

I struggled in vain as two guards dragged me towards the fence of an animal's habitat. In my panicked state, I tried to look around to see what habitat it was, but the sight of the sign eluded me. The guards held the open before throwing me into a grassy enclosure and locking it shut before me. I yelled and banged on the door, but the guards were gone within minutes. I was alone. At least, I hoped so. I didn't want to think about being literally thrown to the lions, or whatever other animal was in here.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I'd snuck into the zoo after closing with my best friend Jason on a dare, and we fully expected to get thrown out if we got caught. I knew it was an idiot decision, but I never thought it would end like this. This was insane! I'd gotten separated from Jason at some point, and I didn't know where he was. Had he at least gotten away? Would he alert the police if I didn't show up? How much time did I have before I was in danger of anything in the habitat with me?

I rubbed my arm a little from the spot where I'd been stuck with a needle. When I'd gotten caught, those two guards held me down and injected something into my arm before throwing me in here. My arm hurt a little, and even rubbing it didn't seem to alleviate the sensation. I never did like needles, but this was the most painful one I'd ever gotten. The skin was really warm, and I was concerned that I'd gotten a bad reaction or even sick.

I stood up slowly, whipping the grass off my pants as I surveyed my surroundings. I was in a grassy habitat with a wide fence. It was way too high to jump and had no handholds to climb it. I couldn't recall seeing it when Jason and I had explored the zoo during visiting hours. There had been so many habitats that we'd never see it all without becoming exhausted. I was in a vast field with only a few trees around, and even in the low light from the lamps, I was almost certain I was alone in here. That was a small blessing, at least.

I swore a few times, not bothering to keep it quiet. What the fuck had we been thinking, coming here after dark? It was so fucking stupid! If we had just gone home and had a few drinks or gamed, then this wouldn't be happening! But here I was, stuck in a cage and not knowing why. If they intended to turn me over to the police for trespassing, why would they put me here?

I felt my body warming up just then, my muscles aching like I was severely reacting to the injection. I shuddered a few times, trying to rub myself down in an attempt to alleviate the sensations. Yet something warm and rough met my touch. That's when I noticed my muscles starting to swell, and my jaw starting to ache. Was I getting sick?

I leaned over as the pain in my face started to intensify. Oh fuck, was I dying? Had I been poisoned? I groaned as my entire face started expanding before my very eyes! My entire body was getting warm and starting to tingle. An ache in my ears made me raise my hands in time to feel them stretching longer and more pointy. The flesh was becoming soft, almost like velvet. It almost reminded me of of...fur?

The aching continued to burn through my entire body, and I trembled with discomfort. My chest was extremely overheated as it expanded against my sweat-soaked shirt. I couldn't help but notice how tight it was getting from the force of my bulging chest. I reached down as my shirt started riding up, exposing a stomach that was both getting darker and lighter in a stripe-like pattern. My stomach was growing more and more bulbous as though I'd eaten a large meal, but then it went beyond that. I was getting fat!

I pitched forward as my ankles started to stretch, leaving my now top-heavy body unbalanced. Careful of my changed stature, I leaned down, trying to see what was happening. My ankles were elongating, and my feet were starting to get tight in my shoes. I was forced onto my tiptoes, giving me an almost digitigrade stance.

I wondered with horror what was going on. What had I been injected with? Some kind of disease? But what could be causing changes like this? Maybe I was hallucinating, but the pain from the sensations flowing made it seem all too real.

My pants were starting to get tight now as the changes spread up my legs. My calves, my thighs, and my hips were all pressing painfully against the confines of my jeans. I could feel something itching across my skin that caused discomfort under the fabric. I tried to pull off my pants to alleviate the pressure, but they were simply too tight. I moved my fingers to remove my belt, but they seemed stiff for some reason. I tried to flex them to eliminate the bizarre numbness, but the digits didn't seem to work properly. Looking down, they seemed a little smaller than before, unable to flex as they once did. All except the middle finger, which was swelling almost uncomfortably.

I was distracted by an additional swelling in my groin. It was though my cock was getting hard in my pants. Why the hell was my cock getting stiff now? I should have been terrified. Sex should have been the furthest thing from my mind! Yet the more I changed, the harder my cock seemed to get. Though it was painful in my increasingly-tightening pants, part of me was thrilled by the erotic sensations that were emanating from my dick. What the hell was wrong with this picture? Not only was I getting hard, but it seemed as though my cock was larger than it had been if such a thing was possible. There was no way that my human cock could be causing so much pressure in my tearing jeans.

Just then, I heard a noise crackling over a speaker. I looked around, trying to find the source of the noise, but there was nothing evident. Still, the voice that began speaking was loud enough to echo over the field where I was being held.

"Well, well, looks like we have another animal for our exhibits! Luckily we found you prowling around here at night! You'll have to be punished for that! And as a bonus, we get to fill our new exhibit in the process! Usually, I have to find my subjects on the street. People that won't be missed. And I have it under good authority that you didn't tell anyone where you were going

tonight. You're going to live out the rest of your days as a smelly beast, and no one else will be the wiser!"

I wanted to yell at him, but the sensation of my cock and balls swelling larger in my pants was distracting. I grunted as the button flew off, and my zipper started to tear down from the top. The growth from my distended belly was making my shirt impossibly tight, and my still-growing ears could pick up the sounds of it tearing. With a resounding rip, the front of my shirt burst open, exposing my swelling chest. To my horror, I was greeted by a forest of black and white hairs. I traced my still-stiff fingers over the stripped hair, greeted by a warm, bizarre texture. Was it...fur? Like an animal might have?

The changes were still playing over my entire body, and it was nearly impossible to keep track of them all. I nearly gasped in shock as I realized I could see my thick brown nose in front of my face now. My flared nostrils drank in a rank scent that almost made me gag. It was sweaty and gross, but it had the undertones of something that I could only recognize as fear or anxiety. It wasn't enough that I was changing, but I was starting to stink!

I could feel the muscles moving under my ears as they reached the top of my head. I could flick them, move them around under my own power, which scared me. And much to my confusion, the sounds of the zoo started drifting into my ears. I could hear whinnies, growls, bellows, and a myriad of other frightening sounds. Were those the calls of animals that were once human like me? I was afraid to ask.

My face itched as more and more fur continued to spread. My stiff fingers rubbed the coarse fur, wishing I had a mirror to observe my thick beard. I could feel the prickling flowing across my prognathous jaw as it crawled up towards my head. Trailing my fingers over the former bare skin reported that the coarse fur was indeed spreading to merge with my thinning hair. Though my former human hair occupied much less space atop my sloping skull, I could tell it was getting longer. A bizarre ticking ran down my neck as though the bristling hairs were spreading down the length.

I still couldn't tell what I was becoming, which was terrifying. I didn't want to be any animal, but the thought of not knowing which one I was becoming was far worse. I had no frame of reference for my future, no way of knowing what fate this zookeeper had in store for me. I would have shed a tear, but I wasn't sure my expanding eyes could cry.

I groaned from the pain of the changes as I looked in anger for the source of the voice. "What the fuck! What's happening to ...AARRRRRGGG me!" I yelled as my skin itched, and my muscles ached. "Why arrre you doing this to...ARRRRGGGG!" My voice trailed off from something pressed painfully against the back of my pants.

I could clearly see black and white striped fur spreading on my arms as the coat of animal fur inevitably covered me. It was crawling all over my arms and chest, and I could see more as my

shirt was pulled up higher. The pattern looked almost familiar, and I shuddered, trying to remember where I had seen it from. Not on a zoo animal, I'd seen today, but certainly, one in which I was familiar...

I groaned again as more itchy black fur sprouted from my expanding lips and nose. My lips themselves seemed numb, almost rubbery as the muscles around them became slightly more pliable. The back of my thickening neck seemed to bristle with what felt like the growth of a pseudo-mohawk. I reached up to touch it again, feeling how high it stood between my ears. Every time my ears twitched, they brushed against it, and I hated it.

Just then, my feet burst through my shoes, my middle toes getting larger before my eyes. I could see how much longer the digits were as my ankles continued to stretch. My toenails darkened and thickened as they started swelling to the width of my foot. Within moments I had a thick, rounded nail where my middle toe had been. My other digits were slowly sinking into my ankle until they were entirely gone. I pitched forward, feeling unsteady on my new hooves as my body continued to put on weight.

Another crackle from the loudspeaker drew my attention. "Isn't it obvious? You're becoming a new exhibit for the Toronto zoo! You'll live here now as a simple animal on display for all the good people that pay to see my exhibits!" The voice said with a smirk.

"Now don't be scared! Everyone who has joined my zoo hasn't complained about it. In fact, pretty soon you won't even want to be human again! You'll just want to run and eat and breed like a horny beast! The change always seems to accelerate sex drive, and I can see it is already making you hard!"

I stared down as the striped fur spread over me, covering the still swelling muscles and fat under my flesh. In my fear and shock, I hadn't realized what my form was starting to resemble until now. I almost looked like...a zebra?

I cried out at the speaker, but I could hear how deep and distorted my voice was now. "I'm sorrEEEEIIIIII I broke in! Change mEIGH back pleEEEEIIIIlase!" I cried, afraid of the equine tones that were pouring out of my mouth. I even sounded like a zebra!

"Oh, it's too late now! There's no going back once the serum is injected! The changes won't stop, and when you cum like the dumb horny animal you are, it's gonna be permanent! You'll be just a new zebra in this zoo! That's what you get for trespassing! You wanted to see the animals for free, now you'll live here and get to see them forever!"

My undies tightened further as my hardening cock grew larger and thicker. My member was getting so big that my briefs were even starting to tear. As I looked down, I could see how far the stain from my cock head had traveled down my pants. The flared tip was pressing insistently against the fabric of my jeans as it burst out of view. The cock tip was flattened with a small

crown, and the color was red with mottled spots of black. Was this what the head of a zebra's dick looked like?

The black and white fur continued to spread over my arms and chest and legs, itchy as hell. My muzzle grew longer, my brown nose clearly visible in front of my face. I groaned as I felt my spine lengthening, what I knew to be a new tail pushing through the back of my pants. I realized with a sick start that I could move it as it itched and pushed out the back of my slowly tearing jeans.

A rank stench entered into my nose just then, one that almost made my retch. I realized that the scent was wafting off my sweaty, scared body. I was starting to smell more and more like an animal! The more my clothes tore off from my frame, the more rank the stench wafted into my brown nose became.

Tears were falling down my face as the reality of the changes set in. I yelled into the void, to the faceless voice. I didn't want to be an animal! I didn't want to be a fucking zebra! Why would they do this to me, to any human?!

"I don't even know why you're complaining... judging by how hard that cock is throbbing, you love turning into a dumb, smelly zebra!" Laughed the omnipresent voice all around me.

I blushed and moaned as I felt my cock getting harder and longer. It was as thick as a beer can and bobbing up and down in front of my swelling body. I tried my best to force it down, but it just wouldn't budge. Why was this change getting me so damn horny?!

My body continued to sweat more and more as the striped fur spread over my frame. The rank stench of my hide filled my flared nose. I wanted to cough, but only an equine whinny echoed escaped my rubbery lips. I had never been around horses or zebras before, and the strong scent of body odor was almost overwhelming. I shuddered at the thought that if the changes didn't stop, then it would be part of me forever!

My outer toes were almost entirely gone now as my former human feet became hooves. It was getting harder to stand, but I was able to balance a little as I grasped at the air. As I did so, I realized that my fingers were starting to feel restricted. I stared down, noticing just now that my brown eyes had somewhat limited vision. Yet I could still see that my middle fingers were thicker as my outer fingers and thumb shrank away. They looked as much like hooves as my feet!

"Looks like your hands are gonna be gone soon! Just two more hooves like the smelly zebra you are!" Jeered the haunting voice. "You won't even be able to touch that massive throbbing cock you're growing soon, you dumb horny beast! You can't even keep your cock down in front of a human! You just need to rut and breed like an animal, don't you?"

I wanted to protest, but it took everything I had to stand on two legs. My pants were spitting all over as my thighs and ass swelled into equine proportions. My fat ass was so massive, and I could feel the clenching pucker of my asshole exposed to the air even as my twitching tail brushed over it, making me shiver. With every breath from my deepening lungs, my shirt tore away while my chest barreled out with muscle and fat.

"No I don't want to beEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH! \*SNORT WHICKER\*" I tried to yell as my muzzle grew longer and my voice more equine. The equine sounds from my voice were making me frightened.

My tail grew longer as my cock burst from my undies, bobbing up and down in front of me. I struggled as the last remnants of my human clothes fell to the ground. My shaft continued darkening to mottled black and red as my orange-sized balls swelled larger and larger. My cock tip flared out, spurting copious pre as a ring of flesh grew around the middle like a medial ring. It wasn't human anymore!

The smell of my sweaty zebra cock filled my nose and made me even more erect. Yet even as I struggled to resist, another scent entered my nose. It was one just as rank and musky and horny as my own. Part of my changed psyche recognized it as belonging to another zebra, but there was just enough humanity there for me to realize that it was still somewhat human, like mine.

I watched in horror as an almost fully changed zebra walked towards me on all four hooves, perfectly able to balance with his massive swaying hips. There was very little humanity in his face, save for wide, frightened eyes. It was clear that he was male like me. There was no mistaking the massive swaying equine cock underneath him.

"G- GaEEEEIIIIIIbe! TheEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH got you too? Fuck... I don't wanna beEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH a zeEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH... nnn- NEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH!" Came a frighteningly familiar voice.

"No....J-Jasssssoon! Nooo..weEEIII is this happenEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH!" I whinnied as more of that musky scent entered my nose. It was almost impossible to distinguish his voice in that zebra, but it was there.

The smell of Jason's sweaty rank flesh and leaking cock just made my own throb harder and spurt pre. To my horror, I felt the tingles and prickles of my own change accelerating, but there was nothing I could do to escape its hold over me. My middle fingers swelled as my other digits shrank away, leaving me with front hooves as I tried desperately to push him away. I didn't have hands anymore!

The voice came over the speaker again in that mocking tone. "Ah, would you look at that! That's perfect! You're not just a horny beast, you're a fucking fag too! I saw how hard your cock

throbbled at the scent and sight of your zebra buddy here! It looks like you'll be able to breed right away after all! I don't need you to mate with a female to make more zebras when I can just transform others as I did you two. I just needed to give you both something to fuck to keep you complacent. You two fucking each other is perfect!"

I stood there in stunned silence at the implication of his words. Yet, no matter what I did, my cock would simply not soften.

"Why don't you take your buddy here as your mate? It looks like you're just a big horny faggot animal! You might as well breed his tail hole with that massive zebra cock of yours!"

I couldn't deny how horny Jason's equine scent was making me. I didn't want to breed my best friend! Another male, a guy! Yet my cock was so hard...I needed to fuck...

My shoulders rotated forward as Jason whinnied and shook his head. His changes were finishing as his cock throbbled with need. My changes weren't much further behind his. I could feel my anus pucker out as it darkened to black and moved up under my tufted tail. My muzzle finished growing to full length, or at least as long as Jason's, from what I could tell. My skin stopped itching as the black and white fur covered every inch of my new zebra hide.

Jason walked over to me, panting. I saw him shake his head as though trying to resist my scent. Yet if it smelled as good to him as his did to mine...

Jason paused to look down at my body, watching me finish the change into a zebra as he whinnied his need. It was obvious he needed to cum as badly as I did. In response, I could feel my own cock throbbing as I flailed my hooves. With a startled whinny, I finally fell with a thump as my body took the same stance as my buddy. My massive horse dong waved helplessly back and forth underneath me. I couldn't touch myself like this. I needed something to rut in and breed...something like a tail hole... a male tail hole like the big faggot zebra before me...

"Look how horny you two make each other! You can't keep your cocks down at all! You're both rock hard! Why don't you mount your friend there... or should I say your boyfriend!? You know you want to breed him, you big stinky fag! I bet you like his male scent too, what with how horny you are! Go ahead and breed like the dumb, smelly animal you are! Seal your fate and breed yourself into a zebra for my zoo!"

I whinnied and snorted, but I couldn't get the musky male scent out of my nose. I wanted it so bad as my cock leaked on the ground. I couldn't be a zebra...but my cock was painfully erect...I needed it emptied...I couldn't fuck my best friend...a guy...there was no way he wanted to either...I had to fight...despite how strong the urges were. Yet my human thoughts were leaking out of my head like the pre from my cock.

I blinked my brown eyes to readjust to my wide, but less detailed, field of vision. As I did, I saw Jason looking down at me, shaking his head, and trying to resist his urges. I couldn't speak as I felt my thoughts dulling. I just wanted to breed... to empty my balls in his tail hole. I wanted to mount my mate and breed like a big gay beast. I would take my smaller zebra, which was my right as the dominant male. No! It was so much harder to think, to resist the animalistic instincts. I couldn't cum...couldn't be a zebra forever...

That's when I saw Jason lower his muzzle, seemingly unable to resist as he licked my balls with a thick wet tongue. I whinnied as pleasure shot through my body. Hearing the sounds of my enjoyment, Jason started to lick away at my huge, black balls. He took one in his muzzle, teasing it a little before licking up my shaft and taking my cock tip in his long muzzle. He slid his lips further down my shaft and wrapped his thick tongue around my cock, sucking gently as he drank down my pre.

I tried to resist the urge to breed, but Jason sucking at my equine cock was making it so much harder. I'd never gotten head like this in my entire life, and it was amazing. I could have cum like this, but I wanted more. I wanted to rear up on my hind legs and fuck his asshole with my taut equine cock. I needed to bite down and claim him as my own.

A scent entered my nose, one I recognized as human. Out of the corner of my eye, I became aware that someone was watching me from the gate. Was it the source of the voice from before? I couldn't focus on it. And I was far too enraptured by the scent of my soon-to-be mate before me.

"That's it you big horny faggot zebra! You like that don't you? You like having your male mate suck your cock, don't you fag? God you two reek... you're sweating so much I can smell you from here! And you're gonna smell even worse when you relieve yourselves in your enclosure like dumb animals! But you like smelling like a big sweaty beast, don't you! You wanna breed your mate... you know you can't resist... be a big dumb faggot zebra and breed that male mate of yours!"

I whinnied and stamped my hooves as I felt my cock being sucked. I no longer cared about the jeering voice mocking my homosexuality. My eyes glazed over as my thick horse cock leaked all over my mate's muzzle...it was so good...yet I needed more...

Without really thinking about it I pulled away, my thick cock falling out of Jason's muzzle. He looked up with a questioning expression in his equine features. I wasn't to disappoint him. He moaned his equine excitement as I reached up with my rubbery lips and teased under his tail. My pliable lips played over his balls till, at last, they reached his sweaty donut-shaped pucker. Immediately he raised his tail and exposed his asshole, just waiting for me to give the signal that I was ready. He stomped his hind hooves as though wanting me to fill his ass so badly. He whinnied his need even as I slowly played my lips over his sweaty backside, tasting his flesh as much as I dared before the bestial need to rut overtook me.

"That's it, you fags! Take that tail hole and breed like a dumb beast. You don't even care that you're being watched! This will be your life now, breeding like horny faggots all day! Everyone who attends my zoo will know you're just a couple of horny faggot zebras!"

I whinnied my need as I lapped at Jason's pucker as long as I could. Yet soon, the bestial desires took over, and I reared up, placing my massive hooves on his sides. I thrust forward, spearing for his hole as though my life depended on it. At the moment, nothing else mattered. Not my humanity, not my sexuality, not my future. Nothing mattered but planting my cock into my willing and needy mate.

Jason whinnied and stamped his hoof with urgency as I pressed my pucker back against his hole. He was desperate to feel my cock inside him. I tried my best to find his taut moistened pucker, but it was difficult. My cock kept careening off his sweaty rump and leaking all over his backside. He whinnied his frustrations, but it was taking all I had to get inside him. It was the ultimate sexual impediment!

"Seal your fate, you dumb faggot zebra... breed him! Rut your gay mate like the animal you are!" Encouraged the faceless voice. I could still smell him and see his silhouette, but I didn't care about his presence. He could not halt my sexual conquest, after all.

I whinnied and grunted as my flattened cock tip finally pressed against Jason's wrinkled pucker. My cock caught on the rim, and a few short thrusts were all it took to gain purchase. I entered his saliva covered pucker, and I thrust with all my might until I was surrounded by his taut asshole. The sensations of being enveloped were beyond anything I had ever felt before. My balls slapped back and forth against his as I found my place inside of his asshole. It was a warm, moist tunnel that seemed hungry and eager for my cock to go as deep as it could.

The slick sounds of fucking echoed in my rounded ears as I found my rhythm. My heavy balls slapped back and forth, and my thrusts quickened, the sensations making them swell with equine seed. I knew deep down that the voice had said cumming would make it permanent. I could even hear those words as I rutted my mate over and over. But I didn't care. The human words meant nothing to the beast I had become as both Jason, and I fucked and brayed in our new habitat.

I wasn't going to last much longer, and I didn't want to. I needed nothing more than to blow my load into my male mate. From the wet sounds of slapping, I could hear that Jason was close to cumming as well. His cock was bouncing up and down against his fat belly. His rectal muscles clamped down expertly on my horse cock. Every inch of my sensitive flesh was being massaged by his tight equine asshole. I could feel the tension growing in his own balls as mine slapped against them. I could feel it cumming, and I quickened my pace. It was going to happen. Oh, God...

“NNNEEEEEEEIIIIIIHHHHHHH!”

“NEEEEEIIIIIGGGGHHHHH!”

I whinnied and brayed as my massive cock shot several thick spurts of cum deep in my lover's bowels. Simultaneously his own cock throbbed and blew a load all over the ground without ever having touched himself. I thrust a few final times, trying to expel the last remnants of jism from my balls. I was satisfied for the moment, but I knew that it wouldn't take long to fill them again.

Soon after, I dismounted, licking at Jason's leaking asshole with my tongue, trying to clean off the sticky cum. I could hear laughter from outside the cage, as though I was being mocked for the animalistic act. But I didn't care. All my changed senses told me that I had bred my mate, that I had done my duty as the head of our zebra herd. I would protect him, care for him, and he, in turn, would present his rump for breeding whenever my cock unfurled from its sheath.

Jason turned around and licked my muzzle, giving me the equivalent of an equine kiss. I knew he, too, saw me as a mate, and my heart rejoiced. I still recognized that I had not always been a zebra, but it didn't seem to matter to me. Even the fact I had bred a male was perfectly natural. I knew in my heart that even a female in heat would not arouse my cock. I only lusted for this male's tail hole, and perhaps any other males that the doctor would bring to my herd.

My leaking cock shrinking back into its home, for now, I kissed my mate's muzzle once more before leaning my own down towards the lush grass of the field. Jason, too, lowered his muzzle to begin grazing beside me, I enjoyed the warmth and closeness as we swatted flies with our tails and pulled up the grass with pliable lips. All worried about my humanity, my heterosexuality, or my imprisonment, was long gone by this juncture. I allowed my thoughts to drift into bestial contentment as my mate and I began our new lives as zoo zebras together.