

Tied up, gagged, and helpless, Curtis was left to contemplate the circumstances of his capture and to wonder what would become of him. Out of the twenty or so men in his compound, mostly soldiers, he was the only one left alive, likely due to the fact he was not inclined to reach for a weapon. The motivations of the Na'vi, especially now, were often unknown to ignorant humans, and why he was the only one left alive was a mystery. Not one his captors were willing to elaborate on, it seemed. Even if they did understand or speak English, they were not inclined to talk to him in his own tongue, rather largely ignoring him as they carried him through the jungle, without any gear, save for his respirator, the only thing keeping him alive in the alien air. He couldn't say he blamed them, given the war and his species' incursion on their planet and their way of life. But he was glad to be allowed to live, at least for now, giving him a chance, albeit a small one.

The only thing Curtis was sure of was his location, being somewhere around the Hallelujah Mountain region as they had been stationed. Why he was being taken up the mountain was anyone's guess, having little understanding of what the Na'vi used this region for. Still, Curtis couldn't help but worry how high up they were going. For all he knew, it was part of a ritual to throw their enemies from the peak and leave them to fall forever toward their eventual death. His mind was racing with such possibilities, each more horrific than the last.

Eventually, they stopped, the Na'vi still speaking in their own language, not bothering to explain Curtis's fate. He wanted to protest once more when a spear was placed against his neck, its purpose obvious. Curtis was at their mercy as two of the Na'vi ripped off his clothes with their impressive strength, leaving him naked.

"It will be easier for you this way," one of them finally explained, before producing a jar of some sort of gel. Carefully opening the jar, he started to apply a generous coating of the salve to his body. Curtis wanted to squirm but wished to hold onto his life for however long he had it. It was obvious he couldn't survive out here naked, likely to be preyed upon by some sort of Pandoran beast. But it was at least better than being stabbed right here!

The salve was applied generously, and Curtis was turned around several times to make sure his entire body was coated. Embarrassingly, even his anus and genitals were given a plentiful coating bringing him to a rather pronounced erection. Curtis wanted to place his hands over it, though it was obvious he was not allowed to move unless the Na'vi allowed it. As soon as his entire body was covered, and the jar closed and returned to the Na'vi's satchel, Curtis felt a sudden fatigue rushing over him, causing his eyes to flutter shut and him to pass out, despite any effort to resist or fight against his fate.

Curtis awoke sometime later, perhaps even after some days, the sun in the sky was at a lower point than it had the day prior. It was quickly obvious he was alone, left naked and

vulnerable and at the whims of a hostile planet. He had at least avoided predation, though such an as a moot point with his life at risk at any time. He was alone as best he could tell, but that was a situation that could change at any moment.

Taking a deep breath, Curtis suddenly panicked to realize he was no longer wearing his respirator. Looking around the ground frantically, he couldn't find a single trace of it and tried to hold his breath, delaying the inevitable. Yet, it was soon obvious that he was not dead even when the planet's air should have killed a human in only moments. There was no explaining such a scenario, but the longer he stood there, the more obvious it was that Curtis would not expire, and was, in fact, breathing normally.

It was a small consolation, however, given the fact he was stuck on an unknown mountain range, naked and alone with no way back to base even if he knew the direction. Why he was left in this state, Curtis did not know. Surely it was some sort of punishment, a slow death from which there was no escape. And yet...why had they not simply killed him? It seemed far too elaborate a ritual for him to die either way.

Remembering what they had done to him, Curtis frantically felt his skin, finding he was entirely dry from whatever gel had been applied to him. His skin was oddly dry and smooth, as though devoid of hair. He was never that hairy, to begin with, and a quick brush assured him the hair on his head was still intact. But there was no denying the odd texture over his skin, obviously an effect of whatever had been slathered over him.

Before he had a chance to reflect on it further, Curtis's hand brushed against a patch of skin on his shoulder that nearly made him scream. It was firm, leathery, and did not match any skin tone he had ever perceived. Rubbing the space frantically, Curtis was sure something was stuck to him and wanted to get it off him. Yet, to his horror, it seemed that not only was the skin attracted to him, but it was a part of him, as though his dermis had altered into something inhuman.

Rubbing his back to see if the skin had spread, Curtis was slowly becoming aware that his entire body felt off, stiff, and sore, and was inhaling some odor he was unaccustomed to. He was overheated, for sure, but wasn't sweating, as though his skin no longer had the ability. It was like his body was trying to fight off something, though whatever could make his skin change was beyond his ability to fathom. Great genetic advances had been made in efforts to improve the avatar program, but nothing like this! And more to the point, this infection was a machination of the Na'vi, likely nothing to do with human technology, even if they'd stolen it. Regardless, the implications left him powerfully afraid, perhaps to experience a fate worse than death.

The heat was really getting to him now, Curtis feeling his body starting to quiver in its discomfort. His hands, in particular, were beginning to vibrate, the fingers weak and trembling as though being assaulted by some unknown force. Stiff and sore, Curtis focused all his attention to try and still them, waiting with bated breath for what would happen. Yet, nothing within his scope of experience could prepare him for the bones, the joints, and the digits themselves to physically stretch, lengthening steadily before his eyes. It was just fast enough for him to perceive it was really happening, not some sort of illustration brought on by the salve or any form of dehydration. Thankfully, no pain emanated from his fingers, even if he could not move them, no matter how much he tried. Curtis was left to the whims of whatever was happening to him, forced to watch his body quivering and changing beyond his control.

With no way to know the endgame of the process, Curtis was left to wonder how long his fingers would lengthen, or when he would regain control of them. He was not anticipating a sudden ache emanating from the tip of his thumbs before something tore from the skin, leaking rivulets of blood. Curtis could not stifle a scream as the clawed digits took place on his thumbs, larger than his anatomy was meant to support though present nonetheless. It should be impossible to undergo such a physical change. Not as strange as being able to breathe alien air, which itself was a miracle. Or damnation, depending on his fate.

The process seemed to be slow, gradual though enough Curtis could observe it happening in real time. It was his fingers to shift next, and as much as he longed to hold onto them, he was left feeling them lengthen as much as his thumbs before. Over the course of maybe half an hour, they had extended over double their former contours and showed no stopping. Flexing them was impossible, as though such an ability was unnecessary for whatever was becoming of his form.

Even more perplexing was a swelling of skin between the digits, as though a thin membrane was being stretched from the outer layer. Far from translucent, it seemed to be working its way slowly between each finger, making it even harder to move them apart even if he still possessed the ability. Happening with both hands in tandem, Curtis was left to despair, knowing that even if he did have a way to communicate with the nearest base, his hands would be functionally unable. Worse, perhaps, he might be regarded as a freak of sorts, a specimen to be studied for any advantage to be used in the occupation. Yet, there was nothing he could do but witness the process, any possible outcome his mind could conceive of worse than the last.

It wasn't until the same webbing started working his way from under his armpits, that the sound of a piercing cry caused him alarm. Looking up, the massive visage of what the Na'vi called an Ikran perched on a nearby outcropping, staring down at him with an intense gaze. Curtis was sure it was the end for him, likely one of the Na'vi bonded with it and returned for the kill. Yet, it was quickly obvious the creature was riderless, and the stranger still, not inclined to attack him, rather watching with some interest. Curtis didn't want to move, lest he bring on an

attack. So he was forced into a staring contest of sorts, both focused on each other. Yet, the longer he stared, the more certain anatomical features started to seem familiar. The leathery skin across its sides and arms looked all too much like the skin spreading over his back and sides as it continued its relentless march. And finally bringing to light what was happening to him...

Even as his body started to spasm somewhat, inductive of what was to come, Curtis could scarcely imagine surviving the process, much less turning into...that? Was that to be his fate, turning into a creature barely sentient, and losing himself in the process? It made more sense to him the more he mulled it over. Why kill him if they could make him into one of the local fauna, used to be ridden, tamed, and used while his consciousness was rewired into little more than an animal?

A sensation of warmth soon settled into his groin, and Curtis found one hand moving toward his cock, unruly fingers teasing the tip and making him moan. The absurdity of such arousal was even stranger than the changes itself, nothing about the scenario was even remotely erotic. Yet, the ache in his cock soon grew beyond what he had recalled even when first coming into his sexuality. It was almost maddening to be unable to touch himself and get off, though he couldn't imagine doing such a thing, in the wilds or being watched by another creature. And yet...

Even over the chills and spasms assaulting his body, Curtis felt his webbed fingers teasing the tip, enough for a modest bit of stimulation. He didn't think he would be able to touch himself properly, even if he was inclined to do so. Yet, so much blood was currently rushing to his cock that it was impossible for him to think straight. Even the more rational parts of his mind were starting to succumb, unable to view the act as any more than necessary. After all, if he couldn't think, then what chance did he have to plan? More to the point, if he was to change, to lose himself, then why should he worry about holding back? With his hands in their current state, it was likely the last time he would be able to touch himself. It had been so long...and he was so needy...

Without any further thought or hesitation, Curtis's webbed digits were working their way over his cock, making him moan and chitter in a way that should have been impossible for his vocal cords to manage. The webbing was thankfully firm enough for him to achieve stimulation, albeit far from the swift rubbing he'd preferred in his younger days, or when making love with a woman. Still, with his lust at his apex, there was little need for much pressure, as though his balls were preparing to unleash their entire burden. A small facet of Curtis's mind wanted to hold back against the pleasure, prolonging it as much as possible. Yet, he was already so close, and so needy there was nothing he could do but continue to rub, fluids leaking over his green membraned skin...

Almost catching him off guard, Curtis cried out as his cock spasmed uncontrolled and spilled a modest load over the surprisingly sensitive skin. The orgasm seemed to go on a little longer than he was used to, though was far too short all the same. With it came the release from the tension that had suddenly plagued him, and Curtis was grateful for that. Yet, something was disparaging about the act as well, a fleeting part of his humanity that was likely lost to him forever. One drop in the sea of his life that was to be foregone if the changes continued.

An ache in his jaw made him powerfully concerned as his teeth started to loosen from his gums, and he was left to spit them out bloodlessly. His jaws, too, were starting to ache, as though the bones within were pushing against the muscle and forcing his face to protrude just slightly. In truth, Curtis was steadily aware that all of his bones were aching, shifting, and expanding within as his body underwent an extreme metamorphosis. The creature above him was far larger than he, and Curtis surely had a way to grow, assuming there was any way to survive the process. Such was unlikely, but if not, then what was the point of the attempt?

As the greenish spotted leathery skin continued to encroach over his humanity, Curtis longed to rub it, if only to touch what remained of his pale flesh. Though with the extension of his arm bones, such as to be impossible. His thumbs were nearly the length of his former arms, carrying the strength of such even though he could barely flex them in their state of change. Webbing had encroached all the way up to his fingertips, and connected his arms all the way down to his hips, perhaps to stretch even further. By this point, there was nothing remaining of his pinky finger, which was not too distressing given the rest of the changes.

The more drastic changes to his fingers were yet to come as Curtis witnessed the shifting of bones within his hands and palms from below his prominent thumbs. They seemed to be thickening, yet felt stronger, lighter if such was possible. Curtis was vaguely aware that the bones of Pandoran creatures were made of a non-terrestrial element, one far stronger and lighter to allow such beasts to fly. It was of little matter, as the webbing from his sides worked their way up to his former palms, leaving his three remaining fingers separate. The three remaining vanes soon flattened, the webbing parting between them until each was able to act separately. They were still relatively stiff, though each could slide against the other in overlapping patterns.

Experimenting with them, Curtis was a little alarmed to note they could curve independently, almost fluidly, though stiffening the moment he unfurled them. Such anatomy was so alien to him, and Curtis could only imagine the ways the creature he was to become used them for flight. With an additional surge of pressure, something he was able to identify as a keel of sorts started to poke from his chest, moving to merge with the flaps of wings and leaving him to conclude it would somehow aid in eventual flight. For now, the arms themselves felt heavy on his shoulders, and Curtis found himself barely able to move, helpless at the whims of the planet. Moving forward slightly was a chore, something he was able to manage with some effort. It was

obvious he was not as agile on the ground with his new physiology. Yet, other than his ever-vigilant watcher, nothing came to disturb his process of change. Perhaps it was watching him with intent to see the changes through, though Curtis could hardly make such assumptions.

Perhaps one of the most jarring alterations was a sudden extension of his spine, and Curtis longed to reach back to play with it if only for the tactile experience. He could perceive it inching forward gradually as the former tailbone within parted and extended the growth. Curtis nearly jumped out of his skin as the thing started to move of its own accord, and as much as he loathed the changes, part of him wanted to experience its range of motion. So far, he could only twitch the growth from its base, though he was sure that was to change if his observation of the Ikran still keeping watch over him was any indication.

The changes, steady as they were, were still frighteningly relentless, and Curtis was sure he only had hours remaining of his humanity. Such was akin to waiting for one's death, not something he wished to experience. A quick death might have been preferable to this unknown fate, and even any scientific excitement over the process was but a candle in the storm of emotions Curtis was not able to allow himself to feel. Even if he survived the process, his sense of self would not likely survive, and his final memories would fade from the face of the planet like an old dream.

With his hair falling out all over, Curtis found himself in fear of his visage, wishing he could view his face in the mirror one more time before he lost it. Still, he was privy to the sensation of his lips slowly peeling back, spared from teeth for the moment though such was likely not to remain the case. Perhaps the most drastic change thus far was the swelling from underneath his chin, a flap of flesh that swelled rapidly as he breathed, almost like a waddle of sorts. He was sure it was the same color as the rest of him, though with his face looking forward, he could not be certain.

Looking up at the Ikran to better determine what was becoming of his face, Curtis couldn't help but feel a deep sense of unease. It hadn't moved, hadn't made a sound since perching there. Its gaze hadn't left Curtis's body, and even as he turned to look back once, it remained unbroken. Obviously, it wasn't there to harm him, given that he was already in a helpless state and ripe for predation. Then, surely, it had some other goal it was, as much as that had evaded his awareness for now. And it was content to sit up there, as though a protective gargoyle was waiting for whatever it wanted, be it Curtis himself or something that he couldn't possibly imagine.

A sharp crack in his neck made him figure he might have broken his spinal column. He was fine, of course, even though the changes should have rendered his life forfeit. As it continued to steadily lengthen, adorned with the same greenish patterned scales, Curtis had

thought to try to flex it, turning around ever so slightly and trying to orient himself from the bizarre range of motion he possessed. And he was finally granted a view of his backside, not simply the green scales that had now covered him. The thing above his ass had his attention, growing in tandem with his neck and now able to flex of its own accord. The tip was starting to blossom into three separate spines, though rounded at the tips and a deep red rather than the greenish leathery skin he was slowly becoming used to. It was alarming to be able to move his neck in such a motion, though not enough to surpass the impossibility of possessing an actual tail.

So much was changing for him in such little time, and even if Curtis had years to grow accustomed to such a bizarre body, he figured such might be difficult to fathom. Without his ability to tell time with the Pandoran sun, he had no idea how long he had been changing, though it was still light out, and didn't seem to be getting darker any time soon. And with the gradual changes encroaching over him, he had all the more time to think about why such was being done to him. Surely, he was being turned into an Ikran, and such a process had to be overall harmless, if not likely permanent. It was surely a punishment of some kind, and he had to wonder how many other humans had undergone this same change, many who were thought dead only to have been repurposed into the planet's fauna. It mattered little in the end, he despaired, given there was nothing he could do to stop it and all he could do was wait for it to reach its conclusion, whatever that signified for his future.

Feeling a need to stretch, Curtis tried to stand erect, discovering that his legs were a little shorter than what he was used to. He hadn't been aware of all the changes coming over him in gradual waves, finding his legs difficult to move, as though disproportionate to the rest of his growing bulk. Yet, stumbling forward, Curtis reflexively pushed his wing-arms out and caught himself, realizing that was how he was meant to move. His legs were hardly weaker, simply reduced in stature even in relation to the size he would soon grow.

Much like his former hands, his big toe was soon to expand rapidly, joints popping out of place as it grew. Curtis had to adjust his stance several times in an attempt to remain upright. While not growing as long as his thumbs, they were still much longer than he was accustomed to. Unlike his fingers, however, the rest of his toes were soon to be subsumed by the fragments of his feet. It was impossible for him to stand on his toes alone, though thankfully his mostly formed wings were able to balance him, even allowing him to walk forward somewhat, though rather clumsily, given his habitat was likely to be the sky as he continued to change. The claws themselves were likely strong enough to anchor him to the side of cliffs, something this species was known for when being used as rides by the Na'vi.

Staring intently at the changes in his body with a longer neck, a stinging in his eyes caused him to flutter them shut for a few moments, as though they were the next things to shift.

While they had already adjusted somewhat, Curtis could perceive the bones in his skull shifting further, not painfully so but enough to cause him distress. He waited for a few moments as the sensations passed, the ache of something opening under the skull he could barely perceive. Opening his eyes carefully, he was greeted by a world much the same as he was used to within his spectrum of human vision. Yet, an additional sense soon surged through his mind, one that made little sense as he wanted to blink his eyes, the action eliciting a different reaction than he was expecting. Curtis screamed out in a voice that was not his own. It seemed as though he was looking at the world from another perspective, and it took Curtis some moments to realize that his vision was enhanced, albeit from a secondary source he had no ability to identify. Recalling most of the species of Pandora had extra sets of eyes, it was still alarming to come to terms with the biology he now possessed. Even looking directly at his watcher, Curtis had missed that particular attribute, obvious now that it was part of him.

Taking a few moments to come to terms with his additional nuance of vision, Curtis was slow to discover that his new eyes, while not as acute as what he was used to, could move independently, though the muscle memory to do so was difficult for him to operate. It seemed as though his new eyes had a different spectrum of sight, adding a different layer to the world that Curtis had to wonder was infrared. They seemed to scan the world at a more rapid pace than he was accustomed to, as though adapted to view movement more acutely like the predator he was. Blinking a few times, Curtis was made aware of a nictitating membrane, transparent enough he could see through as he blinked. Not being able to close his eyes any longer was a bit alarming, though hardly the worst in a long line of changes to rob him of his humanity.

An almost overwhelming feeling of depression soon washed over him, unable to process the loss in a way that made sense. So little of his humanity remained, and what did was soon to be lost. There was no option for him but to let it happen, no outcome than to experience the changes reaching their natural conclusion. Was that better than being dead? It was too soon to say, and all Curtis could do was view the change as the opportunity of a lifetime. Nothing he could share with his contemporaries, of course, which made the entire experience moot. But with no other choice, Curtis resolved to do his best, as much as the changes elicited fear beyond his expectations.

It seemed the transformation had an unexpected side effect, one Curtis could not fathom such a drastic process to elicit. Much to his surprise, the arousal from before seemed to return in spades, even though his human penis was comically small compared to the stature of his new form. With no obvious source for his lust, Curtis wondered what to do, especially given that his arms were unlikely able to tend to his needs. Still, beast as he was becoming, Curtis could see little reason not to try to alleviate his lusts, at least to the degree he could manage. His wings were ill-equipped for the task, though thrusting against his lower legs brought him close, still desperate for the only reprieve he could imagine.



It was not to be denied him for long, Curtis was soon to discover as the tingling through his member seemed to grow beyond even what his arousal could account for. It was harder for him to balance on his hind toes, but he managed it, drawing his arms toward his member as best they could. The tip seemed to reach for the membrane of his wings, and Curtis grunted in a tone unavailable to his human self. It seemed like his cock was getting larger, and just now remembering he had a longer neck with which to look down, Curtis did so, shocked at the sight.

It was one thing to be changing into a being whose form he could imagine, albeit one he had only glimpsed from a distance. It was far different to develop one's organ when Curtis had no basis for comparison and no idea what to expect. He was soon to find out as his penis grew longer before his eyes, the foreskin pulling back and exposing skin redder than he was accustomed to. Not that any facet of the change was normal, though there was something more alarming about his maleness changing, making him truly into something inhuman. With each passing moment, it grew a little longer, enough that even without being able to arch his hips toward his wings, it would soon get there of its own accord.

The more engorged it became, the harder it became for Curtis to focus, its size taking more resources than he was able to provide. He had still not grown to the stature of his future body, and it was almost more than he could take. Still, his longer neck was able to stretch down and witness the changes to his cock as it throbbed its need. His head continued to taper into a point, the cleft melding into his shaft and leaving Curtis perplexed as to what it might look like. With an expanse of erectile tissue, Curtis's cock started to undulate, looking more akin to a pointed tongue than anything. It continued to writhe, its range of motion more unnerving than anything he had possessed.

A queasy sensation overcame him as his testicles started to retreat within him, inverting his sack and leaving it empty. The skin itself started to shrivel, and soon his perineum was bare and smooth. He was sure his testicles were still there, within him now and larger perhaps now as they took their new position with his anatomy. Still, his focus soon returned to his groin as the skin started to part, forming a slit of sorts that moved to encompass the base of his cock. As swollen as his member was, it seemed to sink around its base as a sort of slit to house his member when not in use. It was hardly to be the case at present, its engorged state pressing sensually against the skin and making him chitter in a voice that was no longer his own.

Curtis continued to express his pleasure, especially as the tip of his cock finally connected with his wing tip. Though the flexibility of his hips had waned, he was able to obtain sufficient pleasure from the act, enough that the pulsating testicles within prepared to expel their burden. It was likely the last of his human seed, and though he has never wanted to sire children,

having the choice removed from him in such a way added to the ache of his lost humanity. Yet, it was not enough to stem his lust as his orgasm drew ever closer.

As his member finished its alterations, several bulb-like organs started to swell from the sides, flaring in and out though not causing any irritation. It was obvious they were not pustules or anything of the sort, though their purpose escaped him. Still, Curtis was hardly in a position to contemplate their purpose as the pressure in his prick soon grew to the breaking point. A high-pitched cry escaped his partially human lips as the rest of his humanity was spilled all over his former hand and newly spread membrane. It seemed like his internal reservoir of cum was being depleted all at once, though Curtis was still too stunned by the release to really comprehend what had happened. He was left shivering, unable to deny that be it a facet of the change or something within his new physiology, it was the most fulfilling, visceral orgasm he had ever experienced in his life.

Body quivering from such an intense release, it took Curtis a few moments to come to terms with his latest changes. Aches resonated through his body as firmer muscle and hollow bones expanded steadily under the skin, their alien configuration designed for such a hostile planet. A brief tingling at the end of his new tail preceded the formation of a series of crests, accenting the tip and leaving him able, albeit barely, to perceive their weight. Curtis had to conclude they were likely used to aid in flight, a prospect that was more and more daunting as he changed. Surely, human intellect or not, his new physiology would allow him to fly, in fact necessitating it. What would it feel like? The fulfillment of a childhood dream, would he even possess enough humanity to enjoy it? Did he want to?

The now-familiar sensation of spreading skin seemed to arch out of his former feet and reached toward the bottom of his sides with that same membrane flaps that connected his arms. They were not quite the size of the wings on his arms, though enough he was able to tell they would work in tandem as a second set. With the way his legs and singular toe were positioned, the membranes were positioned at a folded angle, in line with those on his former arms. He was able to move forward with some comfort, not hindered by their presence, at least. His lengthening neck was able to view them from several angles, something he was starting to grow accustomed to as the changes reached their end. They were not as well designed as the wings that had once been his hands, though surely all that was necessary for his new anatomy.

A pressure in his chest proceeded the feeling of bone cracking and muscle parting as it started to barrel outward at a steady pace. It should have been painful, though little about the change itself caused him any damage, for better or for worse. He was left panting his discomfort, feeling his internal organs gurgling without any way to fully understand what was happening inside of him, though he was sure that more of the skeletal structure of a Pandoran native creature was replacing his own, as well as larger lungs for increased airflow and cooling. One

thing he had not expected was for a small patch of skin on either side of his chest to pull away, opening up into a pair of hollow holes that started drawing in the air of their own accord. It was beyond bizarre, though part of him had to wonder if it was an adaptation required for flight, cooling his innards in a more direct way than he might ever have expected.

A strange tingling started over the back of his bare skin, making Curtis lament the fact he could not reach up to feel what was happening. In the moment of change, he could hardly imagine what was working its way out of the sides of his head, except that they were unknown to his current anatomy. As the thickened roots continued to work their way out of his skull, Curtis was left to look up at the Ikran still staring at him for any glimpse of what he could perceive was forming. They were drawn up behind the creatures' necks as much as he assumed, though, with the anatomy he understood Pandoran lifeforms possessed, they were likely the shape of braids, used by orgasms to connect with each other and the planet as a whole. Even with all their years on the planet, they had never discerned the exact mechanisms the tendrils used, and, for now, at least, it was hardly the most drastic change Curtis was undergoing. It was through that mechanism that The Na'Vi connected with their mounts, he was sure, though beyond that, their full purpose eluded him.

Though his head had swollen significantly during the change, as best he could perceive it was currently the only facet of his anatomy that hadn't warped fully into that of an alien lifeform. The aches in his skull were perhaps the most distressing of all, given that came with the potential loss of self. The bones of his cranium seemed to flatten, working on pushing his face outward as the bones of his jaw followed suit. His lips seemed to peel back somewhat, empty gums thickening as blackened notches seemed to make themselves known. Their purpose was perplexing before they each erupted into massive, pointed daggers, the level of mobility they possessed was far more than anything Curtis could imagine. As his head continued to expand, skull flattening forcing his eyes to face forward, Curtis was made aware of how much of a predator this species was. Perhaps evolved from sea life, though Curtis was not in a place to say. His lengthening neck, at least, allowed his jaw to open impossibly wide, well supported as the odd shapes of his shifting anatomy, now starting to make more sense from his human experience, at least as far as Pandoran life was concerned.

As the final changes compressed against his skull, Curtis closed his extra sets of eyes, afraid that when he opened them, his mind would be gone and he would be nothing more than a beast. And as the stirrings of instinct played over his mind, he was certain his memories, drives inclinations and uniqueness would die as this new beast was born. And while his mind was steadily becoming awash in desires that made little sense from a human standpoint, it was becoming increasingly likely as the persistent twinges of change began to die down, that what made Curtis human would survive in some way, albeit in the body of an animal. In many ways,

that was worse, forced to live the rest of his days remembering all he had lost and all that was robbed from him.

The first thing he tried to do was move forward, awkward balancing on his thumbs and big toes, or what had become of them in his new form. Moving toward one of the cliffs, he was sure in order to survive, he would have to master flight, a daunting prospect for a land-based species. Yet, the closer he grew to what was perceived as certain death, the more the instincts within his mind beckoned him forward. In fact, the growing facet of his mind was concerned with being on the ground, knowing the sky was its proper territory. He was hardly the largest predator on the planet, and could not persist in a vulnerable state for long. With that, Curtis surrendered his mind, a daunting prospect to a scientific intellect such as his. Yet, there was a growing part of him who wanted to know what life was like from such a strange and unique perspective, which meant doing whatever it took to live. And that meant taking the literal first plunge into his new life...

It was all Curtis could do not to close his eyes as his body left off the side and his wings unfurled, catching the air as easily as his feet had once touched the ground. It was daunting, though the comfort that came from being in the air was undeniable. He allowed himself to fall into those feelings as his instincts allowed him to fly as though he was born into this body. It was effortless for his wings to catch the air, barely needing to flap them as he hovered, taking in a broad scope of the mountain he was on. His vision was far more acute than he was expecting, seeing what had to be miles away as clearly as though he was up next to it. His new eyes were on the lookout for movement, and Curtis was along for the ride as his new brain interpreted things at a speed he had no preparation for. It was all he could do to orientate to his place in the world, though with how effortlessly he hung there in the air, there was a little worry for him to rush, safe in his palace high above the world.

It was a series of rapid movements that caught his attention, and Curtis chastised himself for forgetting about his voyeur, or the dozen or so others who were attracted by the presence of a newcomer. For a moment, he was concerned for his life, thinking that his new fellows wouldn't accept him or might perhaps consider him a threat. Yet, while keeping a respectable distance, the other banshees flew past him, moving toward one of the flying islands in the distance, one that, if he focused on it, seemed to house several hundreds of his new species. For a moment, Curtis wondered if he should follow them, figuring such would be bad but not sure what else to do with his new life. Yet, the one that had been watching his change moved up behind him, pushing him in the direction of their flight path and giving him an indication of what he might do to start his new life...

In the ensuing days and weeks, Curtis was given a figurative crash course in his new life, one that he seemed to settle into rather quickly despite the rather abrupt transition. Spending

most of his waking hours in the air was natural, his body was designed for it, taking advantage of the relatively lower gravity and increased air density. Designed to be more energy efficient to stay aloft, the dense air did require a more streamlined physiology to make the most of it, something that drew credence to the theory his new species evolved from sea life. To his surprise, Curtis found he ran extremely hot, and was thankful for the sizable spiracles at the front of his former chest to allow him to cool down. With their flap-like membranes, the air was guided through the lungs, working like a bellows to allow not only air intake but also cooling him down in flight. Breathing in such a direct fashion was rather bizarre at first, though quickly became the norm as he grew accustomed to his body and life.

The level of flexibility within his wings was far greater than he might have expected, though it was fascinating from a scientific perspective how efficiently they operated. The tips were designed to let air pass between them and strengthen his strokes. He found he could easily hover when stiffening them, or retract them to rapidly pass through branches or other obstacles. The vane under his lower jaw, in tandem with the feather-like fan on his tail tip allowed him to steer akin to a rudder, able to turn on a dime and perform feats to put any earth avians to shame. With his hidden wings for stabilizers, Curtis found his flight more akin to an airplane than anything natural he had observed, though it seemed to work for him, able to stay in the sky for days at a time without effort.

That first day, he was led by his voyeur to what he perceived was a colony of banshees, something that left him terrified at first, thinking the fact he was not naturally born would leave him an outcast. To his surprise, not only was he accepted into the colony, but he soon found his new species was rather social. The ambient noise was jarring at first, though Curtis found himself quickly able to adapt. He had heard the piercing cry before, for which the species was named the banshee by the Na'vi, though it was seldom used with the colony, like employed as a distant call to defend territory. Other, more aggressive cries were easy to interpret as well, warning hisses or a short sharp shriek used as a sign of stress or fear. Of course, there were more amicable sounds as well, chitters and guttural yips that were used by friends, family, or mates. Making such noises himself was strange, having no trachea, using instead a tube to channel air into his syrinx, amplified through hollow chambers in his head and focused through his muzzle or resonating through his chest cavity. Part of his ability to comprehend their cries came from observation, though the new instincts birthed in his mind made interruptions on the fly. Nothing overt or in human terms, simply actions he was able to react to and expect similar reactions from his new peers in kind.

The nests they made on their floating island were rudimentary, though time sleeping was relatively limited for his new species, as much as he found exploring the world in his new body exciting. Curtis was able to follow his instincts and build something for himself to sleep on, worried about where he would be permitted to do so but told in no uncertain terms through

aggressive hisses before he found a spot he would be accepted. Little time was spent there, however, the banshee that had seen him through his change encouraged him to follow as the group went to hunt.

With his higher metabolism, hunting took up much of their time, though it was a welcome activity. Much of their prey was found over the ocean, requiring them to dive and resurface for fish. The first time he attempted to follow suit, Curtis nearly crashed into the water, coughing and sputtering though thankful his vent flaps had reflectively closed to prevent him from drowning. It was a challenge to get back into the air, but he managed it, more carefully the next time as he took his target. It took several tries to make a catch, even though the idea of eating fish live was a little daunting besides. But he managed it, flexible gums able to extend and grip his piscine prey. Allowing his instincts to guide him, he swallowed quickly, able to get over it soon after his first few catches. And with the amount of energy he found himself burning lately, it was hardly the last time he made the attempt.

Life was a whirlwind of new experiences as Curtis tried to make sense of his new reality. Having gone from a human scientist to a flying banshee was more than he could parse, especially with the instincts that dictated much of his actions. Life was much more about survival, though he was an apex being, there was a myriad of Panderan creatures that could make a meal of him. In some ways, that was for the best, bringing him to accept his new lot in life without missing what had been taken from him. And even the first few days brought with them a lifetime of experiences that went beyond human understanding. Thousands of life forms, all living within their own natural cycles that Curtis flew over, witnessing snippets of their lives as he went out his own business.

Over their colony's vast expanse of territory, there were a variety of locations they visited each day, mostly for food, though Curtis was largely ignorant of the variety that existed in his diet. Fish were a preferred meal and Curtis found his initial squishiness easy to overcome. But there were other meals as well, small animals and their eggs, as much as such was distasteful at first. He was even inclined to try a variety of fruits, nectar, mushrooms, and seeds, always using his colony mates as a guide on what was safe to eat. Given that he seldom landed, Curtis was inclined to relieve himself on the fly, likely going a long way to fertilizing a variety of other life forms, though he didn't give much thought given he could never witness the fruits of his own making, so to speak. Still, the variety in diet was welcome, as well as identifying the best sources for a variety of treats that became rather enjoyable for his new body.

It was some weeks since his change, though Curtis had since lost track, when he was first approached by who he had come to understand was female. She had been near him the entire time, of course, watching over him with an interest that Curtis found perplexing but didn't give further thought to, given everything else there was to contend with. In the proceeding days, she

would fly with him often, moving to snap fish from his maw, not in an act of aggression but rather in an almost playful manner. He was used to the cadence of more amicable tones of his new species, and this female would often greet him with a series of guttural bellows, rubbing against his body and choosing to nest near him. Curtis was thankful for the contact, finding some companionship with her specifically. While many of the other colony members were close, friends, even, Curtis had never met or grown up with them. But there was something about this female that drew his attention, even to the point he felt his alien penis coming to arousal from time to time, ashamed of the desire but unable to deny the attraction.

Having no idea how his new species mated, Curtis was not sure how to proceed, even with the persistent arousal he felt in her presence. There was a smell there that implied her receptiveness, and his instincts dictated he stay close to her. But without the ability to communicate such in human terms, he was left largely unsure. Watching some of his new species gave him some idea, viewing mated pairs flying in formation, an elaborate dance of sorts that preceded mating. Perhaps it was a courtship of some sort, and with his own instincts guiding him, Curtis followed the female one morning, copying her movements as she chased and nipped at him playfully, Curtis responding in kind. It was almost fun in a way, and Curtis found himself enjoying those flights, partaking every day before the two of them would leave with the rest of the colony to hunt.

Such continued for the next few days, Curtis not sure when the actions would take him and nervous the more he reflected on it. He couldn't imagine him doing such a thing, or enjoying it from a human perspective even if he was following animal instincts. Yet, was there any reason for him not to give in to his desires, given that he would never return to his humanity or a set of rules that no longer applied to his new body?

Curtis soon came to find that such concern was not to be warranted. Curious about the mating displays of his new species, Curtis took to watching several of the colony in mating rights, the actions seeming rather brief with no sense of modesty or shame in front of the others. It seemed that, as far as he could tell, the pairs remained the same for multiple matings, and would generally stay together almost like bonded pairs. The females laid eggs, and each parent would take turns tending to the nest, not too different from many avian colonies on Earth. Several juveniles existed in the colony as well, able to fly without hours of hatching and joining the colony on their long treks. Was that to be his future as well, if he went through with what his instincts dictated? Was it necessarily a bad thing?

Curtis was soon to be given a decision, seeing his female coming to him one morning with intent. Rather than her usual displays in the mornings where he would follow her dance, she remained on the cliff with him, something that he had seen preceded mating acts. Taken aback but no less aroused, Curtis felt his massive heart beating faster. More than that, his penis came to

bear, splitting his slit and eliciting a sensual hiss to escape his lips. The desire was certainly there, and with his instincts to guide him, Curtis braced himself, deciding there was no reason to hold back.

Of course, the physical act was only one facet of the mating process, something that made up the unique nature of Pandaria physiology. His tendril, something always present but never used, started to move of its own accord, though if Curtis focused on it, he could guide it toward its goal. The female's own was reaching for his in tandem, and he allowed them to connect, their various tendrils touching and binding together as though they were meant to be one. The moment they did so, a shock raced through his mind, waking him to a level of consciousness more than anything he was prepared for. And what he came to learn went beyond his understanding and expectations, changing his view of his new world forever.

Rather than receiving a coherent picture of the female's life, he only perceived some flashes, bits of memory out of order that took him some time to process. But with the combination of memories and stirring of instincts, he was able to piece together the makings of a tale he could never have expected. With the myriad of Ikran instincts that dominated her being, it took Curtis a minute to realize there was something under the surface, something that mattered little to the female and her new life. But hints of a birth on earth, a human woman, a researcher on the planet, and a change like his own...Curtis was not the first to undergo the Na'Vi's process, one likely intended for more females than males. But he, too, had undergone it, and she had watched him, hoping to take a mate that had come from similar circumstances as she had. A fact Curtis was willing to embrace...

Lost in the shared flashes of imagines, Curtis was barely aware his hips had moved of their own accord, or that the tip of his penis was already probing for her sex. Not sure what to do, Curtis let his instincts guide him, the sensitivity of his cock tip pressing against her folds making both of them hiss their pleasure. With little fanfare, Curtis pushed in, torn between the shared mental images and the physical mating act itself. It went beyond anything he was prepared for, and Curtis was along for the ride as he became engulfed by an act far more intimate than anything in his human experience.

The actual act was brief, though, in Curtis's mind, it lasted far longer than he could really comprehend. He could not grasp a firm mental picture of the female's thoughts, only flashes that largely evaded him. Certainly very little of her human life, something that would have interested him in other circumstances. But the larger picture carried with it a sense of irrelevancy, that the details of her life before now didn't matter. Curtis was able to glean a sense of purpose within her new body, a fulfilled life that connected her to a larger world in a way that far surpassed human greed. And in choosing Curtis as a mate, she hoped to share that conclusion with him, while also



bonding with him as a mate in an act more intimate than anything human experience could have prepared him for.

Lost in the shared emotions drawn from their bonding, Curtis hardly had awareness of the physical sensations as he rapidly thrust his new penis in and out of her folds. The various notches on his member provided adequate stimulation to his internal testes, as well as prompting the female to ovulate. It was a well-designed mechanic, the mating itself brief but the neural connection shared between them was enough to forge the beginnings of a pair bonding. And with that, Curtis was inclined to let himself go, experiencing the mating act as though an observer rather than participating beyond what his instincts dictated.

With a shrill cry, Curtis experienced an instinctive need to bite down on her, holding her in place in tandem with their tendrils tightly entwined. The physical pleasure of release was sublime, to be certain, Curtis felt his body shudder from the powerful orgasm as he unleashed his load of semen. It was more than that, however, with the mental bond they shared, something between both humans and Ikran and unique all the same. Both sides told him that the pair would be bonded for life now, and with this being his future, Curtis felt it was time to shed his human side, embracing his new life and all the promise it brought.

Yet, there was far more for his new body to experience as he was soon to understand. He didn't see them approaching at first, their movements too silent and practiced for even his superior senses. It was after their morning mating when some of the colony had already taken off for the day. By the time he noticed their presence, it was too late. His mate was faster, taking to wing as soon as the blurry blue form appeared in Curtis's periphery. But Curtis had no time to react as the warrior lept upon his back, making him throw back his head in an attempt to dislodge the intruder. He was too late. In his fury, his tendril was caught by the hand of the Na'Vi, and it was quickly connected to his own, cementing the bond.

Eyes widening much in the same way as during their mating, Curtis's thoughts once more settled inward, seeing flashes of the Na'Vi's mind in much the same way as he had with his mate's. Unlike their mating bond, this one was more domineering, one of understanding and trust that defined his understanding. It was like he knew this Na'vi, had all his life, could trust and work with him. As much as the words escaped him, he was bonded with this warrior now and would be for life. Such a bond was new for this Na'Vi, and Curtis would be the only one he could bond with until his death. Despite the implication of what this meant for the rest of his life, Curtis could find no fault with it, a bonding ritual eons old between their species.

Yet, even over the excitement he could perceive from the Na'Vi successfully initiating the bond, there was something else there, a sense of sympathy for Curtis's circumstances. He could perceive some of Curtis's thoughts as much as the reverse was true, enough that he understood

Curtis was once human, changed by a seldom-used ritual. And even though he had been an enemy once, the Na'vi seemed to empathize with him and what he had to go through. Surely, he felt becoming one with Ey'wa as one of her children was a far better fate than being killed as an invader. But to be taken from one's life, one's body, and forced to adapt...Curtis was able to sense a certain admiration in the Na'Vi's thoughts, something he was able to take pride in.

Yet, rather than feel sad for his sympathy, Curtis felt his thoughts dwelling on all he had gained from his twist in fate. This life, this body, and his mate made the transition more than worth it, and even if such was possible, he would not wish to return to his humanity. Deep down, he opposed the war, the notion of killing such a beautiful world abhorrent, though Curtis was the human in need of a paycheck, And now...he needed for nothing, save to live in the moment, with his colony, his mate, and soon, their progeny.

Of course, with this bonding came a new purpose, one that went beyond a simple drive to live. In order to preserve the planet, many riders were being trained to make raids upon the humans, needing to learn fast through the bond to fight as one. While his presence was not needed, Curtis would be free to live his life, much as he had come to enjoy. But now, through the bond, he would hear his rider from half a world away and would instinctively respond to his summons. And to aid in the resistance and to help save his new life and home...so long as he was treated well, he was willing to go with his Na'Vi, giving himself and his body as much as he had to his mate, a new stage of his life and one he was willing to embrace.