

“Alright, you queers, no looking when I get naked!” Samuel said, taking off his shirt and throwing it on the ground before removing his pants down to his underwear.

“Dude, we’re going to be naked for the rest of our lives anyway!” Ashton said, an annoyed tone in his voice. His friend was a drama queen over the stupidest shit. How did he get stuck with someone like Samuel as his best friend, anyway?

“So, don’t need to be weird about it!” Samuel countered, and Ashton sighed, going behind another tree to strip down before injecting himself with the serum they’d all brought. It was a moot point, and it was really starting to piss him off. Still, there was little to be done for it now, and he could still hope that Samuel's attitude would change once he'd been up several dozen lioness cunts.

“Shut up assholes!” Ethan yelled, being the de facto leader of the trip. Though it was more so to keep Samuel's attitude in check and Ashton from beating the shit out of him. That was almost a full-time job, and now, literally would be, once they were animals living out in the wild as 'pride mates'.

Their decision to become lions was not an unusual one these days. With the advent of nanite technology able to transform safely from one form into another, many humans decided to give up their lives for simpler existences. It was relatively safe, never a permanent affair with the option to change back. For those like this trio, living in the wild made it rather difficult to return to civilization and to have someone turn them back. Oh well. It was the choice they had made, and none of the three had any inclination of returning to their shit lives.

Being animals living in the wild was never on their list of job prospects for the trio, having led only menial labor jobs and the like ever since leaving high school. Yet, with overpopulation and living costs as poor as they were, minimum wage positions were no longer appealing. Especially since all three men were lazy by nature, never lifting a finger in childhood and not wanting to do so as adults. Though being an animal wasn't exactly glamorous, being lazy lions for the rest of their lives was a prospect that looked better and better the more they slaved away, moving from one minimum wage job to the next.

There was another reason why the trio decided on becoming lions, of all things. Though they were certainly popular animals to become of all the usual options. And, to their excitement, several breeding programs existed in various African countries, needing obviously more females than males, though currently offering incentives for males to join as well. And, with a surplus of females wanting the same thing as they did, it seemed almost too good to be true. The chance to get laid with willing women? No child support? Upwards of 40 times a day? No relationships, just tons of guilt-free sex? And the women did all the work hunting and getting food for them?

With no girlfriends in the human world, the prospect of lion lust started looking better and better until they couldn't turn down the opportunity any longer.

As much as they'd been told, there were dozens of lionesses, some women, some former men, that were in need of males. They all persisted in prides of their own, taking on several males at a time to propagate their cubs and lives. Unlike real lions, more than one male at a time could take residence in the prides without real-world male/male competition. All in all, it was the perfect place for a trio of horny bachelors to live lives of luxury and lust.

Though close enough that lions could sniff out the already present pride, they were taken some miles away from the nearest human settlement, flown into one of several areas where over the course of the next few years, would benefit from the presence of apex predators. It was a remote area, difficult for them to be recovered from should the participants decide to change back, though the trio didn't necessarily want to revert from their lion selves. It was likely to be a one-way trip and one that they took not only willingly but excitedly!

So there they were, naked and prepared to take the serums to begin their way to lionhood. The process would be relatively short, taking place over the course of twenty minutes or so. They wouldn't want it any other way, eager to change and live their new lives. There were many benefits to being lions via nanite technology, health and parasite prevention, becoming prime physical specimens for their species, and longer lives. And, naturally, the chance to get laid and lounge all day!

No sooner than Ashton injected himself than he felt discomfort in his spine as though his tailbone was starting to stretch. He reached down, rubbing at the warm skin as it continued to extend, pushing past his fingers. The skin itched massively as short tawny hairs poked through, and an incredible prickling took over the tip, coarse, dark hairs making up that space.

“Yeah, I have a fucking tail!” Ethan called out, a little louder than he was intending. He, of the three of them, was the most excited about the actual change. To him, it was almost as good as the sex to come itself, though Ethan was eager to experience both.

“Dude, don't look at mine!” Samuel called from the other side of the tree, making Ashton fume again. Why was he going on and on about being scared of seeing the other guys nude?

“Fine, fine, but you know we're all going to be nude from now on, right?” Ashton muttered, though figured it was a moot point. He was starting to think there was an element of “thou doth protest too much” in Samuel's tone, though there was no way of really knowing.

“Hey, some fur, nice, don’t want to be here naked here too long!” Samuel stated as he looked down at himself. He was more than a little self-conscious, and part of him knew it was silly. Animals were always naked, after all, and they would likely be spending the rest of their lives that way. But, for some reason, Samuel couldn't shake the notion that being naked with the other guys was a little...*too* intimate.

“Dude, for the last time, we are all going to be naked!” Ashton declared. Though, with the slight bit of arousal playing over his cock, he was starting to feel a little self-conscious himself. It was a moot point since they would be doing everything, including having sex in front of each other, but, still...

“Quite the treasure trail, am I, right boys?!” Ethan yelled out, and the persisting prickling on his chest intensified to the point where Ashton was reaching down to rub at it. It was exciting to be so manly, masculine, powerful, and sexy to the opposite sex. It was coarse, like the tufts on his tail, though enjoyable to caress, especially since it was a part of him now!

“Hey, stop looking!” Came Samuel's reply, as though he knew that Ethan could see both of their changes.

“What, so I won’t see your cock hard?” Ethan replied, rubbing his own still-human prick. After all, arousal was par for the course with the changes and something he planned to take advantage of once he had a lion's dick! Even if it was a male's rump, though he wanted to keep that to himself for now. These two were a bit prudish about such things for soon-to-be animals, especially among long-time friends!

“Hey, I’m just thinking about those lions-lionesses. Lionesses!” Samuel called out, putting his hands over his dick. He didn't want the others to know, but he wasn't entirely straight. Not that there was anything wrong with that, mind. He just didn't want to admit that to his friends. All he ever did was look at some gay porn on the internet, damnit! Besides, he hadn't even done anything with a human male beforehand, much less a lion.

“Dude, you gay!?” Ashton said, partially teasing but partly in suspicion. Not that it mattered, mind, but Samuel’s protestations were starting to get more than a little annoying...

“Hey, when in Rome...” Ethan called out, and Ashton was sure he recalled his buddy was bi. He'd told them about a few experiences in college but hadn't brought it up in years. Now, given they were to be animals for the rest of their lives, he seemed ready to explore that side of himself once more.

“Man, want these claws so bad!” Ethan declared suddenly, looking down as the cuticles started to point from the tips, lengthening into claws the envy of any predator. They were long, thick, and massive, and to Ethan's delight, they seemed to pull inward, though he could extend them if he tried. Even though they were tied to the loss of his hands, Ethan could help but be elated by their presence on his anatomy.

“Dude, my fucking fingers!” Samuel suddenly called out, feeling his digits cracking and popping uncontrolled. It was powerfully disconcerting to lose their level of autonomy, the joints being repurposed for extending deadly claws and nothing more.

“Mine too,” Ashton lamented, though he was currently more stunned at their loss than afraid, watching as they cracked and shrank and pulled into the palms of his hands, barely able to wriggle before they were reduced to little more than mere stubs. Ashton tried desperately to maintain them, but he knew it was a fool's errand. Something he had signed up for and would have to get over eventually.

“Stop bitching! We signed up for this!” Ethan called out, watching his own fingers compress towards feline paws. Though no matter how badly he wanted the change, Ethan, too, was not able to fully avoid lamenting their loss, paws useful for little more than running on. Still, for the trade-offs they were to get, it would be well worth it...

“Man, my feet, fuck!” Samuel called out, obviously distressed. Still, there was nothing to be done for it as all their toes shrank and popped, compressing on themselves as nails expanded to claws and paw pads swelled. Though, given the state of their precarious balance from elongated heels, it was a wonder the trio didn't all fall over face first.

“At least I can still walk on these things!” Ashton declared though it was soon to be a foolish statement as he suddenly pitched forward, using the tree for balance. With that, he figured it was time to get down on fours for good.

Samuel was not to be so lucky. “Fuck!” He called out, tripping over his feet and hitting the dirt hard. Though with his hands in their proper configuration, it was little concern to have him standing on all fours where he would likely belong. The position felt right as his body started to alter, and Samuel decided it wasn't so bad after all.

Ethan, too, got down on all fours in time to feel his chest barreling, ribs expanding as his shoulder and hips altered. The effect made his four-legged posture permanent, though there was little worry with how much it did it for him to be turning into a lion. Exactly as arousing as he might have hoped...

“Time for my cock!” Ethan exclaimed, excited to sense the tugging of his foreskin as his penis was pulled back on his anatomy. With the changes being as arousing as they were, it was a wonder he could resist cumming right then and there from the sensual sensations of his penis getting pointed, red, and adorned with minute backward-facing spines designed to stimulate a female. *Or a male* Ethan couldn't help but think! Not that his friends would necessarily be down for it, but, still...

“Fuck, feels good, wish I could touch myself!” Ethan said, moaning as his penis finished its alterations. He was every bit the big cat he wanted to be, riding on that high and only lamenting his hands had changed before his cock.

“Can't do that with paws, but we don't need to with all those lionesses! There's like prides of them out here!” Ashton said, excited that he was getting his own lion cock.

“Hey, we can always go down on ourselves, too!” Ethan mentioned, to the expected groan of his friends. Still, it was the obvious thing to think about while being a cat of any kind, right? It clearly hadn't occurred to the other two!

“Hey, my asshole!” Ethan called out, not expecting that to be the next thing to tingle and change.

“Dude, stop talking about your ass!” Samuel said, even though he could tell that his own was undergoing a similar transition.

“Hey, mine, too, fuck, that feels weird. It's right under my tail!” Ashton said, feeling it rotate and take his erection with it. He has to admit, it took some of the pressure off his balls, having them behind his legs rather than being crushed by his inner thigh.

“Damn, my balls are so big!” Ethan said, not caring that he drew Samuel's ire talking about his junk. Like their human selves, the trio would soon be discussing their sexual escapades with lionesses once they had settled into their new lives. The only lament was that they wouldn't have alcohol to share while doing so. But it was a small price to pay for the promise of lion promiscuity.

“Damn, these are *plump*,” Ashton noted, loving the size of his swelling lionhood in tandem with the changes to his chest and belly, making him far larger a beast than the human him could hope to match.

But it was the next change to come over him as his erection, shrinking its dimensions though it stayed as turgid as it had been since the changes had relocated blood to his member. It

was much smaller, half the size of its human equivalent, even though he was sure they'd all requested the DNA to make them bigger than the average lion.

“Fuck, why is it so small!?” Ashton lamented, clearly not ready for the reality of lion maleness.

“Dude, my penis, too!” Samuel replied though he was remiss for stating that out loud when he hadn't wanted to talk about his junk or anything sexual for the duration of the change.

“Fuck, you two are dumb, lions have small dicks!” Ethan said, really annoyed that neither had researched *how* undersized lion pricks were! Even with the enhancements, they were as big as lions got, anything else likely to interfere with their ability to breed.

“Well, we're stuck like this, now,” Samuel said, the most sensible sentiment he'd made all night.

“Stop your bitching! Lions can fuck all day! It doesn't matter how big it is!” Ethan said, elated as the tingling started playing over his mouth. It was beginning to press out, throat feeling a little rough as it expanded.

“Yeah, you're rrrr...<right?> Ashton tried to say through an expanding muzzle and a thickening neck. The words were garbled, human words unable to escape lion lips. Yet, no sooner had he started to growl than Ashton realized the words still sounded like English, even if they were coming out like a lion's deep feline growls. It was surreal to be able to understand them as well as human speech, though all part of the program as he understood. Still, it was one thing to know it was going to happen, another to experience it firsthand!

“Well, I can still talk!” Samuel said, as though proud that the changes hadn't made it to his face quite yet.

“This is it, boys. We aren't grrrrreena be tarrrrrring <anymore with human words> Ethan said, his own feline candace soon translating as regular speech to the altering lion's brains.

<Damn that sounds weird, can you can still hear me?> Ethan asked, growling out the words and not quite sure if it would be the case.

<Yes, it's supposed to work this way. Fuck did you even read the damn manual?> Samuel declared, and Ashton growled, hating how annoying his friend was getting. And the three of them would be together out here for the rest of their lives! What *had* he been thinking, agreeing to it while so ignorant about the results!?

<This mane is kind of nice,> Ethan said, taking them both out of their mini-argument. Both looked over at the naked cat-man as he strutted out, hair getting longer and meeting with his beard and treasure trail, before enveloping his ears and covering his head and neck with luscious locks the envy of any metal head.

Ashton, not shocked by the sight of the naked lion man, was rather focused on what his flattened nose was breathing in. He was nearly blown away by the intensity of the scents that were assaulting him, far more than the human him could have ever anticipated in the savannah. <Damn, I can *smell!*> he said, impressed with the olfactory senses of the cat he was becoming.

Yet, there was another smell, one stronger than the odors of humans and lion musk that pervaded his nostrils. It took him a moment, but soon its presence, mixed with the pheromones wafting from his friends. <Wait, you guys are boned?> Ashton asked before he had a notion to hold back on asking something so intimate. He, too, was rock hard from the changes but was shocked that they were having the same effect on everyone else. And, he couldn't help but wonder if it really was just the physical changes doing it for them, or if there was something else...

<I'm just thinking about the chicks, fuck> Samuel declared, his own nose changed as his face continued to stretch out into the blunt muzzle of a big cat. <Besides, you're boned, too, asshole!> came the reply, a bit too defensively for a simple comment about their arousal.

Once again, Ethan's observations got in the way of their pointless banter. <My eyes! Damn, there go the colors. It's like being dialed down! Shit!> Ethan said, feeling them water as they grew in the sockets and their color turned to amber. He liked the clarity they provided, though losing his color vision was an annoyance, if not one that was par for the course.

<You knew that too, dumb shit, fuck!> Samuel said, presumably also annoyed by the loss of his own color vision and using anger as an outlet for that. Even though they had been adequately prepared for what it would be to be lions and cats in general, it was another thing entirely to experience it firsthand. Lion senses were so far removed from human experience, after all.

<I don't know, the ears are kinda cool,> Ashton said, not wanting to complain about things the others had already lamented. And, he had to admit, even without the better hearing that came with them, he liked the flexibility they had, and how they felt rubbing against his thick mane.

<Everyone done?> Ethan asked, feeling his skull finish compressing and the lion instincts settling in his mind. Though, they were far from overwhelming, enough to allow them to settle into their new bodies and lives. Knowing how to hunt, find food and partners, and the like. Though far from being vicious predators, Ethan found that with the instincts came the urge to...sleep. Lions slept for so many hours a day, lazing about when they weren't fucking or eating.

<Yeah, I'm all done. Damn, this body is powerful> Ashton stated, trying to move with all the muscles that he now possessed. He loved the feeling of even just walking, knowing that he could leap and jump and bite with the force of the apex predator he was.

<I could get used to this> Samuel said, reaching out and testing the power in his paws and the sensation of claws extending out of his stubs. It was elating to feel them sliding from their sheaths, making him shiver with the enjoyment that he possessed them.

<You're going to have to. We signed up for life,> Ashton replied, feeling slightly annoyed with his friend. Though it was a little unfair for him to crap all over his friend's enjoyment, even if he had been a pain in the ass the whole time they were changing.

<We are close to the spot, right? The meet-up spot?> Ethan asked before the pair of his friends could get into another argument. After all, there was more than a little danger in two big predators fighting for dominance with claws and teeth to match.

<Yeah, just gotta smell those lionesses!> Samuel said, taking deep breaths and trying to detect anything in the air that might stand out to his new senses.

<You know that's piss we smell, right?> Ashton said, wanting to rattle his friend for all the bitching he did leading up to the change.

<Yeah, lions piss, get over it> Samuel said, which surprised Ashton somewhat. Maybe he was ready for the rigors of lion life. Though some of the facts were less than glamorous, it was the life they all chose, and the boons outweighed the banes, certainly!

<Dude, I have to piss> Ethan said, to the surprise of the two of them. Though, it was likely the need to make territory than a need to pee per se.

<Give me a moment to give you some privacy,> Samuel said, turning around to move away and do just that.



<We're fucking lions now, dumbass. We are going to be doing a lot more than just pissing in front of each other!> Ashton said, any semblance of respect for his friend's preparedness gone now with that last comment.

<I'm still going to find a place away from you all to shit, damnit!> Samuel said defensively, though it was unlikely to be the case once they grew accustomed to animal life.

The sounds of urine splattering against a tree were easily detected, though the other two lions tried to pay it little mind. It was hardly the first time that one of them had drunkenly taken a piss in front of each other, after all. It really was a silly thing to bring up again, especially now that they were animals.

Samuel, for his part, was still sniffing the air. The scent of lion urine, though male, gave him an idea of what he was looking for. Surely, if this was the spot the females frequented, then they would have peed here recently, right?

<There's nothing to smell out here other than Ethan's piss> Samuel said, evidently defeated. Though, there was hardly a rush or a time limit when they literally had the rest of their lives to try and find the lionesses that they longed to rut into.

<You sure this is the spot?> Samuel whined, obviously not ready to let the point drop. There was an urgency to his growls that seemed to defy what the others expected.

<Yup, it is obviously,> Ethan said, knowing it was indeed the right spot, having checked meticulously with the transport team and the maps. Surely the lionesses would have been told and waiting, but they could spare a few hours before their official induction into leonine life.

<Dude, I'm fucking horny!> Samuel whined, the desperation in his voice more than a little grating.

<We're all horny, dipship!> Ashton retorted, feeling his cock bobbing up and down past his newly formed sheath. It seemed as though the arousal from the change was still with them, and without the lionesses to greet them, there was no obvious outlet for the lust they were feeling.

<Fuck it, I'm going down on myself> Samuel eventually said, to the shock of the other two friends. He had always been a bit of a prude, and being a lion would hardly alter that so soon, right?

<At least go behind that tree!> Ashton said, not wanting to see a sexual display from his friend so soon after they'd changed.

<What, you said we're lions, right?> Samuel countered, and Ashton realized that he had a point. They would even be fucking in front of each other, most likely. There weren't many trees or rocks in the savannah, after all.

<Fuck, your scent is making me horny> Ethan said, and despite the relatively small size of their junk while in lion form, the sight of his erection was clear as day as the two of them looked in his direction

<Dude, gross!> Ashton said, the only one of them actually straight. He didn't know what was coming over everyone, though he himself was still erect, the changes really doing it for him as much as anything else.

<Damn, I need it> Samuel whined, voice getting annoying at this point. Still, there was little to be done for it now that they had changed, and they were stuck knowing each other's business, scents, and sounds at the apex of their abilities.

<Dude, that's getting me hard> Ethan said, thrusting his hips slightly in order to try and get whatever pleasure he could, short of getting down and trying to suck himself off. Or maybe getting some love from his friends...

<That's too gay, dude!> Samuel said, protesting, though not really seeming to mean the words, as much as he protested. Almost as though he was curious...

<Hey, you're hard, too!> Ethan protested, though did not deny the accusation about what he was feeling, evidently. Ashton, for his part, said nothing, not sure what to make of the display.

<If you're so gay, then take it up your ass!> Samuel shot back, a little too on the mark.

<OK, I will!> was Ethan's reply, without missing a beat. It seemed that he was either calling his friend's bluff, or...

It was the sight of Ethan turning around, raising his tail, and exposing his lion pucker that really had the other man confused. Was he presenting? It was obvious he was. That being the case, Samuel found himself conflicted. He really wanted to get off, he needed it. And there were no lionesses to be found. And, they were animals now, right? Animals took care of their needs, and homosexuality was hardly limited to humans. And, best of all, no one would have to know...

<How am I going to get it ready?> Samuel replied to the shock of the other two men present. Surely, he didn't intend to actually go through with it. But the fact that he was asking, did that mean...?

<Lick my ass,> Ethan said, as if it were the most normal thing in the world. Perhaps he had gotten rim jobs during his college days, but getting one as an animal without the ability to clean oneself beforehand was a little much, even as the words were out of his mouth.

<Fuck that shit dude, you're getting me coming in dry!> Samuel replied, though still getting close enough to give the other male a deep sniff. To his dismay, the display really seemed to be doing it for him, and he felt his cock bobbing instantly, not caring about any human hesitations he might have harbored.

<You know we are going to have to lick our own asses from now on, right? What does it matter?> Ashton said, weighing in on the conversation. He would have sworn up and down he had no inkling for men before this conversation took place. But now that it had...his cock was still throbbing erect. And part of him wanted to see where this exchange would go...

<Yeah, but I don't want to have to deal with it just now!> Samuel replied, though seemed to be teetering on the edge of making the decision. They had just changed, hadn't they? It didn't really seem that gross, not with how they changed and how horny they were...

Figuring what the hell, Samuel sauntered over, Ethan's tail still raised and ready. His pucker was on full display, seeming to clench open and closed with the need to be fucked. Samuel paused only for a moment, partaking deeply of the sweaty male musk from the change. It was heady and strong and somehow caused him to pound further erect than even the transformation made him. It was getting harder for him to question his sexuality or even why that was such a bad thing. After all, when in Rome...you be a gay lion?

Reaching out with a rough feline tongue, Samuel tentatively played it over Ethan's rump, teasing around the pucker and digging in. The sensation seemed surprisingly pleasant, its meaty muscled contours teasing his tongue and prompting him to dig in deeper. He had never been one for going down on women, let alone men, but he couldn't deny how much pleasure it was giving him to be performing as much as he hoped it was doing it for his buddy!

Yet, the growls out of Ethan's muzzle weren't what he expected. <Fuck that's rough!> He called out, pulling back slightly in response to the pain caused by hundreds of harsh barbs teasing his sensitive skin. For a moment, Samuel's reaction was to stop, to wonder if there was a way to tease his friend into sexual release without causing him any pain.

<Damn, don't stop,> Ethan growled, taking both men aback by the comment. It was, apparently, a good pain, and Ethan got right back to it, feeling the sensation of a rough tongue on his nethers and the leaking in his cock that signed ever-increasing arousal.

<Fuck, I can't hold back> Samuel whined, eventually pulling back and huffing the male musk that Ethan's cock was leaking.

<Do it, Fuck me!> Ethan cried, raising his hips back and lowering his front half to make it easier to be mounted.

Samuel looked at the display for a moment, as though a little confused about how to proceed. <How do I...?>

<Just like you would a lioness, dumbass!> Ashton called, though the two of them had largely ignored him at that point. Both of them looked over to see that Ashton was down on his backside, leg reached, and sniffing at his own erection. It was almost as if the display was turning him on to the point where he decided to go down on himself...

<What? You guys aren't the only ones who are horny! Besides, what man hasn't ever wanted to...ah, shit, just fuck already!> Ashton roared, and Samuel said nothing, crawling over Ethan's back and getting down on his hips, poking Ethan's backside and missing, not used to the positioning that his biology was adept to.

<Higher, damnit, I'm not a chick!> Ethan roared, and Samuel got the hint, raising himself up and feeling the drying saliva against his leaking cocktip as though he had prepared his lover's backside for penetration already.

<There's my ass, push!> Ethan called out, and Samuel did, feeling his cock sliding in. It took some effort, as he was not used to fucking an asshole. But he had to admit it was better than any vagina he ever had wrapped around him, tighter and more inviting. If this was to be male or male sex...did he really need to wait for a lioness in heat?

<Ofh fuck it's so tight> Samuel growled, and Ethan looked up at him, a pleading expression in his leonine eyes.

<Fuck you're big. Those spines...fuck, don't care, fuck me harder!> Ethan growled, clearly pained by the intrusion but pleased in equal measure. Both were aware of the barbs on lions cocks, and how much they hurt in their quest to send a female into ovulation. Though, in this case they served to send shocks into Ethan's prostate, making it possible to cum hands-free. And it wouldn't take much fucking, horny as they both were.

<Dude, that's...mmrrrhot!> Ashton muttered, growling through his dick, muzzle lapping at the contours. He might have figured his penile spines would irritate his tongue, but its own protrusions were keratin-based and not so easily hindered. In fact, even the texture of his penis was doing it for him, leaking pre down his throat and only making him want to drink down more.

<Dude shut up> Samuel growled, though there was little reason to. He had every right to go down on himself as much as the pair had to fuck and rut. And, though he wanted to protest further, he was too much invested in the pleasure that fucking his friend was giving him.

<Is that good?> Samuel said, returning to his task and fucking faster. The tension in his balls was coming to a head, and it wouldn't take much longer for him to blow the load brewing. It felt amazing to have their testicles slapping together, the stimulation more than he could bear. The scents in the air, the power of muscle in their bodies, the feelings from his sensitive cock and balls...it was all too much!

<So good! Can't hold it> Ethan said, growling through gritted teeth as his penis started pulsating and his semen was blown onto his belly, dripping onto the ground in greater quantities than even the most virile of lions. It was par for the course of the change, expelling the rest of their human semen for the lion cum that now filled his balls. Though lions discharged very little in the way of semen per rut, this one was a tribute to the best a lion could put forth.

<Oh shit, yeah, cum in me, fuck!> Ethan called out, and Samuel obliged, cock spasming and shooting his bolt into Ethan's lion rump. The sensations for both of them defied anything humans knew in a way only rutting beasts could truly achieve.

<Mrrr...MRRRRR!> Followed the third of the trio, Ashton blowing his load into his muzzle and tasting his lion seed with vigor. Though he thought he would have been disgusted, the taste was surprisingly sublime, and Ashton drank it eagerly, finding going down on himself better than he could have even imagine.

Yet, it was not to be the last of their fun, not by a long shot. <Dudes, you still horny?> Samuel asked, met with roars of excitement from his lion cohorts...

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Unbeknownst to the trio of lusty lions in the middle of their rut, four lionesses had sauntered up, having gotten wind that some new suitors were coming around. Their lioness heat was starting in their neck of the woods, and they wanted some relief in the only way the animals

they had become could experience. Yet, the sight they came upon was not what they were anticipating. Far from being magnificent specimens waiting to whisk them off their paws, the trio was in a train position, the biggest one on the bottom as he and the one on top were being railed. Cries of, <Fuck yeah! Fuck my ass!> came to their ears, and the lionesses looked at each other with some confusion.

<Are they bi? They better be bi! I'm horny!> One of the lioness said, the disappointment clear on her face and in her tone. Surely, they had to be and were just a little horny from the changes. That had to be it, right?

<I hope they are at least bi. That's the whole fucking point!> Another one, the oldest said, swishing her tail in a gesture of annoyance.

<Fucking greedy ass males! Typical,> the third stated, and the fourth said nothing, turning around and huffing as she pawed back towards the direction they had come. Though there was some precedence for them to wait for the three to finish, or even just watch them get off, with their heat so strong and their annoyance stronger, they weren't going to give the males the satisfaction of seeing them after rutting with themselves!

Still lost in their lust as they were, with the stench of lion cum in their noses, there was no chance of them noticing anything but their undulating bodies. Cries of <Oh yeah, fuck me! Harder!> And <That's the good stuff, more!> Could be heard by any animal, changed or otherwise, in the vicinity. The notion of any females even coming around was lost to them, and they were hardly in a position to care.

They were not gay, a least not completely. The effects of male on male lust were doing it for them in the moment. Someday, when there were females before them, the aromas of their heat would certainly bring their pricks to bear. But, that was neither here nor there, as it were. Right now, they could fuck all night and were happy to indulge with the other males in their lion stamina as a baptism into their new lives...