Smoke and Mirrors

It was almost closing time at the gallery and most of those that had been looking at the various displays were heading for the door, which was when the real work started. For the interns that worked there they were tasked to do the inventory and make sure that nothing had been moved out of its proper place. For Jacob that meant staring at a tablet screen that had the pictures of where things were supposed to be and tediously lining them up with their respective real-world counterparts. It was not a glamorous job, but it paid the bills and he had a chance to look at something he admired and loved every day.

As he made his way from the artwork exhibit to the statues he noticed someone that was still lingering behind, a man that had caught his eye before. The only reason that he even noticed them in the first place was of how different they looked to the normal gallery patron; the man had bright purple stripes tattooed onto his face and neck with lavender hair, but most notably was the fact that his ears had been modified into points instead of the normal human configuration. Jacob remembered something about body modification being a thing and had been curious enough to look into it, though he would have never have engaged in something like that. He really wasn’t the type to engage in anything, which was probably why he was still an intern despite having already spent a year in the gallery.

When the defined individual looked over in his direction he saw the man give a smile that revealed pointed teeth, something that caused Jacob to immediately turn back towards his work. It was definitely some sort of creative type, he mused as he went back to his job, he could normally sense those who were artists and who were just observers. There was a feel to them, a confidence that he likely could see because of the lack of it in his own life. While he would love to perhaps have something that he could put into a gallery one day he never found himself picking up the brush or pen and simply contented himself into admiring the boldness of others.

Jacob shook his head and sighed to himself. One day he would ask for a full-time position in the gallery, he had outlasted all the other interns after all and was basically the only one left in the original group. That alone should have been enough to merit some sort of accolade… but other than a good job and a pat on the back he had not seen the fruition of his work yet. Any longer and he might have to start looking elsewhere, though as he thought about it he found that there was someone else that was standing there next to him while he checked on several deity artifacts.

“Always find it funny that when it comes to ancient myth that most gods are depicted as animal creatures,” the purple-haired man observed as Jacob glanced over at him. “It’s almost like humanity is jealous of them, or perhaps wants to ascend the mortal shells that were given to him. Don’t you think?”

When Jacob realized that the question was being directed to him he found himself grasping for an answer just to be polite and friendly to the patrons. “I… suppose when we think of something more powerful than us we don’t want it to be something we can identify with,” Jacob replied timidly. “Plus I would imagine that if you’re going to create something new as an artist you would want it to be something other than what’s around.”

“That’s a good way of thinking,” the patron said before extending out his hand. “My name is Atlas.”

“Jacob,” Jacob introduced as he shook Atlas’ hand. When he did he was surprised to find that his skin was very smooth, almost unnaturally so. “I’ve seen you around here before, are you an artist?”

“Indeed I am, good eye,” Atlas said with his grin growing. “I’m actually looking for my next piece and I often find that places like these often hold what I’m looking for in terms of a muse. What about you, ever thought about having a work of art as your own?”

“Oh… I suppose I’m happy where I am right now,” Jacob replied, trying not to blush as he had been thinking that exact thing right up until this conversation. “I could never do anything like this, if anything I would just post it up to the internet and it would probably get mocked.”

Atlas chuckled at that and patted him on the shoulder, something that normally Jacob would recoil from but found himself just standing there. “Sometimes all it takes is the right inspiration and a little dose of confidence,” Atlas explained. “Perhaps you and I should talk a little more outside of the gallery, would you like to go out with me once you’re done with work?”

The question made Jacob balk slightly despite himself. Was this person hitting on him? If that was the case it would be a first, especially considering that his somewhat pallid complexion and scrawny physique wasn’t usually considered a lure for anyone, at least not in his mind. It was especially strange that this rather deviant artist type was interested in him at all, Jacob looking down at the polo and khaki’s that weren’t even required to be on the job.

When he realized he hadn’t given the man an answer he told Atlas that he would have to think about it. The other man nodded and with that easy smile said that he should give him a call and placed a card in his hand. Jacob thanked him and motioned he needed to get back to work, though as the man nodded and walked up he couldn’t help but stare at him while he left. There was such a confident, easy-going gait to the guy, like he didn’t have a care in the world as Jacob looked down at the card in his hand.

Atlas, freelancer artist, and the guy’s number. It was the first time he had ever gotten something like that and even though he went back to concentrating on his work he couldn’t get him out of his mind. There was just something about him that was alluring; normally Jacob didn’t bother himself with such things, but not only was this the first time anyone had reached out to him but it was also the first where he wanted to reciprocate. While he didn’t necessarily believe all that talk about becoming an artist and just needing a bit of a confidence boost he found himself wanting to hear more.

It took another hour for Jacob to get done with everything, then once that was done there was a few more hours of paperwork and the usual tasks that go with helping curate an entire gallery worth of items. There would be new art coming in and old art going out, statues and jewelry that need updates on their insurance, and also dealing with moving schedules. It was a mountain of tasks that waited for him every day, tasks that should go to someone other than the intern. At this point he believed he could probably run the place if he needed to, but there was no way he would tell anyone about that when he could be easily terminated and replaced.

Once he had finished everything he walked out of the gallery’s back door and to his car, which as usual was the last one in the lot. When he went over to it he noticed there was a flyer that was underneath his windshield wiper. It was for a private gallery showing and as he looked it over he noticed that it was running on the weekend. There was little other information other than it was an exhibition and that it was only for adults, which probably meant a cash bar or something as he looked at the address.

Strange… though given that the people who would park at a gallery would be interested in art anyone trying to advertise like that was often shooed away by security. At the moment he was too tired to really think about it and just stuffed the flyer into his pocket before getting into his car. Even as he thought about what he was going to do when he got home he still thought about the guy and the card in his pocket. Maybe he should call him… even if it was just to be a friend there was something so intriguing about his eccentricities that were so countercurrent to him. It would also be nice to interact with someone other than the people looking down at him in this place as he drove back through traffic to his apartment.

With the next day being Saturday Jacob went about his usual morning ritual in no rush. While he did work sometimes on the weekends at the gallery that was more often when the regulars would come in. It was fine by him, there were usually more people there anyway and he preferred the place when it was quiet as he poured himself a cup of coffee. As he got ready to go out to run a few errands he heard the crinkle of paper while he put on his coat and pulled out the flyer as well as the business card. As he fidgeted with the latter he almost wished that he had given the other man his number instead so he didn’t have to be the one initiating.

It was a little too bold for him at the moment and also didn’t want to seem overeager as he went out for the day. As he walked from store to store he found his thoughts drifting more towards the flyer he had received. A private exhibition… it was something that perhaps would help expand his horizons when it came to the art world, something that he hadn’t really done since he got the internship. Who knows, not only was it within the neighborhood he lived at but maybe it would even be fun too.

Day turned to night and while normally Jacob found himself in front of his computer or the television this time he was heading towards the address that was on the flyer. Unlike his job this place was within walking distance of his home and though it was a little chilled outside he didn’t mind it too much. When he got to the destination he was surprised to find that it was an old roller ring that had closed down, though he saw the same picture on the door that was on the paper he clutched in his fist. Likely they just rented the space for the night, Jacob mused as he went to the door and opened it.

After giving his identification to the bouncer that was just inside the door Jacob walked through a makeshift curtain hallway towards the other side, hearing music playing and seeing the occasional multi-colored light that shined through the seams. It felt more like a nightclub rather than an exhibition and wondered if this was one of those performance art shows too. The curtains on the other side had an entrance sign pointing to it and as he parted them smoke spread over the floor that caused him to take a step back. As he looked over and saw the bouncer eyeing him up Jacob quickly got on the other side and as the curtains closed behind him he let out a gasp.

The id check was definitely not just for alcohol, Jacob quickly realized.

The first thing that was in front of him was a bronze statue of a very muscular man that was actually an anthropomorphic feline, except that as he watched the man shifted his pose into something different he realized that it was actually a real person. While he had never really looked into living art Jacob knew it was a thing and this was one of the most realistic he had seen. Most of the time people who did the living statues were street performers that just had the clothing colored along with their faces and hands, this was definitely not the case for the one that he was looking at. The prosthetics were so well-hidden and moved with the body, though more than once he caught himself looking at the half-hard shaft that the man presented as well.

That wasn’t the only one though and as he began to move into the main exhibition area he saw quite a few pieces of living art, all of them naked and with different types of body paint that gave them a metallic or stony look. While quite a few were standing by themselves they also had several that were paired up and in… rather lewd poses, which they remained frozen in for a few minutes before they shifted to a new scene. This was not the exhibition he was expecting and he began to wonder if anyone else from the gallery would be showing up. He wasn’t quite sure he wanted to be in such a place where people from his work could draw conclusions, but just as he was about to leave he saw a familiar face recognize him.

“Oh, look what the cat dragged in,” Atlas said as he came over with two drinks in his hand. “I’m glad that you decided to come.”

“Wait, you’re the one that put that flyer on my car?” Jacob asked in surprise as he took the glass offered to him.

“Of course, I wanted a chance to see you again in case you couldn’t muster up the courage to call me,” Atlas stated with a grin on his face. Though Jacob tried not to blush between the exhibition going on around them and the slight embarrassment of being called out he couldn’t help it. “So, what do you think of this little exhibition we’re putting on?”

“It’s… definitely not something I’ve seen before,” Jacob replied as he took a sip of the drink to calm his nerves while looking up at the heavily muscled marble man that was made up to look like a minotaur. “I doubt the gallery I work at would put something like this on, is this your work?”

“Oh no, a couple friends of mine are working together in a collaborative effort to try this out,” Atlas said. “If you’re interested in seeing a few of my pieces though I have a loft that’s not too far away. Perhaps if you’re done admiring the artwork here we could go there.”

Jacob found himself taking a deep breath as he tried to think of what to say to this. Going to another guy’s place so soon after meeting him… although what if he was just trying to be friendly? As he glanced around the exhibition though he wondered if this wasn’t just a place to test him, to see if he was really into such things. It normally wasn’t something he would be interested in but as he continued to watch them he did find the concept to be rather fascinating, so much so he couldn’t help but let his mind wander as he watched the studly statues continue to show off.

Hearing his name get called Jacob turned to see that the other man was looking at him while biting his lip with that fang of his. Whether it was the drink, the environment, or just finally wanting a change in his life he felt emboldened to nod his head. “That’s great to hear,” Atlas said. “Why don’t you stay here and finish your drink while I say goodbye to my friends, it should only take a second.”

Jacob gave him a thumbs up and as Atlas made his way towards the back of the old roller rink he was lost in the smoke that had continued to hover around his waist. He was glad for that considering the exhibition had sparked his senses in more ways than one. As he finished off the last of the drink that he had been given he couldn’t help but go back to watching the minotaur, who had been joined on his stage by a smaller marble statue that had been holding onto a prop sword that was dropped to the ground as the bigger creature put him on his knees…

Meanwhile Atlas snuck a peek at the enthralled human and giggled to himself before heading back to where a stone statue of a lynx stood perfectly still, though as soon as he came up to it the sculpture became animated. “Looks like my bait worked,” Atlas said. “Thanks for letting me use your pocket dimension for this, otherwise it would have taken ages to get him started.”

“You always go for the hard sculpts,” the lynx replied as the smoke that was around them began to pull away, forming into a cloudy white jackal that nodded his head. “You know if you start out with someone dominant you can get them to eat out of your hand.”

“The best sculptures are often done from the most difficult materials to work with,” Atlas said with a grin. “Plus I’m not exactly looking for a one-night stand here, so I’m willing to take my time to work with what I got. Not to mention those that have such beauty buried deep down are often hungrier for it when its revealed.”

The other two nodded and wished him good luck in his venture before watching Atlas walk back towards the bar area. They weren’t the only ones though as another figure rose briefly from the smoke, the slightest hint of a wolf’s head rising up from the aphrodisiac cloud that was created around the statues. It watched as Atlas hooked up with Jacob once more and led him towards the back exit of the building. A smirked formed on the snow wolf’s lips before he lowered himself back down to join the other creatures that played about on the unsuspecting patrons of the exhibition…

About ten minutes later Jacob found himself walking into the door of a loft after three flights of stairs. The two had talked about the exhibition while they had made their way back and while Atlas still had that relaxed nation he couldn’t help but feel anxious. Part of him wondered why he had ever accepted such a thing, but once he was inside he also was a little excited. Was it possible that this artist that had taken such an interest in him wanted to be more than a friend, and if so how much more?

As promised once Atlas had made a drink for both of them he showed Jacob his work, which was a series of paintings and sketches that all centered around two things. They were all anthropomorphized felines just like at the gallery, and the were all naked, well-muscled men. He could see why he would be friends with the owner and when he commented that it caused him to chuckle. When they had gotten to the end of the sketchbook with two very well-endowed lion men wrestling one another Jacob was surprised when he was asked for his opinion.

“They are definitely handsome,” Jacob found himself saying, the words almost slipping out of his mouth before he realized what he had said. “I mean beautiful art pieces, you definitely have a talent. You also seem to have a very particular muse.”

“Well when you have access to what my friend creates it’s hard not to use such resources,” Atlas replied with a light laugh. “Of course it doesn’t hurt that he’s also my teacher, and I have to say that I learned quite a lot for him.” Without realizing previously Jacob found that the two were rather close together, to the point where he could see the detail in those tattooed stripes. “I just prepped a fresh canvas, how would you like to be my next inspiration?”

“Me?” Jacob replied, suddenly feeling very self-conscious as he looked down. “I… don’t think that I would make for a very good model, especially considering your usual fare.”

“Oh, don’t be silly,” Atlas said with a laugh. “You think all those guys up there started like that? While I’m sure that my mentor got a fair few from the gym there are all sorts of tips and tricks to make someone look like that. If not that’s fine too, but once I’m done with setting you up no one except the two of us will know it’s even you.”

Jacob found himself fidgeting as his mind was at an impasse. While this was not where he had expected the night to go he really liked that about the artist, and he had to admit that between the exhibition and the figures he saw he was gaining an appreciation for the form. He remembered what Atlas had said in the exhibit and even though he felt even scrawnier than before there was something deep down inside that was prompting him to do it. There was more than a little back and forth in his mind before Jacob finally felt the surge of boldness to nod his head and say that he was willing to do this.

Atlas lit up and motioned for him to follow, leading him from the main area of the loft to an area that was partially walled off. There was a padded white pedestal in the middle and a number of mirrors that surrounded it on one side while a stool and canvas sat on the other. “Alright, I’ll just get a few things to set you up,” Atlas said as he went over to a set of white-painted drawers in the back corner. “Go ahead and get naked.”

“Naked?” Jacob found himself repeated as he fiddled with the shirt. “I mean, are you sure that we can’t just do it with my shirt on?”

“As you could tell by my work I don’t exactly do clothes,” Atlas said with a chuckle. “You’ll be fine, as I mentioned before by the time I’m done with you even you won’t be able to recognize yourself.”

Jacob swallowed hard but found himself already committed to what he wanted, which attempt to impress this guy that he had just met as he took off his shirt. As he put it aside he caught himself in the mirror and found himself growing red-faced at seeing himself. He was nowhere near the ones that he had seen in the exhibition or those that were in Atlas’ sketchbooks. Part of him feared that he would get completely undressed and the other man would just take one look and realize what a mistake he was making, but as he looked back over he saw that the artist was already glancing at him and even gave him the thumbs up.

That was enough for Jacob to feel his confidence bolster to the point where he could keep going, taking a deep breath before he went back to his pants in order to take them off. Once they were around his ankles it was his underwear next and when those slid down he was standing completely naked in someone else’s apartment. It was a strangely invigorating feeling and when he kicked the clothing aside he saw Atlas give him an approving look while holding onto something in his hands. It was a couple of prosthetics and the artist explained to just put them on and they would stick by body heat.

When Jacob looked down at it he saw that it was the upper part of a feline muzzle that looked like it was sculpted out of molding foam. It was a little odd but as he remembered those people that were at the exhibition he found his groin twitching slightly in arousal. He quickly put himself into the task at hand and as Atlas put some sort of foot paw shoes over his feet he pressed the muzzle against his face. With the mirrors around it was easy to adjust it, and when he did he was surprised with how well it had already blended into his features.

After putting on the lower saw he was given a tail belt and a headband with feline ears on it. When he put the ears on he found his hair was shaggy enough that he could cover his human ones with it, though he thought it was shorter than that before. He probably had just let it get away from him and went to the tail belt next. It slid on easily and he was able to adjust it with one hand the artist put a pair of gloves on him that gave his hands padding and small claws.

Once everything was done Atlas went to a nearby machine and got it ready as Jacob looked at himself. He sort of actually looked like a feline, though a rather lanky one at that as he moved his lips up and down which caused the ones in the reflection to do the same. He also noticed that he was half-hard and as he went to cover it up with his hands the artist scolded him and said there would be none of that. Atlas told him that he made for a very sexy cat, which caused him to blush as he was instructed to close his eyes and put his hands over his head.

When Jacob did so he could feel something being sprayed all over his body, going from head to toe as the process seemed to not miss an inch of his form. He wasn’t sure how long it had taken but when he was told to open his eyes again he gasped at what he saw in the mirror. The human that had been standing there awkwardly was not there, instead there was a black cat that stood on the pedestal. As Atlas had said he didn’t even look that skinny, whatever airbrush magic he had done not only covered up the seams between the prosthetics and flesh but also gave him definition to the point he almost looked toned.

“Not so bashful now, are we?” Atlas said as Jacob continued to check himself out in the mirror. “Why don’t you strike me a pose and we’ll get started, I went with panther for easier application and painting so you don’t have to spend all night in one spot, though perhaps later you might want to try different applications.”

“Applications?” Jacob asked. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, textures like you saw in the exhibition,” Atlas explained with a grin. “Something to give you a more statuesque look. For now let’s just go with something basic.”

For the next hour or so he laid there while Atlas painted him, keeping as still as possible to not ruin the pose. More than once however he couldn’t help but look at himself in the mirror and admire his own form. The one that laid there was a far cry from the meek creature that started out, especially as Atlas continued to compliment him. More than once he was complimented on looking so strong, so confident, on having air aura of dominance around him… even though he hadn’t thought it before the added features to his body did make him feel strangely more powerful than before.

It was an usual feeling to have but he didn’t have much time to dwell on it as he was eventually told by Atlas that he was finished. When he hopped off the staging area and looked at the canvas his mouth dropped at what he saw. It was him, but at the same time it was actually a muscular panther man that was in the same pose he was in. As Atlas had said there was such a potent look about him, from the way that he flexed his muzzle to the come hither look in his eyes while his naked form was completely on display.

“I can’t believe that’s me,” Jacob said in shock, feeling the artist pat him on the thigh and grinning.

“Oh sure, the mirrors can only reflect the truth,” Atlas replied. “Well then, I suppose we better wash you off… unless there’s one more thing my strong panther man would like to do?”

Jacob hadn’t realized that he had been stroking through the hair of the artist and felt a very real growl rise up in his chest. Was that him getting into character… it was hard not to when that character was a strong, virile panther man. It was something he wished he could be his entire life and suddenly he found himself leaning down and kissing the other man. There was a small noise that came from Atlas as the prosthetic muzzle pressed against his lips, but Jacob felt a hunger growing in him that hadn’t been there before.

It was the first time he had ever made a move and was happy to feel it getting reciprocated, Atlas standing up while pulling off his own shirt. Unlike the air brushed physique he was actually fairly lithe with those same purple stripes tattooed down his sides and back. It was a lot of ink but at the moment he didn’t care as Jacob undid their pants. It wasn’t just the arousal he got, though seeing the man suddenly naked in front of him helped that, but the feeling of assertiveness he got while pretending to be something else.

Though it felt a little strange with making out while having on something that made him look like a feline as he pulled back Atlas towards the mirrored pedestal he found himself enjoying it. It was the same look that made him feel bold enough that when Atlas asked what he wanted he told him to suck his cock. Before he would have never had the mental strength to say such a thing, but it just felt right in this form as he was sat down on the pedestal with his legs splayed out. Atlas quickly knelt down and began to tease his fingers against his thighs, looking up and saying that such a strong, sexy panther deserves a reward.

While it was clearly a tease Jacob felt himself shiver at being called that, especially the panther part while his groin was being rubbed against. As his put his clawed hands against the head of the man he found himself pushing up to those lips that were just content with licking his erection. Atlas smirked up at him and opened his mouth, letting the eager cock inside his maw and causing Jacob to groan. He was doing it, he was actually getting a blow job from a cute guy… while dressed up as a panther, but he wasn’t going to complain.

Atlas knew what he was doing as Jacob leaned back at feeling his shaft get swirled around. His thighs quivered and while he wanted more he found himself hesitating a bit. While he imagined himself with Atlas underneath him he was content with just getting sucked off, watching his toes curl as he was given a tremendous amount of pleasure. More and more he found himself looking in the mirror, watching the lean panther man getting a blow job by the cute guy between his legs as a grin formed on the muzzle. He had become so enamored with his own body that he failed to notice a few times when Atlas pulled back and had a muzzle of his own, or that he also had a pair of cat ears on his head before he dove back to get more of the panther’s cock inside his maw…

Chapter 2:

When Jacob woke up again he found himself putting his fingers to his face, feeling for something that wasn’t there. He had a dream about being a real panther man and that Jacob was there but he was hunting him for something. It was very strange and a bit sensual as he slowly got up and out of bed. There would be not panther face on him; once they had gotten done Jacob thought to ask to stay over but chickened out, and Atlas let him use the shower to get the paint off him as well as take off the pieces of feline on him.

It had been a strange return to humanity and the entire walk home after saying goodbye Jacob wondered if he hadn’t made a mistake. Atlas was a great guy and a little kinky too, making him wonder if dressing him up as a cat like that turned him on. It had certainly been an unknown venture for him too and even the next day as he got up and did his usual ritual he felt… sure of himself, more so than he ever had before. Clearly the night had left an impression on him, especially when he looked back at the mirror after brushing his teeth and for a few brief moments saw that panther man he had become briefly.

With it being Sunday he usually spent the day just lounging around and maybe going to see a movie by himself, but as he went down to get his mail he felt the need to go out and do something. Perhaps he could call Atlas again and see if he wanted to hang out… though he wondered if that would be too soon. He wasn’t up on the dating scene and proper protocol as he looked through the various pieces of junk mail that he hadn’t bothered to collect the last few days. When he went through the last of it though there was something that caught his attention, the opening of a hookah lounge that was in the nearby area that was offering half-off for its grand opening.

Since Atlas had been kind enough to invite him to that exhibition perhaps this would be seen as a way of paying him back. He hadn’t done anything like this since his college days anyway and it would be nice to go with someone new. That just left having to do the actual invite, and though he felt his hands shaking slightly when he had grabbed the business card he managed to hold onto it enough to dial the number. More than once he thought about hanging up but as Jacob heard the connection click and the voice of the other man he knew it was time to be confident and ask Atlas out.

To both his joy and relief Jacob heard Atlas say that he would love to go out with him and asked where he was going. Since Atlas had surprised him with the exhibition Jacob told the artist that it would be a surprise for him and said that he will walk over and pick him up. He could hear the excitement in the other man’s voice as he said he can’t wait before hanging up the line. As he closed out his screen he wondered what he would be doing for most of the day, hoping that the time would go by quickly until evening rolled around.

Jacob found himself falling back to his old habits and mostly watching television while anxiously awaiting for the arrival of that fated hour. When it finally did come he found himself leaving earlier than was needed, getting his coat on and heading out while there was still over an hour to go. Even with walking slowly to his destination he found himself there nearly half an hour early but decided to ring the bell anyway. He didn’t have to wait long though and Atlas seemed to be expecting him as he came out less than a minute after he rang the bell while ready to go.

“So what’s this surprise that you have for our date tonight?” Atlas asked as they walked down the sidewalk.

“Oh, uh, well…” Jacob stammered, trying not to blush at Atlas calling this a date as he attempted to cover up his awkwardness. “I actually guess I should have asked you if you smoked, because I got an advert in my mail about this new hookah place that opened up in the neighborhood and thought it would be fun to take you. If that’s not alright we can go somewhere else, I was just trying to be sort of mysterious and such.”

As Jacob looked back at Atlas he could see the brows of the man furrowed, which made Jacob wonder if he potentially blew it already before Atlas suddenly looked up at him. “Oh, I think this will be fun,” Atlas stated as he smiled at Jacob. “Sorry, I was just thinking about the serendipity of such a place opening while that exhibition was in town and wondering if I need to talk to someone. It’s nothing urgent though and if you’re into it then I’m certainly down.”

That was strange, Jacob thought to himself as they continued to talk, what would the exhibition have to do with a new place opening? It seemed like the news had gotten to Atlas but when he tried to bring it up the artist just brushed it off and said he was merely intrigued by something. It was clear that he wanted to drop it and Jacob didn’t want to make the first time going out as an awkward experience. It still lingered in the back of his mind even as they got to the shop and opened the door, showing the man at the front their identifications before stepping inside to see a young man behind a podium.

“Ah, welcome!” the man said as he saw the two. “Seating for two?”

“That’s right,” Jacob said. “This is your grand opening, right?”

“Indeed it is,” the man replied as he gestured for the two to walk with him. “Now our public space is full I’m afraid, but we do have some private booths that are available still as we had a few patrons leave. We won’t charge you extra for it of course, is that alright with you?”

“Oh, I don’t mind,” Jacob said, though as he looked over to Atlas for confirmation he saw him staring at the one leading them to the booth. “Unless you think we should wait Atlas?”

Once more the man’s demeanor shifted back to that easy smile as he looked back at Jacob. “Of course, I think that it would be great to spend some quality time with just the two of us,” Atlas confirmed, the two eventually getting to a curtained off circular booth that had a small table in the middle before the one that led them there walked off after informing them a server would be with them shortly. “Hey, since you seem to know your way around this sort of thing why don’t you order for us while I ask about potentially getting some food.”

Jacob nodded and Atlas closed the curtain before heading back towards the front entrance. When he didn’t see the host there he rolled his eyes and went over to the bar area instead. It was the public area of the house and as he saw that the clientele was mostly men his suspicions grew even more. Finally he found the one that he was looking for and before the guy could say anything Atlas grabbed him and pushed him up against the wall.

“I already know what’s going on and I’m sure you do to,” Atlas growled as his face pushed out into a muzzle, showing off his feline nature while his skin hardened and began to take a reflective quality. “Now tell me where Zariel is, we need to have a little talk about boundaries…”

Meanwhile as Jacob looked for a menu another man walked in, this one holding onto a hookah that he set down on the table. “As part of our grand opening we are offering a sample of the specialty house blend,” the server informed him as he lit the coals. “If you like it we are currently offering this at a discount on top of our opening day sale, so give it a try and let me know if you would like to get more. Otherwise I’ll be back to take your order in a few minutes.”

Jacob thanked him and when the server left he could already see wisps of black smoke rising up. Maybe he should wait for Atlas before he tried it… though as he leaned in and could smell hints of lavender, cherry, and a hint of wood smoke he found himself tempted. Plus Atlas told him to get something that they would like and he wouldn’t know if the house blend was any good unless he tried it himself. With the seconds passing and breathing in several more tendrils of the smoke Jacob decided he could give it a try and grabbed one of the hoses.

Though it had been a while since he had done something like this he knew the basic operations and with the tip against his lips he breathed in a hit of hookah. The second he did he could feel the smoke entering into his lungs and found himself starting to buzz. It was definitely strong, he thought to himself, and he tried to hold it in for as long as he could before breathing it out. He expected to cough considering how long it had been but as he breathed out the black-tinted smoke he found himself just relaxing against the booth while waiting for the effects to fully hit.

As he held the hose in his hand Jacob suddenly felt a wave of euphoria hit him, one that caused him to groan despite being out in public. Almost immediately his pants began to tent and he suddenly had the surge to pull them down. His hands were already at the button before he pulled them back, but even as he did so he could feel the temptation rising within him to do it. It was hard to comprehend where that feeling was coming from and everything was starting to feel so good it was hard to focus on what he was doing.

Perhaps he should take another hit.

The voice that was in his mind seemed insistent and while he had resolved to maybe wait for the server or for Atlas to come back he found himself bringing it up to his lips once more. Before he even realized it he inhaled once more and let that explosion of flavor hit his tongue again, and this time the effects were immediate. He let out a muffled groan as he held in the smoke and this time did so for a lot longer, feeling like his actual chest was expanding. By the time he let it out his shirt felt too tight on him and when he went to take it off he failed to realize that his fingernails had sharpened and turned black.

But what Jacob did notice was that his somewhat pudgy and undefined stomach and chest had firmed up, like he had actually been going to the gym. It looked like the flesh was rippling and when he ran his hand down the patch of black hair that had grown down between the chest muscles and abs he finally noticed his hands looked different while breathing out the cloud of smoke. As he wiggled his fingers about he found that they looked a bit like they were the prosthetics that he had tried on yesterday. Did they put them on him again before they came to the hookah lounge?

Yes, they did, the voice in his mind replied, though this time it was a little deeper than his own internal monologue.

Now take another hit.

Though the room was starting to spin and he was shirtless in the hookah bar the pleasure was so overwhelming that he couldn’t think about anything else. As one hand put the tip to his lips once more the other one had started to drift down towards his pants, the clawed fingers gripping against the cloth as he breathed in the heavenly smoke. His eyes fluttered slightly as he held it for as long as he could, feeling his mind buzzing as he let the sensation flood his mind. Good… keep it in, let it fill your lungs… though the voice in his head sounded strange for saying that Jacob found himself unable to really think about it.

Or really much of anything, for that matter as he let out the smoke finally.

When he did he found the pleasure in his body building along with the warmth inside of it, and as he looked down at himself he found that both his hands looked similar to when he had been at the studio. It was almost lost on him that he had unbuttoned his pants in order to let out his throbbing cock or that his clawed hands were stroking against it. The only thing his mind could register in that regard was he was glad that they had gotten a private booth, a big grin forming on his face as his shaft looked bigger in his altered state. The hair around his groin also looked different, the curly hair replaced with the fur that was growing on his hands.

Fur? Was that something that Atlas had given him while they were doing the modeling session? It was hard for him to think back to anything as his mind became focused on the rising lust that was inside of him, wisps of smoke drifting out of his nostrils even though he hadn’t taken another hit. There was also a tightness in his shoes that made him want to pull them off, and since he had already pulled down his underwear and pants to expose himself he figured those were nothing. As he kicked them off the relief of the pressure that was building on them was overshadowed by the fact that they had become swollen and furry just like his hands, feeling his toes curl as a set of claws grew out of them.

Yet despite this strange transformation happening to him the merging of his toes and the feeling of his body growing bigger just caused him to giggle again. Whatever was in this hookah was strong stuff, Jacob reasoned, and suddenly he had the urge to take another hit. That hadn’t been his intention before as he wanted to wait for Atlas, but part of him was curious on where this trip was taking him. While still stroking his shaft he brought the tip to his mouth again and this time breathed in as much as he could while basking in the pleasure that came from it.

Keep breathing in…

Keep breathing in…

The eyes of the changing human started to roll back as his lips began to puff out, his nose turning black as more and more smoke entered into him. He found himself unable to breathe back out or even hold his breathe, like someone had turned on a faucet and then broke the handle off. When he tried to reach up to pull the tip out his eyes widened as he found himself holding it in instead, smoke starting to push out of his nostrils as he began to squirm. Something was happening to him… no matter how hard he tried he couldn’t stop breathing in the sweet, intense smoke or stroking himself off as he began to feel his face twisting and warping.

As the hookah pumped more smoke into him it felt like it was inflating his chest out, but instead of blowing up like a balloon it was thickening with muscle. This was beyond the contouring that he had gotten when he was with Atlas and his body paint. He ended up falling back against the booth as he felt his spine lengthening and stretching out while his body squirmed in both perverse pleasure and something else. It was more than getting foggy due to whatever he was smoking, as he found his pants tightening against his legs it was like he was losing himself in the haze that was being created.

When the clawed hand finally drew away from the tip Jacob thought that maybe he could shake it out of his mouth, only to feel his swelling face clamp around it to keep it in. He couldn’t remember the last time he had breathed out but when his worries began to increase he could hear the voice in his head tell him to relax, to ride the sensations, to let the smoke fill him. The words were oddly calming and with the help of the black smoke that was suffusing into his body it worked to keep him distracted. It didn’t hurt that his hands had both gone down to his groin with one pumping on his growing member while the other slid between his legs and began to push into his tailhole.

No… he didn’t have a tail, but just as he tried to correct himself he found a stifled laugh coming out of his own mouth. As his back arched in the air he let out a muffled groan as something began to push out just above his butt, feeling his pants getting forced down his legs by the growing muscle of the limbs as his new tail slithered out from his backside. His body began to feel more alien by the moment and even when his mouth finally dropped the tip of the hookah, mostly because his jaws were stretching out into a fierce, animalistic feline, he still couldn’t breathe out. Jacob’s eyes squeezed shut as his skull felt like taffy being stretched out, stretching and swelling as he let out a loud groan.

Just let in the smoke, let it consume you… the words were becoming darker but also more sensual as he was getting close to orgasm. The occasional thud could be heard as the creature’s limbs pushed out, growing heavy with new muscle that flexed occasionally while Jacob struggled to control himself. A snarl escaped his lips as he felt his teeth sharpening, smoke coming out of his mouth despite it remaining inside of him as he tried to hold onto himself. But it felt too good… every time he felt his control slipping as he was overpowered by something much more dominant then himself, something in that smoke that made him want to submit and give the entity everything…

…including his body.

The increasingly feline creature began to let out loud pants, but not a whisp of smoke escaped from his mouth anymore as the enthralled male writhed in the booth. The pleasure had reached a point where he was about to cum and as Jacob flipped onto his stomach he snarled while stroking himself as fast as he could. At least, that’s what he thought he was doing, though in reality those instincts and feelings came from the creature within that continued to make him bigger, stronger, more powerful… but it wasn’t his power. It belonged to someone else, and as the orgasm washed over him and loosened what little semblance of self he had the eyes of the muscular panther man opened to reveal glowing yellow eyes.

“Yesssss…” the panther hissed as he thrusted into his own hand, magnifying the orgasm that came from this thick cock as his claws dug firmly but also gently into the booth. “Finally, I thought he would never relinquish fully. It’s time to test this new body out…”

The possessed panther quickly got up and grabbed onto Jacob’s clothes, walking out of the booth naked with them in one hand and the hookah in the other. The patrons of the lounge didn’t bat an eye at the nude anthro in their midst and as he disappeared into the back another feline man showed up with a human in tow behind him. After Atlas had been told that they didn’t know Zariel and was proven by showing him several areas the mirror tiger began to wonder if perhaps he was being overprotective. It was clear this establishment belonged to Lord Tarien, but as he walked back to the booth that he had been taken by his date too he thought that maybe he was being paranoid and nothing was going on…

…a thought that was immediately dashed when he got to the booth and found that there was no one there.

“Damnit,” Atlas said as he put his hand to his head. “I should have known better then to think he wouldn’t meddle in my affairs.” As he looked back at the server that had accompanied him his eyes narrowed, then leaned forward as his body shifted back to its mostly human state. “Tell Zariel that I need to have a talk with him when he gets back, and if he is involved with this that Jacob is mine.”

As the hours passed and night fell in the neighborhood a lone man leaned up against the back wall of a nightclub, smoking a joint to get properly buzzed before going back into the club. Despite only wearing a fishnet shirt and pair of booty shorts he didn’t let the chill bother him enough to keep going. The slender man was looking to score and didn’t want his usual anxiety to bother him while he tried. As he finished the initial puff to get it going and began to inhale more frequently he found the smoke catching in his throat as something moved about in the shadows of the back lot.

“Hello?” the man called out, looking hard into the darkness to try and see what had potentially caught his vision. “Is someone out there? If you’re some sort of stalker or killer there’s security right on the other side of the door!”

The human finally saw more than just the fleeting movement of shadows, letting out a slight gasp as he saw a pair of glowing yellow eyes hovering there in the darkness. The joint dropped out of his mouth in shock as the extremely well-muscled, and very well-endowed feline creature began to walk towards him. Despite never having seen such a thing before and the somewhat fierce visage this creature had the man found himself pressed against the wall, paralyzed and unable to do anything. As the panther walked towards him it seemed to draw out the shadows with him as the much taller man leaned down and grabbed the joint off of the ground.

“Mind if I take a hit?” the panther asked in a low, sultry voice that would have caused the human to melt if he wasn’t shaking. When he nodded he saw the creature bring it up to his lips and inhale sharply, burning the entire thing down to the nub before pulling back and looking at it. “Not bad… oh, I took the whole thing, looks like we’ll have to share…”

Before the human knew what was happening to him the panther lifted him up in the air and pressed his muscular form against him. Once he was effectively pinned the feline leaned and pressed his muzzle against his lips, which as soon as he did he could feel the animal man exhale. The tainted smoke was pushed into the mouth of the man and as it did the skin of his face began to darken. A muffled moan could be heard as the fingers gripping onto the wall began to scratch into the brick as claws pushed out of his fingers.

By the time the panther leaned back he could see the human’s face already pushing out into that of a similar form, a big, dopey smile on his face. “That was… incredible…” the transforming creature said, groaning as the intense pleasure from the corrupted hit quickly permeated through his body. “I feel weird…”

“Just ride it with me,” the panther replied while tugging down the man’s shorts, watching as he the tail grew out from his backside while he exposed his hole. “I needed a nice twink hole after what I’ve gone through, and you’ll fit the bill just fine. Now enjoy yourself, this is just temporary… for now.”

The other man was too buzzed to respond, especially with the feeling of something pushing up between his cheeks while his ears migrated to the top of his head. There would be no need to remove the clothing of this one completely, the panther mused as he gave his half-hard dick a few strokes, unlike his new host this one would just have a temporary measure of his power. Plus he enjoyed having these types of creatures under his sway, while he enjoyed dominating all types they were an easy appetizer for him. Of course he would just be filling up before he enjoyed his main entrée, but given how responsive this form was and how nice Jacob was in letting him have it he wanted to give the man something to tide him over until next time.

It didn’t take long before the smaller panther man was against the wall, moaning loudly as the bigger feline pushed up into his hole. Even though he hadn’t intended on much for physical changes he could feel the flesh firming around his shaft as he pushed in, giving the smaller man a butt that most would pay for. It was a little parting gift for letting him exert his lusts onto him, and while he wouldn’t turn into a panther again until subsequent meetings he would have certain aspects reassert themselves if certain conditions were met. He would also become a slut for big, strong men to come and dominate him, but as their chests rubbed together and he could see the smaller feline moaning he doubted that there would be too much change in that regard.

The two remained locked in passionate rutting as the two panthers growled and moaned while the one the possessed male relished every moment of it. As he got close to orgasming though his ears flicked as he heard someone inside the building starting to head towards their direction, no doubt someone potentially getting alerted to the sound of two loud feline men outside. “Until next time, go have some fun flaunting your feline self in the club” the panther man growled in instruction as he nibbled playfully on the ear of the mesmerized, lustful man. “And thanks for the smoke, I really needed that.”

Chapter 3:

The next morning Jacob woke up with a snort, his head pulling off of the pillow and looking around in confusion. For a few seconds he had to process where he was before his brain recognized that he was in his own room sleeping in his own bed. While that would be a completely natural place to wake up in the problem was he wasn’t quite sure how he had gotten there. He remembered going to the hookah bar with Atlas, then after that everything got… fuzzy, perhaps he had a little too good of time there as he slowly got up.

He hoped that he didn’t do anything embarrassing, though as Jacob went to his nightstand to check his phone he found it wasn’t there. That was odd… he always put his phone onto the charger so that it would be ready for the next day, even if he was under the influence. The only thing he could think of was that he just left it in his coat pocket as he slid off of the sheets. When his feet hit the floor he also realized another oddity in that he had gone to bed naked, something he had normally not done either.

It actually didn’t feel too bad though and since he lived alone with the blinds down Jacob found himself opting to just wander around like that instead of finding a pair of shorts to put on. It was a little unusual for him to do it but it was his place, he could do whatever he wanted in it. The sensation was actually a little liberating and he found himself grinning as he went to the kitchen to get himself something to eat. As he poured himself a glass of water to staunch whatever hangover he should be experiencing he found that unlike most times he didn’t have one, which made him wonder what he did last night that would leave him feeling better than ever but with a gap in his memory.

Once he had finished up with the sizable meal he had just created for himself Jacob found himself wondering about what to do for the day. His first thought was to catch up with Atlas, a grin spreading on his face as he thought about the other man. With his phone in the wind he wasn’t sure how to get a hold of him though and he wasn’t sure if just showing up at his front door would be too forward. As he thought about it though the idea of just coming up to his place for a visit felt natural, something that Atlas would appreciate even if it meant getting dressed.

Plus he could always say that he couldn’t find his phone if it wasn’t proper, Jacob rationalized as he went into his bathroom to get cleaned up. Just as he was about to hop into the shower though he stopped and looked in his mirror, seeing a shadow that had caught his attention. At first he thought it was a trick of the light but as he centered himself in front of it and looked more closely he felt like there was an aura around him. He could see his own face reflected at him with a look of confusion, but as continued to stare at the strange figure of darkness around his head and body his eyes widened when he saw a muzzle form out of it that whispered something into his ear…

…wait, what was he looking at? As Jacob blinked a few times he found that same look of confusion staring back at him, but this time it was because he wasn’t sure why he was standing there. When he looked down at his sink he gathered that it was probably to brush his teeth before taking a shower, which while not his usual routine was just something he decided to do. As he looked down to grab his toothbrush and apply the toothpaste to it he failed to see the tendril of shadow emerge from his shoulder, seen only in the reflection of the mirror as it slithered its way into his ear…

About half an hour later Jacob found himself standing at the door to the apartment of Atlas, pressing the button to try and get ringed in. With it being rather early in the morning he wasn’t sure if the other man would even be awake, but despite normally not wanting to be such a nuisance to others he found himself committed to seeing if he could get their attention. To his surprise and delight it didn’t take long before he heard the door unlock so that he could get inside. Jacob swung the door open and made his way up to the floor where Atlas was to find that he was standing in the door frame waiting for him.

Jacob’s grin feel slightly when he noticed the stern look that the elfish man had on his face. Before he could say anything Atlas just motioned with his head for him to come inside, then as he entered into the apartment he found the door being closed behind him. “What the hell is going on?” Atlas asked as Jacob spun around to face him. “I leave you alone for ten minutes and you run off with someone else?”

“I… what?” Jacob asked in confusion, which caused Atlas to immediately go from angry to shocked. “I’m sorry, I think I might have done something that I’m not aware of, whatever they put in that hookah was really strong I think.”

To Jacob’s surprise the initial anger that Atlas had quickly turned to something else, the man running his hands through his long hair as he sighed. “Perhaps it didn’t go down like I had thought,” Atlas muttered to himself as he crossed his hands over his chest. “You don’t remember anything after you sat down in the hookah bar booth? Also, where’s your phone, I tried calling you like a dozen times.”

When Jacob realized that he hadn’t checked for it before leaving his place he patted down his pockets of both his jacket and his pants. As he continued to look for it he just saw the artist roll his eyes, but it didn’t feel like whatever animosity he felt was directed at him as he sat on a stool in the kitchen. “I think that I owe you an apology Jacob,” Atlas stated.

“You do?” Jacob asked. “Why?”

“I got you mixed up in my affairs, and it seems that I’m not the only one that’s taken an interest in you,” Atlas explained as he motioned for him to follow. “There’s a lot that you don’t know about me, and one thing is that I used to have a boyfriend that ran in somewhat similar circles as me, and in fact we were actually both friends of the ones you met in the gallery opening. While Zariel was fun to be around I found out early on that him and his type can be very… possessive at times, and I thought perhaps he had tried to steal you away because we were no longer together.”

A jealous ex-boyfriend, Jacob thought to himself, while he could certainly understand others being attracted to Atlas he hadn’t thought that there would be someone like that in his life. Of course he realized that he had only known him for a few days, though as he realized they were walking towards his studio that he had also grown deeply attracted to the man. Even though Atlas was continuing to relate that Zariel was quite passionate but a real dog he suddenly found an uncharacteristic growl coming out of his throat. It was something that caused Jacob to pause, but only for a second as his eyes remained on the beautiful creature that was in front of him.

By the time they had gotten to the door Jacob found his hands pressed against the sides of Atlas, pressing up behind him as he huffed loudly. “I… really want you,” Jacob said, his voice wavering slightly but his movements sure as he rubbed against the toned stomach of the other man. “Let me take you.”

“Ah, feeling a little more dominant, are we?” Atlas said, a smirk on his lips as he turned back to look at Jacob. “Just a few more feet, perhaps we can even have some more fun with those prosthetics you seemed to enjoy. I hope you don’t mind taking the lead this time…”

That was just fine for Jacob, finding his lusts rising just being in the presence of this other man. While it was bolder than he had ever been before he continued to squeeze and grope against the chest of the smaller guy and eventually pulled up his shirt. This felt really, really good Jacob thought to himself, and though it was like he was being guided by something else he couldn’t complain at the results. He found another growl escaping past his lips as Atlas continued to walk into the studio, shifting his body around to face the wall with Jacob right up behind him.

Somewhere in the movement between door and studio Jacob had lost his own shirt and felt his pants slide down to the floor, but he didn’t care. He had already been naked here once, his mind reasoned as he kissed down the neck of the one in front of him, it wouldn’t hurt to do so again. He imagined having the artist underneath him this time, rendering a different type of pose with the two of them. A shame he wouldn’t be able to paint it, the increasingly lustful mind of the human thought as he began to undo the pants of the one in front of him before pulling them down as well.

Just as he got Atlas naked he spun around out of his grasp and turned to face him, once more seeing a look of frustration on his face. “I fucking knew it!” Atlas shouted, Jacob suddenly snapped out of his lustful trance to see that those purple eyes were not looking at him but something over his shoulder. “Damnit Zariel, you couldn’t have asked first?”

Jacob found himself incredibly confused by the statement, wondering if somehow the ex-boyfriend had gotten into the apartment without him knowing. When he turned around to potentially face the other man he was shocked to find that there was no one there. The only thing he saw was the platform that he had posed on and the mirrors that surrounded it… though as he looked closer at his reflection he once more saw something behind him. This wasn’t just an aura of darkness like last time though, as his eyes widened in shock he saw that behind him was standing a very muscular werewolf-shaped shadow.

As Atlas walked past him towards the mirrors Jacob suddenly found his arms moving forward, reaching out to him as the werewolf in the mirror had grabbed onto the wrists of his reflection. “Atlas… you can’t blame a wolf for having a little fun,” Jacob said, though while it was his voice and his lips were moving it was merely mimicking what the werewolf in the reflection seemed to be saying. “We make such a good pairing together!”

“Seems like you already found a partner,” Atlas scoffed as he sat down naked on the platform. “Zariel… you do this every time, if I wanted to be with you then I would have stayed with you.”

“First of all, I want to say that I understand that and I won’t be trying that little trick again,” Zariel replied, still speaking through Jacob as he felt himself moving closer. He felt like a puppet, being moved on unseen strings by a creature he could only see in the reflection of the mirrors around him. “Second of all, I know what you’re trying to do with this one and I thought that I would lend my… expertise.”

“I’m perfectly capable on my own, thank you,” Atlas replied. As he laid back on the pedestal Jacob noticed something was happening to his body, his skin becoming shiny to the point of being reflective. He also started to look more feline, reminding the possessed human of how he looked with the prosthetics as Jacob moved forward until their bodies were nearly on top of one another.

“Yes, I can clearly feel that this guy was going to become the dominant boyfriend you wanted,” Zariel mused, Jacob still trying to say something despite the wolf behind him using his voice. “You know that your idea was never going to work, right? The soft touch approach doesn’t work when its buried deep like that.”

“Well now we’ll never know, will we?” Atlas shot back.

“C’mon Atlas, just let me help,” Zariel growled, leaning in to the point where Jacob’s body was pressing against the increasingly mirror-like form beneath him. “If you hadn’t revealed me then he wouldn’t have even known I was there, and you could have whatever feline creation you were intending. You know that I scratched that itch for you, if you let me train this one I promise that I’ll just work on the dominance aspect while you can shape everything else.”

Though Jacob was shocked at hearing himself being talked about like some sort of art project or toy he found the grip that the smoky werewolf had on his body was too strong for him to resist. He could still feel those sensations that he thought were his own, the need to be assertive and dominant to the one beneath him. What really struck him was the fact that during their conversation Atlas had completely morphed into something different, the anthro mirror tiger looking up into the eyes of the one above him. When Jacob saw his own reflection in the face of the bizarre creature he didn’t see his human head, instead it was the smirking shadow wolf.

Atlas bit his lip before he chuckled and put his hand against his face. “I can’t believe I’m going to say this,” Atlas stated as he shook his head. “Alright my smoky wolf, I’ll give you a shot to work your magic on him, as long as you promise not to imprint your entire personality onto him like you did with the others. Again, I want a nice dominant feline, not a narcissistic werewolf with a werecreature complex like our last attempt at a group project.”

“Now when have I ever done that?” Zariel scoffed.

“Remember Daniel?” Atlas replied.

“Now I can’t help that he wanted to be a werewolf like me,” Zariel rebuked.

“How about Steven?”

“That was just a miscommunication, I thought you would like two of me.”

“I can hardly stand one of you.”

“That’s hurtful…”

“And then of course there was Mark.”

“…okay, that one I may have gone too far on, but I promise I’ll be good and leave this one mostly intact.”

Though Jacob could the look of mistrust on the face of Atlas, which was hard to do considering how reflective his body was, he finally gave a small nod. The human let out a gasp that was his own as the shadow hands that had been holding onto his began to sank into them, watching the reflection while actually feeling them pushing inside his own digits. As they did he saw that both in the mirror and the real world they started to grow fur while his nails darkened and lengthened into proper claws. Once more he was reminded of the prosthetics that Atlas had put on him but this time they were very much real, though he couldn’t even move his fingers as the arms of wolf were next to sink into him.

His limbs began to shake as he could feel them swelling with new muscle, though as he heard a reminder from Atlas the swelling subsided from their bulky form while his skin turned black and shiny. This was just like the photo shoot… but considering he was being taken over by a smoke wolf he could only see in the mirror he found the coincidence to be the last of his concern. If he had control over his eyes they would have snapped open as he felt something thrust up inside of him, feeling the thick cock of the creature he hadn’t even seen or felt that moment slipping into his rear. He found himself panting slightly and though the pleasure was making it hard for him to concentrate on anything other than the throbbing shaft being pumped in and out of him he did see that the lupine paws of the creature were merging with his own feet.

Another groan escaped from the lips and as he felt the flesh of his feet warping and changing Jacob found them turning into paws, except just like with his hands they were more feline in nature. Had Atlas done this to him? Did modeling for him with those prosthetics and having sex all part of the plan to mold him into some sort of feline creature?

All those questions were quickly obliterated from his head as Jacob saw the smoky wolf’s head disappear behind him, only to suddenly feel the muzzle press against the back of his head. Just like the rest of his body there was no resistance as the human immediately felt all his thoughts get pushed to the side while something else took control. He had already lost control over his body, feeling his chest swelling out while his spine extended and stretched out into a tail, but as Zariel’s smoke filled his skull he found himself unable to think. It was like the wolf was hijacking his very thoughts, replacing them with an intense pleasure that would render anyone completely incapacitated while his jaws pushed out into a feline muzzle…

The entire time Atlas watched while idly stroking his mirrored shaft as the face of the human contorted and bulged until it grew into the feline one that he had imprinted onto it with is prosthetics. There were a few twitches and jerks of the body as the last of Jacob was taken over entirely. As the ears migrated through the thickening hair and the eyes that had been squeezed shut opened to reveal the bright yellow cat eyes he knew that someone else was in control. Atlas let out a purr as he put his hand up to the other man’s face, brushing against the whiskers that caused Zariel to shudder while anchoring himself to this new form.

“I almost think you look better as a cat,” Atlas said with a grin, which widened when he realized that the other man was looking at himself. “Damnit Zariel, sometimes I think you were obsessed with me just because you could see yourself in my body.”

“Says the mirror tiger with his studio covered in mirrors,” Zariel shot back. “Looks like this one is already settling down, once he does I’ll make sure he doesn’t remember I exist and that he just came over to have his way with you. Gets rid of the pressure on me and it’s another step towards that hunky dominant boyfriend you always craved.”

As Atlas was pushed back into the cushioned pedestal he just stuck out his tongue. “Just because I didn’t want to be your vessel doesn’t mean that I don’t enjoy this,” Atlas explained. “But sometimes I want to be dominated by someone that must work for it. But… I am intrigued by this proposal, let’s see if you can be a good boy and stick to the arrangement.”

Atlas chuckled as he saw the look of shock on the possessed feline’s face at being talked to in that fashion before giving a playful but domineering growl. “First thing’s first,” Zariel stated as he gave the mirror tiger a smirk before pushing up between his legs. “I’m going to need something to work with in order to give Jacob a reference of what you like, my mirror kitty.”

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The sound of the television could be heard as Jacob suddenly looked around before staring at the movie that was playing on the screen. When he looked at the phone that was next to him he saw that it was already after noon, which shocked him considering he had just woken up. As he paused the movie had clearly nodded off to he went to call Atlas in order to try and figure out what happened at the hookah bar. It hadn’t been like him to just wonder off like that, but as he brought up the messages of the other man he found that there were already a few that were unread.

As he pressed them to see what they were he found himself putting his hand to his mouth, realizing that they were pictures taken from a camera that was set up in his studio. At first he thought it was from his previous time that he had modeled for him but as he scrolled through the album that there he found that they were way more involved then he had been the first time. There was also a message from Atlas saying that it was a great wake-up call and that he had a wonderful time this morning. Jacob continued to look through the photos and as he still couldn’t remember what had happened that previous night the haze that surrounded the memories of this morning lifted like a haze of fog over a town.

After getting up and realizing that he had over imbibed on the hookah Jacob had went down to Atlas’ apartment to apologize in person. The other man had quickly opened the door and was relieved to see that he was alright, explaining to him that at the bar he had seen that the smoke had gotten to him and brought him back to his place. They spent the rest of the night with Jacob recovering and Atlas keeping an eye on him, eventually taking him to bed. Atlas explained that he was going to spend the night to make sure that he got up alright but remembered he had a photo shoot, which was why he woke up alone.

It had been a reasonable enough explanation, and as they continued to talk Atlas invited Jacob inside. They had a bit of conversation on where they would want to go that wasn’t hookah related as Atlas directed him to his studio. As they had went into the studio so that the artist could continued to work he noticed that there was a bunch of similar prosthetic to the ones that he had been dressed up in. When he asked about them Atlas had stated that they were the leftovers from his shoot, someone hadn’t shown up so he prepared them all without actually needing them so he would have to clean them up and put them away.

As Atlas finished up the last of his shoot Jacob couldn’t help but put the glove on while they talked, wiggling his fingers as he once more saw himself with a clawed feline hand. He heard a giggle and saw the other man looking at him, telling him that it was cute that he wanted to be the cat again. As he mentioned that last time wasn’t so bad the tone shifted in the studio, the two eyeing each other up as Jacob looked back down at the feline bits. He asked Atlas since his model was a no show he would be more than happy to fill in, which as Atlas nodded and said he could do that Jacob found himself already taking off his shirt.

Just like the night before Atlas put the prosthetics on him before spraying on the body paint, and once he was finished he was able to look in the mirror. Jacob gasped at seeing himself as a panther man once more, pushing a hand up to his facial features to see that the muzzle was a little more pronounced then the last one. The fingers and hands were a bit differently shaped too to make him less of a feline man and more of an anthro panther, turning and saying his rear around to watch the tail that they had blended into his backside moving around. There was also one other thing that he hadn’t been given before, grinning sheepishly as he saw the jet black cock sheath molded into his groin.

After that Atlas asked to take a few more pictures, which Jacob obliged him as he laid down in his pose. As the artist asked him to be more animalistic and primal he found himself falling more and more into the roll, baring his teeth and stretching out his clawed hands. As they got through the roll of film with Jacob on one of his more seductive poses Atlas asked if there was anything that he could do for him. With a surge of confidence Jacob told him to get naked, and when he did he saw the other man smile and told him to close his eyes.

Jacob found his dick throbbing as he did so, and he wasn’t sure how long passed before he was told to open them again. When he did his eyes lit up as he saw that Jacob had put on several prosthetics of his own, which with an application of shiny body paint and his tattooed stripes he looked like a tiger. Atlas asked what he thought and the horny man responded by reaching up and grabbing him before bringing him down on the cushion. The two laughed as they wrestled around a bit before Jacob got between the legs of the other naked creature, the two locking eyes before he leaned down and kissed him.

Considering they were both naked and pressing against each other Jacob could surmise that was where it would be going, but it was still the boldest thing he had ever done. Normally he would have to ask permission to do anything like that but as those muzzles pressed together and they still managed to get their tongues to lick around one another he felt more confident than ever. Within a matter of minutes he had the legs of the mirror tiger up in the air with his own hips spreading them out, and while he thought they may have talked about something he had been too horny to register it. Instead all he could remember was his cock sinking into that tight hole beneath him, occasionally glancing at the mirrors to see the two anthro creatures having sex instead of the two humans that they actually where…

Jacob wasn’t quite sure how long he had been standing there thinking about that but as he thought about how his hips were just thrusting down into the eager man beneath him the phone in his hand rang. He had been so engrossed in his memories that came from the pictures he hadn’t even realized he was holding it, which as he looked at the number he sighed at seeing it was from the art gallery. “Hello?” Jacob answered quickly, trying to push down the erection in his pants as he listened to the voice on the other line. “Wait, you want me to do what?”

After a few minutes of listening Jacob sighed and grabbed his jacket and keys before heading out the door. A gallery opening that he had to oversee that night… this wasn’t even his job, yet it seemed because his boss was out with the flu he needed to cover. While he had hoped to spend more time with Atlas to make up for it he knew that saying no to something like this would end his already stifled career there, even if they didn’t fire him right away. Once he had gotten everything he raced down to the gallery in order to make sure he had as much time as possible to try and do the impossible tasks that would no doubt be asked of him.

It took nearly an hour to get all the way down to the gallery and as he opened the back door in order to get inside he felt his phone buzz. A text… and given he was already at the building it was unlikely that they were trying to get a hold of him again. When he looked at the screen he felt his heart drop slightly when he saw it was Atlas. While he was so happy to see him any hopes that they would be meeting up again tonight would not happen, especially since it was a private affair.

When he looked at the message he saw that the artist was asking if he had time to hang out, maybe go somewhere they could have some fun. He sighed as he got to his locker by the time he read it and quickly typed out a message that he couldn’t make it and was at work but would be happy to make it up at some point. As he waited for a message back he heard his name get called over the loudspeaker to come to the main office and though he could see Atlas starting to type they could also see through the cameras that he was on his phone. He quickly put the device in with his jacket and keys, closing the door just before the screen lit up with the name Zariel on it.

Part 3:

Eight hours of grueling work later the event started, Jacob working the floor in order to help with people asking about the art exhibits. Fortunately it was a small opening but it was one that he thought Atlas would love since it featured jungle cats along with South American mythology. While it was mostly landscapes with a bit of a photo gallery and not exactly hunky naked feline men it was still somewhat entertaining, even if it meant he would have to be there all night. The one that created it all was some artist that he had never heard about before and was probably just rich enough to pay his way into an opening like this.

Atlas could probably shoot circles around them, Jacob thought to himself as he tried to keep his head in the game. It made him wonder as he ventured into the painting area if he had ever done anything like this with his own gallery. He had the talent for it and from what he could remember in the studio he also had a number of other medias like this guy did. Unfortunately given the subject matter his spacing would be limited, but his friends had gotten their own venue for the naked living statue display and could only imagine that they would just need to find the same. As he thought about it though he found himself blushing as he was thinking of doing things that normally only partners or boyfriends did, which made him wonder if he could even think that way considering how little they knew each other.

There was at least one thing in common they had though, Jacob thought to himself with a grin, which was their enjoyment of looking like anthro felines. That was something he had never expected to awaken in him but after the mind-melting sex they had that morning he could only think about wanting to do it again. He wanted to be on top of that guy mounting him, making him growl while he thrusted into his hole as their tails wagged in the air… though as Jacob realized he was getting a little carried away he quickly stopped himself. He ducked behind one of the false walls that had been set up in order to adjust himself before heading back out onto the floor.

As he repositioned his maleness in his pants he couldn’t help but wonder if he looked a little bigger than before, especially since it felt a little tight around him. While backstage in the middle of his workplace was not where he was going to whip it out at the moment it did seem like he had grown slightly as he adjusted things. It was probably just his pants had shrunk in the wash, he reasoned, and as he was about to go back out he suddenly saw the floor in front of the curtain awash in light. Jacob sighed as he realized he was right behind the stage where they were going to be unveiling his latest piece or something like that, and since he didn’t feel like drawing attention to himself he thought it best to just wait for a moment.

The sound of the curator could be heard and Jacob was amazed that he had come down from his office in order to do anything, though if it had to do with accolades usually he could be found right on center stage. Technically it was his parents that owned the place but he had been working there for as long as he could remember, though working was a strong word. Perhaps he needed a change of pace, do something like Atlas did where he wasn’t here working a major gallery opening on an intern’s pay. At the moment though he just wished he had a phone as he could hear the artist and the owner both droning on about their accomplishments.

Finally it was time for the unveiling and Jacob figured he could sneak out when all eyes were on whatever he was about to reveal. As he got up he could hear a hissing sound and turned to see two smoke machines blowing out onto the stage. His eyes widened at seeing that and knowing that they hadn’t set up anything like that, mostly because he remembered in the rules that there was nothing like that to be used inside the art gallery at any times. Must be someone with real deep pocket, though as he coughed slightly while some of the misdirected smoke blew his way he started to feel hot.

Really hot.

Suddenly his clothes felt like they were tightening around his chest and he needed to get them off, the smoke that swirling around his body starting to blacken. Even though he was in a venue with over a hundred people in it the only thing he could think of was getting free as he finally stopped fumbling with the buttons and tore the shirt off of his chest. When he did so he could see even in the darkness behind the stage that something was happening to him, watching his flesh ripple as his thin frame began to swell and his bare chest began to grow black hair down between his pectorals. While he had a little hair what was growing in on his sweaty skin was more like fur, but as he let out a slight groan the sudden pelt growing on his chest and stomach was the least of his concerns.

As more smoke was drawn into his mouth the lips and nose began to turn black, but all that he could feel was that they were starting to become spongy and swollen. Was he having an allergic reaction? It wasn’t the first time he had been exposed to such things, yet as he tried not to groan he could feel his skin tingling with every second that passed. Even though the smoke machines had stopped there was more that was swirling around his feet, but it was starting to come off of him as he let out a yelp despite himself. His toes had gotten pinched and even with his hair growing longer and feeling his teeth practically push out of his jaws the only thing he could think of was sitting down and getting them off.

With his body mostly covered in the smoke that had pooled around the bottom of the stage it was hard to see what was happening to him as Jacob struggled to pull off his shoes. When he did it caused his foot to breach the layer of smoke, and as it did his eyes widened at watching the flesh stretch. He stared with jaw dropped as he could see and feel his foot growing, pushing out while his toes merged until it was a heavy feline paw. As black fur sprouted all over the mutated appendage he dropped it back down below the smoke, but he could still feel them transforming as he attempted to get himself back up to his feet.

A low grunt escaped from his swollen lips as the transforming human could feel the bridge of his nose pushing out, his jaws extending as he reached up a hand to the stage. His growing clawed dug into the wood while cords of muscle could be seen growing underneath the increasingly furry flesh. There was a snap of the zipper in the crotch of his pants as the tightening fabric could no longer contain his maleness that flopped out into the air and quickly hardened. When he lost his grip on the stage Jacob fell forward, disappearing into the smoke that had formed around him.

For a few moments the blackness of the hovering smoke remained undisturbed, but then as it began to flow out through the back of the stage a figure emerged once more. The growling creature slowly stood up as the panther head came up and broke the surface of the smoke, cascading down his thick fur as the yellow eyes looked around hungrily. Then came his thick shoulders, broad pectorals, and washboard abs as the werepanther got to his feet. A predatory grin formed on his muzzle as he sniffed the air, his tail flicking about behind him as he tore away what remained of the pants on his thick thighs and calves before stalking out from behind the stage…

Back in the small kitchen area where the art gallery served champagne and other various snacks a server sat in the small storge area, tray sitting next to him while he looked down at his phone. With the main unveiling finished it wouldn’t be long before the party came to an end and with everyone already mostly full there was really no need for him. Several had already gone home for the night and he was just waiting for the all clear from Jacob before the rest could be dismissed. Unfortunately no one had seen him for a while and as the others were out looking to see if the night was over he decided to just wait.

When he heard the door open to the kitchen he hoped his plan had paid off, quickly putting his phone away and picking up his tray. Last thing he needed was to get docked if he was caught with it, especially since there were cameras in the kitchen that the staff knew to be wary of. Once he had made sure that everything was presentable on him the server went out into the kitchen hoping that he was about to be sent home. What he saw instead caused his serving tray to clatter to the ground and kick up the black smoke that was spread out over the floor.

Was something on fire? Panic struck him as he had been the only one in the back for a while as he looked around for the source. The last thing he wanted was to be blamed for something like that, but when he couldn’t find where the smoke was coming from the only thing he could think of doing was bailing out and calling the fire department. When he reached into his pocket and tried to unlock the screen however he found that his slightly trembling fingers could get his fingerprint identification to work. After several failed attempts he turned his hands over to see what was wrong only for his mouth to open in shock at seeing that his fingers had black pads of flesh on them that were spreading over his palm.

“I hope you don’t mind,” a voice said, the server looking around in shock as he tried to find the source of it. “Just came in for a… little snack.” Though he couldn’t see who was talking the server could feel the power and bravado that was in the voice, an almost domineering tone that caused him to tremble. “What’s your name?”

Though he began to think that he was hallucinating a growl that reverberated through the room prompted the scared man to answer. “M-michael.” The server stated. “Wh-what’s going on? Am I being fired?”

“Oh no, you’re fine, in fact the party is over for them…” the voice said once more, the smoke shifting and moving with something underneath slowly moving towards the other man. “I’m Zariel. Now… since you’re off the clock, why don’t we have some fun…” Zariel trailed off in a dark laugh that had made Michael even more paranoid, wondering what this could possibly be. Even if he hadn’t just been assured that he was free to leave he was ready to bolt out the door, moving through the waist-high fog before he felt his foot hit something.

It was his serving tray… but as he bent down to pick it up he remembered that he had actually dropped it a few feet away. As he was about to stand back up again he suddenly found something jumping on his back, knocking him to the floor as he was pounced upon. “Got you,” Zariel chuckled, hearing his prey let out a yelp as he trembled underneath the muscular werepanther. “Relax… breathe in deep…”

As Zariel continued to lay on top of the other man he stroked the throat of the human, which seemed to coax him to inhale. With a lungful of the heavy vapor in his lungs he could feel the demeanor of the other man swiftly change. The terrified squeaks that came from his prey turned into a lustful growl as the gift of the werepanther slowly settled into the other man. Even as Zariel used the smoke to dissolve away the server’s clothing he could already feel their muscles growing on their thin frame. That’s it, Zariel thought to himself with a smirk as he released the inner beast within the changing human, just keep breathing in…

With the smoke obscuring their movements and Zariel locking the kitchen door there was no one that would interrupt his conquest of this creature’s mind and body. Once he had completely gotten rid of the pesky garments he moved to claim this new feline, which while he normally preferred wolves this was the form he had been given by Atlas. “Oh fuuuckkk…” Michael groaned, hearing his voice deepen as Zariel began to push his cock between his increasingly muscular butt cheeks. “Yes… mount me Zariel… make me a beast…”

“With pleasure,” Zariel growled, licking the ear migrating to the top of the man’s head as he relished in the feeling of the thin chest bulking up underneath him. Once the transformation started there was no need for prep for creatures such as them, the werepanther able to push his muscular hips down and spread open the groaning man beneath him. “Good thing that bitch of Jacob’s boss was sick, might have to go thank her…”

There was a noise that came up from the growing feline man beneath him, and for a second Zariel thought he was going too fast before a chuckle escaped from the man’s swollen face. “You mean Christine?” Michael asked, his voice slightly distorted as he looked back while his jaws stretched out into a blunt muzzle. “That bitch is here; she makes Jacob do all the work so she can fuck the owner up in his office and take the credit.”

There was a screeching sound as Zariel’s claws dug into the cement of the kitchen floor at hearing that. Though he wasn’t Jacob the one he possessed was, and since he was also Atlas’ boyfriend it made the smoke creature even more riled up. He pumped into the muscular rump of his newest creation a few more times before he pulled out, pulling his smoke back into him while leaving the confused and mostly transformed man to look up at him. Zariel told the new werepanther that he needed to take care of something and help out a friend, leaning in and kissing the muzzle of the muscular creature beneath him before telling him to go have some fun.

Even as Michael nodded enthusiastically and stood up his muscles were still growing, his bones popping as his physique filled out more. With being a werewolf or werepanther often times it was hard to distinguish one creature from another and anyone that didn’t know them would think they might be some sort of bizarre twins. Zariel always knew though… except when he was with Atlas. But he still made a mighty fine creature as the new werepanther smirked and flexed his meaty bicep, though his attention quickly turned to his new task at hand as he dug into Jacob’s memories to find where the owner’s office was…

It didn’t take Zariel long to find it as he stalked up the stairs and made his way towards the upper office. The curator’s office was the only one up there and it overlooked the entire gallery, which fortunately had windows that couldn’t be looked in on. When he got up to the top floor he saw the one that both Jacob and Michael seemed to despise, a devious grin curling up the corners of his muzzle as he saw her sitting near the open window with a long coat covering up her otherwise underwear clad body. A smoker… Zariel found the serendipity to be quite pleasing as he decided to have a bit of fun with this one before dealing with the main problem in Jacob’s life.

It only took a few tendrils of Zariel’s smoke to corrupt the cigarette that she had just lit, the werepanther watching from the shadows as she took a deep drag from it. After holding it for a few seconds she breathed it back out again, unaware that it had turned a deep black. She also seemed unaware of other changes happening to her body, the werepanther smirking as he could feel his influence on her taking hold. Time to give this host a little taste of how to really be dominant, Zariel thought to himself as he began to see her lips darkening and a yellow tint forming on the edges of her eyes while she took another drag…

Meanwhile another man sat at his desk, finishing up his preparations for when Christine got back. With the party dying down and their intern taking care of most things they had time to do what they wanted. It was one of the perks of his parents owning the place; as long as he could confirm that he was there and the work got done then they didn’t care how he did things. There were a lot of other benefits to hanging around the office, especially as he noticed his assistant curator coming back in.

“Are you ready Gavin?” Christine asked in a low and sultry, holding her coat against her with a grin on her face. As she continued to keep to the shadows he nodded eagerly and stood up from his chair, ready to remove the boxers he had left on just in case he had anyone come knocking at the door. “Good, because you’re in for the ride of your life.”

As Christine moved forward she took up so much of Gavin’s attention that he failed to notice another coming in through the open door, though even with how big the werepanther was he moved like the shadows he stalked in. He watched with eager eyes and a smirk on his face as the so-called curator’s shorts tented before moving around the desk to embrace his lover. He had hid most of the corruption that was in the body of the one he controlled, though if the amorous man had even bothered to look his partner in the eyes he might have seen they had an unnatural yellow luster to them. He was only focused on one thing though as Zariel shifted position to get ready to strike.

The two kissed for a bit and as Gavin slid his fingers into the coat he found that she had already taken off her bra, though as his hands rubbed against her chest there was something… odd about the feeling. One of the things that had attracted her to him was her large tits but as he continued to feel them they were much smaller than he remembered. It also felt like there was hair growing between her cleavage as they continued to shrink, but as he was about to pull away to comment on it he was suddenly grabbed from behind. As he attempted to shout from the strong arms grabbing him he breathed in first, which was all Zariel needed as his power sapped the fight from him.

“Don’t mind me,” Zariel growled into the ear of the curator. “I’m just borrowing your friend here in order to teach you two and another a little lesson. You thought that you could make your intern into some plaything while you reap the benefits of his hard work because of your position of power, now it’s your turn to get fucked over by someone more powerful than you.”

Though Gavin wanted to shout at the man that this was his office he found himself unable to muster the anger that he was trying to gather. It was similar to how he felt when he was high, and with his rage ebbing away he found that the one behind him was exceptionally furry. Though it was impossible to turn around in the grasp of the much stronger man he could see in the reflection of the glass that whomever was behind him was distinctly feline in nature. Had he taken hallucinogens and forgotten, with the subject of the exhibit manifesting in his mind?

In reality Zariel knew he wasn’t too far from the truth as the smoke reached his mind, chuckling at seeing his surface thoughts. As he continued to manipulate the creature he was going to make sure that if Jacob decided to stay here that he would get a fair shake, especially if he was going to be dating Atlas. That would involve a few adjustments though, one of which he had already done to Christine as she finally pulled off her coat. As he could feel Gavin tense in surprise though she was no longer an apt word for her, not with the thick cock stretching out her panties or her increasingly masculine form that was getting covered in fur.

By this point the newly converted creature had a pair of thick pectorals as the human’s stomach stretched and became a set of washboard abs. Though the assistant curator was in there the body belonged to Zariel just as much as the one holding Gavin, possessing the creature while pulling away a bit from Jacob. He could feel the human part of his original body starting to manifest and decided to give him the reigns, especially with having another form that he could take. With the muscles growing bigger on the former woman he jumped bodies, feeling the tail growing out and pushing the already ripping underwear of the new werepanther as he left the old one…

Jacob suddenly gasped as he came too, his mind quickly catching up that he was holding onto his boss while the one that had been moving his body around like a puppet was in his formerly female supervisor. The one in front of the two of them was definitely not Christine anymore as a wicked grin formed on the growing muzzle that pushed out from her face. “Time to show your boss whose boss,” Zariel said as Jacob could feel the guy squirming in his grasp again. “I’ll let you have the tail, this one is very keen to see how his new equipment works.”

Though the situation that Jacob found himself thrusted into was surreal there he found himself not resisting the scenario. After finding out while possessed by Zariel that they used him for cheap labor and took credit for his work he had been fuming and even let out a little snarl at the thought. He could sense the thoughts of the one in front of him through their connection and knew that this one only played at being the dominant one. He used his money and stature as a means to keep himself on the top of the food chain, but that was before a werepanther entered into his life as he told Zariel to clear the desk.

The other werepanther was more than happy to oblige, using his growing arms to sweep everything off of the desk. Between the smoke and the domineering creature holding him Gavin didn’t resist or even struggle. This one was beginning to know his place, Jacob’s corrupted thoughts fed to him as he tore away the boxers and laid the naked man down on his desk face up. He was quickly starting to relish the feeling of being in control, of being the one calling the shots even with someone like Zariel who was adjusting the other man’s head to lean slightly off the back. The power of his muscular furry form amped up the fledgling assertiveness that he had been feeling by a thousand, and with another similar werepanther with him he found a big smile forming on his own muzzle.

This would certainly be a treat, even if it did mean losing his job later.

As he began to growl and paw at the naked man and let these lustful instincts he was feeling take over he found that such a thing was only a fleeting thought in his mind. He wouldn’t lose his job… if anything, he would demand to be brought in full time and get the recognition he deserved. It wasn’t just for him, Jacob thought as he rubbed against his thick cock that was twice the size of his own while licking his lips, this would be for Atlas as well. He found whenever he was in this feline form he cared for the other man even more than he did normally, though more often then not he found his thoughts focusing back on himself as he stroked against the fur that covered the hardened muscle.

It was hard to even think about his human form in this state. With his desires already linked to a feline state through Atlas it didn’t take much to push himself to accepting this new werepanther form as tendrils of smoke curled around his fangs. As his gleaming yellow eyes looked down at the human they were about to teach true dominance too he smirked as he saw that Gavin was completely erect. There wouldn’t be any use of that for the moment, Jacob thought as he idly rubbed a finger up and down the length before pulling his legs apart, he’s had his fun as the dominant one for quite some time.

Now it was their turn.

Zariel went first, taking his cock and pressing the tip against Gavin’s lips. To the shock of Jacob he opened his mouth quite easily, though he wasn’t that shocked considering that he could sense just now needy this man was. He was all for indulging in his desires and living in excess and while normally it was with other women on his word this new experience was quickly developing in his mind as on par. Such weak-willed prey, Jacob found himself musing as he could see fur already starting to sprout on the man’s face and his jaws stretching out unnaturally around the cock being slid between them. Jacob could feel his growling reverberate in his chest as he was ready to claim this one, to spread the werepanther gift that he didn’t even know he had until this moment.

It was an equisitely primal feeling, feeling the predatory need to dominate his prey overwhelming the formerly human’s senses. There was no need for plans or schemes, when it came to this new aspect of him the only thing he wanted was for this one to know his place. As Zariel’s maleness slid until nearly half of it disappeared into the growing muzzle of the new werepanther Jacob took his place, using his muscular furry hips in order to spread open his legs. His cock was aching to be pushed into the man’s hole, licking his lips as finally found his own desires being satisfied in this place for once.

A muffled groan came out from Gavin’s stuffed maw as he clawed against the desk as Jacob pushed the head of cock against that exposed hole. Zariel took one of the hands that had been holding the stretching ears of the human and as he wiggled his fingers a trail of fur grew down the chest of the man on the desk, creating a treasure trail that quick spread down his flat stomach and pooled around his crotch. As his member throbbed with need and began to swell the werepanther could feel something happening to the butt cheeks that were pressed against his tip. With fur spreading over his quivering flesh the corruption inside the curator’s body also caused his insides to alter, which he could feel as the ring of flesh he was pressed against yielded more easily to his advances.

It was Jacob’s turn to moan as he pushed into the man beneath him. As the inner walls spread apart from his advancing shaft the sensations were unlike anything that he had ever experienced before. Even with Atlas there wasn’t this kind of euphoria from dominating this creature. It was an intoxicating experience and as his lips curled into a sneer he wanted more, especially as the hole of the one between them felt like it was trying to keep him inside while he pulled back. Such a needy creature… even as Gavin gained more fur and feline features his body remained the same somewhat thin stature, a symbol that even as a werepanther he would always be submissive.

Trails of smoke began to emit from the body between them as they started to thrust into the transforming man, his muffled mewling turning to gulps as Zariel was stretching out the throat of the new feline. Jacob was so lost in the pleasure radiating from his cock being engulfed inside the other man that he didn’t even notice Gavin growing a tail, or that the other man’s member was just like theirs. The only thing he could focus on was dominating this werepanther, of showing him his place as he leaned forward. The desk between them began to shake as the three felines grew more passionate in their rutting, Jacob grabbing onto the furry thighs of the man that were pressed against his shoulders as he pounded into the one between them.

Eventually the two orgasmed inside their newest convert, a silent cry of pure ecstasy forming on their muzzles as they marked the one between them. Even though they never even touched him Gavin also hit his climax, the blackened seed splattering on his chest. As Jacob panted heavily he could start to feel something happening to him, like the control of this powerful form of his was being slowly eased away from him. Though he lamented losing it he was more then supplicated in still feeling everything even as Zariel once more took hold over him.

With Jacob still recovering from his orgasm it didn’t take much for Zariel to reestablish control, letting the new male werepanther enjoy the sensation of having the mouth of his boss wrapped around his new cock. Perhaps he would keep them this way, Zariel thought to himself with a smirk, after this body had changed from the smoke machine without his prompting it had given him a few ideas about this place. But he knew that there was somewhere he had to go first in order make sure this was alright, remembering the promise that he had made as he growled at the other two to play nice with one another. He smirked when both werepanthers acknowledged him, the one on the desk giving him an exhausted thumbs up as it appeared the other one wasn’t quite done with his new maleness or the muzzle of the other man…

Part 5:

As Jacob woke up the next morning he found himself in bed, though this time it was not his own. As he looked around in confusion he found that he was naked and that his phone was sitting on the nearby nightstand. When he looked at the time he groaned as he found that he was not only in some stranger’s bedroom but that it was also almost noon. He was going to be late for what he needed to do for clean up after the gala event, but as he quickly unlocked his phone in order to contact his boss he already found several messages from him.

Great… so much for this job, Jacob thought to himself as he opened the app in order to see how much trouble he was in. To his surprise as he read down the messages he found that the curator was not only thanking him for helping get the party off the ground in such notice but as thanks he would be doing the clean-up along with Christine. He also wanted to talk to him about finally getting into full-time employment with options to get into a leadership role, which caused Jacob’s eyes to widen. Since it was a small gallery there wasn’t really much need for hierarchy but from the looks of the rather lengthy message Gavin was enthusiastic about getting him into such a position.

How strange, Jacob mused as he closed his phone, as he thought about his boss he recalled a really, really strange dream he had involving him. It was all a bit fuzzy but involved the focus of the gala, though he imagined that his activities with Atlas heavily influenced him being a muscular panther guy in it. As he thought about the artist his heart skipped a beat and looked back down at his notifications to see if he had contacted him. When he found no such response he was a bit crestfallen… though as his head darted back up he suddenly remembered that he was in someone else’s bedroom at the moment.

With his clothes nowhere to be found he wrapped the sheet around him as best he could and creeped over to the door to open it up. When he slid it aside he saw he was at the end of a very familiar hallway, though it was looking into the next room down the way and seeing the studio that he realized he was actually in Atlas’ apartment. Bits and fragments of memory started to manifest as he remembered something about how after going up to the office of his boss for some reason he had come here, though he couldn’t quite remember how. The next thing he knew it was a flurry of passion that he tried to stop thinking about it so he didn’t get too riled up as he moved forward.

Jacob found the artist in his kitchen preparing breakfast, the smells of food secondary to seeing the that the other man had also not bothered to put on clothing. As he looked over his naked form he found a new hunger rising up in him and found himself moving over while dropping the sheet. Though Atlas saw him coming he just grinned as Jacob came up behind him, rubbing his hands over the bare chest of the one in front of him while kissing his neck. Atlas just let out a groan of approval and leaned back to kiss Jacob before telling him that breakfast would be on soon.

Though Jacob had half a thought to take him right there, his maleness twitching as being pressed up against Atlas’ naked body, he managed to restrain himself and sit over on the couch. With the initial surge of desire passing he had surprised himself at how they were acting around one another. Even though it had only been a few days since they expressed an interest in one another it felt like he had known the other man for ages. There was a comfort there he had never experienced with anyone else before as he was handed a plate of food that he eagerly consumed.

It was not the scenario he thought he would be waking up to as Jacob found his actual hunger taking precedence. Waking up in the bed of someone he was intensely attracted too after getting promoted at work felt like a dream in itself, especially as they finished up and Atlas sat next to him. “So Jacob,” Atlas asked with a grin. “What would you like to do today?”

“Well since I have the day off I thought that we could spend the entire time together since I had to flake because of work before,” Jacob said confidently. “I know this may sound a little strange but I want to spend it here and help you with your work, put those prosthetic on and get some artwork done. Or if you’re not feeling too motivated in that regard then we can just spend our time as horny cat man and have some fun together.”

Atlas’ grin grew wider as he leaned back, his eyes twinkling with happiness as he put his hands against Jacob’s chest. “I’m so happy to hear you say that,” Atlas said as he got up. “Given what I was told before I think it’s actually time we can take this to the next level, but before we do I have to ask one thing just to be sure. Would you want to be my dominant panther boyfriend?”

“Dominant panther boyfriend…” Jacob repeated, seeing the look of expectation on the face of Atlas before he nodded his head while sporting a grin of his own. “That is quite the particular role that I didn’t think I would want to fill, but now I can’t think of anything else I would rather be.” Jacob grabbed onto the hands of Atlas and brought them up. “So yes, I do want to be your dominant panther boyfriend.”

Instead of responding Jacob found himself being brought back towards the studio by the one pulling on him to follow. Seems his idea was rather well-received, especially since he wasn’t sure how his request was going to go. While Atlas seemed to be into the whole thing while he was modeling for him the idea of just enjoying the day like that felt like it might be considered too far out there. He had still been confident that Atlas at least wouldn’t mind the suggestion, though given where they were going and the question he had been asked that the other man was more than just for it.

When the two got into the studio Jacob quickly found himself turned away from the staging area as he was kissed on the lips. The sensation of the other man pressed against him was something he was starting to crave, the touch intoxicating to the point of addictive as they shared a passionate embrace. After making out for a little bit Atlas eventually pulled back, but when he did his face looked very different. His skin was shiny to the point of reflective and his features were smoothly morphing right before his eyes. Jacob found his eyebrows rising slightly as the mostly human head of the one he had just declared his desires for transformed into that of a feline, a tiger that looked to be made out of a mirror as Atlas giggled.

“I bet I know what you’re thinking,” Atlas said as the conversion from flesh to the mirrored surface quickly cascaded down his body. “This should be a bizarre sight like something out of a movie, and yet it all feels so familiar? Perhaps even natural?”

“…yeah, actually,” Jacob replied as he took a step back just to see his new partner changing completely, marveling at how good he looked even though there was a recognition that this was a bizarre sight. “So those prosthetics that you wore, I’m guessing…”

 “Actually me,” Atlas revealed with a grin. “I was going to take this slow and slowly reveal more to you over time, but I admit that I had someone helping me out with this. After hearing that your escapades as a werepanther I knew that you were ready, Zariel was always better at influencing personalities better than me and given our time last night I’m feeling a bit impatient.”

Another person… Jacob remembered something about the name Zariel as he watched the strange mirror tiger pull out something from one of his art station’s drawers. It was a stick of incense, which he placed on a nearby holder and lit it before turning back to him. “Now I know that you’re eager in there,” Atlas said as he looked into Jacob’s eyes, though the human had a sense that he was talking to someone else despite staring directly at him. “But just let Jacob try it out, remember the deal we made.”

It was strange being talked at instead of to but as the smoke from the incense wafted up into his nostrils Jacob felt himself huffing in response. It tickled something inside of him that Atlas seemed to know about as he rubbed onto his chest. When he breathed in he found himself drawn to the trail of white that emanated from the lit ember and it to him, and when he breathed out again he found small wisps of black that came out. Jacob gasped at seeing it and as he put his hands to his lips that had started to tingle he could feel them starting to grow thick and almost rubbery.

It was a bizarre but also familiar feeling, much like when he saw his boyfriend transform into the feline that stood before him. As the incense continued to produce more smoke that began to drift around him Jacob could see in the reflection of the tiger’s body that his own form was starting to change, placing his fingers on the expanding bridge of his nose only to see in the reflection that his fingers had started to grow claws. Another deep breath in as prompted by Atlas pushed out his chest, but when he exhaled against he found that it remained puffed out as he could feel something happening to the muscles there.

As fur began to sprout everywhere on his body Jacob remembered the dream he had with his boss, though from the sound of it he wasn’t dreaming. For a few brief seconds he couldn’t believe that he had done that… but it felt really good to finally do something. That assertive nature was manifesting itself even more as thinking about the carnal encounter brought his attention back to the one in front of him. So he wanted a dominant panther boyfriend, Jacob thought as he saw the start of a muzzle forming on his face through the reflection on the tiger’s chest.

Well, he was definitely going to have one.

With a snarl from his deepening voice Jacob could feel the rush of adrenaline that came from seeing his biceps swell right before his eyes as he grabbed onto Atlas and spun him around. Despite his mirror-like appearance his actual flesh was soft, but still incredibly smooth as he brought him over to the wall. When they were both in their human form the two had been similar in height with Atlas growing a few inches in height when he had changed, but Jacob had already started to grow above him as he let out a pleasured growl. With Atlas moaning back he could feel the other feline pressing against him, rubbing against his half-furred body to spur him on while gripping onto the wall.

Jacob took his clawed fingers and slid them between the one in front of him as he pushed up against Atlas, pinning him to the wall with a dominance that a werepanther like him wielded. He could sense how turned on the other man was even without the noises coming from him, his ears twitching as they migrated to the top of his head while he could feel his spine starting to push out over his own rear. “Take me Jacob,” Atlas moaned. “Show me how dominant a werepanther could be.”

“Careful what you wish for,” Jacob replied, enjoying the sound and feel of his new voice even his muzzle still growing in. As he pulled back slightly and allowed his hand to slip in and grope Atlas’ chest he heard him moan even more loudly, a blissed out look on his face as he looked back at Jacob. “You really do like having someone take charge of you, to control you…”

“Yes…” Atlas hissed, his body tensing against the one keeping him pressed up against the wall as he felt Jacob’s tip push forward against him both from the transformation and the surge of arousal. “I love being controlled, I want to be dominated by a strong, confident creature.” Hearing those words of submission caused Jacob to push his hips forward, both men letting out gasps of intense desire as the tip popped inside into the other feline’s hole while Atlas began to gasp. “I want… to show you something… while you mount me…”

With the waves of pleasure cascading through his body Jacob merely murmured his approval, his mind going back to that predatory state that came with being a werecreature. With his mind mostly clear the sensation reminded him of those movies where the guy turned into a werewolf or something, except instead of the snarling rage he felt such powerful lust that he needed to rut something. Fortunately he had the tailhole of his boyfriend ready to receive, and as he began to practically slammed the mirrored creature against the wall he felt Atlas changing once more. At first it was hard to tell but as their bodies grinded up against one another while Jacob pushed his shaft deep into the other man he realized that Atlas was starting to bulge with new muscle on his otherwise lean body.

The change was enough for him to pause, but Atlas snarled at him to keep going as the reflection on his body began to dull. Jacob was far too deep in the throes of such primal desire to let such a thing dissuade him and continued to press as hard as he can against the beautiful, changing body of his newfound love. Somehow the transformation was getting him even more turned on despite not knowing what it was, but as the reflective surface began to morph and sprout black fur he quickly got the idea. Jacob had to take a step back as the physique of the other feline grew bigger, his grunts and groans growing deeper until they matched the pitch of the one thrusting into him from behind.

A mirror in more ways than one, Jacob realized as he soon found himself essentially rutting his own body. As the muscles twitched and ripples they became not just a werepanther like him but an identical replica, even to the glowing yellow eyes that looked back at him. Though he was taking him from behind Jacob could see the familiar smile on Atlas’ face as he pushed back, using his newfound strength to thrust his hips to get the other feline even deeper into him. Though this was not something that he had expected the sight and sounds of his own body somehow drove him deeper into frenzy to the point where he was practically a snarling, drooling mess.

Jacob wasn’t sure how long the two had gone at it, though when they started to crack the wall they moved over to the staging area for the models. Even though they were the same size Jacob managed to pick up Atlas and move him over while still having his shaft deep between those muscular cheeks before bringing him back down on his stomach. With the angle a little better the sound of their bodies slapping together filled the air as he could see the two of them in the mirrors that were set up. It only made the sight of the identical creatures having sex so much better and it didn’t take long after that until Jacob came hard.

For the first time since Atlas sucked him off in this very spot Jacob got to cum inside of his boyfriend, even if it did look like the identical version of his own body that had transformed into a werepanther. He hadn’t realized it but the second he had put on those prosthetics he was destined to be a feline creature, and as he looked at himself in the mirror while panting heavily he found his new body to be incredibly handsome. While Atlas just let out a pleasured laugh and squeezed his inner walls against the cock inside of his tailhole Jacob noticed something else that was there in the reflection too. It was a smoky outline of a werewolf, and as he leaned in and whispered something into his ear the werepanther’s eyes widened as he suddenly remembered everything that had happened.

Not only that, Jacob realized, but he gained a deeper understanding for the two as well. They were something called nexus minions that roamed the multiverse looking for creatures like him to convert for their masters. The names Kirdos and Tarien entered into his mind and as they did he felt a deep connection to them, even stronger than the one beneath him that he still desired to be the boyfriend of. As the memories continued to flood into him Jacob suddenly got the intense need to pull out of Atlas, turn him around, and kiss him on the lips.

Though Atlas was surprised at being turned around so quickly when he saw the face of the one above him the transformed creature had a look of understanding. The next second though their muzzles were met in a powerful kiss, which as their tongues coiled and licked around one another Jacob could feel something else as well. It felt like he was breathing in reverse, the air being taken out of his lungs as a thick tentacle of smoke pushed out of his maw and into Atlas. The creature beneath him quivered as his muzzle and throat stretched out briefly while the tentacle slithered into him, and as Jacob saw the presence in the mirror disappearing he could feel the lips he was pressed against stretching out even more.

Jacob was unsure how they remained like that, but eventually he felt the sensation subside and suddenly inhaled sharply when he regained control of himself. As he stumbled backwards he could see that Atlas was changing again, once more growing more thickly muscled while his feline features were being replaced with lupine ones. When he tried to get back up and asked Atlas what was happening he felt a thick wolf paw come down on his chest and pin him there. This was definitely not Atlas, Jacob thought to himself as he found himself staring up at the smirking visage of a werewolf.

“Nice to finally meet you in person,” Zariel said to Jacob as the werepanther looked up at him in shock. “Now that you remember everything there’s no need for introductions, or for me to explain what my relation is to Atlas here. While I was going to slink off into the night and keep my end of the promise I found that it would behoove me to warn you.”

“Warn me?” Jacob asked, swallowing hard as all that dominance and bravado he had before evaporated like the smoke coming from the werewolf’s maw.

“Yeah, you hurt my mirror kitty and I’ll be coming back,” Zariel informed him, leaning down with his teeth slightly bared. “Since I’ve already possessed you and you are part of Master Tarien’s flock now I can make sure that if you did anything I’ll show you how creative I can be with twisting that form of yours.” Jacob found himself nodding, and as he promised that he would do nothing of the sort the threatening tone immediately evaporated from the werewolf as his sneer was replaced with a smirk.

The weight that had been on his chest was lifted and Jacob stood up, though he almost fell over again as he was getting used to the strength of his new form. “Well then, I guess now it’s time to take my leave,” Zariel said as he flexed his heavily muscled form. “I’m glad that I could make my contribution to your form, Atlas was never very good at pushing things when it came to what he want. I suppose when you’re whole deal is reflecting the desires of others it’s hard to see what he truly ones in all that.”

Jacob found himself still reeling a bit from everything that he had just learned and remember, especially concerning the conversations that Zariel and Atlas had. While he wasn’t a party to them he had gotten them since the smoke werewolf was using his body, and as he could see the creature getting ready to leave he put a hand on his shoulder to get him to stop. “Hey, Zariel, wait,” Jacob said, causing the werewolf to stop what he was doing and look at the werepanther in question. “You can talk to Atlas right now, right?”

“Of course,” Zariel replied. “Can even let him talk if he wishes, though he was nice enough to step aside to let me meet his new boyfriend.”

“Actually, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about,” Jacob explained. “While it seems like you two don’t exactly see eye to eye on things I was wondering if perhaps you might want to stay? I know the deal was that once you had brought me into the fold that you would leave, but if Atlas doesn’t mind two strong creatures being with him I’m sure we could work something out.”

There was a look of shock that was on the wolf’s face before it turned into a grin, the yellow eyes flashing as he licked his chops. “So… you enjoy having me around, do you?” Zariel asked as he turned back to the other werecreature. “Seeing me in the reflection, helping you be your most dominant self?”

“Yeah, you could say that,” Jacob replied as he tried to maintain his own assertiveness as the two practically bumped chests against one another. “I would miss seeing you in my reflection, now that I know you’re there, and I’m sure that Atlas wouldn’t mind having you around as long as you don’t mind letting me stay in control.” Though the last bit caused Zariel to twitch, the literally possessive creature used to being the one in charge, the offer seemed to strike a cord with him. Though he wasn’t sure what Atlas would say about it the mirror tiger that was somewhere within that huge creature likely would have protested if he was outright against the idea.

“It’s a tempting offer,” Zariel finally said. “Considering the fun we’ve had so far and the fact that Atlas wouldn’t mind seeing me pulled in a little I think we might have something here. Of course as I’m sure you’re aware I am a creature that requires a host to stick around in considering my ephemeral form, and if you decide to do this then you’ll keep transforming into the werepanther form around smoke.”

Jacob just nodded his head and stated that he could live with that, which once more prompted the brows of the werewolf to furrow in deep contemplation. All this time he knew that Zariel just wanted to be around Atlas, but his nature was too strong for the mirror tiger who desired to be controlled but not possessed in that way. Given that he immediately became a hulking werewolf upon the smoke creature being inside of him he could guess that’s how their relationship went, but if Jacob was the one containing Zariel then they could both be with him and Jacob could continue to develop the lust of the beast that seemed to come with Master Tarien. Master Tarien… as those words graced his thoughts it was a strange but almost comforting feeling that came with calling someone else such an honorary title.

After about a minute or two of Zariel just standing his head suddenly shot back up, a grin on his face as he nodded his head. “Alright then, seems I can stick around for a little longer and see how this little relationship works out,” Zariel stated while giving Jacob a wink. “You’re in for quite the treat, when you have smoke and mirrors anything can happen. But… since I’m not leaving here and Atlas is itching to get his body back it’s time to set myself back up in what might just be my permanent domicile.”

Just as Jacob nodded he found himself getting tossed down onto the stage padding, his muscular form sprawling out a bit as he was immediately pounced upon by the other man. As he looked up at the mirrors Jacob could see himself and Zariel behind him, though as he got himself into position the fur was already starting to retract from his body. There was an aura of smoky darkness around the creature and tendrils of it were already starting to filter down and coil around his body. Jacob hadn’t realized how empty he had felt until something began to fill the space once more, though he was also getting filled with something else as the horny werewolf pushed his cock underneath his own flickering tail.

Unlike being with Atlas this was the mating of a beast, a creature ruled by their powerful lust as he immediately felt his tailhole getting spread open. As he let out a loud groan he tried to sit up, only to be pushed back down by the heavy hand of the werewolf on top of him. Even as his head was pinned against the soft material he could see that something was emerging from the one on top of him. With each thrust he could see the features of the werewolf turning ethereal and moving towards him while enshrouding the creature that used to have them.

There was definitely a smile on Zariel’s face as he continued to thrust into the werepanther, in this case quite literally as Jacob could feel it sinking impossibly deep inside of him. His stomach was being bulged out with each push and as his mouth lolled open pleasure he could feel something slip inside. For a few moments it was the tongue of the werewolf, but as it pressed against his own he could feel it merge with his own flesh while the head of the creature began to press against him. The platform shook underneath him as the smoke werewolf claimed the body beneath him while Jacob was able to watch every inch sink inside his form.

Eventually the smoke werewolf that was humping deep into his form sank down into his body and completely incorporated itself into the werepanther, which just left Atlas pulling his cock out of the still twitching creature. The arms and legs of the werewolf enveloped the feline that squirmed and quivered as it still felt like was being railed, though as the sensations lessoned and the smoke werewolf settled into him the sensations called. When the last of Zariel disappeared Jacob flopped back onto the podium, breathing heavily as he found himself exhaling thick clouds of black smoke.

“I hope you know what you just gotten yourself into,” Atlas said with a smirk, Jacob slowly turning to see the mirror tiger standing there with his hands on his hips. “Or rather, what has gotten into you.”

“You knew it was still me?” Jacob asked, hearing the smoke werewolf chuckle in his mind as he became acutely aware of his presence this time. When Atlas nodded his head towards the mirrors he turned his head to see Zariel laying there next to him, giving him a wink. “Whoa…”

“Along with mimicking people I can always see what dwells within them through their reflections,” Atlas explained. “Other than the one that’s being possessed no one else will see Zariel there, and sometimes even his hosts have a hard time if he doesn’t wish to be seen. Ironically before the two of us hooked up I used to be one of the main hunters for Tarien’s kind, since our realms are fairly diametrically opposed to one another and used to be in conflict.”

Jacob tilted his head in confusion and Atlas explained everything that he needed to know about the nexus realm and the minions that were contained within it. After being told about the nexus war he was told that he had become a nexus hybrid, which became more frequent as time went on with the piece between their realms. Before this point it would be rare to see someone like him even if he did embrace the other aspects of their spheres of influence like smoke and living statues. As Atlas told him about Master Kirdos’ primary domain he suddenly remembered the exhibit that they had first went too, the mirror tiger confirming that those were all minions that were showing off and also where Zariel had first spied them since one of Tarien’s minions was helping the show.

Though Jacob found it all hard to retain both Zariel and Atlas chuckled at that and told him not to worry, they were going to have plenty of time together so that he could figure things out…

Part 6:

Jacob found himself smiling as he made his way through the gallery, checking off all the pieces that needed to be catalogued for the end of the day. It had been a few weeks since he had gotten his promotion to finally being full-time, and though he was still doing most of the same tasks he was at least getting appropriate compensation and recognition for it. While Zariel had whispered more than once that he could probably just take the curator position and the whelp they had created would step aside he felt it unnecessary. Much like his darling boyfriend he believed in earning his way to the top, not to mention he was already looking into potentially shifting careers.

While there were plenty of options that he could do there was something about being in this world now that was extremely unique. He found everything to be new and different, and he didn’t look at people the same way. With the powers he had they were all his prey even if he didn’t act on it. There was no reason to create a pack here and just like with his job he’d probably move on to something different once the novelty of it wore off.

But for the moment he and Atlas were content to be the happy couple, with one little twist as he finished up his rounds and came back inside. As he went to the break room in order to get his stuff to go out for the night he found his grin growing as he heard growls coming from the storage area. It appeared that Christine had come back from her smoke break and had brought Gavin, who turned up to work far more often, to share in the fun afterwards. While the two still didn’t work nearly as much as they should they would at least listen to him while they were in that state, though for the moment he had other things to do than opt in and let the two male werepanthers have their fun.

For Jacob he had the rest of the night off, the two he had just left behind taking over his usual duties after they finished rutting. He just left a note for them before he headed out into the cold air of the evening and walked his way towards a new club that was opening. It turned out this area was rife with potential minions for Master Kirdos, which with the art gallery and several other areas he could see the case. It was one of the reasons that Atlas was in the area in the first place and as he walked along the sidewalk he could sense such desires in those that walked about. While he still didn’t have the same nose for it that Zariel had he would sometimes lend it to him, one of the benefits of always having a nexus smoke werewolf inside him.

As he passed by a building on the way to the club he could see Zariel walking next to him, mimicking his movements since he was technically doing the same. After the first few days he had gotten used to seeing the other creature in his reflection. It had even gotten to the point where sometimes when Zariel was possessing Atlas or someone else for their fun that he was more shocked when he didn’t see the reflection of a wolf beside his own. It was a comforting in a way, especially since the two could talk whenever they wanted as they eventually got to the club where Atlas was waiting for them.

“Bout time you two showed up,” Atlas said with a grin as Jacob just gave a sheepish smirk in response. “I was just about to call and see if you had to work late after all.”

“The idea had been tempting,” Jacob replied, teasing the fact that the two they had initially transformed were having fun back at the gallery. “But I wouldn’t miss a night out with my boyfriend for the world.” As he looked up at the building they were going to he saw the flashing lights and could hear the music thumping from outside. “Not our usual hangout spot though.”

“Our mutual friends want us to go in and check it out,” Atlas said. “Something about wanting to set up a new exhibit that they think might be a lot of fun. Plus I’m sure there will be plenty of opportunity to let loose.”

Jacob just nodded and went to the entrance of the club, showing their identification cards to the bouncer before being let inside. It was another perk of sticking around the place he had come from as he didn’t need to make up a false identity that Atlas had, though he did wonder about potentially changing a few things about himself. They had already decided on what his form would be once they abandoned this place once and for all and he wanted a cool disguise to go with it. At the very least he could use a name change as they walked into the club and felt the vibrations from the music reverberating through them.

Almost immediately Jacob could see why their friends wanted him to be involved, though when he pointed it out Atlas grinned and said that there was something else to add to it. For the moment they decided to just grab a drink and enjoy their time together with one another… even if it was so loud they had to switch to talking to one another telepathically. “Definitely not something I expected when it came to your friends,” Jacob commented once more, only to look over at Atlas holding what appeared to be a vape pen. “What’s this?”

“It’s the thing they wanted you and Zariel to try out,” Atlas explained as he handed it to Jacob. “It’s not going to transform you, but you should pick up something new in the process.”

Jacob looked at the vape pen before grabbing it and putting it to his lips. He could already sense Zariel’s anticipation and excitement at what might happen as he took a deep breath in. As soon as he felt the smoke interact with his lungs it was absorbed immediately, to the point where the only thing he breathed out was a few wisps of multicolored smoke in response. After a few more puffs the cartridge in the vape pen was completely used up and Jacob suddenly had an intense desire to go out onto the dance floor.

Atlas was eager to join him and the two slammed back their drinks before they left the table and made their way towards where the bulk of the club goers were. Along with the DJ providing the music for all those in the middle to bump and grind to there was also a number of lights that were swirling through the air… and smoke that was about waist high. Just the sight of it make Jacob eager to dive in, though he also wanted to make sure that he had some fun with Atlas as he did. As soon as they made their way towards the middle of the dance floor Jacob could already feel himself changing while he and Atlas kicked off their pants.

As soon as he had stepped out the smoke had started to swirl up around him like an unseen whirlwind blowing around his body. Jacob could feel his werepanther form already starting to awaken, and as he began to huff from the smoke being pulled into him the stuff around him began to shift in coloration. Unlike the blackness that normally accompanied his shift this time the hue was much different, and as the two pressed together while Atlas changed with him the hue of the tendrils began to shimmer. It almost took on the qualities of the lights that were pulsating to the beat while the two engaged in a fierce kiss.

Their bodies began to grow and as Jacob could feel his increasingly furry butt rise above the smoke he could start to hear things happening around him. While at first it was the ravers that were about to call them out for being mostly naked on the dance floor those that were closest to the growling werebeasts started to feel a tightness in their own clothing. As a quicksilver goo began to drip down their noses those that hadn’t noticed the amorous display of affection between the two were suddenly grabbed and kissed by those who had started to turn. Jacob let out a groan of satisfaction as he could feel his power starting to infect those that were around them, the closest that had been looking up at them disappearing into the smoke even as their bodies began to change.

The changes happening to the center of the dance floor was quick enough that those that had started to get corrupted and fell below the smoke were unnoticed by the club. Jacob was guessing if they were doing something like this that the nexus minions had already done something in order to weed out those that might not approve of what they were doing. It was hard for him to care though as he saw his pectorals thickening and his abs growing more defined, feeling his beast rising as that same multihued smoke began to pour out of his nostrils. With Zariel’s influence spreading out among the growling and groaning creatures that were milling about in the smoke Jacob was free to completely enjoy Atlas.

Atlas had decided to use his powers for a bit of fun as well, and with him turning into an exact copy of what Jacob looked like he could see the changes that were taking place on his own form as well. As the disguised human’s jaws snapped and popped to form back into their toothy feline muzzles the coloration continued to dance over the fur and teeth as well as his eyes. The bigger they grew the more their fur reacted with the light, and as they looked back at the DJ they could see that the smoke had started to infect him too. Even though he wasn’t in direct control over it anymore the music continued to play, and as he let out a roar and raised his hands in the air the speakers pulsed with the beat that pushed the smoke out into the rest of the club.

As it uncovered those that were already infected by Zariel’s influence Jacob and Atlas saw they had already torn their clothing away, the huge multicolored werepanthers using their newly freed cocks to thrust into the ones that were transforming beneath them. Even the drool that was dripping from their maws shifted about in color and even as Jacob was letting the beast take over he could guess what was going on. As he brushed his clawed fingers against the thickening sides of his partner he saw the coloration react to that as well, mimicking some sort of fiber optics or something that might be seen at a rave.

Jacob guessed that this would be something more seen in an interactive art exhibit, but as he felt his dominance surging and Atlas growing more like him by the second his need outweighed his curiosity. Atlas didn’t need to give him any encouragement to get on top of him as the lights of the floor flashed around them. While the dance floor broke out into an orgy of scintillating werepanthers those that were watching in shock from the bar or the nearby booths had their shock quickly turned to lust. With the music only growing louder the sounds of chairs could be heard tipping over as those that were at the bar suddenly felt the need to dance, to rave with their cocks out as those that didn’t pull off their clothing found it shredded by their expanding bodies.

 Behind each of those creatures was Zariel, and while he didn’t control all the creatures in the room that were transforming to his will he certainly could feel the pleasure coming from them. It was something that he piped to Jacob through the connection they had, which as he made out with the muscular werepanther beneath him while putting his legs in the air he suddenly also found himself bent over the bar. While the two had practiced such a thing before it was always a shock when the smoke wolf did it without his realization, especially since he had possessed the one behind him and was thrusting the mutated, flashing cock inside of his tailhole. Jacob let out a groan as the scene shifted once more, this time with him and Zariel spit roasting another skinny guy near the edge of the club that just started to fill out with muzzle.

“I do love me a party scene,” Zariel said, grinning to Jacob as they continued to synchronize their thrusts into the man as they heard his voice deepening while he grew. “Also, I wanted to pull you aside from your body while Atlas was occupied with it to thank you.”

“This is quite the time to do that,” Jacob replied, taking his hand and pushing it against the human’s head when he tried to pull back to thrust in deeper as their muzzle filled out.

“I can’t think of a better time actually,” Zariel said with his usual cocky grin before his face, or rather the face of the werepanther he was possessing, grew serious. “Plus this was actually more than just a fun night out. We wanted to see how keen you were on things like this because Master Tarien and Lord Kirdos have heard of our actions and wish for us to take our talents… on the road.”

Even with the pleasure coming from the wet maw of the rave panther, which was sliding up and down his shaft from Zariel still thrusting into his tailhole, he found himself shocked at the news. While he had always known that eventually they would probably head back to the realms of their respective masters, which with Jacob being a nexus hybrid he would be able to travel to both, he hadn’t thought he would actually be called out to do it. While he had never met the two that he called master all he could think about was wanting to please them, but he also knew that in the end he had to weigh his options and he would be given the choice.

When Jacob felt something pushing up against his tailhole he looked behind him with a growl, only to see no one there. A phantom sensation… as he glanced over at the dance floor he could see that even while he was not directly inhabiting his body he had started to pound into his boyfriend’s tailhole and another had come up from behind him. Given that everyone on the dance floor was essentially exact copies of him and Atlas it was strange feeling what was in essence his own cock being pushed up into him, though a muffled growl from the one who was actually sucking him off brought his attention back. Zariel seemed occupied enough with pounding the tailhole of the one between them to wait, especially since a quick glance around showed half a dozen rave panthers all in the same rhythm.

“What happens if I decide to stay here?” Jacob asked.

“Well… the thing is that with this club lure we’re pretty much getting everyone that is in the area,” Zariel admitted. “Atlas is nothing if not good at his job, so now that he’s done marking targets he will follow his master’s wishes and leave this place, as will I. Even the two werepanthers we created in the gallery are probably going to disappear, which means if you stay behind…”

“…I’ll be left behind,” Jacob finished.

“And unfortunately all things considered you’ll probably go back to being a human,” Zariel continued to explain. “All these things you participated in will be forgotten and we’ll be pleasant dreams that once in a while cross your subconscious.” As Jacob sighed and looked out at the mostly transformed club he could sense that the party was almost over in more than one way, at least on this plane of existence before a sharp thrust from Zariel causing his cock to slide into the throat of the rave panther snapped him back. “But why would you want to stay here anyway; it is really a choice if it’s between a boring human life at a job you might get promoted in with those two gone, or the chance to revel in all these pleasures and the potential for such adventure with your… boyfriends?”

Once more Jacob found himself surprised, but this time it was from the first time that Zariel had even mentioned such a thing. While he enjoyed the company of Atlas and they seemed to get along he never really got involved in such a discussion. He often saw himself just like the club; always having the need for multiple creatures underneath him, with the relationship they had just a means to use the mirror tiger’s power to feed his narcissism. Perhaps this test was more than just if he was ready to join their lives completely, maybe Zariel wanted to see how he would do when the smoke wolf indulged in his deeper desires that were supposedly a hallmark of Master Tarien.

“I suppose you’re right Zariel,” Jacob replied, flexing the muscles of his werepanther body. Even though it was technically someone else’s it was close enough to make the point while he pulled his cock out of the werepanther they had been spitroasting during the conversation. “I would much rather have an adventure with my boyfriends, fulfilling the will of Master Tarien and Master Kirdos… if you can handle that.”

Zariel’s grin widened and he pulled out of the man between them as well, causing the blissed-out male to practically collapse to the ground. “Considering how long I’ve been inside you I’m practically a feline already,” Zariel said. “Now why don’t you grab Atlas over there and stop having your actual body stuff him so full of cock that he can’t move so we can regroup?”

Jacob nodded and suddenly his perspective shifted, this time to having the swirling colors of a rave panther’s groin fur right up against his face as his muzzle was stretched out by the thick cock jutting out from it. It seems they had attracted more attention as he pulled back and dismissed them, along with the one that was inside his tailhole and the one that was stretching out Atlas’ throat. Once he had shooed away the amorous rave panthers he leaned forward and hilted his boyfriend while telling him everything that Zariel had mentioned and his response. Suddenly the legs that were pressed around his muscular sides squeezed and caused him to exhale a large cloud of the glittering smoke while also feeling those tight walls clamp against his cock.

With Jacob’s mind made up the three enjoyed the rest of the time at the rave orgy that had created, and eventually as they finished off the night with a more subdued drink while the multicolored panthers rested against one another. Zariel had once more returned to his host and as they looked out over the identical naked muscular men they had created their heads shot up when they felt a tingling sensation in their bodies. Though Jacob was confused on what had just happened Zariel and Jacob both seemed to understand and gestured for him to join them in heading towards the door.

The second they walked through the club Jacob’s eyes widened when he saw they were definitely no longer in the city anymore. The sounds and sights of the city at night were replaced with sand and surf while the sun shined above them. As they stood on the boardwalk Jacob saw that there were a number of creatures that a few months ago he would have seen as bizarre, creatures of rubber, spandex, leather, and other types of material frolicking together on the beach in the shadow of a huge building that sat on the peninsula. As they walked down the boardwalk the exit had led them too Zariel explained that this was the Nexross, a place where all the realms intersected and a neutral ground for their masters.

Jacob wasn’t quite sure why they would be there, at least not until they got to the stairs that led down to the beach and saw two figures waiting for him. Jacob didn’t have to ask to know who they were… and as the Jackal-Wolf and Leopard-Tiger came up to them all three gave a small bow in reverence despite the former human not really knowing them. “So this is the one that brought two of our kind together,” Kirdos said with a smirk as he looked over at the other hybrid.

“Master Kirdos… Master Tarien,” Jacob said, the two giving him a small nod in confirmation. “Zariel and Atlas have told me so much about you two, it’s an honor to finally meet you in person.”

“Likewise,” Tarien replied as he seemed to look Jacob over. “A werepanther… an interesting way to manifest a nexus hybrid, though if you don’t want to be drooled on by half the people in this hotel you might want an alternate form as well other than being human. I’m sure the two that you have with you would be more than happy to think of something that you could hulk out of to become a werepanther.”

“Really?” Jacob asked. “Would that even work?”

Inside his head Jacob could hear Zariel chuckle as Tarien just smirked and motioned for Kirdos to step to the side. The feline nexus lord just took a few steps back and as smoke began to gather around the wolf-jackal they could feel power rippling off his form. The purple eyes of the creature flashed and as the skies above went from sunny to having dark forming he let out a snarl and flexed his body. The sounds of muscles stretching and bones popping could be heard as the somewhat lithe creature immediately began to bulk up, pectorals practically popping out of his chest as his breathing grew steadily deeper.

Jacob had to raise his head up slightly as Tarien grew larger and more ferocious, black drool dripping from his maw as his stretched out his fingers only to have them snap while claws grew out from them. As he grew bigger he stamped a foot against a pole that was holding up the rope railing and it almost snapped as his thigh, calf, and then foot all swelled with growth that went from his hips to his toes. Though Jacob found himself taking a few steps back as the huge hulking werewolf-jackal the rest of those around seemed unphased with a few even clapping as Tarien let out a long breath of smoke while shrinking down.

“Well then, now that we’re all done showing off there is something that we would like to discuss aside from bringing these two back together,” Kirdos said, stepping back up once Tarien had finished with his rage form. “As you saw in the club these two are quite possibly one of the best teams to do mass clone TF, which given the increase in things like network unification from Haleon and hive minds from Olavar we find ourselves very interested in joining in on. Unfortunately other than the pack mentality that Tarien can cultivate we find ourselves lacking in that department.”

“Which is where a nexus hybrid such as yourself comes in,” Tarien continued on. “With you being the bridge between our smoke and mirrors we think that we have a few places that the three of you would excel at, and as such have agreed to split the minions that are created from it. Considering there is one minion of each from our respective sides and then yourself I feel like it would be a perfect fit.”

Jacob found himself almost blushing at being offered a position from these two creatures, something that was reflected in both Atlas and Zariel as well. “Wow, I mean, I just realized that I didn’t even give notice to my last job,” Jacob said. “So we would do things like what we did in the club?”

The two nexus lords nodded and brought the group over towards a small table where they explained how there were certain areas like the district that Jacob had lived in that was ripe for mass conversion. It was akin to a miner finding a vein of gold; there wasn’t a lot of them and they were highly sought after, especially considering the biggest ones could encompass an entire planet sometimes. If they found that was the case they would send mass converters like their group in order to try and take it over, making the area into a small subset of their realm that would expand their influence. Previously it had been important for some war that the nexus lords were having, but apparently that was over and they just did it to gain power and protect their realms.

Tarien and Kirdos told the three that they could think about it here in the Nexus Island Resort, even giving them a room as thanks for considering the offer. While this was the first time Jacob had the pleasure of being there it turned out Zariel and Atlas had first met here and even got a room with the same view. The entire time they made their way up the three talked about what they were going to do, though as they got to the room they were immediately distracted by how nice it was. When the three happened upon the bedroom Jacob could hear Zariel chuckling along with Atlas at seeing the mirrors set up.

“Looks like they were ready for us for a while,” Zariel said through Jacob. “Hey… you remember that trick I used to do when we were together Atlas? I don’t think we’ve actually done it with Jacob here yet.”

Jacob wasn’t quite sure what was meant by that, especially since they had just occupied multiple clone werepanthers. When he tried to ask Atlas what the wolf meant he just put a hand to his muzzle and told him to follow his lead. The werepanther just nodded his head and watched as the mirror tiger went back to his normal form while sprawling out on his stomach. As the tail waved lazily over his rear Jacob found those dominant instincts rising up again, licking his lips as he jumped forward with the bed bouncing beneath him.

Once he was on top Atlas just told him to do what came naturally and he’ll see what they mean soon enough. His cock was already rock hard despite having just participated in the rave orgy and as he pushed it against the tailhole of his boyfriend he jerked slightly at feeling the same thing happen to him. At first he looked back to see if anyone had joined them, perhaps Zariel possessing someone, but when there was no one behind him he looked back at the mirror. As he saw himself and Atlas in the reflection the smoke wolf was there too, and while he could adopt all manner of positions this time he was right on top of him and noticed he was completely erect.

As soon as he made eye contact with that thick shaft Jacob saw Zariel lowering his hips, but instead of merging with him like what would normally happen he gasped as he felt something sinking into his depths. The smoke wolf was somehow manifesting his form to make it feel like he was getting penetrated, feeling the exact same length that disappeared into his rear from the rear spreading open his inner walls. When Zariel grabbed his hips Jacob felt that too and found that Zariel was going to have him be in the middle in more than just their relationship.

With the hunky smoke wolf starting to push into him and the mirror tiger beneath him Jacob couldn’t help but smile when he realized he was essentially trapped between the two. It was quite the representation all things considered, though it was hard for him to keep track of the metaphor as the simulated weight of the wolf on top of him was causing him to push down. With the tailhole of the tiger swallowing up his cock he decided that he would let the truly dominant creature of the three set the pace. Even though it was completely silent he could see the wolf’s muzzle snarling and growling in pure pleasure alongside the two of them as he began to push down hard.

Once both werepanther and werewolf were completely hilted Jacob felt the hands that were on his hips move to his shoulders, feeling the chest of the invisible creature on his back and a muzzle against his ear. While watching in the mirror was fun he also sometimes looked away and let the feelings happen without any context. More than once when he had done that he felt a lick against his face or the back of his neck that caused him to yelp in surprise, then did the same thing to the man underneath when asked what was going on. Though Zariel was insistent at first once they had gotten a rhythm the three remained like that for a while, though eventually Jacob took control and began to roll his hips between the cock inside him and the tailhole he was inside.

Once they were ready the three orgasmed at the same time, and as Jacob could feel the weight settle on top of him he looked to see Zariel lying contently with his muscular arms around them both. This was definitely something he could get used to, Jacob thought to himself with a grin, and when got done with each other he wondered if the artist beneath him would help him get a brand new form to model for him…

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