

You wake up to the sterile smell of chemicals and machines. Shaking to clear your foggy mind, you try to piece together your surroundings and predicament. You had signed up for a clinical trial to make some quick cash and had some blood drawn to see if you were a suitable candidate. But what you hadn't expected was to be injected with some sort of serum that put you unconscious before you could even protest. And waking up in what appears to be a plastic cage, surrounded by personnel in lab coats holding clipboards, the realization of the dire situation hits you full force.

You look out at the lab before you, seeing several other plastic cages covered with the remains of torn clothing. A shiver of fear crawls down your spine, knowing you are not the only one who has been here. This is a practiced procedure, and given they have not been caught does not bode well for your future. The fact that you failed to inform anyone of your whereabouts is also of significant concern. All that indicates your fate is a number on your cell that reads "subject 37A".

You yell and curse, demanding to know what is going on. To your surprise, one doctor obliges you. The government requires test subjects of a new "super-soldier" serum. Technology can only do so much in eradicating threats, and they want their own loyal creations to instantly strike fear into their enemies. Testing on civilians is more optimal than current recruits, as the process provides them some degree of mental control and saves the taxpayer millions on training and payment of human soldiers.

You start to protest, thinking such things are bullshit, but deep down, you are scared. That fear is compounded by the itching spreading from your arm near the site you were injected. You run your hand through the area. The texture of coarse hair greets your touch and makes you yell in panic as it spreads down the length of your arm. You stare in fascination and disgust as further patches of fur erupt from the backs of your hands, and at various points of your arm until the skin is hardly visible. You can't believe how fast it is happening!

The texture is unfamiliar, but it is clear the fur belongs to some sort of animal. How are you changing like this?! You bang on the door and demand answers, but the scientist only laughs at you. You are a subject now, after all, though it should all become clear to you eventually. You sit back down and sigh, unable to escape your inevitable fate.

An ache in your fingertips draws your attention to the nails pushing out bloodlessly from the roots replaced by thick, blunt, black claws. The nails grow sharp at the tips as the girth of your fingers expand to accommodate them. Though they diminish in length, it is some comfort that they don't reduce to the stubs of animal paws. You still have your fingers and

thumb, at least, even as the tips of each puff up with brown paw pads. The flesh of your palms follows suit as your entire hand swells up to twice the girth of its human equivalent. Soon you are left with a pair of mighty paws as light black fur crawls up your wrists, shifting to brown as it creeps up your hulking forearms. You want to scratch your new fur but are worried about what kind of damage your new claws might do to the brown, black-spotted coat you now possess.

Your shirt suddenly feels tight around your frame as your forearms and pecs suddenly swell with unexpected muscle. You grunt from the strain as your formerly loose shirt is stretched taut and pulled up over a belly that is thick with fat and muscle; a far cry from the skinny frame you just sported. You can feel the muscles crawling under the skin as they pull your flesh tight, threatening to burst out even as your organs rearrange, and your skeletal structure expands to properly carry the mighty frame you are now in possession of. You have to admit, the tone you are being granted is a welcomed sight on your form. A layer of fat swells underneath and the spotted fur encroaches over its surface, a lighter brown shade than your arms.

The itching of fur grows up your neck, and your own little stubble starts to thicken into a few weeks' growth before spreading into a new fur coat. You can feel a strange crack as your jaw pushes forward, a grinding sensation in your muzzle as your teeth bloodlessly fall away, and pointed fangs take their place. It is obvious you are shifting to resemble some sort of predator, but it's nearly impossible to say. You are only thankful that the changes are painless!

You bellow in your deeper baritone as your nose blackens in front of your blunt muzzle. You demand to know what it is you are becoming. The head scientist only laughs, calling you narrow-minded to think you would become one, simple animal form. As your muzzle continues to grow, you start to see why. Though the fur pattern reminds you of a hyena, your muzzle is all wrong for that. You lack the biting power of a hyena's jaw, even one that is partly human. Instead, your still-growing bulk is a sign of another creature's DNA shaping your body. One far larger with a muzzle much blunter.

Your face continues to warp, your skull sloping and leaving less space for your eyes. Though the room dims somewhat, your new visual acuity is more adept at determining greater detail, particularly that of movement. Your human hair erupts into a bristly mane that runs all the way down your broadening back. You love the tickling sensations as your ears start to curl and run up the length of your skull, rising higher than even the height of your new mane to resemble hyena ears. New muscles form underneath, allowing you to rotate them around to take in the conversations around you.

But it is your new nose that is most notable, and the scents around the lab tell you the story of all the hybrid beasts that have changed before you. Some spark fear in your mind, while others elicit hunger. Yet among them, a few remind you of your own male musk, two separate creatures that seem to make up your new odor. It is then your assumptions are confirmed. Your fur and mane are that of a hyena, but your bulk and muscle resemble that of a bear!

As if in response to your thoughts, you can feel your bulbous gut pressing tight against your shirt, causing the fabric to tear in places. Layers of hard-packed muscle swell under the layer of flab that has formed. Your swelling biceps rip the sleeves of your shirt as your expanding pecs pull the weak fabric taut around you. All over, you can feel the swelling of bulk that sends shivers down your body, especially in your cock that you feel rise to attention despite the bizarre circumstances.

Sudden pain in your already tight undies draws your paw-hand back to pull at an alien growth even as it extends against your touch. You moan, your hands causing the thing to twitch as you lift it up from your underwear and tightening pants. It starts wagging as the end bursts forth with hundreds of long brown hairs. The wriggling tail swings playfully back and forth as your pants tear from the force of your swelling calves. With a resounded rip that is oddly pleasant to your ears, you are left in only your boxers as your furry legs swell with mass.

Your feet start to strain, then burst forth from your shoes as your claws poke from torn socks, and your stretching heels lift and pull away from the remnants of the shoe. Unlike your hands, your entire foot swells into a carnivore configuration, paw pads thickening from your diminished toes as your big toes spread up your ankles, forming vestigial dewclaws. You stumble a little, unsteady with your digitigrade stance, but you finally manage to stabilize yourself.

At the sight of your changed visage, you aren't too surprised when a surge of arousal flows over you; your member changing even as it comes to full erection. Despite the fact you are not alone, your clawed hand carefully pulls out your rod, its girth already far surpassing its human equivalent. You moan your approval as you see the tip grow pointed while the girth of the entire shaft swells beyond what you can imagine. It's nearly as thick as your human forearm! A thick fuzzy foreskin swells from the base, but it is hardly sufficient to cover your maleness from how aroused you are. An ursine tip sits on top of the reddening shaft, and you can't recall ever feeling so powerful or stimulated in all your life.

Some of the scientists look at you with a pang of envy as you stroke your massive member. You can smell the pre leaking in their clothes, and the fragrance makes you smile. You suspect there is an alternative motive to changing people into beast-men, but you don't care. You just want to make them jealous, perhaps entice one of them to join you! You make a show of gently stroking your cock, coaxing some of the men to drool.

As you keep up your careful rhythm, you can still feel your body bulking out with the mass that your new form will provide you. The last bits of skin twitch and cover with fur as the muscle swells underneath. Yet you are too far engrossed in the body you have been granted to care about the last vestiges of your humanity being stripped away.

You are much more interested in running up and down above your thick knot, feeling the tension in your fuzzy balls building. You won't last long, and you don't want to. Your hybrid cock is far too wonderful, its texture sublime and every touch bringing with it so much pleasure. If being a beast-man feels this good, you don't ever want to regain your humanity!

With a mighty bellow, a mix of ursine and yeen, your testicles bunch a final time, and you blow your massive load all over the wall and your paw, your body literally vibrating from the release. Your mighty rod fires load after load of virile spunk, the masculine stink swelling in your nose driving you to produce even more from your impressive balls. Never has such an orgasm felt so divine!

You come down from your orgasmic high, staring at the doctor with your blue eyes, seeing the grin in his face. You hear the chuckle in his voice, and you think to yourself that you should laugh as well. But no. For part of your new species, at least, laughter is not a sign of joy, but rather one of fear or submissiveness. And right now, with the strength in your massive body, you feel anything but afraid. You are powerful as hell, with a lovely cock to match, and despite the circumstances, you couldn't be happier with the body you have been granted.