

The Transformation

(A furotic tale, marginally related to "The Journey")

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Coughing, straining to lift my head off the floor, as the smoke clears from the dimly-lit cavern; the spots from my vision dissipate, my head still throbbing, along with the rest of my body. 'Damn, that was a bitch... shit, where's the priest?'

Turning my head somewhat quickly, causing a small spasm of pain to echo through me, I'm somewhat relieved to see the former dracmar priest, or what's left of him, off several feet to my left. 'Stupid fool...' He'd had tried to stop me once I'd overloaded their beloved generator, their source of power which had been harnessing the ethereal power of the magic flowing throughout this world; the same generator which had been causing all those disturbances we'd been sensing.

They knew damn well what they were doing too, and they had no plans of stopping it, not when their goals were so near to being realized. Luckily for us, Marissa and I had stumbled onto their subterranean lair, and even being captured, had managed to escape and toss a monkey wrench into their well-tuned machine.

It had almost been perfect too, if the priest hadn't caught me in their inner sanctum. He'd rushed in just as I'd completed the adjustments and I barely had enough time to smash the panel, locking out the controls. We'd fought of course, but he seemed more interested in getting to the generator, stopping the chain reaction, instead of punishing me for my transgressions.

This had given me the chance to duck behind one of the bigger stalagmites sprouting from the floor, shielding me from the blast somewhat. I'd figured I was a dead man any way though. There was no telling what a blast like that would do, especially given the somewhat unstable nature of that much magic stored up like that. The blast had been incredible, mostly light, but enough force to have thrown me more than fifteen feet across the room.

I had been rather lucky though, and was still breathing and in one piece; that's more than can be said about the priest. Looking at his broken, reptilian body, with its green, scaled skin, and spiny back, sprawled on the floor several feet from me. He'd taken the full force of the blow and his body was shattered rudely, his back bent at an odd angle, his frame contorted into a sickening shape; his limbs splayed out every which way.

Looking at his cold, dark, reptilian eyes, they're no longer aglow with their beady little fire of determination. Instead they're just blank ovals, set in his dead face, which is frozen in a mask of anger and terror. Dark green blood flows slowly from the large fissures in his broken body, pooling slowly below him.

My glance at him is cursory, lasting only a few moments before I need to turn away in revulsion, but it's enough to force my stomach into knots. 'Damn idiots... I guess he deserved it...' Still a pang of guilt runs through me, 'yes it had to be done, but I didn't expect it to go down like this... I knew it would hurt them... but I guess I was just hoping I wouldn't see anything as close up as this...'

Turning away quickly, gagging slightly, I'm reminded of my current condition, as pain radiates through me once again. "Shit that hurt," I announce to nobody in particular, the sound of my voice somehow soothing my frazzled nerves. "It's a good thing I've learned healing really well..."

Slowly bringing my right hand to my chest, I'm greeted with a rather startling surprise; what should be the pink skin I'm so familiar with, has been replaced with fine golden-brown fur. Quickly becoming aware of my body, glancing down nervously, the catlike form of a male felenzi stretches out before me.

My pulse racing rapidly, beating loudly in my ears, my first impulse is flight. Rational though evaporates rapidly, my mind racing in terror, having had my human form yanked so rudely from me. Rolling onto my side, the adrenaline coursing through my felenzi veins blocking out the pain, I quickly pick myself up from a crouch to a racing stance. Then, without a moments thought, I'm off like a bat out of hell, intent on madly running throughout the catacombs of this underground fortress.

I don't get too far though, perhaps half a dozen steps, before I'm tripped up. Not only am I still partially wearing my clothes, the remnants of which are rather small for this new body, but my shoes are still on my feet, clinging crudely to my now large digitrade feet. After a couple of steps, it's obvious that I'm going down, but in my crazed stupor, I try and forge onward, finally coming to a crashing halt. Flailing my arms wildly, falling rapidly, tripped up on my own footwear, I meet the ground squarely, with a jarring thud as the rock slams into my muzzle.

The pain jars me back to my senses, at least somewhat. Flailing there wildly for a couple of seconds, the pain forces me to deal with things a bit more rationally. Slowing my useless actions, calming down slightly, the full pain of the aftereffects of the explosion, and now my injured muzzle hits me like a brick wall.

Reaching a paw to my muzzle, pulling back as the pain stabs me, then holding it in front of my eyes, I'm astonished to see scarlet blood covering the white fur of my four-fingered hand. Whimpering to myself, touching my muzzle more gently this time, I force myself to concentrate, pouring the healing energy through it. In fact, being forced to use the magic has an astonishing calming effect on me. Kind of a balancing effect, as I feel the power flowing through me, it realigns my thoughts somewhat, helping me to concentrate even more.

My muzzle heats up, with that familiar, comforting power, as the pain recedes, the blood clots, and the flesh knits itself back together. As the spell dies down, I'm thinking more clearly, but still must forcefully hold back the fragments of fear, as the ramifications of the situation wash over me. Rolling over on my back, slowly so as not to aggravate my sore muscles, I lie there panting, trying to figure this all out.

'Okay Ben... you're still alive, at least that's a point in your favor... Yeah, you're a felenzi now, but at least your in better shape than your dracmar friend there... What the hell's going on?' Taking a couple of deep breaths, my panting dying down, I think I understand the situation. 'When the generator blew, it must have released a lot of the energy as pure magic... I was lucky not to be in the direct blast of it, but obviously I caught enough...'

'So what gives... how did I get changed into a felenzi?' My brain raging out of control, random synapses firing, after several moments of wild thoughts, things begin to piece themselves

together. 'Okay... so I got hit with a blast of magic... Marissa never said anything about transformation... If it was possible, she would have probably wanted me to try it... Maybe it takes more power than we normally have control of?'

'Then if so, why didn't I get cooked... getting overloaded like that? Perhaps being a magic user is what saved my ass... Maybe subconsciously I knew how to deal with it... Healing's nothing more than restructuring the body, speeding up the rebuilding of cells... Well then with this much power, rapid cell growth could be possible... Shit, I'm lucky I didn't wind up a squirming pile of biomass, with my cells growing that fast... And why did I become a felenzi?'

Grinning wryly, 'well perhaps that's what I wanted, at least subconsciously... Ever since Marissa and I have been mates, I've kind of been curious to what it would be like... Maybe this is the only way I could dissipate the power quickly enough, by casting a spell so big it would drain it all away... Whatever it was, it saved my ass... and I guess I should be thankful for that...'

Feeling rational thought slowly return, the need for further healing becomes apparent. Placing my right paw once again squarely on my chest, feeling its soft and furry warmth, I call forth the healing powers once again; flooding them over me.

Once again the comforting warmth spreads through me, this time throughout my entire body, radiating to the furthest extremities, including my newly acquired tail. As the spell dies down once again, I'm left with a comfortable aura of peace, having used a small tranquillity spell on myself. It's enough to keep me from dashing away madly again, and it allows me to think clearly.

Looking down at my large feet, with my shoes wedged over them, scowling slightly, I kick them rudely off, sending them flying across the cavern. Watching them go soaring, I'm forced to chuckle slightly, but unfortunately, out of the corner of my eye, the body of the fallen priest is slightly visible. Shuddering, I turn quickly away from him, coming up to a sitting position and turning myself ninety degrees.

Surveying the situation, I notice how the optics of my felenzi eyes are subtly different than what I'm used to. First of all, they seem to be better adapted at low light levels, as I have an easier time making fine details out than before. However, as a drawback to this, my elliptical pupils seem to slightly accent vertical edges more than horizontal ones.

'It's going to be a little weird getting used to this... I wonder if there's a way back? I doubt if there is... This took a hell a lot of energy, and there's no way we can get that much again... Even if we could, I doubt if I'd wanna go anywhere near it... I don't wanna even think of what could happen next time... I guess I should count my blessings and deal with it...'

'Not this is the worst thing that could happen...' as I peruse my newfound furry form. As a human I'd been of average height and build, in decent shape and trained enough to get by quite well physically; this is different though. This body is pretty impressive. Judging by the way my clothes had ripped and are now stretching over me, I've grown several inches, and my muscle mass has improved a good deal. Not grotesquely so, but toned, and rippling ever so slightly beneath my golden fur.

'I wonder what kind of a cat I am anyway? I'm too big to be of house-cat stock... perhaps I'm a

cougar or something, given my coloring and absence of markings on my fur.' Ripping off the tattered remains of my shirt, and looking at my body, it's covered in golden-brown fur, with my front regions colored a pure white. Holding up my arms, this white underfur region travels up their insides, coloring my palms the same way. Looking down at my legs, the white fur travels down my inner thighs, reaching my feet and coloring their bottoms. All in all it's fairly attractive... that is if it was on someone else.

'Still, it could be worse... keep yourself together Ben.' Rising up, a bit unsteady, I squat, wobbling for a few seconds, then bracing myself with my hands. Gaining equilibrium, I cock my head to look down my back, and watch my tail, twitching there as if on its own accord. My tail is colored uniformly in the same golden brown as my back and sides, that is except for at the tip where the last few inches are colored in a dark, brownish black.

It seems so weird to be looking at a tail sprouting from me like this. It's long, almost as long as my legs, and several inches around; typical measurements for a felenzi of my size. Curiosity gets the better of the cat, and reaching down with my right hand, grabbing the tail about midway along its length, I squeeze lightly. Then pulling gently, I run it through my lightly grasping fingers, delighting in how simply wonderful it feels.

'I can see why cats enjoy being petted so much...' Then innocently going for the base of my tail, intent on stroking its entire length, I almost jump from the sensations this sends through me. As soon as my fingers stroke lightly under its base, an electric shock radiates through me, causing me to shiver ever so lightly.

Pulling away lightly, then slowly coming back, these new sensations overwhelm me. My tail base is just so deliciously sensitive, especially at being touched for the first time. 'No wonder Marissa likes this so much...' surprising myself as a small purr escapes my slightly-open muzzle.

Stroking myself lightly there, familiar sensations grip me, although they seem a bit new in this body, a bit stronger, perhaps from felenzi hormones, perhaps just because everything is so new. Stroking under my tail, reaching in through the large rip in my shorts, my fingers venture fleeting explorations over my now-feline haunches.

Feeling the blood flow to my loins, and forgetting the current situation, I bring my hands quickly and urgently to my torn shorts, first trailing my fingers briefly down the firm, furry contours of my chest and abdomen. Then grasping the fabric, already ripped in several places, my claws extend almost instinctively; gripping and pulling hard, it quickly tears with a satisfying rip.

Casting the unwanted garment off, my stretched briefs meet the same uncaring fate; finally my felenzi manhood lies open to my wanting gaze. This comes as a bit of a shock to me, as I wasn't expecting to see a sheath there, forgetting what little I knew of animal physiology. Gasping slightly, reaching to tentatively touch it, it's somewhat soft and furry to my explorations. However, getting over my surprise, as curiosity and other emotions set in once again, I realize it won't be so soft for too long.

Lightly reaching down to stroke my white, furry balls, those familiar sensations, although tempered with novelty, creep back in on me. Before too long, the blood is flowing, and my new felenzi cock has escaped the protection of its sheath, coming up to full attention. Grinning

slightly, 'wow... it's bigger than I'm used to... fits nicely with the rest of me though.'

Reaching up to stroke its length, the sensations of my own furry hand gliding along the smooth skin feel so wonderful. Leaning on my left hand, cocking my head back a little, letting my tongue stick out and glide over my new carnivorous teeth, I soak up the sensations, going slowly to fully enjoy this; half closing my eyes and beginning to purr in spite of myself.

My explorations come to a grinding halt though, as a sound catches my ears, jerking me back to attention; reminding me of the still-present danger. Swiveling around my ears, zeroing in on the source of the noise, snapping my eyes open, another dracmar meets my gaze. He's wounded and shuffling along a bit, but still looks ready for battle, a sneer painted across his reptilian snout.

Coming to full attention, maneuvering myself to a crouch, I ready myself for the fight. Still a bit unsure of my legs, and if I can control them fully, I stay in the crouched position, as a snarl flows ever so naturally across my muzzle.

Looking at me, with the greatest contempt, totally unaware of what he's interrupted, he hisses toward me. "Curse you interlopers! I knew we should have sacrificed you... you'll pay for this!"

Flattening my ears back, "I don't think so... we warned you what you were doing was dangerous... your power source for your weapon was just too unstable..." Glaring at him, I raise my palm and dash off a quick spell, spreading my fingers and dispersing a flash of light. It's nothing more than a glorified parlor trick, but it's usually enough to get the point across.

It simply enrages him though, especially since he's pretty much got nothing left to lose. Hissing loudly at me, he rushes forward, giving me only a second to think. Reacting quickly, remembering the fight with the felenzi males a couple of weeks before, I jump up, and step off to the side. Luckily my legs hold me, acting almost on their own, knowing how to keep their balance.

As the reptilian form flies past me, swiveling quickly, I manage to grab him by the shoulder and pull hard. He comes flying with me and is thrown with a heavy thump to the ground, as I pounce on top of him. Without knowing what I'm doing, my claws come out, almost of their own accord; before I can stop myself the death blows have been thrown. While one paw had snapped his neck, the other had gone for his midsection. His head now cocks at an obscene angle, his eyes just glassy orbs, while his abdomen has been neatly shredded several times, releasing copious amounts of his green life essence.

Shocked by this, feeling the thrill of the fight coursing through me, I stagger to a standing position, dropping his limp body. Taking a couple of slow steps backwards, fear and rage wash over me. Looking at him, not believing what I'd done, still shaking from the adrenaline, my mind feels clouded and vague, almost like being tired, but just mentally not physically so.

Several moments pass, conflicting emotions ravaging my consciousness. 'Okay Ben... get a hold of yourself... you did what you had to do... it was kill or be killed... You've been around felenzi long enough to know how they block out rational thought when hormones or adrenaline take over... calm down... you'll be okay...'

Closing my eyes, panting deeply, and crouching down with my tail twitching behind me, my

equilibrium slowly returns. Cradling my feline head in my paws, I force myself to get a grip. 'Where's Marissa? She was creating a diversion, and making sure nobody came down this way... A couple of them got by her though, perhaps by a secret passage... Anyway, I need to get to her... She can help me...'

Slowly standing up, rising on my digitrade feet, they support me firmly; my weight resting on my squat toes, my thick tail helping to act somewhat as a counter-balance. Averting my eyes from the gore I'd created in this room, shuffling down to the opening of the cavern, I peer down the dim hallway. 'Good, nobody's there... Let's get out of here...'

About one-hundred feet down the hall, coming around a curving section, a silhouetted figure comes into view. Acting on impulse, my fur tenses up, my ears flattening once again, I crouch slightly, ready for another fight. A moment later I'm relieved to find out it's Marissa, her familiar felenzi form padding its way down the hall. Coming into the light, the dark spots of her leopard markings against her snow-white fur become visible on her extremities, unobscured by her attire.

Stopping, perplexed she looks at me, confused and surprised. "Marissa, it's me Ben..." I stammer, suddenly feeling a bit awkward.

"Ben, is that you? But how did this happen?" looking at me with concern and caring.

"When the generator blew up... It released all the magic they'd been storing... I don't know how... but this is the result... Help me please..."

"Oh Ben... of course... Let's get you out of here..."

As she walks towards me, her gaze drops, playing over my now-lax manhood ever so briefly, as a devilish look flashes momentarily across her face. Realizing my state of undress, irrational embarrassment grips me. 'Come on... she's seen you naked before... Not in this body, but it's just the same...'

Still, as she reaches me, I feel somewhat helpless, and my legs almost buckle beneath me. She reacts quickly, reaching down to support me, having me lean against her. "It's okay Ben... You'll be alright... Come on, we'll go back up to the surface... There's an exit rather near here..."

"But what about the rest of the dracmars? Won't they be coming after us?"

"No... they were becoming tightly intertwined with the energy of the generator... It was using their magic to run itself... Drawing power from them, then reflecting it back on them... They were so dependent on it that once you shut it off they couldn't survive too long without it..."

Shuddering at the thought of a whole civilization dying off because of my actions, no matter how necessary, she quickly tries to reassure me. "Ben, it had to be done... If they had gotten powerful enough, they wouldn't have thought so much about hurting you... You did what you needed to do... and without your knowledge, we wouldn't have been able to pull this off..."

Feeling only slightly better, I let her escort me down the hall to a passage sloping upwards, leaning into her, letting her support some of my weight. Holding me around the waist, she deftly guides me, while I grip her shoulder for comfort and strength. Using her height as a

reference, it seems I've grown to two or three inches above six feet, as I'm about five or six inches above her.

The journey takes about ten or fifteen minutes, but it seems much longer than that; finally we reach the opening and warm sunlight pours over us. Shuffling out into the warm day, we go about fifteen feet from the cave mouth, finding a soft patch of grass, before I stop our progress, needing to rest urgently.

Dropping to the ground, sitting on the warm grass, Marissa kneels beside me, gazing into my dazed eyes. "Ben, are you okay... are you hurt anywhere?" her voice nervous and concerned.

"No," letting it out with a sigh, "I was able to heal myself... I'm okay physically, but I don't know if I can deal with this..."

Continuing to gaze into the depths of my soul, she regards me with her eyes brimming with emotions. Moments pass in silence, before I finally ask "hold me... please," my voice soft and plaintive.

"Oh Ben..." she leans into me, throwing her warm arms around me, gripping me tightly. Holding me in this firm embrace, my arms slowly snake around her to grip her even closer to me, feeling her calming presence wash over me.

Still, I begin to tremble slightly, feeling wild and confused thoughts racing through me. At this she holds me tighter, slowly stroking my back, massaging the anguish out of me. Leaning her head against my chest, her caring presence surrounds me; closing my eyes, I try and let everything go.

For several minutes she holds me like this, silently reassuring me, as my tremblings die down and my mental turmoil dissipates. Opening my eyes slowly, looking down at her, warmth flows over me. Looking back up at me, smiling warmly, she loosens her grip on me.

My voice soft and appreciative, "thank you Marissa."

"We'll get through this together Ben... You'll be okay." Keeping her eyes locked on me, widening her smile, she brings a black-furred hand up and slowly places a single finger on my nose, running it down my muzzle. "Besides... you look really good this way," she adds with a slight giggle.

Looking back at this beautiful felenzi, who for the past two weeks has been my lover during this crazy journey, my heart fills with warmth. Seeing her through a new pair of eyes, I'm reminded yet again how adorable her spotted, furry form is. Looking deep into her greenish-yellow eyes, set in a feline head, with long, black, wavy hair flowing down, partially obscuring her pointed ears, my confusion is further washed away from me.

Reaching my hand out, bringing it to her face, I stroke along her cheek, down to her muzzle, finally resting near her mouth. Lightly grasping her whiskers with two fingers, lightly pulling along them, my thumb moves to the front of her muzzle, just below her nose. As I'm stroking her soft fur there, she begins to purr softly.

Then a spark of surprise dances across her eyes, her pupils widening slightly. She shakes ever so lightly, then hesitating a moment, lets out her breath slowly, and just as slowly draws

another deep one in through her nostrils. Her surprise abating, she repeats this a few more times.

Watching her intently, confused, her eyes become dreamy, her consciousness clouding over slightly; suddenly understanding flashes through my consciousness. 'It's my scent... of course, I'm a full-fledged felenzi now... There's now way she can escape the pheromones.'

Briefly tempted to pull my hand away, I fight the urge as her purrs pick up volume and she darts her tongue out and across my thumb. Since we had become lovers, she had remarked about how wonderful it was with me, seeing as she had her full wits about her, not being as clouded by physical arousal to a male's scent. 'She won't enjoy it as much this time... but still she's said it's nice with felenzis too... Besides it's not as if I can really help it...' Then feeling a somewhat lecherous urge kick in, 'I've wondered what it would be like anyway... To have someone so intent on pleasuring me...'

Grinning at her, moving my paw in front of her muzzle, she quickly runs her tongue along my furry fingers, lightly coating them with her saliva, purring all the time. As she lavishes me with her attentions, small purrs begin to escape my own muzzle, as I feel them emanating deep within me, lightly rumbling inside my chest. Enjoying the new feel of her tongue against my fur, leaning back slightly, I widen my grin and once again slowly run my tongue along my sharp teeth.

Finishing that hand, she reaches down to take the other one, meaning to continue her services. Sitting up, I let her take the hand, then a small revulsion shoots through me as I realize this is the hand that ripped open the second dracmar and it's still spattered with his clotting blood. She isn't fazed by this, and pulls against my hesitations, finally convincing me to let her continue. Her tongue glides across my fur, deftly cleaning it. Shuddering slightly, I glance away briefly, then remembering how she'd occasionally lick the blood from her fingers after hunting dinner for us; 'this isn't really any different is it?' Turning back to watch her lovingly wash my hand, my loving emotions return, as do the thrills of having her so willingly serve me like this.

When she finishes with this hand, smiling warmly at her, I bring it up to caress her muzzle once again, making sure to give her several deep breathfulls of my potent scent. As her eyes cloud a little more, a wanting smile creeps across her muzzle, and her purrs reach deeper levels.

"Thank you Marissa... would you like to do my feet now," I ask with a grin, knowing fully what her answer will be.

Nodding eagerly, she crawls down to my bare feet and takes one of them in her hands, smiling complacently at me. Laying down on my back, gazing up at her, my grin widens as she takes my large digitrade foot and presses it against her muzzle, inhaling deeply. As she begins to lick along the bottom, in long, gentle strokes, I close my eyes, losing myself in my pleasure, purring even deeper now.

She takes about ten minutes for both feet, serving me quite thoroughly. As she gently places my foot back on the ground, I slowly open my eyes, warmly regarding her. 'It's a good thing she didn't take too much longer... I could have fallen asleep, it was so cozy...'

Smiling once again, and slowly getting up, coming to a crouching stance, which flexes my leg muscles quite well, I spread my knees slightly and stretch briefly for her. "Are you hot enough

for me yet?"

"Yes Ben... please... soon..." her breath interrupted by noticeable pants, as she eyes my half-erect manhood, just starting to peek out of its sheath.

Aglow with satisfaction, "okay... strip for me... your boots first."

Crouching down herself, she reaches and quickly unlaces her boots and slips them off; releasing her black-furred feet. Standing before me in her bare feet, balancing easily on their squat soles, her claws protrude slightly from her toes. Trailing my eyes up her feet, as her familiar "boot" markings come part way up her shins, I continue to follow her spotted fur up her legs until they disappear into her breeches. Her tail is twitching wildly behind her in an anticipation, as is my own behind me.

Standing up, as her hands come up to the collar of her shirt, she quickly begins undoing the buttons. "Slow down... tease me a little," I command, and she is all too happy to comply. Working each button thoroughly, she works down her shirt, slowly parting the fabric, slightly revealing her body to me an inch at a time. Reaching the last button, she pulls the shirt out from her breeches, then turning away from me, a playful smile on her lips, she opens the shirt, bringing it down around her arms, exposing her shoulders to me; the black rosettes or her spots against the snow-white backdrop of her fur.

Looking at me over her shoulder, she finally lets the garment drop, fluttering softly to the ground. Then turning back to face me, her pert breasts free in the gentle breeze, with her pink nipples very erect and poking through the soft fur there. Bringing her hands to the button of her breeches, she slowly works it open for me, and parting the flap there, lets it too fall to the ground. Stepping out of them, all that's left is her pink panties, making a nice color contrast against the black and white of her fur.

Watching me lick my muzzle in anticipation, her claws extended, she grabs the fabric and neatly shreds it, finally revealing all of her to my wanting gaze. Standing before me, her flat belly slopes gently downward to her beautiful pussy, her pink, lightly-furred lips already slick with moisture.

Kneeling before me, her eyes lock with mine, as she smiles eagerly, panting slightly. Then briefly looking down towards my crotch, she eyes my felenzi cock, which is well on its way to a full salute. Licking her thin lips, she brings her gaze back up to mine. "Soon Marissa... very soon... but first do one more thing for me... I want to watch you as you touch yourself..."

She hesitates at this, looking a little confused at this request. Bringing a hand up to her muzzle, and placing it fully over it, letting her take another couple of deep breaths, she begins to lick my palm yet again. Slowly pulling away, "that's not such a strange request is it?"

Shaking her head, her left hand tentatively moves up to cup one of her breasts, as her thumb begins to caress the nipple, eliciting more purrs from her. Then watching me as I move my hand to slowly stroke myself to attention, her other hand snakes down her belly, slowly approaching her glistening lips. As her finger makes contact, her head goes back slightly, her muzzle opening to release a half purr, half gasp of pleasure.

Watching her navigate her pleasure regions, I'm soon at a full state of arousal. Leaning forward, grabbing her shoulders, as she continues to please herself, I bring my muzzle down to

her neck, nuzzling her there. Nipping lightly, as she'd taught me in these past few weeks, I give her the familiar sign of affection. At first I hold back, not quite used to the strength of my new teeth, but then learning quickly, I bite a little harder, not breaking the skin, but causing a good amount of pressure on her sensitive skin beneath her fur.

She growls deeply in appreciation. Giving a few more quick nips, then pulling away to look at her, grinning yet again, I finally state, "now it's time Marissa..."

Panting in approval, she kicks her knees from underneath her, lying back on the warm, soft grass, the sun playing over her body. Lying before me, needy and submissive, she moves her hands to her sides as she gently spreads her legs.

Thinking a moment, a devilish idea pops into my head. "Say Marissa... I really feel like an animal right now... Let's do it on your hands and knees."

Complying with my grinning request, looking very agreeable to the idea, she deftly rolls over, coming up on her hands and knees, arching her back slightly, watching me over her shoulder. She looks delicious in this pose, especially with her digitigrade feet bending slightly forward, perched on the tips of their toes, and her tail swishing softly and expectantly, looking oh so inviting.

Leaning over her, reaching out, I trail my fingers down her spine, starting at her shoulders and working all the way down; delighting in the feel of her fur rubbing against mine. Purring at this, as I reach her haunches, she hikes her hips, lifting them up toward me. Then gently stroking under the base of her tail, slightly penetrating between her buttocks, she lets out a louder purr, lifting her tail, quickly exposing her sex to me.

Pushing her tail off to one side, my hands go to her haunches, pushing forward, guiding myself to her heat. Pressing my head against her, she gasps as I slip inside, as a delighted growl escapes from my own muzzle. The turmoil has long since drained from me, but some of the physical effects of the stress still linger; feeling her warmth slowly grip me, the tension unwinds, as I lose myself fully in this.

Easing slowly into her, I relish each tiny sensation, as my new, somewhat virgin cock finally gets the attention it so deserves. Holding her firmly in my hands, guiding me into her, I stretch this out for several delicious moments. Then pulling back, and firmly thrusting into her this time, we growl in unison, wordlessly expressing our pleasure.

Picking up speed, riding her with abandon, she arches her back, growling with my thrusts, forcing her hips back against me, working in perfect time with my efforts. Gripping her haunches, slightly extending my claws, but not enough to hurt her, my mind races, burning with all these sensations; familiar yet also incredibly new, experiencing them through my new, powerful, alien form.

Growling again, opening my mouth a little wider, my thrusts become more determined, nearing the edge, unable to hold back. Feeling that familiar warm sensation building in my loins, I give one final, powerful thrust into her, as the orgasm breaks over me. Letting out a rather loud, extended growl, the wonderful spasms hit me, gripping me in one of the most powerful orgasms I've ever experienced.

Wave after wave hits me, pumping volumes of my essence into her, stretching out for a

glorious eternity, as my vision flutters. Struggling to keep my balance, I grip her even tighter, leaning into her, as she emits several tiny growls on her own.

Recovering slowly, panting lightly, my vision clears, rewarding me with the wonderful vision of her stretched out before me, panting somewhat harder than myself. Letting out a long, satisfied purr, the afterglow washes over me, warming me to my very core.

Pulling out of her slowly, she shudders briefly, then stroking her lightly before letting go, I crawl around to face her. Her eyes are closed, and she has her head and shoulders down, resting softly. Kneeling in front of her, gently stroking her muzzle, I guide her up to my manhood, which is beginning to lax once again.

Purring, she dreamily opens her eyes; seeing me so close to her, she smiles and moves toward my cock. Sniffing at it, drawing her breaths deeply into her lungs, she then darts her tongue out across my sensitive skin, sending tiny bolts of pleasure through me. Shuddering lightly as she coaxes me to full arousal once again, giving me a thorough cleaning in the process, my hand once again goes to her muzzle.

Nudging it to my head, her thin, black lips part, and she eagerly accepts my length as I slowly feed it to her. Then as she begins to nurse, my purrs commence once again, reaching down to lovingly stroke her head with my hand. Working me thoroughly, she nudges me up towards the pinnacles of pleasure, and after a time, my second, still-powerful orgasm grips me, as she swallows all of it, sucking me dry.

After my growls have died down, she slowly pulls her muzzle off of me, the feel of her slippery throat teasing my frazzled nerves. Then gazing up at me, a smile forming on her lips, she moves to a kneeling position. She's a bit unsteady, my arms quickly coming out to offer her support, pulling her toward me in a warm embrace.

Nuzzling against my chest, she rubs her cheek against me, then gives me a series of quick love nips, each sending shivers down my spine and eliciting small purrs from me. Caressing her back, holding her closer, she ceases her biting. Pulling back to look up at me, her right hand snakes up to my cheek, caressing it gently.

Gliding along it, pausing to stroke my whiskers, she finally places her hand lightly over my muzzle, covering my nose. Breathing in, her scent is stronger than before, even taking into account my stronger feline sense of smell. Taking in her musky, alluring scent, a strange feeling of light-headedness steals over me.

Jumping a little in surprise, confusion sets in momentarily. "Marissa, what's happening?"

"I'm coming into heat Ben," her voice heavy and still panting slightly.

Taking another breath in spite of myself, her pheromones seep into me, warming my brain. Soon total, almost animal desire washes over me, clouding out rational thought. Feeling the dreaminess of this strange arousal flood over me, fleeting uneasiness strikes me, but this too abates quickly.

Taking another breath of her sweet presence, all of my remaining thoughts turn toward her. How beautiful and captivating she is, how much I want to pleasure her, feeling my will laxing, becoming open to any wonderful suggestion she may offer.

Purring softly, sticking my tongue out, I softly run it along the soft fur of her palm. Smiling at me, warming my entire being, she pulls her hand back slightly, holding it at a better angle. Gliding my tongue through her fur, tasting her musky flavors, I'm unable to resist, lavishing her with my full attentions. Washing her hand, her scent wafting up into my nostrils, and the taste urging me on, I slowly tackle each finger, leaving no area untouched.

As I've bathed her hand in a light coating of saliva, intent on the task at hand, she gently pulls it away from me. Looking up, confused, our eyes meet, and reaching around the back of my neck she pulls my unresisting head to hers, our muzzles meeting in a deep and sloppy kiss.

Gasping as her tongue penetrates my mouth, gliding past my teeth, I'm dimly aware of how I'd taught her this human kiss. Quickly forgetting this and forcing my tongue against hers, my arms grips her back tightly, flexing my fingers and digging in my claws ever so lightly.

Exploring the contours of my mouth, her rough tongue glides against mine, as I pull her tighter to me, feeling her warmth flooding over me. Then slowly extracting herself from my mouth, pulling away, her hand comes once again to my muzzle. Rewarding me with another couple of deep whiffs of her scent, she guides me willingly down to one of her breasts.

My tongue coming out instantly, intently lapping at her soft furry mound, circling in on her hard nipple. As its rough surface comes in contact with her sensitive skin, she purrs deeply. Then gliding her hand down my back, she comes to my tail and rewards me by stroking underneath it; urging me onward at my services.

Attending dutifully to one breast, then the other, dreamily enjoying every moment of it, she finally stops me, pulling my muzzle from her. Then gently pushing, she guides me complacently onto my back, spread out before her, waiting for her next move.

Gazing up lovingly at her, my muzzle half open, my tongue playing over my teeth, she regards me with a dreamy, yet playful smile, her own tongue darting out across her muzzle quickly. Squatting down over my midsection, so she's just barely touching me, she slowly eases her ways up my chest, her tail twitching and playing over my sex.

Bringing her crotch up to my muzzle, she presses her nether lips against mine, as her strong, musky fragrance of arousal floods over me. Panting heavily, my tongue darts out over her slippery flesh, drawing further purrs from deep within her. My mind numb with pleasure, my tongue works its way into her on its own accord, my eyes closing partially as I lap her contentedly.

Her flavors are even stronger here, and along with her heavy scent, they push me on, servicing her faster and harder, as her purrs deepen and soon become growls of pleasure. Soon, letting out an extended growl, she shudders, her hips bucking wildly. Wave after wave of her fluids flood out, coating my muzzle as my tongue eagerly laps it up, pushing her spasms even farther.

Pausing just briefly, I continue my dutiful ministrations, licking her clean and urging her on toward another orgasm. Within minutes she's coming again, grasping tightly onto my shoulders to keep her balance. Still I'm contented to pleasure her, it's not until after another quick orgasm that she pulls away, scooting down my chest, leaving my fur a bit sticky.

Opening my eyes a bit, gazing up at her, she looks down at me, panting heavily and smiling with a deep satisfaction. As both of us rest, she lightly trails her fingers along my chest,

stroking over my nipples. Then, after her pants have died down, she maneuvers herself up on her knees, moving backwards, getting into positing.

Arching her back and leaning forward onto me, she forces my erection once again deep inside her, as our hisses of pleasure sound out together. Pressing against me, she moves slowly, as I force against her with my own hips, letting her choose the rhythm. Picking up speed slowly, she then rushes ahead, moving against me with urgency; within moments her orgasm grips me, squeezing me tight. As she growls yet again, a soft mewing sound escapes my lips, caught in the sensations of her muscles working against me.

Then dying down, her movements become steady once again, as she starts to climb towards the peak once more. Panting heavily, feeling the pleasure build within me, I look up to watch her straddling me, her breasts gently bobbing in time with our motions. Once again she begins to pick up speed, and just then my climax hits, pumping into her. This sets off her spasms, and her muscles grip me, coaxing every last drop from me. My eyes fluttering and my breath heavy, I'm dimly aware of her soft form collapsing against me, as we gently and absent-mindedly lick one another's fur; before the need to rest takes over.

Resting for some unknown time, then stirring, I gently nudge her as she lays against me. Then grinning, my senses somewhat returned, my paw goes to her muzzle. Breathing in my aroma, she dreamily opens her eyes, and begins to lick yet again. Slowly rolling her over, rubbing my manhood against the downy fur of her belly, I work myself erect once again, as we both start to purr softly.

Fully aroused, I ram into her, growling deeply as she's pinned beneath me. Then without mercy, I begin to drive into her, riding her as hard as I can manage. After the rest, my new body still feels strong, but it's not without its fatigue though. I still feel as if I have several shots left in me, but it takes a good amount of work to get there; not as if either of us are complaining though.

Dimly aware of the sunset, we pass into the night wrapped up in one another's passions. Taking turns influencing each other, our bouts of pleasure are fought with fierce eagerness; resting when need be, then returning, ready for another round. The night passes in a blur of wild pleasures, the wilderness echoing with our feral cries.

* * *

Slowly coming awake in the morning, lying on my side, curled gently around Marissa's back, it takes a few moments for consciousness to fully return. Feeling a little stiff from all of our activities the night before, I stretch my feline body, working out the kinks and feeling pleasantly fulfilled.

Looking at Marissa sleeping peacefully with a contented smile on her muzzle, her fur and hair are in an a rather obvious state of disarray. Then glancing down at myself, the same can be said for me. Seeing our fur mussed up like this, is in its own way rather attractive, especially on her, looking forward to taking a brush slowly to her. Grinning lightly, it just makes me feel more contented, serving as a further reminder of how hard we had played last night.

'Damn... I can't believe how long we went at it... We were like animals... Man did it feel good though... I can't believe how strong this new body is...' Smiling to myself, 'It's still gonna take

some getting used to, but I think it won't be all that bad... It felt weird to be overwhelmed by her scent like that... but it was definitely pleasant... The loss of control was worth it...'

Reaching out to stroke one of Marissa's breasts, she purrs softly and after a few moments comes awake. Slowly turning over on her back, she looks up at me, still a little dreamily. "Good morning Marissa... that was wonderful."

"Mmmm... yes it was Ben... The timing was prefect."

Bending my head down, our muzzles make contact, and our lips embrace in a soft, lingering kiss. Savoring the kiss, drawing it out, I finally pull away, smiling down warmly at her. Then, before I can react, her hand darts out and grasps me firmly on the muzzle.

Forced to breath in, her scent is still strong and potent, as its musky aroma pours into my lungs. Feeling my consciousness comfortably clouding over, grinning at the prospect of it, my arousal returns. As my tongue begins to lap at her fur, and she rolls me onto my back, my final rational thought, taken with excited amusement, is 'well, here we go again...'