shadow with piercing eyes as it approached. Its four feet made no sound as it crept along, stepping into the edge of the cave to reveal saucer-sized paws. Its tail whipped back and forth into view, seemingly in eagerness of its proximity to me. Its protruding muzzle opened slightly, revealing a flat tongue and fearsome fangs. My earlier revelation came to the forefront of my mind, and I realized what it was.

A snow leopard had come upon a weakened prey animal, to finish me off, to kill and eat me. A shiver of fear flowed over me once again as I scoured the ground for a weapon or shelter. Yet there was no way I could get into my backpack before the thing had the chance to strike and pin me. There was nowhere to hide in the shallow cave whose entrance was blocked by the beast. I was completely at its mercy.

Yet the longer I stared at the creature's eyes, the less I became convinced that its intention was to harm me. I couldn't be sure, but its body language seemed to convey excitement rather than agitation or aggression. And the way those eyes stared at me was not the heartless gaze of a predator looking to kill and feed. No, it seemed to look into me, regarding me with more curiosity than dismissal or fear. It was as though it could see into my soul, that I was simply an open book to the magnificent beast.

As I stood there stunned, the visage of the creature began to spark less fear and more majesty. I'd never seen one up close before or been close to any of the big cats, least of all a leopard. I'd never given thought to admire them. But now, even faced with the prospect of death and metamorphosis, I couldn't tear my eyes away as the beast stared me down. Would its fur be as soft as mine? Its tail as flexible? I desperately wanted to know.

The encounter seemed to span years in only mere seconds. I knew I was still itchy with the growth of new fur. But it was not enough to break me from my reverie. Only a now-familiar stirring in my crotch caused me to break eye contact and gaze downward. To my absolute horror, my feline prick was crawling out of its sheath, oozing precum from the tip as it sprang to life. I stared in disbelief. Why was I becoming aroused at a time like this?

A quick glance upwards revealed an almost sly grin crossing the leopard's lips. At once, it began to turn around, and I was worried for a moment that it meant to leave, as worried as I had momentarily been that it would be here to stay. Yet it did not stray far. It moved gracefully until its back was entirely to me. Without it a sound, its tail lifted in a sideward motion to reveal its backside. The beast lowered on its front legs as its hips were thrust upward. Before me, just underneath a pink-skinned feline pucker, was a quivering opening, leaking a bit of clear fluid as it pulsated. A feline vagina.

I should have been disgusted. I should have been revolted. This snow leopard was clearly a female in heat. And she was presenting to me, ME! A human! Yet I couldn't look away. I couldn't deny the corresponding ache in my own crotch. The crotch that so perfectly mirrored the male counterpart to this female's need. The leaking cock tip steadily sliding out of my sheath that was clearly a feline's prick.

A thick musky fragrance wafted into my nose just then, one that overpowered the damp scents of the cave. It was rich and spicy, bringing with it messages that triggered powerful electrical signals in my brain. Yes, the female

was in need. And I was obligated to fill that need, to mate her so that she could bare my cubs. No, NO! I couldn't possibly want that! Yet I could scarcely deny the urge to creep closer, drinking in more of the offering her heady sex was beckoning me with.

A single step forward made me cry out in agony as my hips audibly cracked. I was nearly brought to my knees as the bones in my hips started to rearrange, diminishing in length but expanding in girth. It was getting harder and harder to stand as my knees crawled closer to my bulging flanks. Yet my body was still forced forward, the few feet between us feeling like a thousand miles. I needed to stop, to stand like a man, and rethink my plan. Yet the moist feline sex beckoned me, and I was left feeling the aches of my leg muscles as they shifted into alien shapes.

It began to dawn on me, the reality of my situation. I was turning into a snow leopard myself, a male. She required a male and had planned for me to take up that role. I was changing not only physically but mentally, as well. And each time I had moved to meet the urges of my flesh, I was changed a little more.

The realization sent the fear response in my brain into hyperdrive, and I bolted upwards. In my desperate scramble to get away from the female, my hand scraped over my flashlight and sent it twisting on the cave floor. It stopped abruptly, lighting up a narrow passage that I hadn't considered when I'd first stumbled into the cave. It was big enough to get me through, though just barely. So narrow, I wasn't sure I could get back out if I tried. But now I had no choice. Between getting stuck in a cave and fucking myself into a snow leopard... avoiding the immediate threat was the first priority.

I scrambled onto my feet, stepping out of my pants as best I could through my boots, and grabbed the flashlight, hoping the female's presentation was sufficient to distract her. To my salvation, she did not move as I shone the light towards my temporary haven. Not caring for my well being, I tore through the opening, ignoring the agony of my bare skin cut on jagged rocks. It was a small

price to pay to avoid those same patches of human flesh becoming covered with soft gray fur!

It was a tight squeeze, but I managed to get through before the leopard made a move to stop me. A quick play of the light over the surroundings revealed my newest hell. It was larger than I'd thought but still much smaller than the opening crevasse had been. I found myself wondering if I could turn off the light to keep my presence hidden. No, that was stupid. She could smell me, if not see me. It didn't matter if I left my light on. The thought of being trapped in such a space with no illumination was nearly as frightening as the changes themselves.

Soon I was left frozen from the howling wind blowing in through the crack. I hadn't bothered to put on my pants, and although my crotch was warm, my lower legs were freezing. There wasn't much in the crack here with me, other than frozen water droplets adorning the rocky walls. I had hardly enough room to stand, but that wasn't an issue with how hunched my back had become. A part of me worried that if I could not stave off the changes, I would outgrow this tiny space.

The female leopard was so much larger than I was, and it was unlikely she could follow. But I couldn't reflect on that now. The point was to escape her, and that was all I could do to save myself at the moment. Perhaps she would get bored upon realizing she had no way to access me, no way for me to give her what she craved. At least, I hoped so.

I didn't want to point my flashlight at her, lest I saw her still tempting me with her supple flesh. But to my dismay, her image was already firmly planted in my mind. She had moved so silently, like a ghost, and she blended in perfectly in the background of the snow. She had a grace, an elegance mirrored only in nature documentaries. And in person, it was so much more sublime. Just to see it once more, in slow motion as she came for me...

I shook my head at the realization of the intrusive thoughts plaguing me. Only the itching of fur running down my leg and towards my foot stopped me from

carrying on any further. Was it true, then? Were lustful thoughts accelerating my changes? I thrust my hands at my sides, trying my best to focus on something else, ANYTHING else. Yet there was so little to think about than the sexy beast that had me trapped in here.

Even without her in view, her presence was not lost to me. To my horror, the heady scent of the female cat wafted through the crack, filling my nostrils with her alluring musk. It was even more intense in here, with nowhere to escape its clutches. I could just imagine her outside, her long luscious tail fanning the flames of her lust in an attempt to arouse me. And, much to my shame, it was having the desired effect. I could feel my cock sliding out of its warm sheath, clearly stirred by the scent of a female in need.

I couldn't touch myself. Not like this. I didn't want to be some cat, some ANIMAL, living out here in the frigid cold as a slave to a female's whims. I wanted to be off the mountain, safe and warm, and HUMAN. I had to resist. If I changed any more...I let the thought hang. I had already changed so much, and I could only pray that resisting the temptations of my flesh would eventually change me back. That had to be true. The alternative was too terrifying for me to bear.

I settled in as best I could in my smaller space, allowing my thoughts to wander. How was the leopard doing this to me? It had to be her, I was certain. The look in her eyes had been too...human. She knew what was happening to me. And she wanted it to make me her perfect mate in body, and perhaps, mind.

Yet it did not matter how if there was no way to stop it. I had to hold out. Giving in clearly had an undesired effect on my body. I did everything I could to resist the impulse to play over my sweet leopard maleness. It was so engorged with blood that I was certain that even the slightest breeze would lead me to orgasm.

I kept my back to the entrance, trying my best to avoid the scent and sound of the purring beast beyond the wall. I could almost feel it now, a rumbling from her chest that echoed in the small space of the chamber. It was as though my mere

presence excited her, causing her to waft more and more of those alluring pheromones my way. I had not escaped her clutches. I had hotboxed myself in a prison of female musk!

It was all I could do to stand there stiff as a board. Any movement might bring my attention to my aching cock. Yet the siren song of the female's lust bore into my brain, drowning out the mantra of resistance I tried to recite. Before I realized what I was doing, my hand reached lower and brushed against the soft flesh of my groin. The touch was electric, sending shivers through my body that made me tingle with excitement.

I growled softly as my other hand trailed the warm fur of my groin, cupping my balls and playing over the supple flesh. Part of me knew I needed to stop, but I was entirely consumed with the tingles of pleasure emanating from my erect feline phallus. It felt so nice, even the slightest bit of contact against my tender flesh. It was like a powerful itch that needed to be scratched, and the lusty scents wafting into my nose made me forget why I had ever bothered to hold back in the first place.

I never realized how wonderful the fur felt to my touch till just this moment. The female had such a beautiful coat, after all. And now she felt it fit to share that with me. It was so warm, the soft gray fur that acted as a blanket against the piercing cold. In fact, I was getting a little overheated in the small space. I didn't even miss the pants I had so callously left outside my hiding place. Why would I need clothes to hide away such a lovely coat of fur?

Another loud crack echoed in my ears, and suddenly my posture became more stooped as I desperately struggled to hold onto my cock. I was forced to let go of my fuzzy balls as one hand became occupied by bracing myself against the cave floor while the other carried on with its important work. With an audible crunch, my hips began to realign, and I knew within mere moments, I would be forced into a quadrupedal stance. I would slink around on all fours for the rest of

my life, much as my benefactor did. Yet I couldn't relieve the death grip I had on my feline penis!

The fur on my backside grew denser as I moaned from the almost sensual feeling of my asshole changing, slowly migrating towards my new tail. I shivered, the fat receding from my hips, and leaving my pucker exposed to the cool air. Yet soon, my tail lowered reflexively over it, and I was able to relax. A sudden image of the female's backside played over in my mind, and I found myself wondering if I now possessed the male equivalent. A similar form to properly breed the lovely female's dripping, needy cunt lips...

A significant ache in my feet drew my attention away from my cock as my boots began to tighten around them. It was as though my heel was lengthening, the surface of my foot making the confining things tight around my warping flesh. It was a little painful at first, but soon the waves of lust emanating from my cock sifted out the discomfort, and I stroked my member if nothing else for the reprieve it gave me.

Yet the constant pressure, though no longer painful, was starting to become a little distracting. It was a Herculean task to pull one hand from my groin to relieve the tension in my boot. I knew the paws I was developing would be ill-suited to fit inside such a human covering. As much as I didn't want to change, I could not pull my hand off my needy member and delay the fate that was to be mine. So I was left with little recourse than to adjust my stance and tear at the worn covering of my former boot.

A part of me mourned the loss of the expensive boots, while another shuddered without protection from the elements. A third wondered how, with one hand, I was expected to remove the boots. Yet it was the pressure from my changing paw that aided me in pulling away my trappings. They were stretched taut in one direction by my heels and at the other with my swelling feet. A simple tug was enough to tear the boot from its place and allow my foot to breathe.

What I saw was almost enough to pull my hand away from my feline prick in terror. Patches of growing leopard fur were spreading over the back of my foot, which had extended decidedly larger. My large toe snapped as it receded up my heel, its flexibility diminishing even as I tried to wriggle it. The balls of my foot were flattened against the sole of the fragmented hiking boot. It felt as though the flesh underneath was thickening to form a patch of heavily calloused skin. I was shocked to find that even in the frigid cave, I felt no discomfort from the cold on my bare foot.

A similar pop broke me from my trance enough to realize my other foot was free of its prison too. The same leopard hairs were poking from the cracks in the seams as my new paw outgrew the boot. My eyes bulged in fascination as my other foot began to take the same dimensions of the silent paws that had crept so skillfully towards my lodging. I couldn't help but admire their beauty, their practicality as they took form from my meager human feet.

I could feel my legs itch with the growth of new fur as the muscle underneath swelled up with tissue and meat. My calves were diminishing in length but not in bulk as my hips continued to flatten, making my hunched over stance more comfortable. I lowered myself all the way down as my hanches shifted to merge with my flattened fur-covered belly. I should have been terrified, but the pleasure in my loins was building to climax.

My toes twitched uncontrollably as their flexibility waned, and they retreated into the saucer-shaped paws I now owned. I could feel my new paws dig into the earth as the raised surfaces under the base of my feet lifted me up. Their bare flesh was rough and calloused, thick skin made for walking even on the most frozen ground. The fur spreading between the toe tips only added to my warmth. I didn't miss my large toe as it shrank into my heel, all traces of its presence in my skeletal structure completely removed as only four digits on each foot remained.

A sudden snap brought intense pain from the joints in my four remaining toes. The bones seemed to have parted within, and something started pushing

outward from the point of the third joint between the separated bones. I yelped as they tore through the flesh of my toes and pushed my nails onto the ground. Yet no blood followed.

My flashlight shone over the remnants of my human toenails before I noticed what had removed them. The pointed tips of what I could only assume were feline claws were tearing their way from my flesh, poking through bloodlessly as they lengthened beyond the dimensions of their predecessors. It almost felt like getting a needle, a small pinch that became ignored once the bevel had pierced the flesh.

My nails were clear, extending and curved into sharpened points. I was shocked by how solid they were, the base of each equal to my thicker toes. I flexed the new muscles in delight, the joints retracting my claws even as they continued to extend into the hard ground. My new sheaths were sufficient to keep my feline nails sharp, even as they reached their proper length.

All the while it was getting more and more difficult to stroke myself off. My lengthening back kept my feline prick further from my grasp, as a pop in my spine seemed to indicate the dislodgment of bone that began to fill in and force my cock further away from my hands. To make things more troublesome, my penis was rotating slowly, nearly touching the puckered asshole that sat just under my flowing tail. Yet even the slightest stimulation to my cock tip was enough to drive me to the edge as the wonderfully fragrant feminine sex spurred on my lust.

I yelled out as another short burst of yellowed seed coated my hand and the cave floor. It took only a few quick spurts to empty my balls, but the shiver of pleasure flowing over my chest and groin was worth it. Even after the relatively rapid orgasms, I could sense the need was still present, that my mate had not yet been impregnated, and that my balls would fill with more leopard cum.

I was irritated that my seed had spilled onto my coat, suddenly overcome with the urge to clean it. Yet I could not reach it from my vantage point, which left me exasperated by the prospect of filthy fur.

I went to stand but quickly realized my inability to do so with the current configuration of my spine. The realization filled me with a sense of foreboding shame. I had let the succulent scents of female sex spur on my lust and, in doing so, sped my fall from humanity! My lower half had entirely changed into that of a leopard! I couldn't stand upright, or walk as a human.

Thoughts of my future cascaded through my mind as tears rolled down my cheek, pooling into a steadily freezing puddle below me. There was no way to make it down the mountain in my present state. I had no chance of moving more than a few feet with my contrasting physiology. My hindquarters were feline, but my human shoulders and hands could not keep up. If I didn't change back after getting past the female, I would be stuck like this, unable to return to my human life and form.

The female was still out there, of course. I didn't need my flashlight to know her sex was pressed against the edge of the crevasse. I had hoped my hiding would deter her persistence, yet it was becoming increasingly evident that she had no intention of being denied. Were there no other male leopards to satiate her needs? Was there really no recourse for her other than to change another species into her ideal mate, to fill her with life-giving seed so that she might birth cubs?

I couldn't stay here forever. The female's heat was stronger in this confined space. I might avoid the temptations of her sex directly, but from the feelings of lust playing over my cock, it was increasingly evident that I would be unable to resist orgasm and doom even more of my humanity into a feline form. And if I changed any more, I might be trapped in here. Death was a worse fate than being an animal, I was certain. Yet wasn't it still a form of death if I lost my soul to the simple mind of a beast? The notion terrified me.

In the end, the idea of self-preservation, no matter in what form, was incentive enough to hedge my bets on leaving my hiding place. I was a little worried about my hips and ass being able to move through the opening, especially with the leopard's hesitancy in joining me. But even as I struggled to move past the barrier, I realized the flexibility my hips provided me was more than up to the task. In fact, it was my human half that gave me trouble, and I groaned in pain as my chest and arms were scratched up by the jagged rocks that tore through my coat. I was bleeding in several places, but it was worth the pain to be free and alleviated from the fear of being forced to starve to death.

As predicted, the female was on me in an instant. As soon as my head was in her range, she started aggressively rubbing affectionately like any loyal housecat. Her soft fur and coarse whiskers played over my light peppering of beard, making me itch with a now-familiar sensation of sparse fur growth. I growled a little, pained by the sides of her fangs brushing my face as she aggressively nuzzled me. Yet it felt good, in a way, to be loved and attended to in such a manner.

But I had work to do. I needed to escape, in the slim chance that distancing myself from the female would allow me a return to human life I had known and cherished. Yet the female was having none of it. I tried to push her away, but she continued her aggressive ministrations. This time a tongue played over my nose and lips, bathing me in affections. It was an odd sort of contrast; the feelings of her touch were a mix of animalistic instinct and of a lover's caress all at once. Despite myself, I felt oddly relaxed even as I futilely tried to push past her and make my way to the cave entrance beyond, and hopefully, to my salvation.

As she licked, I could feel the now-familiar tingle of change playing over my face. I sneezed as my nose started compacting in on itself, the flesh expanding towards my lips, which themselves felt strangely dry. Several dozen pinpricks erupted from the sides of my face, lengthening until they brushed the contours of the female's face. They sent electrical signals through my brain, telling me far more about the dimensions of her form than even my eyes could. My lips and

cheeks felt puffy, and my gums started to ache as though new teeth were forming inside underneath my former ones.

Lost in the reverie of the warmth and intimacy her contact brought, I was unconcerned from changes to my visage. Wait, what was I doing? I had let myself regress even more! I pulled back, trying desperately to remove the female's insistent tongue and hold off the changes until I could escape. Yet as I struggled to push her away, I lost my balance and fell over, unable to hold myself up with one human arm. Feeling drained, I collapsed on my leopard hindquarters, knowing I had no way to escape if this female did not wish it.

Eventually, to my relief, she stepped back and allowed me enough room to push my body out of the confines of the cavern. I reached up to touch my face, shocked at the soft furry beard that had spread across it. The light play of her tongue over my face hadn't altered me too much, though, without a mirror, I couldn't be certain. Exploratory fingers discovered a moist, flattened nose, a strange rubbery texture to my lips, and a slight protrusion of my cheeks. It wasn't fully changed, not like my lower half, but the idea of losing even a bit of my face to a beast was terrifying!

Perhaps the most alarming changes were how loose my eye teeth seemed in my mouth. I reached up my tongue to touch them, and in horror, I felt them loose from their sockets and fall into my mouth. I spat them out in a panic, seeing them fall to the cave floor much as my toenails had. My other teeth began to feel loose as well, and I started coughing uncontrollably, sending a few more teeth to the floor along with droplets of spittle. I reached in my mouth, afraid of swallowing one and choking. Soon, even my molars were disconnected from their sockets, and I set them gingerly in a pile on the ground. What a sight I must have been, a toothless man with cat-like features and the lower body of a snow leopard!

Yet even in my panic, my new nose forced me to breathe deeply, letting the heady female scent, as well as my own musky feline stench, wash over me. My nose was wide with openings on either side, likely adapted for breathing in cold

climates. It made sense to me that a larger nose could blow out more warm air and easily exchange heat with the outside world. Yet in this space, it had the added curse of forcing me to drink in more of that heady female fragrance than I ever had before.

The temptations of my newly-feline flesh overwhelmed me, and I raised my fingers once more. I found the fur sublime to my light touch, and I couldn't help but explore it. I was reminded of the lovely leopard fur that covered my groin and legs, providing wonderful warmth. Snow leopard fur was surprisingly soft under the guard hair. I'd never imagined any texture feeling so luxurious, and now it was mine...

Movement from the leopardess distracted me as she placed her throbbing vagina in front of my nose, forcing me to take in a massive whiff. My nose perked all at once, more intently focused on my prize than ever before. I realized my sense of smell was superior, better able to capture and analyze scent molecules. And my new olfactory abilities were far more inclined to detect feminine pheromones.

Without thinking, my tongue reached out, and I was lapping at her offering like a fine wine. The taste was exquisite, and I couldn't get enough. Every tremor my changing tongue sent through her body excited me. Every bead of moisture I could taste leaking from her cunt lips sent another drop of pre from my leopard cock dripping onto the ground.

I could feel my tongue lengthening, a rough texture against her flesh that seemed to make her purr in enjoyment from my ministrations. As I lapped at her backside, I could feel a tingling on my tongue's surface reminiscent of the spines on my cock. Hundreds of papillae erupted from the surface, tiny backward-facing keratin spines that I now understood cats used for grooming. Thankfully, the female's flesh was sturdy enough to stand such treatment, and the rough play of my lengthening tongue only served to extenuate her pleasure.

My cock was burning with desire at this point. It was all I could do to stop from rearing up and mounting the leopard right then and there. I found myself wondering how much I would change from a simple fuck. Would my transformation be complete, or did I require a few more mating sessions to finish my metamorphosis? I really was contemplating doing it, just to feel it, and to make her go away so that I might change back. It would give her what she wanted, right? It would be OK this once, right?

The stray thoughts disturbed me deeply. I forced myself to sit down, drawing every ounce of willpower I had remaining to do so. I couldn't fuck a leopard! I was a human, not a cat! No matter how much my changed instincts seemed to dictate otherwise. No matter what my changed penis looked like. No matter how much my nose craved the scent, and my tongue desired to drink in the flavor of her heat.

I was no longer afraid of the leopardess in the cave with me. She would not harm me. Or not draw blood, at least. I was afraid for my life, my humanity, my very soul. I didn't want to be an animal, possibly for the rest of my life. That kind of existence was almost impossible to fathom. Hunting for my food, killing, and eating raw meat. Sleeping outside, exposed to the elements. Never to shower, to eat cooked food, to speak. To walk on two legs. Forced forever with this female, a slave to my genitals whenever she was in need for me to impregnate her.

Eventually, the leopardess pulled away, and I thought for a minute that she had given up her persistent desire. It was foolish, I knew. I was grasping at straws. But a desperate man will cling to any hope, no matter how brief.

I had very little time to wish for a scenario where I remained human. The cat was already moving behind me, silent as a ghost while her furry body rubbed against mine. Once again, I was elated by the wonderful texture of fur on fur, and I rejoiced. It was such a mental conflict, to need to cling to my humanity but to still succumb to the alien joys that being part feline brought me!

Effortlessly, she pushed me out of the way, forcing me to move enough that she had access to my backside. Her muzzle was butting against my hindquarters, and without really thinking about it, I rose up to allow her access. I had no way to stop her as she started sniffing my semi-rigid dick. She was far too strong, and I could only crawl forward at a snail's pace. So instead, I lifted my leg, giving her better access to my needy cock, knowing what it would do to me but unable to stop.

My cock was so close to exploding that even the slightest promise of release was all-consuming. And if I was being honest, her attention was a relief. It was nearly impossible to get to my cock with my chest still human. It was a personal hell, to experience a maddening need to cum with no way to pleasure myself.

Fortunately, it seemed that my would-be mate had no inkling of leaving me dry. I felt the hot breath on my backside before her rough feline tongue started playing over my stiff prick. I gasped in pleasure from even the slightest touch of her tongue on my nethers. Yet she had no intention of being a simple tease. Her tongue fully engulfed my cock in an instant, easily able to take my smaller maleness in her warm muzzle. The sensation of her moist tongue made me leak all the more, and I was certain that I could not hold back long against her onslaught.

Yet after a few moments, I still had not cum. I found myself wondering what was going on. I was so pent up and needy, was I not? The reality of the situation set in once more, and I was reminded that my release would not come until the changes did. I had no way to escape her mouth without severe damage to my most private of places, and thus had no way to prevent the next alteration to my form.

As though on cue, my hands began to painfully tingle, and an audible crack of bone in my fingers drew my attention downward. My hands! Not my hands! I didn't want paws, didn't want to walk on all fours!

Without my hands, I had no chance of getting out of here, no way to interact with the world as a human. I was flooded with thoughts of all the human

experiences I would lose with my opposable thumbs and fingers. Never to hold hands, to open doors, to touch or feel ever again. Aside from my tail, it was one of the most important aspects of humanity that separated us from other creatures.

Yet I had no escape from my fate with my cock lodged firmly in a leopard's jaw. I willed myself to stare down at my digits in horror as they shrank into widening palms with a sickening crack. Pepperings of gray snow leopard fur sprouted from their backs. My thumbs throbbed as they started to shrivel, and crawl up my lengthened palms. The joints and muscles faded away as I desperately tried to move them, to force them to remain in their human configuration. But from the changes occurring before my eyes, any efforts I made were futile. Soon, my thumbs were dewclaws, unable to move or grip, even more immobile than my other diminishing digits.

The fur was thickening across my palms now, spreading up my wrists and covering me in that lovely coat I had admired not a few minutes ago. Yet I would soon be unable to touch it with proper paws. The texture of the ground underneath me began to wane as the skin of my palms started to swell. I felt that familiar itch as leopard fur filled the gaps of my widening palms. My hands were swelling even larger than my hind paws if such a thing were possible.

I gasped as my fingers suddenly snapped and slowly continued to diminish into my still-growing front paws. Each finger swelled with girth, even as their length and flexibility were lost to me. Like my palms, the tips of each swelled with thick skin able to withstand even the cold temperatures of the cave floor.

A familiar pop signaled the separation of my finger bones, and an ache in the third joint announced the arrival of my new front claws. I winced from the sharp pin pricks against my inner flesh as my human nails were pushed away from the cuticle. I was disgusted by the sight of my fingernails joining my teeth on the ground as my thickened feline nails burst through in their place.

The now-familiar sensations of my still-lengthening feline claws retracting into their temporary home threatened to overwhelm me. Part of my mind, a growing feline part, I started to realize, was content with having them hidden away. They were not needed at present. I was comfortable, I was safe. I had only my mate here, I did not need my claws extended for hunting, defense, or to grip the ground to stabilize myself.

With the finality of my new paws in place, the bunching in my testicles became overwhelming as the female's skilled tongue massaged every inch of my member, my sheath, and my furry testicles. I yelled as I came for the third time, my throbbing balls shooting another modest load into the leopard's willing maw. I shouldn't have been surprised when she drank it down eagerly, her seeking tongue making sure not a drop was spared from her throat.

Finally, much to my chagrin, she let my cock fall out her maw, moist yet clean of seed. She sniffed my member, and I was worried for a moment that she might lick me and bring me to erection once more, forcing yet another change on me. Yet, her tongue ran higher than that, over the sticky fur that my seed had spilled on. I moaned a little, finally feeling the relief from the irritation that had been plaguing me. I could not groom myself, could not keep my own fur pristine. My mate was helping me out in this time of need. Wait, mate?! NO!

Despair from the latest changes washed over me as I felt the full weight of the massive leopard paws that had replaced my hands. They felt no pain or cold from the ground as my human hands had. But that was their only immediate advantage. I tried to move the phantom tingling I felt from my former human digits. But all it served to do was extend my feline claws from their sheaths, no longer able to hold or feel ever again. My humanity was being robbed from me, and I couldn't help but cry once more from the implication.

In my distracted state, I hardly noticed that the leopard had moved away, as though to observe my latest changes. I looked back at her, the haunting gaze from her eyes trapping my attention once more. She seemed almost to smile, in a feline

sort of way. There was nothing in her gaze that told me this, not really. But somehow I KNEW she was satisfied with her work. It was almost as though I could read her thoughts, her aura, or whatever else that was radiating off her form.

She presented to me once more, as I suspected she would. It was a familiar posture that cats used to declare their desire to be bred, referred to as lordosis behavior. Her back raised, and her tail lifted up and to the side to show her readiness. Her cunt was throbbing with the need to be filled.

I had to get away. I knew it was futile. The leopardess would simply follow me, stand in my way until the feline sex drive plaguing my mind would force me to submit and breed her. But I had to try. Dammit, I wanted my hands back!

I steadily crawled forward until my front paws hit the snow, thankful for the warmth they granted me. It was one more advantage, I supposed. There was no way my human hands could walk out into this frozen wasteland. I made it all the way out of the cave into the dark void beyond, realizing suddenly that my would-be-mate had not stopped me. I figured it was a sign that I should keep going, that there was indeed a small hope to regain my human form. But curiosity won out, and I reluctantly forced myself to turn back around.

All I could see in the glom were her green-gray eyes staring at me with a sense of longing. Once again, I detected something else there, more than just the simple beast or the heat of her need. It was as though she was speaking to me, her thoughts echoing in my mind. Whether it was her will that I think these things or if pieces of the situation were falling into place, I could not say. But whatever the reason, those mental images gave me pause.

She was once a human, like me. I did not know how she was changed. Perhaps another being had wanted to save her from death on this mountain top by giving her a form that could not only survive this climate, but thrive. The only trade-off that she could never return to her former humanity. It was a fate she

accepted, had embraced. And it gave her one other ability. She could pass on the gift of life to another.

She had saved me, this leopardess. I would have died out here, even in my shelter. Hell, I wouldn't even last the night, as much as I tried to deny it. She knew that only a leopard such as herself could brave this weather with only a modicum of discomfort. Only one of her kind had the necessary adaptations. Ones that she had willfully passed on to me.

Of course, there was another reason, one that she had already shown me. She was lonely. She wanted a companion, someone like her, that she could live her life with. Someone more than a beast. Her body had gone into estrus from the possibility, giving the promise of new life to her womb if only I submitted myself to the change.

I found myself heading back into the cave without really thinking about it. I wanted to see the leopardess once more. She had saved me, after all, given me new life in my hour of need. And she really was beautiful. As was I, with my long luscious tail and thick warm fur. It was a gift, this powerful body with the promise of a loving mate. I wasn't sure that was the right term, but either way, I needed to explore it.

Once I was back in the cave, she presented herself to me, her heat as alluring as ever. At that moment, however, I was lost in the thoughts swirling in my mind. Human reason had been whited out with the knowledge that I was a leopard. I had no choice. I NEEDED to breed, to claim her as my mate fully, in body and soul.

I was barely cognizant as I lapped at her backside as long as I dared, teasing her with my rough feline tongue. All at once, I raised up and gripped her back with my paws, my claws surely giving her some discomfort, but she made no protest. My hips raised, and my backward-facing feline prick struggled to find her folds. It was a little tricky; though I was a slave to feline whims, my mind could not yet

control my new body fully. I thrust a few times in desperation, covering her fur with pre as I failed to find my mark.

Yet she was there to help me. She raised her hips carefully, felt around my loins until, at last, the tip of my member brushed against the edge of her vulva. All at once, her greedy loins pulled me inside, and I was thrusting, her hips rotating back to match mine.

Being inside the female was like nothing I'd ever felt before. Every inch of my body radiated with the pleasure coursing from my loins as I thrust faster and faster with animalistic need. The sensations were indescribable in human terms, and my human thoughts were almost entirely absent from the act. Something else complimented the urge to fuck for the enjoyment of it. There were stirrings of satisfaction, to know that I was to impregnate this female, to fertilize her eggs as I filled her with my seed. It was a biological drive like no other, and it filled me to the core with immense satisfaction.

An audible crunch echoed in the cavern as my ribs started to snap around my contracting ribcage. The sounds of compacting bone were almost enough to break me from my mating reverie. But those feelings of discomfort were drowned out by the intense sensations of being inside another being such as myself. It was only a distant distraction to feel my chest compressing, my back lengthen and chest flatten as several new sensitive spots rose up in tandem below my former human nipples. My lengthening spine popped with additional linkages, allowing me a more comfortable position on my mate's back.

My flesh itched as every inch steadily became encompassed by soft fur. I was used to the sensation by now, but this time I welcomed it. The scars and blood spots where I'd injured myself faded away, healed under the onslaught of feline flesh and fur. It was almost like being covered in a warm blanket. I still had the remnants of my shirt and jacket, but they were becoming torn from the growth of leopard muscle. Yet I no longer needed them. My spreading fur coat did a much more satisfactory job of keeping me warm!

I growled as my shoulders started to crunch forward, forcing my arms in place as I desperately gripped my female. I could feel my arms shifting, the shoulder blades collapsing into my truck as they altered to fit a more compact frame. My arms grew shorter, the forearms matching my hind legs while the arm above the elbow fused with my chest. My chest itself barreled out, creating room for more expansive lungs and the intestinal tract of an obligate carnivore. Even my neck started to thicken, bulking up to match the dimensions of my feline body.

I was getting so close now, close to properly breeding and spilling my seed in my mate. I had an overwhelming urge to bite down on her neck and claim her as mine. Though when I tried, I realized that I had no teeth to do so! I growled my frustrations, straining my neck as far as I could. Yet there was nothing in my mouth to grip her, and my still-human lips fell painfully short of my target. And besides, it was too late. I couldn't hold back as my balls spasmed and sent me over the edge.

“YOOOWWWLLLLL!” I roared, a truly feline sounding scream as my slapping balls blew their load through my shaft and into my mate. A resounding cry met my own, and I could feel her vaginal walls clenching down on me as her own orgasm swept through her. I was sure not a drop of my precious leopard cum was wasted as the female's eager feminine folds greedily sucked it down.

I got down off her back, panting for a few moments as I caught my breath. My head was starting to fog a little as my thoughts waned. I had just mated, just rutted like a beast. I'd allowed myself to completely give in to my animalistic desires. And yet...it hadn't been so bad. I had purpose, reason. A caring mate who had saved my life and offered herself to sate both of our needs. What else did I need, really? All human fears, concerns, and uncertainty leaked from my head as the wonderful afterglow from the mating soaked into my being.

I took stock of my changed body, realizing that I was very much nearly the same powerful beast as my mate. I was powerful, lithe, elegant with a lovely warm spotted coat. Only my head lacked the beautiful grace of my mate's. But that could

quickly change, I realized as my cock came to life for the 5th time. I knew that next time I came, it would complete me. There was so little of the human me left. But what did I need of humanity when it could be replaced with the senses of a powerful leopard?

As gentle as a lover, the leopardess proceeded to use her teeth to tear off the ripped fragments of my clothing. I stood there patiently as she removed the meddlesome trappings. I had no need for them anymore, of course. They belonged to another being, another life. I purred in contentment as I enjoyed the freedom that animalistic nudity brought. My fur was far superior for warmth in this climate.

Her winking sex dripped cum as she once again resumed the lordosis position. Like all female cats in season, she craved multiple matings to ensure conception. And like all good males, my cock was ready to deposit multiple spurts of semen into her womb. I licked at her sex lovingly, my coarse tongue cleaning off the remnants of our lust while drinking in the renewed vigor of the female's need. The taste served to send her purrs reverberating through my body and renew the lust between my legs.

There was no reason to hesitate. No chance of becoming human again. But a human could not survive out here. This was the domain of snow leopards. I was on the female's back in an instant, the position perfect for my body as this time my cock slid easily into her waiting folds.

I was more aware of the sensation this time, feeling the tip, and then my entire length entering her supple flesh. I could feel the weight of her underneath me, the soft fur brushing against my own white belly fur. She was so warm against my body, even with the heavy coats of fur between us. The howling wind was barely a whisper as I found my proper place inside her vaginal folds.

I fell into a comfortable rhythm on her back, the human me aware enough to derive the individual sensations. The final mating act with my humanity intact raised feelings of contentment, of anticipation for the future rather than fear or

dismay over my stolen humanity. I wanted to know what it was like to feel an animalistic mind inside my own, to experience things no human ever could. I would not lose myself, not entirely. My mate was proof of that. Though the beast was in control of her body, the loving human soul was the one who had chosen me, had saved me from death by making me one of her new kind.

The final changes began over my face, and I embraced them. My furry beard began to thicken, running up the side of my face before merging with my scalp. My human hair fell away from the pressure of leopard fur covering my scalp until my entire head was covered with silver fur and black spots.

My eyes started to water, and I closed them, suddenly aware of a third membrane forming to shield them should I need to see in the vast expanse of the storm that currently existed outside. I could feel my sockets expanding, my eyes reorienting into a position best suited to hunt. When I opened them again, I realized that I could see much more clearly out into the gloom. So much of the cave was unknown to me without the waning light of the flashlight. I was sure my feline eyes now mirrored the green-gray eyes of my mate.

My ears started to tingle as they reorientated to the top of my head, and their overall circumference diminished. Judging by the relatively small ears of my mate, I figured it was an adaptation that better allowed me to hear without my ears freezing. As the fur covered their rounded surface, the sounds in the cave became crisper to my awareness. Yet the only noises that garnered my attention were those from my mate. Her heavy breathing, her heartbeat, and her contented purrs spurred on the slapping of my balls against her flesh as I continued our rut.

At last, my most powerful sense fully awakened as my flattened nose expanded the circumference of my extended jaw. My scalp contracted, expanded wider to allow the space for the increased nasal capacity I needed for leopard life. Even a cave such as this was alive with scents, tales of travelers over the last several days that made this shelter their home. I could even smell the rags of my humanity scattered all over the cave. But the only perfume that mattered was my

leopard mate's musk, her sex, and the various glands that left her scent as a calling card. I committed those to memory.

I could feel my jaw cracking forward, my muzzle puffing outwards and taking my nose for the ride. My whiskers twitched from the irritation, and a few more popped out from above my lips to complete the set. My already fully feline tongue extended and I panted from exertion. Yet the one thing I anticipated more than any other was the ache in my empty gums where new leopard fangs were to burst forth. My new molars and premolars tore at the backs of my jaw, sharper than their human counterparts, for grinding pieces of meat. Next were my incisors, twelve flattened teeth that would aid in my grooming and cleaning.

My four thick, sharp canine teeth came last, useful for biting and strangling prey while I hunted. Yet that wasn't why I had anticipated them so much. Instinctively, my extended jaw lowered, and my new fangs drew ever closer to their intended goal. So close...just a little more...at last! My fangs sank gently into my lover's nape, pressing in not far enough to draw blood, but enough to bite her, to keep her in place as the swelling seed in my balls grew ever closer to an explosion.

My thoughts were fading with each thrust as I bred my mate. I could feel my skull contracting, my forehead sloping to match the rest of my body. It was getting harder to think in human terms. But that was OK. My soul was still intact, my awareness of self while I completed the mating act. I was aware of the myriad of feline instincts in my mind but could revel in them fully as my humanity slipped aside for more natural experiences.

My finished changes were signaled by the build-up of pressure in my testes as I prepared to spill my final load into my lover's womb. It was so close, threatening to wipe out the last of my human reason. Almost there...just a little more...make her my mate...fill her with my seed!

I yowled as my leopard cum shot forth from my feline prick and filled my lover's waiting womb. The raking spines on my cock were enough to force her into ovulation as her wide tunnel rocked back and forth, milking my member for all it was worth. The waves of orgasm washed over her as well, sending us both into a shared release as we yowled like the cats we were.

I soon collapsed on her back, peaceful, and content. My mind was working on pure instinct now, my body a servant to animalistic whims. But I was there, still me, still human in my soul. It was a trance-like state, almost like being a little drunk. But I was content to be pushed aside by the simpler wants of the leopard whose body was now mine.

I was at peace, the kind I could never know as a human. Something was overwhelmingly fulfilling about having no obligations other than to respond to the instincts and drives of an intelligent predator. I did not understand exactly how it happened, whether it be some kind of naturalistic magic born out of necessity or desire. Some spirit that was sent to rescue a lost soul by making me one with nature. It did not matter. This leopardess had saved me by giving me this wonderful form. I owed her my life. And, in a fashion, I had just given it back to her.

At last, I dismounted, pulling out with a rush of seed. Feline instincts guided me to lick clean her folds, but the musky scents were so strong, I would have done it anyway. The female purred her gratitude even as I lapped up the fluids of our lust. I knew from personal experience how annoying it could be to have dirty fur.

She turned around and regarded me with those lovely eyes, the ones that had looked into my soul and saw a man worth saving. I returned her gaze before gently lapping at her muzzle with my rough tongue. She too returned the favor, grooming the luscious fur she'd helped create. It wasn't the same as a kiss, not really. But to me, with my altered psyche and leopard instincts, it was somehow even better. A level of intimacy unknown to the former me that I had now just cemented with this other former human.

We slept together that night, deep in the back of the cave. It was not only our newfound intimacy that spurred on the decision. Despite all our adaptations, the howling wind was chilly. Our thick fur and warm, connected bodies kept us comfortable enough to sleep. I noticed my mate had curled her tail around her face as a sort of shield, and I proceeded to do the same. It was very effective to keep the blowing snow out of my face, and its warmth allowed me to quickly drift off to sleep, snuggled with my mate.

The early morning sun roused us from slumber, and we rose, shaking the excess snow from our fur. The storm had finally subsided, but it had transformed the mountain into a frozen wonderland the human me would not have survived in. Though I was now better suited to live in this climate, it was an entirely new world that the sun was rising upon. It would have terrified me, had I not my mate for guidance. Her caress was all I needed to know that she was here with me during my transition.

I followed her into the open, still unsure of the ways of my new body. I was hungry, and needed to hunt to sustain my new body. I had leopard instincts to guide me, but the still human part of my soul was a little unsure of how to proceed with my new life. Yet in the ensuing weeks, my leopardess taught me all I needed to know. Hunting was difficult, and prey was sometimes scarce. I failed the first few times, the few voles or marmots I tried to capture skillfully evading me. My mate had to hunt to provide for both of us. But eventually, I did succeed, and my mate lovingly licked the blood off my muzzle while I ate my first kill.

Once I had become proficient in the ways of leopard life, we started spending less and less time together. Despite the connection we had, our species was largely solitary. I was not bothered during the times we spent apart. I knew where my mate was at all times from the scent markers she left behind where our territories crossed. And besides, prey was often scarce, and the urge to expand and mark territory of my own was strong. Still, unlike normal leopards, we did spend a significant amount of time together, especially in the wide expanse where our

territories overlapped. During that time, we would work in unison to take down larger prey animals like deer or ibex.

As the weeks went on, I could clearly see the fruits of our lust in her swollen belly. At first, the thought made me nervous, but as her time grew closer, so did my excitement of being a father. Helping to bring new lives into the world, especially ones of an endangered species, held with it a special satisfaction. Though it was not required, when she rested to give birth, I brought her offerings of meat to nourish her and our three young cubs.

The simple pleasures of animalistic existence became my life, and the still cognizant part of my mind no longer longed for human things. At times I missed my friends, knowing they likely mourned my apparent loss. One day I returned to the site of my rebirth to the scents of other humans. The absence of my clothes was a sign that they found what remained of me. But without a body, could they ever have closure to my apparent loss? Could they ever truly know the new life I lived and the joys I had found?

My days were now divided, some spent exploring my expansive territory, learning every rock, every tree, the patterns of every prey species. Yet the best ones were spent with my loving mate, snuggling into her warm body while our cubs lept and played with my thrashing tail. I often licked her nose lovingly, happy for the caring mate who had found me. Joyous for the family I would never have known had I not been lost on that mountain. My soul was truly at peace.