

A sudden sneeze caught Robert off guard, sending dust spinning through the dark air of the damp basement he found himself in. He paused, measuring his breathing and hoping that no one heard him. To his relief, the wide basement remained still and undisturbed. He had been told the owner was an elderly man, mostly deaf and likely asleep by now. But Robert was terrified of being caught regardless.

It had been a dare of sorts, a rite of passage that his college dorm insisted on forcing upon him. Not every new prospect was expected to take this pilgrimage, but Robert had drawn the short end of the straw this semester. He wanted to refuse, but the fear of ire and ostracization from his peers was a powerful motivator.

One pledge from his college dorm was expected to break into the home of an elderly occupant on the outskirts of their college town and take one object they found in storage. It wasn't to be money, jewelry, or anything otherwise valuable that would be noticed missing. These old people, aside from being lax in home security, were also in possession of a variety of dusty trinkets, a drop in a sea of unnecessary belongings. Robert had only to grab one such thing while getting in and out undetected!

So, here he was, after breaking into the basement room of an old man's lavish home. Thankfully, this wasn't the only house that was on their dorm's list of potential prank targets. This particular address was only vandalized once during the dorm's history of the tradition. Otherwise, the owner might expect the annual home invasion and prepare the proper security measures.

So far, the hazing ritual had gone on for several years with little trouble. Only one pledge had gone into this man's house and had not returned. The dorm figured he had just been scared and ran off, dropping out of college soon after. Still, the notion made Robert nervous. It was *this* home where the dare had been unsuccessful.

The route had been well established through past attempts, and to Robert's delight, he encountered no obstacles in his approach. The basement window opened stiffly but was not locked. Robert thought he heard something stirring upstairs in reaction to his entry. But after about five minutes, no sound echoed in the wide space. Robert was thankful this old man was likely alone and had no pets that would attack!

Afraid to turn on a light, Robert was left with only the dim glow of his phone to guide his search. The wide-open space was filled with a variety of objects, though most of them were clearly junk. Robert supposed any one of them would do, but he preferred to find

something of more significance. Though he could not take something too obvious, the object was his to keep, provided he was not stupid enough to pawn it off at a local shop!

Even the light of his phone was insufficient to illuminate the shadow shrouded objects. It was nearly impossible to tell what he was looking at! He had to put his face in front of them, trying not to disturb the dust and send himself into a coughing fit!

Most of them were obviously junk, but there was one item that caught his attention. It was some sort of sphere, smooth and clean in contrast with the other dusty objects in the room. As Robert watched, it seemed to glow softly, as though beckoning him forward. He couldn't tell what it was but knew instinctively that this was what he sought!

Robert lifted it up for a closer look when suddenly, the face opened up, glowing yellow with a black slit down the center. Shocked, Robert dropped it, and it fell to the cement floor and shattered. Yet, the glow did not dissipate. It seemed to hover in the room, racing towards the ceiling as a shadowy form took shape. The eyes from the glass stared menacingly from the top of a yellowed, black-spotted visage. It almost reminded him of some kind of cat, or maybe. . .

“Hey, what’s going on down there? Show yourself!” came an angry voice from somewhere up above.

The glow of a rectangle of lines appeared at the top of what he assumed were stairs, and Robert dove for cover, not wanting to be seen. A light erupted in the dim basement, and Robert held his breath as he heard the stairs creak. Was he going to be caught?

A shuffling sound echoed in the basement as who Robert assumed to be the old man came down to look for his intruder. He yelled angrily, threatening to call the cops and grab his gun. After a few moments, the stairs creaked again, the owner likely went to make good on his threats.

Robert only had a few moments to escape before he was caught. No longer careful of making noise, he raced for the windowsill, crawling up and out without even closing it behind him. As he did, a warmth shot through him, making Robert gasp as the illumination from earlier enveloped his form. The heat almost made him stop, nearly painful in its intensity. Robert was even more freaked out from the sensations than the threat of being caught. Still, he had to escape.

Racing out into the night, Robert cared only for avoiding the light streaming from the house now that its occupant was aware of his presence. The heat had cooled to a dull warmth that seemed to seep into his muscles. That infusion of energy allowed Robert to run impossibly fast, though it was something he attributed to the fear of being caught.

Robert kept looking out of his periphery in concern in case flashing lights or sirens were chasing him. Yet, as best as he could tell, the streets he ran through were empty at the late hour. Robert hadn't noticed that his eyes glowed golden in the night sky. His vision seemed more acute as he ran through the streets, but again, he attributed it to his need to escape.

Only when his dorm window was closed, and no sirens chased after him did Robert allow himself a moment's reprieve. It was then he realized he had failed the trial and left empty-handed. It seemed like a small defeat in the face of potentially getting caught, charged, and arrested. The only thing his eyes had settled on was broken, its contents dissipated in the stale basement air.

Robert tried his best to picture the scene in his mind. The looming presence of the cat-like shadow, though bizarre, was likely a fragment of something inside the orb reflected on the wall. The heat and energy were likely an extreme reaction to being caught, his body's activation of a fight or flight response. That had to be it, right?

In all his excitement, Robert passed out before his head hit the pillow. His dreams that night were plagued by vivid images that kept him tossing and turning. He was in a bright, expansive field, his body running far faster than the wind, with more power and energy than anything he could imagine. His body was smaller, more agile, not the one he had grown up with. It felt *right* in a way that Robert had never known.

Awaking slowly, Robert opened his eyes, a little saddened to be released from the dream space that had brought him such calm. The familiar odor of his room drifted into his nose. Though he was accustomed to the space, he couldn't recall its scent ever being so potent. Certain odors made him wrinkle his nose a little, particularly those of old food and soiled clothes. Yet his own smell was clearly present above the others and made him smile a little as he got up to start his day.

A glance at his visage in the mirror before making his way to the floor's bathroom gave him pause. It was difficult to place at first, but the more he stared, the more he realized that his features were more angular, sharper, and thinner. Robert might have attributed it to poor sleep due to the excitement of the day before. Yet he didn't look gaunt or ill. In fact, if Robert didn't know any better, he might say that he looked more. . . vital?

His facial hair was thick, despite that he couldn't grow a beard to save his life. Might it have been a surge of testosterone from the excitement? The growth was beyond a 5 o'clock shadow, looking like something Robert might have taken weeks to grow. And the color was all wrong, light blond in contrast to his darker brown hair.

Even his eyes seemed a little off with a glittering glow that he had to squint a few times to tell was present. It seemed as though his pupils were too dark and that his iris carried a hint of green or yellow. He found himself staring from multiple angles, trying to see if the glint would appear.

A deep rumbling assaulted his stomach, making Robert forget about his earlier concerns. As though being compelled, Robert headed for the bathroom before making his way to their dorm's meal hall. Robert thought nothing of it, the sudden compulsion attributed to habit and hunger. He'd even forgotten about the odd changes to his face as he stripped down and prepared to shower.

As soon as the water hit his skin, Robert shuddered. The water, though warm, made him extremely uncomfortable. It matted his modest arm hair, and Robert loathed the idea of soaking his entire body in the shower as he usually did. The disgust felt like it was coming from somewhere within, though not *his*, not exactly. Still, it was impossible to overcome, and Robert found himself stepping out and drying off before he realized what he was doing. Though feeling a little dirty, he figured it was still OK to skip it this once.

His skin prickled with irritation as he donned a pair of fresh clothes from his drawers. Like the water, the notion of having such things against his skin was daunting. Robert shook his head a little, trying to remove the alien impulses from his mind. He had no choice but to put them on if he wanted to appear in public.

Another more urgent fear plagued his thoughts. What would his dorm mates say if Robert came from his heist empty-handed? He couldn't be kicked out of the dorm, directly, at least. He *could* be bullied out, however, as he'd been threatened when given the task. Only able to attend this school on a scholarship, Robert was not fond of the idea of being forced out on his own!

In the end, hunger won out as he went downstairs into the meal hall for breakfast. Since it was Saturday, he had no classes and thus no rush to get in and out. More to the point, there was every chance that the dorm leaders who had given him the task were hungover or

otherwise still in bed. Yet, to his dismay, the group were seated at the head of a table and waved him over.

Concern for the situation quickly left his mind as the scents of food rushed into his nose and made his stomach rumble. In particular, bacon, ham, and other meats made him drool with the notion of filling his belly. Robert quickly loaded up his plate, resisting the urge to bite into his breakfast before making his way to join his 'friends'.

“Hey man, wild night!” one of the guys, Parker, said, while the others looked at Robert with anticipation. Robert suddenly felt a sense of dread wash over him as he sat down, surrounded by possible predators. All these guys were bigger than him, and they could easily take his food!

“Hey, chill, chill! You’re good!” Ryan said, putting his hand up to pat Robert’s fearful form.

Before he realized what he was doing, Robert raised his hand, swatting away the aggressor. The guys around him went quiet for a moment before Robert blushed, once more taken over by an alien impulse. Worse, the action had felt *normal*, almost appropriate, given the circumstance.

“It’s OK dude! You got away! The cops didn’t find anything! You’re scott-free!” Parker finished, the others cheering and patting his back. “Did you nab anything cool?”

Shaking his head, the rest of the gathered guys did not reproach Robert’s lack of success, much to the poor man’s relief. It seemed the act itself was valorous enough, in their book.

The group went back to eating, but Robert looked down at his own piled plate, feeling an intense nervousness. He didn’t feel comfortable in the presence of all of these loud, cheering apes. Excusing himself, Robert got up, rubbing the back of his pants absentmindedly. Something was poking at them uncomfortably, and he couldn’t alleviate it. He did his best to repress the urge to pull off the irritating clothing, for now.

Breathing in the warm fall air, Robert felt more of that nervous energy from last night building, like he was hooked up to electrical wires. The strength within his muscles surged, bunching almost painfully with the demand to be expelled. He found himself twitching impatiently, pent up with the need to. . . what?

Looking out at the college campus, his eyes settled on a wide field in the distance, with a trail weaving through it for the track team. Robert felt himself tremble with excitement, the idea of taking off right now in that direction overwhelming.

Before he realized what he was doing, Robert was off, the wind in his face as his legs sent him flying. His muscles pumped and swelled, delivering necessary oxygen to fuel his run. His legs felt they were filled with springs, bouncing as he weaved towards the trail with excitement. Never before had he run so fast!

Barely aware of the experience as he picked up speed, Robert was equally unaware of the changes to his body, making his exertion effortless. His chest pushed out, lungs expanding to take in twice the volume of air. His muscles swelled, pressing almost painfully against the skin as his thighs and calves added layers to better utilize the added O₂ intake.

Robert's lean form raced faster and faster down the track, his ungainly attributes shifting to prevent him from a fatal fall. The growth behind his spine started twitching as it gained length, allowing him to steer. Thick nails pierced his socks; though not helpful in his current predicament, they would easily dig into the earth should he be barefoot. His muscles forced his flesh into a more streamlined configuration, allowing him to gather more and more speed.

At last, Robert slowed, the energy in his body seeming to wane. Looking around, he was shocked to realize he had crossed the entire campus in a matter of minutes, impossibly fast for even the speediest of runners. Though he eventually had to stop, the endurance was still preferable to his former self.

Robert was sure his body should have been coated in a slick sheen of sweat. Yet his skin, while overhead, was completely dry. He panted heavily, his tired form expelling heat, and the exchange of air allowed him to cool down. In his stupor, Robert could hardly register that his tongue was longer or that tiny spines were beginning to coat its surface.

The fatigue hit him full force, increasing ten-fold from his unsatisfied hunger. Much slower this time, Robert trudged towards his dorm, panting all the way to alleviate his discomfort. His trek was hindered by how baggy his clothes were, much looser on his frame than he swore they were when he'd donned them this morning. The exception was his shoes; something caught on the insides of the leather, and the backs were pressed tightly by how stretched his heels had become.

“Hey man, come try out for the meet next week!” someone yelled out, but Robert was too inside his own head to pay attention.

Despite the sun only being at high noon, the moment Robert entered his room, his head hit the pillow all at once, passing out with little fanfare. Images played through his mind of running, only faster than even today, and with more agility than he’d ever experienced. In the visions, Robert was closer to the ground chasing something with malicious intent. The scents elicited hunger once more, and he salivated as his jaws closed around. . .

A few hours later, Robert’s eyes fluttered open, unaware that he had taken such a long nap so early in the afternoon only hours after waking. Yawning, he reached absently to scratch at the itch that had cropped up on his upper arms. Yelping slightly, he looked down to see he’d nicked himself with nails that were sharper than he’d expected. Yet it was undeniable how much relief the touch brought, and, more carefully this time, he continued to scratch at the pricking skin.

An unexpectedly soft texture greeted his touch, and Robert was surprised to see a light coat of dusty yellow hairs coating his arm all the way down to his hand. It was far more hair than he’d ever seen on his bare skin. The strange covering was spreading over his muscles and seeming to grow thicker as he watched.

Robert was more impressed with the muscles that had swelled over his form, giving him a degree of tone unknown to his previously lanky frame. Though his arms seemed to resist the movement, he still delighted in exploring their contours, in tandem with the soft, lovely hairs. His delight temporarily erased the irritation of the itching still plaguing him all over!

Hunger moving to the forefront of his thoughts, Robert went to stand awkwardly in search of a meal. As he did, he became aware that the room seemed different somehow, like its contours were sharper. The colors were washed out, as though sleep still hung on his eyes. Yet, Robert found himself impressed with the enhanced clarity that continued to display in his vision even as he left.

Making his way to the meal hall, the scents of meat made him salivate once more. Thankfully, no one else was present, and he piled his trays high with burger patties, ham, chicken breasts, and anything else that drew his sniffing nostrils. Robert quickly bit into his meal with gusto and devoured his plate, washing down his food with several glasses of milk.

Awareness only returned when his tray was empty, and shadows started to loom over him, making Robert uneasy. Surrounding him were his dorm mates, seeming to be joyous

with his company despite Robert's earlier reactions. Still, Robert couldn't help but feel apprehensive at the presence of all of the guys, each so much larger than he.

"Hey, cool contacts!" Nick exclaimed, patting Robert on the back and making him almost growl.

"Whoa, dude, what's up with you today? You need a chance to unwind! Get your drink on with us tonight!" Parker said, accidentally rubbing Robert's arms as he sat down beside him.

Robert found himself backing up as a reflex, wanting as much distance as possible should he need to run. Yet, soon, another pressing need took over. The hairs on his arm had been pushed out of place by the unwelcomed touch!

Robert licked the back of his hand, loving the coarse texture on his skin as he smeared it with saliva. The now-familiar itching seemed to intensify, but with his hand coated, it didn't cause Robert as much irritation. Rubbing the back of his hand along the matted fur and pushing it back into place helped to relax him. Robert started grooming himself with gusto, loving the feeling of hair growth under his ministrations.

Robert only paused when he realized that everyone at the table had stopped their meal and were staring at him. Robert looked down sheepishly, embarrassed. What had he been doing? Once more, he seemed overtaken by an inner compulsion before even realizing it was happening. All of the urges seemed so *right* that it was nearly impossible to recognize them in time!

"Dude, you cosplaying as a cat? Weirdo!" Parker said, and all of them laughed.

The sounds of their jeering fresh in his mind overrode his need to clean. Robert excused himself, getting up quickly to avoid further shame. The thoughts swirling through his mind made him confused. Why *had* he been so interested in grooming? That was something cats did, wasn't it? And why did he have so much body hair? It almost felt like fur!

The fatigue from before hit him full force as he entered his dorm room. He had eaten well, and his body wanted to rest after a successful hunt. Wait, hunt? Yet before he could contemplate the word much further, Robert was on his bed, preparing to nap. It only took a bit of digging his nails into the blankets to pull them around in a comfortable position.

The dreams flooded his consciousness once more, making him stir and kick in his sleep. Though the now-usual images of hunting and running came to mind, there was something else that caught his attention. It was a scent on the breeze, one just as tantalizing as that of his prey. Yet, there was a musky quality that triggered some other instinct in his mind.

Neck lifted in the air, he raced upwind to the source of the alluring aroma. There, in the distance, was the outline of a cat, silhouetted against the setting savannah sun. It was a little smaller than him and hard to make out with his changed vision. Yet part of his mind, the one invading his body, recognized the form as a cheetah.

Never noticing how beautiful such an animal was before now, Robert crept closer, the thick, musky scent more intense the closer he neared. The female was in season. Upon the sight of a suiter, she lowered her body and raised her hips into the air. Her tail moved out of the way revealed a moist, glistening sex that made Robert powerfully enamored.

Part of his mind was disgusted by the display, yet his body was not his own. Robert could feel himself lick the cat's sex before rising to mount her, feline prick inserted into her eager folds. Though he was not in control, no sensation escaped him as he mated and came in the cat, taking only a few moments to rest before preparing to mount her again. . .

The early dawn light filtered into his room, and Robert awoke suddenly, very aware of the feeling of his erect phallus humping the bedsheet. The wet sensation over his groin did not escape him, either. It reminded him, alarmingly, of the dream he had just indulged in.

Stumbling over the sheets, Robert rose to uncover himself in a bid to see what he had done. The thick stench of his cum hung heavily in the air, stronger than any of the ambient scents he had detected before. Checking the sheet revealed a still-damp stain, the likes of which he hadn't made since his youth!

Even in his sleepy haze, Robert did a double-take at the sight of his genitals. Instead of his normally short, uncut cock, a cocoon of warm, white-furred flesh sat lower on his groin than he'd expected. Reaching inside, his curious hand revealed a penis that was not his. The tip was bright red and pointed, and Robert winced as his touch met pointed, backward-facing spines. It looked like the cock of some sort of animal!

Robert leaped out of bed, terrified. As he did, a glimpse of his visage in the mirror caught his attention. The first thing he noticed was a pair of glowing, golden eyes, far removed from his humanity. The pupils were dilated, black, and the entire surface seemed to have expanded to take up more of his face!

That wasn't the only aspect of his visage removed from humanity. His beard had grown thick, yellow peppered with black spots on the sides, and white on his chin down his neck. His nose was flat, its shape accented by twin black tear duct tracks that ran from his animalistic eyes. Peeling back blackened lips revealed pointed canines, poking out like fangs. Hell, even his ears were rounded, looking out of place against the still-human dimensions of his face.

As he stared at the alien reflection in the mirror, the realization of what was happening sank in. It was impossible, but the features resembled the image of the cat in his dream, likely a cheetah if he wasn't mistaken. Worse than that, the image bore a frightening resemblance to the silhouette he'd seen when he'd broken the object in the old man's house. Was that the cause of the strange transformation? It had started happening after that night, as best as Robert could recall. He'd been so out of sorts lately, compelled by urges in his head that were not his own.

Even as he watched, more yellow-spotted fur grew up his sideburns, merging with the changing expanse of his human hair. He could feel the muscle all over his form swelling and contracting, his body becoming slightly smaller than its human self. Worst of all, something started thrashing behind him, and a quick glance revealed a long, twitching feline tail!

A knock on the door startled him from his reverie. "Hey man, can I come in? I heard some concerns from some of the other dorm leaders, and I..." the voice began as the door clicked open. Robert had left it half ajar!

"Sorry, dude, I . . . what the hell!" a man named Fred gasped, seeing the sight of the half-cheetah man standing before him. Robert tried desperately to hide but was unsuccessful with the current state of undress.

Fred stumbled backward, causing Robert to panic and try to grab the first articles of clothing he could from off the floor. Suddenly fearful of exposure, Robert took off, not even bothering to don shoes as he made his way out of the building and down the road out of campus. He hadn't realized it initially, but his feet had formed coarse paw pads, easily able to cope with the pavement as he started to run.

Soon, he was off-campus, running down the road with no real goal in mind. Robert kept moving, desirous to escape the shame afflicting his mind. He was turning into an animal, a goddamn cat! How was he going to stop this? Going back to the man's house came to mind, but it had been dark, and Robert wasn't sure he knew the way. Besides, the change had been afflicting him for more than a day and a half. What if it was too late?

Robert kept running, though even his body was starting to tire. Cheetahs had amazing speed but were not built for endurance. Still, his fear and adrenaline, in tandem with his sharp claws and thick paw pads, kept him moving forward. His tail continued to creak out of his spine, every inch adorned with lovely spotted fur. It whipped around as he ran, a rudder of sorts that allowed him to steer while he still retained bipedal movement.

Robert tried desperately to remain focused on the direction of the man's house. Yet another scent pulled him forward, one that he was not previously aware of. It seemed to beckon him, calling out to the instincts welling up in his mind. Yet his fear-induced state left him little room to comprehend why it was he was heading in that direction.

Eventually, fatigue won out, and he stopped to catch his breath, his endurance having worn down. He was hardly aware of the changes in his body as he panted, catching his wind from his run. His chest had barreled out to properly house his massive lungs, and his stomach was lean with powerful muscles. His hips were broadening, flattened into his flanks and making him hunch over somewhat. It was hard to deny that his body was adapting itself to run on four powerful limbs.

A rustling in the bushes made Robert stop, his ears twitching in that direction. His faculties paused as his entire being focused on the sound of *something* that overrode human understanding. Robert had no way to know what it was that had his mind so enraptured, but the instincts welling inside were well aware of what they were seeking.

The sound of something moving made Robert spring up. He was now a slave to the whims of his changed mentality. The trees and branches were a blur as Robert raced forward, hunched over and running low to the ground. His body weaved almost effortlessly through branches and trees and what he perceived to be a fence and some mesh. The scent was thick in his nostrils as he chased and hunted his mark. The human part of his mind could barely comprehend as his target made a misstep and his jaws extended around his prey...

Control only returned to Robert after a half-eaten rabbit carcass lay on the ground beneath his feet, and his cheetah belly was full. Blood dripping down his muzzle, he wanted to cry out his agony, but the sound that escaped his lips was inhuman. He couldn't even talk anymore! Not only that, but he had hunted and killed an animal for food! That poor rabbit!

Yet his self-depreciation was halted when another aroma assaulted his senses. This one was spicy, pungent, and elicited different feelings than he had felt at the prospect of prey. Trying to stand up, Robert tried sniffing the air, unconcerned that his muzzle was

extending, or that his nose had flattened, the slits on the side better able to drink in scent molecules. All he wanted was the source of the scent!

The human part of his mind realized that he was surrounded by a variety of wildlife, far more than should exist near his dorm. He vaguely remembered that there was a zoo relatively close to the campus but had no idea that he'd run so far so fast. Still, it was unmistakable that he was on one of the walkways, surrounded by animal cages that made the changing part of his mind nervous. Even so, he was thankful that it was so early on a Sunday that he didn't have to worry about encountering any trainers or personnel.

That same alluring fragrance hit his senses once more, and Robert lowered himself to the ground, sniffing with renewed vigor. He wasn't sure what it was, but the human part of his mind wondered, perhaps foolishly, if it was the source of his salvation. In his present circumstance, it was the only chance he had to return his human form.

Yet his heart sank upon reading the sign nearest him. Though his new vision was more centered on movement, he could still make out the words that read 'African Cheetah, Female'. The sign was unnecessary with the scent of the animal in his nostrils, however. Just like in the dream, he was well aware that the cat was not only female but in heat.

Movement out of the corner of his eyes caught his attention, and Robert looked up to see a lovely cat pacing in the cage, mewling to get his attention. To his dismay, many of the features of Robert's body were present in the animal, confirming his fears about the species he was to become. He was already so far removed from humanity, looking almost the same as the animal in the cage before him!

Robert felt himself instinctively lowering his body, trying to get closer to the cat. Instead of being distressed at Robert's presence, the cat was more than happy to see him. Robert's suspicions were confirmed when the cat raised her tail and exposed her puffy, pink vaginal lips. She wanted him to mate her!

As soon as the realization hit him, his body writhed, his lower half forcing him onto all fours. His stretching heels, in tandem with his flattening hips and widening paws, made the position more comfortable. His thighs and calves continued to diminish, his heels and hips making up the difference as his posture grew more and more in line with the animal he saw before him. Robert realized with horror that his body was configuring him for a life on all fours. No! He didn't want this!

The scent of the female burned in his nose, and it was nearly impossible to resist her siren song. Her pungent perfume sent shivers through Robert's prick even as he struggled his head away from the intrusive thoughts. He was a human, damnit!

In a desperate bid to save his humanity, Robert tried to rise to his legs, but his body had other ideas. An audible click resonated in his backside as his hips completed their realignment, and he fell forward helplessly, stuck in his quadrupedal stance. He yowled, an animalistic cry of panic as his tail extended with his spine and his hind paws completed their reconfiguration. There was so little of the human Robert left!

Even the fear of losing his humanity was not enough to prevent him from slowly crawling towards the female that had so enraptured his attention. As he did so, his sex started shifting towards his anus, his balls and penis reorientating themselves for feline mating even as his member slid from his sheath. He wanted to fuck, and every ounce of willpower he possessed was not enough to stop him as he rubbed his body against the cage of his potential mate.

Robert's waning human intellect seized up the cage, seeing a lock left carelessly undone that he could access if he struggled enough. The cat he was becoming had just enough sense to use that information in tandem with Robert's human reasoning. No matter how much the human was repulsed by the act, there was already the slightest reluctance to fight the obviously losing battle. Besides, the other being in his head had clearly won out, taking Robert's shape along with his sensibilities.

Robert reared up on his hind legs just high enough to undo the latch of the cage and allow himself entry. The motion was difficult with his flattened hips, but he managed. With an audible click, he moved back to allow the door to open, and he fell down again before walking into the cage.

His singular goal plagued his thoughts, and Robert forgot to close the door behind him. Though, given the strength of his needs, neither cat would use the chance to flee. The cat was on him in an instant, rubbing her body against the startled former human. The instincts welling up in his mind were too much to resist as he responded in kind.

He was hardly aware that his already stiff fingers were changing, their abilities no longer sufficient to close the door behind him. Robert could hardly feel the ground under his swelling paw pads. His thumbs seemed to crawl up his wrists, fully vestigial now that this final human act was completed. His nails had thickened into long claws, unable to retract like most cats, though far better suited for running.

Robert's remaining resistance was faltering, especially when the female turned around to present herself for his inspection. Tail raised to the side, her winking sex was on full display, wafting its scents in the direction of the soon-to-be cheetah.

As he sniffed the open invitation of her sex, the last of the changes overtook Robert's form. His growing muzzle winced slightly as several dozen whiskers burst from below his nose. His tail grew even longer, accentuated by a spine that could allow him to turn on a dime during the hunt. Spotted fur the perfect camouflage, every inch of his skin was covered by the lovely yellowed coat. It was hard to fight the changes in his admiration for the feline form he had been granted!

Now fully a beast, Robert pulled back, leaping atop the female and arching his sex towards hers. Though his penis was relatively small, it was an easy task for his newfound flexibility to hit his mark. Yowling, he plunged inside, the remnants of human doubt leaving his mind as his mate rose to meet him.

The mating act was rather quick, though its bestial intensity was exactly what the feline fringes of his mind craved. The male's hips thrust in and out with rapid motions, penile spines stimulating the vaginal folds of the female. His entire lower body thrust with furious focus, desperate to rut and cum. His thrusts increased in tempo which each passing second, and before long, his throbbing testicles blew a modest load into the female's sex.

Spent, the former human Robert pulled out, to a startled snarl from his mate. Pained from his penile spines, she swatted at him, forcing the male to back away. Had he any cognizance left, Robert might have thought that the raking of his spines in her cunt would trigger a female feline to ovulate, to ensure the conception of the next generation. But in his feline state, Robert could only keep his distance, resting only moments before the female's need beckoned to him once more, and they copulated again, the second of many sessions that day!

An old man stared at the now-mated pair of cheetahs who slept peacefully, enjoying the unseasonably warm fall air. It was likely that the female was with cubs, given the potency of the orb's magic. Though he doubted it was much consolation to the former humans, they were assisting in aiding with the repopulation of their endangered species.

James hadn't expected to have his residence broken into a second time by whatever stupid college stunt demanded it. Especially not after the first young man had gone missing. It hadn't taken long for James to trace the man's whereabouts to the local zoo, the

broken tribal relic surely having changed him into a cheetah. Not wanting to risk such a fate himself, James had left the other orb where it was.

The poor fool had no idea what he'd touched. The spirit within the relic likely beckoned his attention in a move to reunite with its mate. Two spirits had resided in the orbs, one in each, using them like eyes into our world. Or, so James had come to learn.

With the first spirit accidentally released, it had bonded with the former human and transformed him into a female cheetah. The second orb needed to be broken to allow the spirit within to combine with another host. And, for better or for worse, it seemed to have succeeded with this newest vandal.

James had no way to tell if either former male was awake inside the bodies of the male and female cheetahs they had become. He wasn't sure which would be preferable for the cats, who were now confined to a limited existence in the zoo. Still, they looked happy enough, and James took some solace in that, returning to a home now unburdened with the magic of the artifacts. The spirits were reunited and would live happily with the new bodies they had claimed.