

Continuing to sit in the waiting room, Geoff felt nervous as hell, awaiting his name to be called. To your confusion, in the last half-hour you've been here, no one else has been in or out. Though you are used to long wait times, why are you waiting now? Still, you have no room to complain. Not with what this interview promises you.

Down on your luck after an incident at your former job you'd rather not recall, you found yourself jobless with only your meager savings to get you by. Due to the nature of your termination, you did not qualify for employment insurance or any other form of financial compensation. Therefore, when the opportunity arose for a one-month paid research position, you jumped at the chance.

At last, a young man holding a clipboard exits the inner door and regards your presence. "Mr. _____?" He asks, as though it wasn't obvious whom he was looking for.

"Geoff is fine," you reply, trying to keep your composure. Though wanting to make a good first impression, you were already guaranteed for the position as far as you understood.

The experiment you'd signed up for required you to stay in total isolation for its duration. A month in a single isolated room, unable to leave, attended only by the staff on the premises. The solution you were supposed to be injected with was a potential vaccine for a dangerous pathogen. Though the risk was minimal for you, there was no telling how it might impact the outside world, hence your isolation.

You honestly weren't sure why you'd been chosen for this particular project. Despite being male, between 25 and 35, and having no preexisting conditions, there wasn't anything that made you special. The intake process had been rather specific, however. They asked questions about your personal life, how often you talked to family, spent time with friends, etc. You might have been concerned, thinking it was a scam for black market organs or the like. But as you read the description of the job, it started making sense why a recluse like you was preferable. Someone like you with few ties with the outside world was exactly what the experiment required.

The man motions for you to follow him into a back room, and you do so, a little reluctantly. It all seemed official enough, even the lack of other participants. No one else would be joining you in isolation, after all. You would be safe participating in this experiment, right?

You are brought into a back room and given some papers to sign, the standard confidentiality agreements for this sort of endeavor. You can't make heads or tails of most of it,

but you are encouraged by the presence of legal terminology. Surely, any organization with this much paperwork has to be on the up and up, right?

After a few moments of careful inspection and seeing nothing amiss, you sign the paper in the designated spots, handing it back to the man with a slight smile. He nods, placing it in a folder before asking you to follow him.

You are then taken into another room, a doctor's office, by the looks of things. Left alone to wait, you nervously take in your surroundings. Nothing looks out of place. A biohazard container, an adjustable bed, drawers lined with needles and stethoscopes, and a variety of other medical equipment.

Yet one thing does catch your attention. Instead of the regular anatomy charts lining the walls, this room has diagrams of animal anatomy. Dogs, horses, pigs, rats. They are detailed diagrams, seemingly more at home at a veterinarian's office than a hospital for humans. Still, the sight doesn't concern you too much as you examine them, having nothing else to do.

Before too long, a man dressed in a white coat enters the room, reading your chart before washing his hands and donning gloves. He briefly explains the procedure, telling you that a series of injections is required before you are transferred to your home away from home. You reluctantly oblige, never a fan of needles but understanding of the necessity. Much to your chagrin, you see several sharp tips lined up for your flesh, and you close your eyes, not wanting to view the process. The doctor simply replies in a warm voice that though the process will sting a little it will be over relatively soon.

You feel the prick of the needle entering you as you reflexively look down, trying not to go white as the clear fluid enters your body. A brief reprieve is given before the next in the series is injected. Some are given intramuscularly, more painful than the ones injected intravenously. Your muscles ache, but the process is relatively short, as the doctor promised. Soon he is placing the last of the safeguarded needles into a biohazard bin and gleefully informs you the procedure is over.

You smile back at him when suddenly you begin to feel sleepy, your eyelids growing heavy. Noticing this, the doctor simply tells you the injection series can be rather strenuous on the body and recommends that you lie down for a few moments and close your eyes if need be. You nod your head in agreement and close your eyes, feeling the fatigue catching up as you lightly drift off.

You wake up sometime afterward, lying in a bed in an unfamiliar room. You shake your head a few times, trying to remember how you had gotten here. Surely you hadn't been taken here while asleep. You were a bit of a larger guy, and it seemed very unlikely you could be relocated without your knowledge. Still, you find it difficult to recall the steps you took to get to this particular location. Your mind is foggy, but becoming more alert from fear with the possibility something more insidious was to occur.

The room isn't too fancy, but after a look around, you find you are satisfied with the decor. A TV with your game consoles and games sits at one end, as per your request during the intake. No computer was provided; though it pained you, part of the process was total isolation for the duration, not just personal but in social media as well. Still, you had prepared for that reality. A basic fridge and stove are present along another wall, with a door where you assume is a toilet and shower, the only privacy you are to be granted.

Yet one thing in the room does strike you as odd. There are a series of cages along one wall, each in a variety of sizes though uniform in shape. They resemble pet cages, and you assume the largest is for a larger breed of dog while the smallest might comfortably fit a hamster or gerbil. Was that part of the experiment, to see how animals handled the vaccine before human trials? You find yourself hoping they had been properly disinfected before you arrived here.

Just then, the sound of a door opening draws your attention, and two men enter, donned with masks, gloves, and lab coats. You are a little confused, but soon remember it is part of the procedure. Though the risk of cross-contamination is low, it is recommended that all proper precautions be taken. You had been told all this in great detail when you were hired. You breathe a sigh of relief. Why are you so jumpy?

"Ahh, Mr...Geoff, sorry. Just checking in. Need some blood work. Are you settling in alright?"

You smile back, clearing your head of the intrusive thoughts. You weren't brought here against your will. In your fatigue and nervousness, you simply couldn't remember coming here, that was all. These people have no intention to hurt you. Aside from the daily blood draws, of course, but you are prepared for that.

The men make pleasant small talk with you, introducing themselves as Eddie and Travis. You want to ask more specifics about the treatment but you are too nervous to do so. Instead, you discuss the weather, the current state of affairs, and anything else they think of to quicken the process.

Their specimen is taken with little fanfare, but at least they are quick and efficient. You are given a few instructions, things you'd heard already. Don't try to leave, don't try to communicate with the outside world. Nothing you aren't prepared for. With another friendly smile, both men leave. You are thankful for their kindness and pleasant demeanor. You didn't think you'd want to do this if your caregivers were nasty to you!

You decide to exercise first after admiring the new-looking treadmill. You hadn't really kept up a good exercise regimen with your depression and a formerly busy job, so you figure this is a good time to get back in shape. There isn't much on the TV, so you leave it muted, simply a distraction in the background. Yet after about ten minutes or so, you find yourself out of breath and cursing your previous lack of discipline. Hopefully, that will change over the coming days if you kept up a regular regiment.

After a quick shower, you decide to game, appreciating that your request for your gaming consoles had been honored. You aren't sure how you'd manage without some familiar entertainment, and you have quite the backlog to easily keep you entertained for the entire duration of your isolation!

Lunch as a mixture of nuts, fruits, and bread that you find in the fridge and cupboards. There isn't any meat, but you figure you might be brought something later on. You would kill for a pizza, but sadly you are likely on a specialized diet and couldn't receive such luxuries. You wonder if you could inquire about it later, perhaps.

The afternoon leaves you feeling a little bored. You'd gamed for several hours but are feeling restless. Yet you don't want to run on the treadmill again, either. All afternoon you'd been feeling a little irritated like your skin was crawling under your clothes. Even scratching yourself doesn't alleviate the annoying sensations. Perhaps it is the atmosphere of the habitat, or perhaps, it is your clothes that are irritating you. You make a note to ask about that as well.

Soon the men from before are back to take another sample of blood. They listen to your requests and queries and promise to send them on to the higher-ups. You thank them for their diligence as they prepare their equipment to take another sample.

"Coming along good," says Eddie, and you find yourself wondering what that means. Surely, they don't have test results so soon? You trace his gaze down towards your crotch, but you must be mistaken. There is no way he would be so unprofessional to check you out. You must be imagining things.

Though some time passes between their last visit, you still receive no reprieve from the irritation plaguing your skin. After a while, the itching seems to center in your groin, and shamelessly you begin scratching yourself with fervor, desperate to remove the annoying prickling. Yet as you do so, you feel your cock spur to life from just your brief touch. A few more scratches are all it takes to make you realize you are indeed horny. What is causing you to become so aroused? You must just be pent up, you reason. It has been a long time since you've felt relaxed enough to masturbate, after all.

A passing thought has you feeling nervous about tending to your needs when all your activities are on camera. You decide to head into the bathroom, its closed space the only privacy available. Remembering that your attendants are not supposed to return today, you slip inside, hoping not to look too suspicious on camera. But then again, isn't this a normal thing for you to do, especially in captivity as you are?

Taking off your pants reveals a penis that is a little...larger than you remember. Maybe you are far more pent up than you thought? You run your hand over your engorged member, and all at once, a shiver of pleasure flows through you. Never has touching yourself given you so much joy! You want to masturbate aggressively, but you force yourself to only take short, careful strokes. It has been a while, you realize, and you want to savor the experience.

As you touch yourself, you feel something soft playing under your fingers, especially around the base of your member. It's a bizarre sensation, out of place on your untended crotch. Instead of the coarse, wiry mess you see every morning in the shower, these hairs are soft, covering every inch of your groin. The sight should alarm you, yet they serve only in amplifying your pleasure ten-fold as you play with them.

You don't think of it too much as you continue to carefully tease your bulbous testicles, heading up to your perineal region while your other hand keeps its steady pace up and down your member. You crave the tactile sensation of the lovely hairs, wondering how you hadn't noticed them before. If you had, you'd be touching yourself every night to experience this level of ecstasy!

Seeking every iota of pleasure you can before your end nears, your hand reaches to cup your ball sack and fondle the testes within. To your surprise, or perhaps wonder, your testicles are not the same size as the ones you brought in this morning. You are certain they had never contained such low-hanging fruit. You worry for a moment that you've contracted some kind of cancer, some unnatural growth in your testes that is causing you illness. Perhaps it is a side effect of the injection you've received?

Yet even with your panic, the sensations emanating from your crotch threaten to overwhelm you. You can't tear your hands away, neither from your monster ball sack or your needy cock. In fact, your hand is moving up and down your pole with more purpose. You know that your end is near and that you need to relieve the painfully full orbs between your fingers. And each touch of your girthy flesh only serves to amplify your anticipation of the oncoming release!

Before you have time to comprehend what is happening, your balls are bunching up, and your orgasm overwhelms your entire being. You yell out as your cock shoots several powerful spurts of seed into your hand, spilling over onto the floor, the toilet, and even coating the walls. Your cock spasms several more times before it seems your balls are truly empty. Every touch drains a little more seed, and you can't stop until you are left huffing and panting from such a powerful release.

Finally coming down from the post-orgasmic bliss, you realize what it is you've done. You've made quite a mess all over your temporary bathroom. You have no idea how you've produced so much seed, but it is EVERYWHERE. Embarrassed, you do your best with the limited cleaning products at your disposal to rid the room of your release. Yet the more you clean, the more locations you find remnants of your drying spunk. It is almost impossible to fully eliminate the smells of cum that linger in the air. Eventually, you give up, thankful that no one is likely to use this restroom and discover your shame. You take a quick shower once more, trying to make it look like you've taken a long bath, the only other non-embarrassing explanation for your lengthy absence.

You fall asleep after that, the events of the day and the strange self-pleasuring experience leaving you oddly fatigued. You had worried that trying to sleep in such a new place would be next to impossible, but before you realize it, you are passed out. Yet your dreams that night are oddly vivid. Images of your past masturbatory experiences are at the forefront of your thoughts. The more you touch yourself in your dreams, the more your once modest-sized testicles grow, to the size of softballs, of oranges, and even beyond that! The image of your male virility is a powerful aphrodisiac, and you force yourself to orgasm multiple times. Yet the more you cum, the more your balls seem to swell with their seed, and the greater the need to empty them grows.

You wake up in the morning in a cold sweat. You realize that your balls are coated with sticky drying cum, the remnants of more than one wet dream from the feeling of it. How have you been so horny? Stranger still is that your member and your balls don't quite seem satisfied. In fact, your swelling orbs seem even more full of seed than the night before. The mere sight of their engorged state beckons you to the bathroom to empty them once more.

You decide to go for a run right away before your morning bathroom ritual. You hope the exercise will work out any excess energy that would otherwise be redirected to your genitals. You start out slowly on the treadmill, the light walk making you feel invigorated, energized. Soon you find it is not enough, and you set the machine to go faster, working up to a steady jog. Yet still, you don't seem to break a sweat. Unlike yesterday, after five minutes, you are not fatigued.

Turning up the machine as far as you think you can handle, you are forced into a brisk run. You run faster and faster, enjoying the energy your legs seem to grant you. You haven't run this fast or this long since your teenage years, and the sensations are exhilarating!

Yet soon you notice that something is slapping against your legs, and you are forced to slow down, irritated by how much it seems to hinder your run. Yet even at a slower rate, it continues smacking uncomfortably at your legs and preventing you from fully expanding your energy. If you didn't know any better, you'd swear that your testicles were the source of the discomfort.

Finally, you stop, needing to relieve your irritation and wondering how the hell your balls have grown so massive in such a short amount of time. You know you should go into the bathroom to examine them but you can't. You seem rooted to the spot in a moment of indecision. You need to see yourself and see it right now, damned camera or no.

You aren't fully prepared for the sight that awaits you. Pulling off your shorts, you are greeted to a flaccid penis the size of your member while fully erect. It still looks normal, at least in shape, even if the size isn't what you are used to. But at the moment, that isn't what draws your attention. The sight of your massive ball sack makes you shiver in anticipation. It is easily twice the size of its former equivalent. Once more, you are reminded of images of cancer or parasitic infection, the only possible cause for your testes to expand in such a manner. Yet you feel none of the discomfort that you would expect from such a disease. Instead, they are painfully full, like you have been pent up for weeks, your balls blue with the need to cum.

The sight of your massive testicles brings your cock to full erection. Despite yourself, the sweaty male hormones wafting off your body only serve to amplify your lusts, and before you notice, your hand is once again encircling your erection. The feeling is a little off, as though it is not the same cock that you had pleased just last evening. But you soon get used to its girth and work yourself into a comfortable rhythm as your balls slap against your legs in tandem.

The scent of your musky odor only serves to accentuate your lust, and you start stroking faster, eager to empty the pent up needs in your balls. Once more, your other hand plays over the

soft hairs covering your ballsack, and you moan from the wonderful tactile sensations. Your hand traces upwards towards a wide pucker that seems further up your backside than you remember. Feeling a little exploratory, you slide one finger in, hissing from the added stimulation. A second one soon follows, and all at once, the sensations overload your sensibilities.

You come quickly, spraying your load all over the treadmill and your hand. Like unfurling a kink in a firehose the force of your spray covers an even greater distance than last night, even hitting your bed. You pant a little, fatigued from such a powerful orgasm. Yet your balls don't feel empty, not entirely. It would not take much to bring you to erection once again, though you aren't sure how a thing could be possible.

It is only then you realize what you have done. Not only have you just shot the biggest load of your life, but you also did it while on film! Your cheeks flush with the shame of committing such a personal act on camera. Surely, every doctor and researcher saw what you had done, had it recorded to view at their leisure. And you had no control over yourself as you did so! What is wrong with you?

Ashamed of yourself, you hurriedly pick up your clothes and run to the bathroom, wanting to cover your shame. You have a cold shower, trying to eliminate any traces of lust that still reside in your mind. It works, for a time, and the ache in your balls diminishes as they slide up inside you for protection from the cold. You leave the shower, uncomfortable from the cold water, but at least thankful that your boner is shriveled for the time being. You sit on your bed, shivering yet unwilling to warm yourself lest your erection grows once more.

Eventually, the same two men from the other day arrive with their supplies, and you feel the swelling of shame overwhelm you once more. Surely, they saw what was on the footage. Maybe they hadn't? You decide to play it cool, although you are still clad only in a towel. Besides, maybe it's totally socially acceptable for someone in your situation, you think. You have little else to do in isolation, but touch yourself!

Both men approach, smiling at you with a friendly greeting. Yet your return smile fades when you realize they are staring at your towel, more specifically your bulge underneath. To your utter shame, you realize your cock has gotten hard, your testicles swelling until it is impossible to mistake the lump as anything but lust!

"!...Umm..." You try to sputter, but the words don't quite come out. You can't believe this is happening. Only the second day into your quarantine and this is your reaction to any company? What is wrong with you?!

Yet the men don't seem to mind. They approach you with renewed vigor, as though the mere sight of you is enticing them. Eddie reaches down towards you, and you want to cower, but something keeps you in place.

"You're coming along very nicely, Geoff," he says as his nimble fingers tear off your towel to expose your massive fur-covered balls. You are unable to prevent them from seeing your changed genitalia in full view. As if in response, your mammoth testes shoot a bit of pre to your cock tip, which itself has become much more flared.

You know this is wrong, that you can't like this. Yet you are frozen in place as Eddie's hands trace over your cock tip, making you shiver in anticipation. His soft hands play up and down your cock, causing more pre to leak down your shaft and coat your furry balls. You can feel the steady itching that proceeds the growth of more fine fur, thickening over your balls and spreading around your groin and even in between your legs.

"Just relax, Geoff," Travis says as he rubs around the rim of your tight pucker. You shiver and moan from the alien perceptions in your most private of places. But as the tingling begins to increase and your fuck hole grows wider, you start to crave the sensations and the pleasure they elicit to your prostate.

Something starts aching from your tailbone, and you instinctively reach back to rub the sore spot. There is something there, something poking out the skin that spasms the more you touch it. It isn't very long, and the flesh feels like your own skin texture, yet it is far more sensitive. You rub its entire surface, not caring about what it is or why it is growing.

As you do, you can feel it twitching, the individual bones of your coccyx starting to move under the skin, as though rearranging. They spread out slightly, moving out to meet the confines of your growth. As soon as they reach its tip, the length of the growth starts to expand against the soft flesh. You can feel this new growth pressing out of your skin, uncomfortable yet not painful.

As soon as he notices, Travis reaches down to massage this second bulge. It starts out gentle at first, but as he continues to work over the flesh, his nimble fingers find themselves rubbing the space where the flesh meets the base of your spine and back. It feels better than you could have ever imagined. You moan, leaning back to invite both men to play over your genitals and backside with no hesitation.

The previous fears you harbored of letting two strangers do this to you, two men no less, starts to wane as your entire body begins to rock back and forth in pleasure. Despite never having done such a thing with you, both men seem incredibly aware of all your sweet spots. Their

teasing fingers rub your furry balls, your tight pucker, and best of all, your cock in a rhythm that makes you shudder. A finger teases its way into your asshole and slowly slides in and out in time with the ministrations on your penis. A warmth of flesh pools at the base of your member and a stray finger finds its way in there as well. And most of all is the lovely consistent touch to your tailbone that makes you writhe in pleasure.

You are getting so close to emptying those massive balls now hanging from your crotch. You would have cum already had you not felt a little shy from the presence of these men to witness your naked form. But now, without your normal inhibitions, you are free to let the waves of pleasure wash over you. You relish the buildup of sensation that threatens to overwhelm you at any moment. The feelings of giving in to another, to trust your pleasure to them are almost divine. Your fate is entirely in their hands, and you are thankful they are hands so skilled!

“Just let it go, Geoff. Let it all out. Be a good boy for us and cum,” whispers Eddie in a husky voice.

That is all the encouragement you can stand. You cry out as your cock starts to shake uncontrollably, and your spasming balls unload your cum like a volcano. You jerk and writhe in pleasure as more jism than you have ever produced spills from your taut member and hits your chest, face, and even the men’s face masks. More and more of your pent up seed is ejected violently, and the level of ecstasy you experience is nearly indescribable in human terms. You white-out as your body continues to eject its load, lost in a sea of comfort that no sexual experience has ever provided you.

Travis eventually pulls out his equipment and takes a blood sample, while Eddie collects some of your still-drying cum. They wash you off with warm towels as you lie there in post-orgasmic bliss. You are barely aware as they get up and gather their equipment.

“This will do nicely. Well done Geoff! Get some rest. Let us know when you’re full next time, bud. We’re more than happy to help,” says Eddie with a knowing wink. You open your eyes, the bulges in their own pants not escaping your notice.

With that, the two men leave you dazed and confused. You lie there that second night, the itching from your balls and the pain from the back of your spine keeping you awake. Part of you is sexually satisfied in a way you could never have dreamed of. Yet another is shocked, embarrassed at the behavior. You can’t fathom letting anyone, let alone a pair of male strangers touch you in such a manner. But you had. And what is worse, you enjoyed it beyond any experience you had prepared for.

What is happening to you? What kind of experiment was this, to make your balls swell with seed, far more massive than any human? To make that thing poke out of your spine, twitching against your will? You find yourself wanting to exit the experiment, but knowing the legal document you'd signed was binding.

But there is another reason, one you can't quite shake no matter how much you desire to. Despite the fear and the disgust and the shame you felt. You know, instinctively deep down, that tomorrow when the men come to take your blood and fondle your balls, you will welcome it. You'll have no choice but to allow them free reign over your body if it meant once more experiencing even a sliver of pleasure that you'd already felt today.

You awake in the morning, feeling a now-familiar tingling in your testicles that reminds you of the past day's events. You blush, wondering why you had so willingly allowed yourself to give in. But at the recollection of those dexterous fingers over your taut cock, your erection rises to meet your hands, throbbing under your sleeping garments and drooling thick streams of precum.

Your hands start to move towards the beckoning rod before you recall the cameras watching your every move. You blush as your hands instead cover your aching member, despite having done something like this only yesterday. Still, you aren't ready to once again fully debase yourself in such a fashion!

You make your way to the bathroom, forcing your hands over your bugle as you get to privacy as quickly as possible. You close the door, a cold shower exactly what you need. The fact that you haven't grabbed any fresh clothes is not lost on you. But you can't go back out with your cock throbbing this desperately!

The sight of your naked body in the mirror is a little unnerving, however. You knew there were changes, that the sensation of itchy hair and testicle swelling hadn't been a dream. You'd seen it with your own eyes. However, you hadn't realized just how much that you crotch had altered.

The first thing you notice is all the hair down there. It doesn't match the color of the hair on your head, which leaves you confused. It's light, blond or white, and covers your entire groin. It's thick, making it hard to see the skin between the follicles. You were never into manscaping, but your groin has never looked like this!

Next up are your testicles, which once more seem full and weighty, much like the previous day. They aren't the size that you brought in here only a couple of days ago. You don't want to touch them, even to see if they are real. You know they are. But it's plain to see that they have swelled, closer to the size of grapes than your human testicles. And they seem maybe...longer? More oval?

So enraptured by the sight of your balls, you hardly notice the changes to your cock. It isn't really that different, not at first glance. Not when compared to what you've already witnessed from your other changes. But there is something at the base of your dick, something that didn't exist on your cut length. You barely notice, with your turgid erection. It's a pooling of flesh, bunching below your cock from the force of your erection. A warm, fuzzy flap of skin, to keep your cock protected when not in use. A sheath, like an animal might have.

The sight of your girth makes you shiver, knowing that regardless of what happens, you can't give in to the urge to touch it. You quickly step into the shower, bracing yourself for the cold water to hit your body. But instead, the water is the perfect temperature. The warm water runs over your body, relaxing you as your erection throbs uncontrolled. You want to moan, but try your best to stifle it. You think maybe for a moment there are cameras in here and you truly have no privacy.

Yet the ache in your crotch, ever-present, makes it difficult to think. All it takes to lower your resistance is the simple recollection of yesterday's pleasure, a momentary flash of memory. All your concern seems to ebb away from the siren song of your cock. As though in a trance, your hand reaches down towards your member, the head starting to ooze in anticipation.

You wait for the familiar sensation of warm flesh caressing your cock head. Yet as soon as the fingers touch your flesh, you yelp from an unexpected prick of pain. You nearly fall out of the shower on your ass and feel another ripple of agony running up your spine. The contours of your body seem to have shifted in more ways than anticipated, and you stand up, tears welling from your eyes at the notion of the alterations flowing over your body. You don't want these changes! This isn't what you signed up for!

Yet despite the horror of your situation, you need to examine what has been done to you. You start with your hands, looking down to see the nails have grown much faster than your nails should, but it's more than that. Never have they been so sharp before! You can't recall anyone having nails so pointy. You gently run them over your arms, shivering from the contact over the sensitive flesh. No wonder you hurt your member when you touched it!

Yet of greater concern is the growth behind your back. You go to reach for it but are quickly reminded of your new nails. Therefore, you opt to turn around to try and view it in the steamy mirror. Carefully turning the shower off, you wait for the fan to remove the condensation from the mirror so you can see what has become of your backside. You can feel something there, like a weight, but beyond that, you aren't sure. A part of your mind offers a solution, but you still fight to deny its correlation to your other alterations.

At last, you can make out your visage in the mirror, and, tentatively, you turn yourself around so that your shapely ass is reflected in the glass. It's not very large, hanging from your spine only an inch or two. And you can't move it, as strange as the notion is for you to believe. But it is there. You can sense the weight of the flesh on your backside, almost feel it brushing against the skin of your bare ass.

You desperately want to fondle it, the memory of sensation against the flesh too fresh on your mind from the prior day's contact. The way the men's hands had played so wonderfully over your growth, the feeling of fingers digging in the back of your spine and making your cock throb painfully erect as you drew closer and closer...

The sound of knocking breaks you from your trance, preventing you from making what you are sure is a mistake. Gingerly, you pull your hands from your cock and your back, and grab for the door, forgetting for a moment that you are still naked. As you suspect, it's the men from before, their faces bearing expressions of concern rather than lust or malice.

At your shame of being seen, Eddie gently reaches out to take your hand, holding you firmly, but gently. "You don't need to worry about being nude, bud. You know you gotta get off. Clothes would only get in the way of pleasing a beast like you," He says with a tone of comfort.

You know that you should fight against the words, that they are part of whatever demented experiment that is being conducted. You want to protest, but Travis's gloved hands reach down to gently tease the very tip of your cock, and your mind is wrapped up in the memory of yesterday. It slows your resistance just enough to allow those strong arms to pull you forward.

Timidly, you step out into the cool air of your home, guided by the arms of your caretakers as they move you towards the bed. You somehow hadn't noticed it before, but the stench of your sweat and cum from last night's activities washes over you. It's a masculine stink, one that makes you weak in the knees. It's your scent, weaving the tale of not only your presence but of your health and virility.

Your cock relaxes a bit, dropping from its new home. As soon as it does, a finger works into the sheath, lowering your resistance even further. Soon, you're on your bed, being laid back as Travis carefully lifts you, so you do not sit on your new growth. As he does, you can feel his finger tease over your taint, playing into your pucker and sending that delightful shiver all over your form. Your writhe and pant, unable to protest the attention you are receiving.

“Why didn't you call for us buddy? Don't wait till you're this pent up! A beast like you needs release often,” Says Eddie as his hand reaches down to rub your turgid girth. You allow yourself to lean back, huffing from the pleasure as your cock erupts with a stream of pre.

Travis is playing over your growth now, teasing the edges of your spine, making you cry out and shoot another burble of precum. A slight electrical surge shoots through your spine, and with a startled cry, you realize the thing behind you is moving! It starts twitching uncontrollably, and you are certain it is lengthening. Worse, you can feel the now-familiar itching plaguing your backside, what you know must be more white hairs overtaking your form.

Suddenly, you panic, the idea of changing overriding even the promise of pleasure. But you hardly move off the bed as the nimble fingers start rubbing the base of your spine, that wonderfully erogenous zone. You try to struggle, but the foreign sensations leave you frozen as your lips elicit a moan. You hear a series of pops, as though the bones in your spine are starting to extend. But there is no pain. And even if there was, the gentle caress of sensitive flesh just above your tail would override any agony the change could inflict upon you!

“Don't worry, Geoff. Doesn't that feel good? You're going to have a beautiful tail soon. Just enjoy it, bud,” whispers Eddie as you feel yourself start to relax.

Your enjoyment is only accentuated by the daft hands that are slowly teasing your perineal region. They rub all over the white hairs that have erupted from your pores, followed by an itch as they seem to encourage more to grow. The fingers play over your groin, gently reaching down to lightly tease your testicles. They seem to avoid your groin, and you quickly understand why. If his fingers were to come anywhere near your turgid rod, you would blow over all the three of you in an instant!

One of the hands runs over your arms, pinpricks of hair growth following as they explore the contours of your muscles. You can feel something inside you snap as if the muscles have dislocated. But they seem to effortlessly repair themselves, though you are aware their range of motion has been limited. But it is impossible to protest with the pleasure of hair growth all over your upper arms as the man continues to play with your form.

“That’s good, Geoff. Such a strong beast. So eager and virile. Just give in. Let us pamper you as you deserve,” says the voice, lowering any traces of resistance that may have been creeping into your mind.

The man continues to work over both your shoulders, and you can feel that now-familiar sensation of tearing and stretching as the muscles underneath reorientate. But it doesn’t hurt, nor even feel the slightest bit discomforting. It feels like you really are becoming the handsome beast they seem to worship you as.

You moan as the prickling of hair encroaches over your shoulders, a light peppering dotting the surface of your skin. Yet it only serves to make your flesh more sensitive as he continues to rub those shoulders. You can almost swear that they are flattening, but such a thing would cause you pain, right? The man’s arms run down all the way to your elbows, leaving patches of short hair every place he does so. Yet you are no longer even bothered; it simply feels too good!

One of Eddie’s hands curiously reaches up to touch the flesh of your face. As he does, the itching spreads over your chin, like the rapid growth of a beard. You perceive a pleasant tickling, and you close your eyes, lost in the oncoming rapture. Yet as you do, you feel a distracting tingle as his finger reaches up to tease your lips and nose. You want to push away at the uncomfortable sensation, but soon his finger is removed, and the delightful tingling returns and relaxes you. You are aware that the sensation has spread to your nose, and there is a dull ache in your upper jaw. But it's hard to focus on anything other than the pleasure running over your form.

You want more. You really do. But you can feel your balls tensing, and you are about to blow your load without even having any direct stimulation. A dull ache runs through your body, but the feelings from your dick ebbing over you make such notions irrelevant. You start to thrust your eager hips into the air, needing desperately to spill the load your swelling testicles seem to have gathered.

Seeing your desperation, Travis lowers his hand, tracing it over your cock as he grasps you firmly, yet gently. He starts jerking you off, your ample precum more than enough to lube his ministrations. The pleasure ripples over you, the sensation of oncoming orgasm threatening to send you into an eternity of bliss.

“That’s a good boy, Geoff, let it go. Let it all out...” Travis says, and his words are all you need.

Groaning, you let yourself go and feel your orgasm washing over you, blowing a thick, strong-smelling load that covers your cock, the men, and the hairs all over your groin. Your vision whites out as waves of ecstasy crash over you, stronger than the ocean tides as you float away on your blanket of release.

Soon, you awake, feeling the warmth of a washcloth cleaning your hair, removing the remnants of sticky seed from your body. You are hardly aware that Travis has drawn blood until the bandage is placed over your arm. They seem to be gathering their equipment, having completed their task for the morning.

A small part of you wants to protest, but you can't recall why you were bothered in the first place. You are being worshiped, like a sexy Adonis. You haven't been treated like this in your entire life. It's hard not to give into the feeling of being treated like a king!

"That's good for now. Good job, bud! You're looking really handsome now!" Says Eddie, and once again, you can't help but notice the tent in his pants.

"And don't forget, buzz us when you're needy! You can't keep all that seed inside! It's what we are here for!" says Travis as they prepare to leave. Soon, they leave you alone to your own devices. You start wondering what the hell is happening, though you are having difficulty focusing over the pleasures plaguing your form.

Even though you have just been exposed in all your nakedness, you decide to don your clothes, liking the bit of modesty they provide. But something feels wrong the moment you put them on. You see how baggy your shirt is, how you need to notch your belt 2 holes over. Even your socks feel uncomfortably loose on your feet.

You decide to take a look in the mirror, seeing that you indeed look a little smaller than before. Are you..shrinking? That can't be right. But you can't deny how...loose your clothes are. Your shirt is so large it covers even the stump of your tail, which you have completely forgotten until now. At your recollection of its presence, it starts to move, startling you from your worry about the decrease in height. It is very disconcerting that it can move at your prompting.

You reach down to rub it, wondering what it will feel like to your touch. Yet as you do, you realize that your shoulders seem a little stiff. You think for a moment that your caretaker's ministrations have caused this, but it's more than that. They don't seem to maintain the level of flexibility that they should. You recall the pops of cracks of your muscles altering, and wonder if that has something to do with it

You take another look at your visage in the mirror, something else catching your eye as you regard yourself carefully. Your features seem more...angular? Your beard appears a little lighter, though the hairs are thicker and less sparse. And your nose seems...more pointed? That can't be right. You make a note to ask your caretakers afterward, but wonder what it is they will say.

Now it is the rumbling in your belly that calls your attention, and your nose is drawn towards the succulent scents of flavorful food set out on the counter for you. Lunch is a series of fruits, nuts, and veggies. Though you prefer more processed things, the scents in your nose are overwhelming, and you stumble forward with your mouth watering.

Yet as you bite into your first morsel, you notice something bizarre. Your front teeth are easily able to bite into the nuts and berries that are to be your meal. You rub your incisors, feeling that they seem a little...off. They are clearly longer, almost uncomfortably large in your mouth. You want to ponder them further, but hunger plays over your stomach, and you realize that you haven't eaten since yesterday afternoon. Soon, the meal is consumed, and you make your way to a chair, enjoying the fullness in your belly.

You spend the day playing video games, trying anything to keep your mind off the changes plaguing your form. Yet you find it hard to concentrate on the fighting game that normally has you enthralled. After about twenty minutes of gaming, you decide to turn it off, thinking that now isn't the best time to play.

Instead, you are drawn towards the treadmill, wanting to work off your meal and tend to the pent up energy you seem to have been building. You run and run, careful of your swaying balls as you work up a slick sheen of sweat. Finally exhausted, you make your way to the bed, wanting to strip off your clothes and go shower. But from both the workout you received from your caretakers and the one on the treadmill, your eyes flutter shut, and you pass out right there.

Your dreams are vivid, playing over your mind as you toss and turn in your blankets. Dreams of running round and round, of an energetic body more flexible than your own. Dreams of grooming a wonderful fur coat, building a safe nest, your personal sanctuary. But most of all, you dream of those marvelous hands, playing over every inch of your flesh and molding you into the horny, virile form of their desires. A lovely animal, worthy of the attention that the men have been granting you. A beast needing to empty your massive balls over and over...

You wake up mid-afternoon, your sweaty body having passed out before you'd been able to shower. Your male stink permeates the air, but instead of the disgust that you would normally feel, you can't help but notice that the scent is comforting. It smells powerfully of your ejaculate,

and you can feel the drying remnants on your fuzzy balls, even though you had cum not a few hours prior.

You reach down to rub the area and yelp the moment that your fingers touch the flesh. You have forgotten how sharp your nails are, and looking down, you are greeted to the sight of how far the alterations have progressed. The nails are clearly thicker, sticking from your digits, and pointed at the end. They almost look like an animal's claws!

You want to check in the bathroom to see if anything else has altered, but the moment you leap off the bed, you feel somewhat dizzy, as though rising at a height you aren't used to. Steadying yourself, you oriented yourself to the room, realizing that things do seem a bit off. You are certain you have shrunk, and are afraid to don your clothes to confirm your suspicions.

You can feel your ropey tail behind you twitching of its own accord, a signal of your impatience. You reach back behind you, careful of your claws as you hold its warmth in your hands. The flesh is bare, a darker shade than the rest of your skin. You trace a clawed hand up your back, careful of your nails as you feel fur covering skin that feels different than you are used to. You want to examine your skin in greater detail, but you can't see it from your current vantage.

As you reach higher, the reality that your shoulders and arms aren't as flexible as they should be hits you once more. You carefully examine your chest, trying to ignore the peppering of fur over your shoulders as you do so. You can feel divots in your pecs that should not exist on a human form. And your shoulders seem flat, and they have evidently rotated forwards on your frame. No wonder it is so difficult to flex them!

A more thorough examination reveals changes that you have not yet noticed. For one thing, you can't even see your nipples under the light coating of fur peppering your pecs. Rubbing the area reports no sensitivity, as though they have disappeared entirely. You feel that should bother you, but it's a small discomfort under the onslaught of changes that have plagued your form. Your broad chest seems smaller, more compact. The force of your reorientated shoulders seems to have caused the flesh to move with them, barreling out your pecs to accommodate the change.

It is impossible to ignore the drastic alterations to your body any longer. You knew you were signing up for clinical trials, but you have no intention of being a freak! Holding back your tears, you curse to the cameras, demanding to be let out. Contract be damned! There is no way these experiments are legal, and no matter how good they feel, you refuse to be a lab-rat any longer!

Just then, the sound of a door opening greets your ears as the two men from earlier enter. They wear concerned expressions on their faces as they regard your upset state. You turn to yell at them, to redirect your wrath to those who have been actively aiding in your transformation. Yet immediately, their faces cause you to recall all the pleasures they have granted you these past few days. How good it feels to allow yourself to give in to their delicate ministrations. How can you show such hostility to those who have treated you so tenderly?

The man with the bulge walks over to you, and you pause, allowing him to stroke your hair. "It's OK to be scared, Geoff. You're going through some new changes. And that's frightening! But you're becoming such a lovely beast. One to be pampered and worshiped. You love being a beautiful beast, don't you? One worthy of our attention," Says Eddie, rubbing your hair and gently playing with your ears as they start to tingle.

"Y-yes..." You say, knowing you should protest but are unable to. You know that your body is transforming, but...

At your words of compliance, the man continues, raising his other hand to rub both your ears in tandem. You moan at his sensual touch as the soothing warmth flows into your appendages. You can feel them swelling, as though trying to take in every inch of his experienced fingers. The heated flesh expands like putty, growing thin and wide as they fill in with veins and the ends and back itch with more fur. His hands seem to play over every new inch of your ears as they run lower, touching the base, and filling them with new muscle that allows your ears to twitch. You feel them rotating forward, as in response to his touch and eager to experience more.

Travis is on you without your notice, until he begins stroking your weighty balls and working a finger into your new sheath. He begins to tease out your cock, making you leak from the promise of release. You have cum so many times already, yet your cock is not sore. In fact, it seems just as rigid and ready for more. You feel the head start to melt into the base as the able man works a finger over it, your leaking precum a preview of what is to come. You can't believe how horny you are, but even the anticipation of orgasm makes you crave the pleasure of release!

Eddie, meanwhile, is working around the base of your ears as they continue to rotate and change. You are aware of a loud humming in the room from various angles. It has escaped your notice until now, but with your altered ears, the sounds of even this enclosed space, few as they are, can be detected! Part of you wonders if it is the cameras recording your experiences, but you can't be bothered to contemplate it further.

His hands start to run lower, tracing over your cheeks as your jaw cracks and pops softly. You can feel the itch of hair following in its wake as he runs them all the way down to your neck. It is as though he is working over your form to reshape you towards the intended creature. Yet, the sensations of transformation, in tandem with the light touch on your cock, send you into an ecstasy beyond anything you have even known!

He then touches your hands, making them twitch as, with a crack, they start to extend. His fingers work their way in between your thumbs, drawing them up to your wrists. You flex for a bit, uncomfortable with the sensations, though your thumbs seem to maintain their mobility.

Eddie's thick fingers trace over your claws, making them extend further as the keratin thickens. You try to keep your fingers still, allowing the man to mold them to his whims. His touch seems to accentuate your pleasure as your balls swell up with their load. Yet an unexpected warm hand against the tip of your tail causes you to shake suddenly, and you can feel your sharp nails pierce the fabric of his gloves. With a sharp cry, Eddie pulls back. In your shame, you can tell there is a drop of blood from the cut. You didn't mean to hurt him!

"Hey, be careful of the subject!" Travis yells, keeping his fingers on your balls. You want to back away, ashamed of hurting your benefactors in such a manner. Yet the feeling of fingers tickling your balls relaxes you, making you feel as though you've done nothing wrong. It was an accident, right?

As Eddie backs away to pour antiseptic over the cut, Travis rapidly works over your cock, bringing his other hand over your balls. You can feel them swelling once more, yet this time, the entire girth seems to be enveloped by the man's trembling hands. They seem to be expanding, becoming more oval in shape than their human counterparts. But, once again, you don't seem to care. The larger they are, the more seed they can expend. Right?

As you feel your end coming to a close, the man's fingers seem to plant themselves in your anus, making you shiver from the penetration. Slowly, he moves his fingers closer together, and, with some surprise, it seems as though your balls are being drawn closer with them. It is as though the gap of your perineum is diminishing even as your testicles continue to swell. Yet it only allows more space for your balls to extend, and you love every second of it! You are becoming a masculine, virile beast, and even that thought of that alone is enough to bring you to the edge of orgasm!

A squeak of pleasure leaves your lips as your massive balls throb and churn and spill your load all over Travis's hand. All the worries about your caretaker and the shame of the act is washed away as seed from your testicles as they pump out thick spurts of jism. The sticky jism

coats your shaft and your furry groin. But, lost in your release, you don't care about the mess you are making.

“That’s a good stud. Just let it all out. Just like that. Good boy,” Travis says as he coaxes out the rest of your cum. You’ve been shooting your load for more than 20 seconds now, the sheer force of release almost overwhelming.

Your testicles seem to find another reservoir of semen at the words of praise. You find yourself quickly cumming all over again, a smaller orgasm to compliment your continued pleasure. Eventually, the force of your release nearly causes you to pass out. But the scents in the room keep you conscious enough to see your caretakers leaving. You didn't even feel them taking their usual samples as they turned to part. Yet, clearly, given the full vials of blood on their cart, they must have at some point.

Even in your lusty haze, part of your mind recalls the injury you caused Eddie, and you are suddenly flooded with guilt. You didn't mean to hurt him! Especially not with how he's been treating you these past few days.

And then there is your angry outburst. You are still fuming that you are in here against your will. But do these two men deserve your wrath? They are not the ones that brought you here, as best as you can tell. Even if they are complacent, they have only treated you with love and kindness as they've helped along your journey.

It is a terrible conflict in your mind. You are so angry at the unwilling change yet take so much pleasure in the process. What should you feel in the face of such an experience?

Eddie turns around before leaving, seeing the hesitation and confusion in your expression. “Don't worry about it, stud. It was an accident! These things happen. It doesn't make you any less worthy of attention. Get some rest, bud. We'll be in earlier tomorrow morning to make sure you don't stay pent up too long.”

With that, you are left alone in your room to contemplate your situation until you decide to clean yourself. The hint of shame washes over you, though not as badly as it had this morning. It's hard to feel embarrassed while being treated like a king by two many studs, after all. The way they stroked your muscles, marveled over the size of your cock, and rubbed more fur over your shrinking frame. You are sure that you aren't gay, but...how else can you explain why the experience feels so *good*? No one has ever made you feel this way in your entire life, and the attention is intoxicating.

You know you should retain your anger towards your captivity. Yet the more you think it over, the more conflicted you are. It might be a form of Stockholmes syndrome, you know. Yet you find it impossible to deny the reality of the feelings you have towards your treatment. You really do like being pampered and changed. Even if the end result makes you something other than human.

Lying in bed that third night, you start to wonder what your true purpose is here. You are clearly changing into something inhuman, though the changes do not disturb you as much as you think they should. Still, is this to be your life from now on? Being fed and pleased like a beast, with no human concerns? Would that really be so bad? It certainly hasn't been bad thus far!

Even though you are eager to get back to your life, your humanity, you find it increasingly difficult to recall why. Save the embarrassment of your exposure, which you are starting to grow accustomed to. The entire experience seems to have gone on for months, though it had only been a couple of days in reality. What will one more day really hurt? Maybe you can really measure the pros and cons of your captivity.

Like the night before, the visions you experience are incredibly vivid. At some points, it is difficult to determine which parts are waking and which are part of the dream. You imagine yourself on that treadmill once more, running with all the energy you can muster. Your body is tireless, able to run all day and night if you want. It is nervous energy, one that is part of your physiology as a means to escape danger. Yet you can't help but feel exhilarated at the moment.

The space you are in is confined, closed around you, but that suits your psyche just fine. You feel more comfortable in the dark, in this place that smells so much like you. You can tell you belong here, marked with your body odors as it is.

You feel your natural state of being is to be afraid. You are small, after all, and subject to many dangers. Yet this is your safe haven, where nothing can touch you.

Your feelings of security are compounded with how you've been treated lately. How can you be afraid of the world with such warm hands to care for all of your needs? You can feel them rubbing you over and making you cum from their humble attentions. You orgasm over and over, the rank smells of ejaculate overwhelming your senses. But, lost in the pleasurable reverie, you don't seem to care.

There is one more demand in your tiny body that is not yet being met. An aching in your asshole, the need to be filled and bred. The sensation is foreign to your heterosexual mind. Yet,

you can't deny the need swelling at the forefront of your thoughts. You were given a taste of it earlier with a finger pulling at the inside of your ass.

It is not in a female way, you are certain. Rather, you want to take a male mate inside you, to solidify the feelings of lust and companionship that have been building these last few days. You want to feel his pleasure as he gives you your own...

You wake up sometime later, somewhat refreshed even with how little your mind seems to have rested. Your body should be sore from the changes and the frequent sessions of orgasm. But, you don't seem to be any worse for wear. You are still a little tired and could use a nap later in the day. But at this early hour, you are wide awake.

As you rouse from sleep, you notice something odd about your position. Instead of laying with your feet towards the end of the bed, you have curled in a ball with unusual flexibility. But what's more alarming is that the blankets have been pulled in around you, looking more like a nest than your human sleeping habits.

Much to your embarrassment, the sheets are still damp, and the potent stench of your seed is heavy in the air. You don't know how you can reach orgasm so often with no ill effects. But even with the sheer amount of spunk coating your sleeping quarters, your balls still feel somewhat full.

A rumbling in your stomach beckons you to your breakfast of fruits, nuts, and berries. You start to dig in, then notice an ache in your teeth. They bite in effortlessly, but something is lacking, as though it is somehow *too* easy, lacking a certain satisfaction. Your teeth are sore, and you want something tougher to...what? You have a powerful urge to chew to alleviate the ache in your mouth.

It seems like your incisors are far larger than they should be, filling your mouth and preventing it from closing properly. In fact, if you cross your eyes, you can see them in the fringes of your periphery. Your incisors are yellowed, almost orange, far more than even plaque could account for. Their shape is too long and flat, a far cry from your human dentures. Their massive presence provides irritation to your nose and lips. You need to wear them down somehow!

You look around the room, desperate to find something to quell the ache in your jaw. You think you've viewed everything in your quarters by now, but suddenly, the sight of two strange rocks catches your attention. They certainly don't seem to have been there before, or else, you would have noticed them.

As you walk towards them, a peculiar scent hits your nose. It elicits a rumble in your stomach, and you notice yourself salivating. Are they perhaps food? Sniffing the stones, you pick one up before taking a cautious lick. The taste is relatively bland but does seem to do the trick.

The taste starts to grow on you, and you are compelled to bite down with your buck teeth. The sensation sends shivers down your spine. The texture against your teeth is exactly what you've been craving! You bite down harder, chewing with gusto as your hind teeth grind at the thick chunks as you eat your fill.

Lost in the feeding frenzy, the sensations of chewing fulfills a primal need. You only stop when you have chewed through both of the treats. As their bland flavor sits in your mouth, you notice your buck teeth feel a little worn, and far more comfortable in your muzzle than they had prior.

Even as relieved as you are, you have a difficult time reasoning what it is you just ate. They looked like rocks, but their taste was reminiscent of the berries and veggies you've been chowing down on as of late. You struggle to try to recall where you have seen them before when the familiar aroma hits you again. It is an odor your mind associates with a pet store, one of the pellets that are used to feed rodents. They are proficient in wearing down the orange incisors that never stop growing. Like the teeth you have in your muzzle.

You stop for a moment, those last thoughts sinking into your mind. You cross your eyes, the protuberance where your mouth once sat not escaping your notice. You ponder why it is only now coming to your attention, but realize that it had been growing over the past few days, and its presence simply became part of your background.

You reach up and touch it, careful of your claws as you do. You know you should look in the mirror to truly grasp the extent of your changes. But the notion seems a frightening prospect, and you decided just to settle on tactile sensations for now. Your fingers play over the contours of your muzzle, its soft fur almost alarming. You still aren't used to it yet!

Thicker hairs greet your touch, and your face quivers as you explore them. To your shock, you find they are extremely sensitive! You need to pull back for a moment, but even the brief motion triggers their movement. It is a curious sensation how easily they respond to vibrations in the air. Are they whiskers? Is this what having whiskers feels like?

Quivering once more, your twitching nose begins drawing in odors at a rate that alarms you. Insistently, you sniff the air, assaulted by a barrage of pungent scents. It's too much for your mind to process! You close your eyes, giving your senses a chance to adapt.

As you do, the odors in the air start to make more sense, even to your human facilities. There are a few distinct aromas that catch your attention: food, the smells of the assistants, and their equipment. But, there is one that stands above all others. It takes you a moment, but you soon come to terms with your own male stink in the air. It reeks of your body, your cum, your musk. It is a bestial smell, one that would have escaped your human sense. But to your twitching nose, it perforates the entire room.

You need to see yourself. No matter how much the visage might frighten you. Slowly making your way to your bathroom, you groan as you miss the light switch on the first attempt, translating to an inch lost in height. Compensating by standing on tiptoes, you manage to flick it up and are immediately stunned at the sight of the inhuman face in the mirror.

Your nose is flattened, pink in shade where it is not covered in white fur. The bridge of your nose has receded into your muzzle, which now extends a few inches from your face. Your lips are pulled back from where your two incisions still protrude. Your cheeks are puffy, their surface peppered with dozens of whiskers.

It takes you a few moments to fully recognize the visage. It is clearly that of an animal, but even with the thick orange teeth, it is difficult to tell what kind. Perhaps your first impression of rodents is correct, a rat, maybe. But from the size of the features in relation to your body, it is nearly impossible to be sure. You've never seen a rat's face on a human-sized frame before!

All you do know is that your face, your humanity is being stripped away bit by bit. No matter how good it feels, it is still a daunting prospect. How much further will you change?

The sound of the outer door opening shakes you from your trace. You want to close the bathroom door, but from the scents of the men you've grown so fond of, your cock rises to attention. You realize with a start that you are stark naked, not having bothered to don clothes this morning. But it matters very little with the knowledge of what they will soon be doing with you.

“Hey, handsome stud! Looking good! How are those balls holding up? I bet a sexy beast like you is already pent up!” Declares Eddie, making your cock throb even more.

“Don’t get him too riled up,” Travis cautions, eliciting an almost disappointed look on his face.

You notice that Travis is a little more conservative this morning, and his hesitation fills you with a little shame. Wait, how can you tell? There is no sign on his face or in his words. Are you perhaps able to scent emotions? Something in his odor that denotes reluctance? Animals can do that, right?

Opening the door, you sniff the air audibly, not caring that your caretakers can see your nudity. You desire to drink in their odors, learn what you can about them from smell.

Your first impression of Travis’s demeanor seems to be spot on. He does seem a little hesitant, a stark contrast to his attitude for the past few days. It leaves you wondering what might have changed. Had you perhaps done something to warrant his ire?

Yet, your attention soon turns to your more enthusiastic caretaker, whose odor informs you the opposite. Eddie is eager to carry on with the usual activities. Though you can’t help but notice there is something about Eddie’s musk that makes you pause. The scent of a human is still present, and he is clearly aroused by being in your presence. Yet there is something underneath, something you find familiar yet perplexing all the same.

Before you can try to place it, Eddie is on you, rubbing your hair affectionately. “Hey, like what you smell, bud? It’s nice to see you using that new nose!” He says, drawing one hand down to tease your balls.

He is still rubbing your hair, and you feel it tingling against his touch. The hairs seem to be thinning, shrinking from their former human length. But they are clearly multiplying, covering any bare skin on your scalp. And if the tingling along your cheeks and face is any indication, they are sporting the same white hairs that adorn your entire body.

You want to panic, but the sensation of being rubbed feels nice, and you lean into the petting, feeling your cock tip leak against his fingers. Yet you yelp for a moment as something sharp pricks your member’s edge. You are reminded of the sensations of your claws on your flesh, though it should be impossible. You haven’t felt anything like that from his contact before. It seems like odd timing to experience it now.

“Hey, sorry about that, bud! Just an accident, like the other day!” Eddie says, and you forgive him, looking up into his eager eyes. That strange scent hits you again, and you breathe in

deeply, a calming sensation flowing over your entire body. It reminds you of your own odor, and its presence fills you with relaxation.

Enraptured by your own musk, you are barely aware that Travis is running his hands over your cheeks, which sends a warmth flowing over them as the hairs seem to grow denser. You can feel something happening in your jaw, its contours receding as it pushes out a little more. The sensation creates a dull ache, but your fixation on the perfume in the air leaves you largely distracted.

Eddie reaches up again, rubbing your other cheek. Your entire head seems to be altering, your skull condensing bit by bit as more of your face is forced forward. Your forehead is sloping, your cranium tightening as your eyes seem to be squeezed a little. But you blink a few times, and the ache fades.

Travis seems to pull back, wanting to reach down and tease your cock. Eddie is left rubbing your face, and for a moment, you are lost in the pleasure of his touch. In your current state, you don't notice that he stops and, soon, the sensation of his lips against yours takes you completely off guard. But in your trance, you simply return the kiss, savoring the feeling of his tongue working its way inside your muzzle.

“What the fuck are you doing!” Travis yells, letting go of your dick. You feel you should be alarmed, but you are currently enveloped in the sensation of the man's tongue entwined into your own. You moan, his hands reaching down to your cock to accentuate your pleasure.

After what seems like an eternity, he breaks the kiss. You open your eyes to a visage that is unfamiliar yet attractive all the same. You can see his nose is flatter, his cheeks twitching as several dozen thick hairs burst from the surface. And, to your delight, his teeth seem to be dull as well, yellow with the same square points as you own. He really is stunning!

“Shit, shit, you're infected!” Travis yells, running towards the door. You can hear it slam shut behind you, but you aren't startled at all. In fact, your eyes are only focused on the man that has treated you so well.

Without a word, he lowers himself, grinning at you and exposing his buck teeth. His fingers encircle your cock, more carefully this time as you can feel the bare flesh against your prick. His skin is much warmer than with the gloves he has used prior. He strokes you gently as his head moves closer to your throbbing erection.

You stare in anticipation as his tongue reaches out, teasing the tip of your penis with an eagerness that you find enticing. You moan as his mouth engulfs your cockhead, teasing the asshole with his tongue as he works his way over you. For a moment, you feel a sense of shame as his mouth easily engulfs your entire member. Though large concerning your current size, you are small compared to the man sucking your dick.

Yet your concerns are quickly erased as he begins his work in earnest, pulling your cock to the back of his mouth as his tongue teases over your entire length. He works his mouth up and down your shaft, giving a feeling like being inside a cavern with your smaller size. Still, the pleasure you feel is more than enough to allow the bunching in your balls as you end approaches.

You want to close your eyes and revel in the ecstasy of getting the best head in your life. Yet the sight of your lover's head gives you pause. His hair is changing from its dark brown to a lighter color, and his ears are slowly inflating. More white and brown hairs are extending from his cheeks, rising to meet the more minute hairs that now coat Eddie's scalp. You stare, mesmerized, as Eddie's features alter ever so slightly, so familiar from your recent trips to the mirror.

Yet the sight does not concern you. The more Eddie changes, the more attractive he appears to your eyes. You can feel control of your pleasure waning, your body acting on impulse as your end draws near. Suddenly, your lower body starts to spasm, and you rock back and forth as Eddie's clawed hand massages your balls the right way. You can't hold it!

You cry out in a voice that sounds distinctive from your own as your cock spasms and your balls empty their contents into Eddie's mouth. He seems to suck it down greedily, though the excess dribbles out of his muzzle somewhat. You can't help yourself, not with how full and massive your balls are!

Eventually, after what feels like a river of cum floods his mouth, you finally relent, your cock retreating into the sheath that has extended from its base. As it does so, you realize the shape seems to be different, the tip more pointed, and its shade much darker. Its inhuman form should worry you, but again, lost in lust as you are, it is difficult to concern yourself with such things.

Eddie looks up at you, cum dripping from his muzzle as he grins. You recall suddenly the words Travis spoke about Eddie being infected. What did he mean by that? Is he perhaps referring to how Eddie seems to be changing as you are?

You think back, recalling the scratch you can give him. Was that enough to carry whatever process was being done to you?

Yet Eddie doesn't seem to be phased by the development. Rather, he seems content, complacent as he licks the remnants of cum off his lips. "That was tasty, stud..." He mutters, his voice dull from release and relaxation. A spicy scent hits your nose, and you look down to see his lab scrubs are stained with cum. You hadn't even seen him stroking himself, as lust-driven as you were. This is the first time you've seen him cum, and the scent of it has you intrigued. Perhaps, next time, maybe...

The sound of the door opening jars your attention, and you see Travis and two other men, in hazmat suits, enter the room with a stretcher. Before you can react, they demand Eddie get down on the ground, which he does obligingly. They inject his arm, and he flashes you a dreamy smile before passing out. The men hoist him up, muttering something about 'fixing that idiot before he changes more', and they leave the room without a word.

Afterward, you are left alone, wondering what to do in the current circumstances. Clearly, you have changed more. Yet you feel more content with the process than ever before. The intimate contact between you and Eddie has left a level of relaxation that you've yet to experience. The conflict in your thoughts has finally waned, allowing you to truly enjoy your time here.

You try to get into the shower, feeling dirty from the intimacy and the fluids coating you. But the moment the warm water hits your fur, you are flushed with a sudden sense of panic. What if you drowned?!

You leap out of the shower, still dripping wet. You still feel uncomfortable with your fur dirty, but the prospect of being soaked with water is even more daunting. Yet, without it, how are you going to clean yourself?

You look at your soiled fur for a moment before the scent of musk remaining entices your senses. You raise your groin, trying to reach with your nose. You feel somewhat that you should be able to, but your body isn't that flexible. Of course, it isn't. It hasn't been before, right? Yet you still struggle with the notion that you are, in fact, able to reach your crotch with your muzzle if you try hard enough.

Another solution presents itself as you acquire the urge to lick your hand, coating it with saliva before reaching down to rub the fur on your groin. To your surprise, the sensation seems to provide some relief. You feel the sticky cum being rubbed away the more you lick your paw and

groom the fur. Your fur is damp from your spit, but at least it's not as overwhelming as being covered with water from the shower!

You continue to groom yourself, feeling cleaner the more of your sticky cum you remove from your body. You want to lick your entire body but can only manage to reach certain areas. Still, you enjoy the remnants of the salty taste of your seed as you groom yourself. You find yourself wondering how your fresh spunk might taste. Or, perhaps, even the taste of Eddie's...

You wander around the room in a daze from the morning's events. Despite the relaxation from cumming, you can't help but feel a sense of overhanging anxiety. Even with the familiar scents that stink of you and your spunk, you have a nervous chill, as though the room is too large.

You try to play one of your games, watch some tv, or any of the human things you've once enjoyed. But, those things do very little to hold your interest. The sensory output from devices doesn't have the same impact as you recall they should. Their lack of a *smell* is the only thing you can formulate to explain it.

Getting up, you make your way towards the treadmill once more, wanting to work off some of the nervous energy that has been building up. Your run feels a little awkward, given the size of your balls and smaller stature. But it does seem to help relieve the tension of both body and mind. To your surprise, you don't seem to be sweating as much as you think you should be, particularly in the areas covered with rodent hide. Yet you are panting, and that seems to relieve the heat from your exertion just as well.

Your body feels unnaturally fatigued even though it is likely the middle of the day. You should find that strange, yet your body is telling you it is night, that it is time for sleep. Have your activities been that exhausting?

Crawling back into bed, you try to stretch outward, but feel uncomfortable until you curl in on your body. Your nose feels more comfortable being close to your crotch. You want to pull the covers over you, but they itch against your fur and leave you overheated. Tossing and fussing for a bit, you finally pull the blankets underneath you, clawing at them until you can fall asleep in the nest you have made for yourself. Your sleep is dreamless this time, but restful.

The sound of the main door opening draws your attention and forces you to rouse suddenly. You wake up to see Eddie being shoved into the room by the pair of unfamiliar men from before. At least, you assume so. Their features are indistinguishable from the inside of the hazmat suits they are wearing.

Despite his relative rough treatment, Eddie doesn't seem to be resisting. You wonder if he's been kept drugged and just coming out of it. That, or he is simply compliant with the state he is in.

The two men leave, and Travis enters, also in a suit as he clicks on a speaker. "Sorry, buddy. We won't be coming back for your regular check-ups. We'll still need blood and seminal fluids, but those won't be as frequent. We don't know how much risk there is of joining you in here, and we don't want that."

You hear the words and stay perfectly still for what seems like an eternity. Why were you to be abandoned? Surely, you hadn't done something to deserve that. How could they do that to you?

He pauses, seeing the negative effect those words have on you. "We can't all be that handsome, stud. You're a lovely beast, and you're progressing so beautifully. If we play with you too much, we might all be in here with you!"

"But don't worry, buddy. Eddie's going to be living here with you from this day forward. He's not feeling well, but I think he's going to feel better with you around. And he's going to have a new job for us while he's here! Enjoy him, stud!" Travis finishes as he closes the door, leaving the two of you alone.

Taking a moment to assess the situation, you look into the eyes of the man that has held your attention for so long. He looked almost drugged in his current state, a glazed-over expression in his eyes that both frightens and excites you. His pupils are dilated, and he seems to be sniffing the air with an intensity that does not belong to a human.

It takes only a quick examination for you to realize the alterations that have taken over his once-human features. His beard is thicker, the white hairs peppering it most likely the beginning of a rodent coat. His nose is crunched in on itself, its pinkish shade more in line with your own. His skull is compact, and his eyes had bulged out as though squeezed with his compressed skull. His rodent teeth clearly stick out of his features now, larger than they had been when you'd last seen it. He seems to have lost some height; even the clothes he is currently wearing seem too big for his current body.

You can also see the alterations to his features. It seems as though he had been changing a little faster than you had been, but it is impossible to be sure. He seems to have more fur, running down into his shirt as best you can tell. Even through his baggy pants, you can see the bulge on

the front that you know to be his engorged testicals. Naturally, there is also the one at the back, that looks to be the stub of his new tail.

Eddy is still sniffing the air eagerly, as though reacquainting himself with the surroundings for the first time. It is curious to watch him, seemingly oblivious to your physical presence, as he drinks the world in with new senses. Thin, pointed hairs start twitching in response to your presence. Ears start to move of their own accord, twisting this way and that to the sounds of your breathing. But, most of all, that powerful nose is at work, drinking in the musk of your sexual escapades. You wonder if that changing rodent brain is processing the fact that his normal, human odor is among those that his pink nose is now partaking in!

At last, he seems to hone in on your presence, looking you over as he grins, confirming your suspicions about his buck teeth. Yet, you don't get a chance before he is on you, lips on your own!

Even with your muzzle, you are able to kiss him somewhat, the flavor is his clean breath pleasant. You move into the kiss, savoring the close connection with this wonderful man that has helped you change so much in the space of time you have been here. And now, to your understanding, he is here to live with you. He will be at your access whenever you want him. No more waiting for his daily visits when your massive balls are full of semen!

Yet, the notion of living with another man, even one so sexy, makes you momentarily nervous. A thousand questions run through your mind, making you pull away momentarily. What are his bathroom habits like? Does he keep his spaces clean? Does he snore?

Sensing your distress, Eddy breaks the kiss, looking into your beady rodent eyes. "Something wrong, stud? Something on your mind? Or do you just need some more attention, my wonderful man?" He says, lowering himself to kiss your furry chest.

You moan your high pitched noise as his teeth start to groom you, running down the fur of your chest as though encouraging more to grow. You feel a pleasant itching proceeding the mindstations of his tongue and teeth, as more of your white fur grows in. You squeak as he licks you with gusto, encouraging him to continue to groom your chest.

The changes start to affect your insides, as best as the gurgling in your stomach can tell. Your chest is compressing slightly, your belly widening as more of the rodent and fur start to cover every inch. You lament the loss of your nipples, but the skin of your belly seems to be just as sensitive as any touch you have ever felt as a human. And it's far more pleasant to experience teeth designed to groom the creature that you are becoming!

You hear a few cracks forming from what you perceive as your spine and ribcage, though the feeling causes you no pain. You try to flex your chest in response to the cracks and pops in your internal anatomy. As you do, you find a certain flexibility in your lower half that was not there before. Though the motions of your shoulders and chest seem restrictive, the added flexibility seems to make it up to you, at least from your viewpoint.

You quickly realize that the sensations of being pleased by Eddie's rodent features is far better than anything that he had done for you thus far. The touch of his human hands was nice, sensual and domineering in a way that made you feel pampered and cared for. And his words comforted you though changes that should have frightened you beyond all measure.

But this is the same man that made you so comfortable with the changes. The one that made you feel like the most handsome, sexual creature in the entire universe. Without his carefully crafted teases, you would not have accepted your slow transition into a rat to this degree, much less be anticipating further transitions to your new body. Would he be the same man once he changed to match your form? Would he continue to change with you until you were both eventually rats?

You already miss the prospect of losing his teasing. He can't even speak to you with his mouth playing over your chest, spreading your new ratty pelt. And he will certainly be unable to voice his praise with his mouth on your cock as he had previously!

Yet, you quickly become excited by the prospect of what this new relationship will mean for you. Already, he seems to be mentally adapting to his new circumstances, eventually to become a rat with you if that is to be your eventual fate. He is grooming you with gusto, teasing lower and lower with each passing moment. It provides a connection with you that you have not been expecting but can't imagine going without now that it has been placed in front of you!

Not only does his rodent actions give you immense pleasure, but the prospect of what he will do to your cock leaves you elated. He is slowly teasing lower and lower until your turgid erection is nearly in range of his lapping tongue. You can almost feel the sensation of his lips on your cock once more. His warm breath is nearly on your piss slit now, and you leak copious amounts of fluid down your shaft that pools into your sheath.

Teasing you orally

Makes you cum

You shrink

So does he, not as small in his mouth

Being fucked

Shrinking a little

Changes to eddie, more hair, beard turning white, hair is fur now

Coc is almost too big inside you, you struggle

Start to loses byt feels good

Climax

Look at his cock

You clean it, more rat-like to you

He stays wiht you

You awake slowly the scent of food, making your smaller stomach grumble. Yet, it is nearly impossible to fathom getting away from the magnificent stud you have been snuggling with you. Try to move without waking him, but the warmth from his body is too sublime to imagine escaping from. You curl into his warm brown and white hairs, the scent of his musk making your cock come out of your sheath a little as it does so.

Eventually, however, the needs in your belly cause you to rise. Not wanting to wake up your sleeping mate, you gently pull away, his snores a signal that you are successful. You

Pellets, carrots, greens, you eat, realizing they look bigger to you. Can't tell large you are, must be several inches shorter

Wakes up, mtes with you

Kisses with ratty lips

Takes him inside of you

Sees his tail getting longer

His arms are on your cock, start to grow rodent claws

Fills you with warm cum

You shrinking more as you cum with him

It has been several days since Eddie had moved in with you, and you start to grow accustomed to your new lives together. The thought of a mate, even one that is turning into a rat with you, fills you with a sense of satisfaction that you would have never known as a human. With no regrets,

You know that soon, you will be a rat, likely for the rest of your life. You know it will be much longer than that of a normal rat, closer to your human life span. You have many years ahead of you with your new mate. And, perhaps

Yet, that notion no longer scares you. You have all the tasty treats you can eat. You are fed mainly pellets, of course. They provide all the nutritional requirements that your new form could ever need. Plus, they have the added benefit of

You get regular attention from your mate

Arms are shorter, can't reach

Chest more flexible to make up for that

Feet are changing

On all fours more

Tail full length, can't move it

Face compressing, changing

Harder to think

Eddie changing too

Hands are claws

Curled ears

Muzzle

Tail, balls

Mate often

One time you mate and he is small enough to take you properly

Speaks last time

“I love you

You are small enough to enter a cage

Eddie nearly his too

Can speak, you smell him though

He lost the ability to speak