

"Man, my feet are killing me!" Damien whined loudly as he entered his tiny cabin, his friend Gabe in tow. They'd been hiking all afternoon in the early autumn air; Damien had had little opportunity to break in his new hiking boots before his latest expedition. His feet were cramped and sore, likely callused as a result of their day in the wilderness.

It couldn't be helped. Damien only had a week left out of his field station to locate sufficient samples to meet his data requirements. Then it was back to the lab for the winter months, boring repetitive analysis work he'd rather leave to the student interns. Damien planned to enjoy his time in the field while he could.

He'd been working on and off in the field for the past several months. He was trying to gather enough data to keep him and his company busy through the winter. He worked out of a lab his company owned stationed near a research outpost where he had access to food and other amenities he'd need for his time apart from civilization. On top of everything else, it made a nice little getaway in the summer months

He was happy his close friend Gabe was able to accompany him on this outing. He was permitted to have a guest on the trip, provided he paid his own expenses, of course. Gabe was more than happy to foot the bill; he loved the outdoors, and he was glad to have a mini-vacation with his good buddy even if they did spend most of their daytime hours working. He was also thankful for the "private" time they'd gotten to spend with each other in the evenings, a chance to be alone, and have some fun after a hard day's work.

Sighing, Damien fell onto the modest bed they'd been sharing for their week-long excursion. Though their tiny cabin was isolated from the other similar structures nearby, it was all the two of them needed. He took his hiking boots off gently, careful not to scrape the edges against his tired swollen feet, not minding the heavy odor of his exertions that filled the tiny space. His sweat-soaked filthy socks came next, revealing his light shaded feet, a stark contrast to the tan skin between his socks and shorts. His feet were indeed red and swollen; the skin under

his heel was rough and calloused and beginning to split painfully in places. He'd forgotten to pack lotion for the trip and would have to suffer from the insistent sores for the remainder of his field expedition. He hoped the nearby waystation would be supplied with something to help and planned to inquire about it later.

"Want me to rub your feet?" Gabe asked, moving onto the bed next to his buddy. He knew what Damien really wanted but was too shy to ask for, so he decided it best to take the initiative. Gabe took Damien's swollen feet in his hands and massaged them gently, moving in slowly to get the sweet spots at the base of his toes.

Damien rolled his eyes back in contentment as his friend massaged the heavily calloused soles of his feet. He tried his best not to be aroused at the sensation, but it was of no avail. Damien hadn't told his friend how much Damien loved having his feet touched and touching Gabe's in return. It was common enough, though he was still shy about broaching the subject. Their exploration together as friends with benefits was still new; these intimate details would come in time, he supposed.

Yet Gabe's careful ministrations were having the desired effect. Gabe looked lustfully at Damien's swollen member tenting in his cargo shorts. He licked his lips at the thought of tasting it but was quickly reminded that it was soon time for dinner, and afterward, his buddy would spend the next few hours engrossed in sorting the samples he'd taken. There would be time for fun later.

A familiar thought passed through Damien's mind as Gabe drew both their attention to Damien's feet. It was another thing he'd often fantasized about but had yet to let slip in front of his friend. Damien knew they shared similar interests, but he was still bashful in expressing himself in terms of kinks beyond simple sex. He gave it some thought, wondering if he dared speak it aloud, for fear that Gabe would find it, or him, somehow repulsive. No. Gabe cared about him, even before they'd started exploring each other physically. At worst, he'd face mild curiosity and dismissal. He could test the waters, gauge his reaction, and go from there.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have paws?" Damien posed, doing his best to make it sound as though the notion had just now occurred to him. "You know, like a full canine's paws? Thick, hard paw pads with sturdy nails. We would save a fortune on boots!" He laughed, hoping his friend would find the comment amusing.

"Yeah," Gabe replied dreamily, rubbing the sensual spots between his friend's toes. In truth, Gabe felt a certain kinship with the statement. He too often found the idea of having a new form appealing, though he had never voiced it either. Yet it was something that Gabe often fantasized about and caused him his own surge of arousal.

"Definitely wolf paws for me! Too bad we haven't seen any up here!" Gabe exclaimed, looking dreamily back up to the ceiling of their cabin. Damien chuckled; he shouldn't have been surprised, after all. Gabe had always seemed a little wolf-crazy.

"What about you? Any particular animal's paws you'd like to wear?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Damien, distantly. In truth, he knew exactly what he wanted. He had always been fascinated with Egyptian lore and had always held the visage of Anubis in deep reverence. He loved the way his face had been depicted in artwork and as a result, often fantasized about the image of common jackals.

Damien sighed deeply, letting the waves of pleasure wash over him from his friend's gentle ministrations. He was no longer ashamed of the obvious bulge in his pants. Damien allowed himself to feel his member push eagerly against the fabric of his underwear, a small spreading stain signaling his anticipation and arousal. Even though they might be late to supper, he knew he couldn't go anywhere without Gabe relieving this built-up tension first.

Damien suddenly felt warm all over, and not just from the already heated cabin. He grasped at the thin material of his sweat-soaked shirt, wanting to remove it. Gabe licked his lips at the sight of Damien's muscled chest; it was highly plausible that they'd be skipping right to 'desert'. Hoping his actions would elicit an increased favorable response, Gabe lowered his head slowly and began to lap at the space between Damien's toes that he'd just been rubbing. Damien moaned in pleasure; it was more than he could take as his erect member shot a small drop of precum all over the inside of his taut underwear.

"Urrhhh!" Damien gasped suddenly from the sensation of his feet cramping painfully. Gabe lifted his head in concern from the sudden outburst and looked into his friend's eyes, seeing the shock. He carefully looked over his friend's swollen feet, glancing for any sign that could have caused such a loud outburst of pain.

"What happened?" Gabe asked, worried that his actions might have over-stimulated something in his friend's foot, some nerve or tendon that had already been strained from their long hike. That was clearly not the case, however, as something unnatural rippled underneath Damien's exposed skin. And it was not limited to the foot Gabe had been messaging. Both watched in fascination as Damien's reddened calloused feet began to darken in a circular patch on his sole, the rough skin protruding in a dark, circled lump. They almost looked like...paw pads? What the hell was going on?

Damien moaned as his toes started to twitch uncontrollably, his large toes suddenly pulling backward with an audible crack. Both men stared in horror as they steadily crawled up the length of the man's foot in unison, diminishing in size all the while. By the time they reached Damien's heels, they were entirely immobile. Damien tried to wriggle them in desperation, but it was no use. Distracted by such a dramatic change, neither man noticed the slight discoloration on each of Damien's toes, or the black thickening of the nails at the end of each shrinking digit.

The entire surface of both feet was itchy even as they began to twist into a new shape. Damien brought his fingers down to relieve the irritation and was met with the shock of touching several small hairs, which he could feel multiplying under his fingers. The hair was dusty yellow, covering his entire foot, fully hiding the former human skin underneath within moments as both men watched helplessly.

The heel of each foot began to stretch upwards with an audible snap, taking his former large toe with it as it scaled up the length of his lower leg. If Damien had a mind to try standing, he'd realize he'd have to get used to the now digitigrade stance his new paws afforded him. His center of balance would be greatly askew should the changes simply end there. He had a feeling as the rest of his skin began to tingle that the metamorphosis would not be limited to simple feet paws, however, as much as he'd be content with that.

His toenails had grown decidedly larger, thicker, and the pointed ends were clearly visible over the edge of his shifting toes. A patch of flesh under each former toe had begun to thicken, and if Damien decided to raise them, he was certain he'd see rough circular pads on the bottoms of each to match the ones at the base of his foot. Both feet had taken on a clearly canine visage, and the coloration was rather unique and very familiar to him. That wasn't possible, was it? Certainly, such changes weren't plausible, to begin with, but what were the odds that the one form he'd be shifting into would be so akin to the body from his deepest desires?

"Uugggg!" Gabe cried, suddenly feeling a similar sensation in his own feet. Whatever was affecting Damien must have started on him as well. Gabe hadn't had the chance to take off his own footwear, and the pins and needles sensation in his foot quickly turned painful as the swelling appendages quickly grew too large for their confinement. He tried to bend over to take off his shoes, but his growing feet had already expanded beyond the prescribed limits of his purchased hiking boots and were too tight to remove successfully. He could only watch as what he knew to be his growing paws strained painfully against the weak fabric of the cheap

footwear, wishing desperately that they might soon break free and relieve him of the agony.

Concern over his own transformation forgotten, Damien reached over and tried to help Gabe remove the confining footwear. Damien knew that Gabe's feet must be suffering greatly, having outgrown the hiking boots by several sizes if his own paws were any indication. With a sudden snap, the seams in Gabe's shoe gave way, revealing a flurry of thick brown hair. With some effort, Damien was able to pull apart the boot, and Gabe kicked off the tattered garments with relief now that his feet were able to breathe.

Gabe's feet were massive, much like Damien's. His socks were stretched to the limits even as new, thick nails had pierced the weak fabric, leaving strings of material riding uncomfortably in between his shortened toes. Gabe tugged off the dirty socks with a satisfying rip, exposing even more brown fur in between his thick, calloused paw pads. Like Damien's, his heels had migrated upward while his big toe had transitioned into an obvious dewclaw.

Both men glanced at each other with a sly smile that shared the significance of the changes they observed in each other. They had casually contemplated the joys of transitioning forms, and now it appeared their wishes had been accidentally granted. A world of possibilities flooded Damien's mind. The sight of his friend's feet paws was so damn hot, more arousing than he'd ever envisioned.

Yet an insistent itching in his calf tore Damien away from his reverie. A spreading pelt had begun forming under his shorts to meet the advancing trail from his now almost complete paws. Gabe rubbed his legs as a similar fur coat began crawling over him. What force could possibly warp a human body in this manner? There was no scientifically plausible explanation for spreading fur and animalistic muscle. Yet the hair marched onwards, Gabe's a muddied brown while Damien's a rusty patterned yellow. It was obvious what animals the pelts belonged to. That made the experience all the more perplexing; how was it they were changing to resemble the animals they'd fantasized about?

Though nearly overcome with fear from the bizarre occurrence, Damien couldn't help but feel excited deep down. He was getting what he always wanted, wasn't he? Despite himself, Damien felt a tent pitch inside of his confining shorts and underwear. His member had grown back to its previous length, and as he watched, it seemed to go beyond what he recognized from his human form. It was pulling insistently against the fabric, his precum stain growing ever more visible against the taut garments.

The change slowly moved up their wiry bodies, fur ripping across flesh as new muscle took shape underneath. Damien couldn't help but consider how well-suited his new body was becoming to being outside to his work. To hell with the consequences of being part animal! If he'd be this powerful as part-jackal, then he was perfectly happy to shed his human skin and embrace the canine taking over his form.

The sight of Damien's thick member encased tightly in his constrictive shorts was powerfully arousing for the soon-to-be wolf. Gabe couldn't help but feel a reflective rise from his own member once again. His friend showed no fear of the changes overcoming him. In fact, Damien seemed to almost revel in the bestial form he was being granted. Gabe, too, was excited with the prospect at what his transformation might bring. No longer able to contain himself, Gabe pulled the zipper of Damien's cargo shorts down, exposing the damp underwear within. He peeled down the elastic band, revealing Damien's swollen cock. Both men gasped at the sight. Damien's cock head had become pointed, darkening to a thick red shade as the entire shaft expanded. A heavy knot was present at the base, barely concealed by the soft pelt of fur he now sported.

Gabe wanted so bad to taste him, to suck the sweet mutating member and bring Damien an intensity of ecstasy he had never known. Gabe moved his mouth down over the changing jackal's cock, musky precum filling his nostrils and driving him wild. He lapped gently at the tip, noting how bigger his tongue seemed to be and how rich the flavor was to his transitioning tongue. He savored the taste,

desperately lapping for more and eliciting a moan of pleasure from the shifting jackal.

Damien gasped as Gabe lowered his head on the canine shaft Damien now sported, wrapping his tongue around the much thicker and larger organ. Gabe had always been a skilled oral lover, but the passion he felt seeing Damien's arousal fueled his techniques to new levels. Gabe bobbed up and down rapidly, hitting Damien's sweet spot with practiced precision. Damien moaned in approval, encouraging Gabe to go faster and grant him a sweet release.

The taste of leaking precum due to his oral ministrations was divine, but Gabe couldn't help wondering if this was really the best way to commemorate such a unique occasion. Damien had been so powerfully aroused by the sight of his changing paws, and what sorts of fun might involve them. The idea firm in his mind, Gabe couldn't imagine not exploring it with his friend now. Gabe raised his mouth slowly from his friend's member, a line of precum trailing along as he smiled. He was careful of his new teeth. Gabe had felt them shifting to canine configurations in his mouth as he'd begun his oral ministrations and didn't want to risk damage to Damien's pride until he was more comfortable with his new anatomy.

"What are you...?" Damien started, surprised. Gabe simply shushed him with a kiss. The feel of darkening wet noses touching surprised them both, and they giggled from the sensation. Their faces had begun to protrude slightly, canine visages evident through once-familiar human features. It made the contact somewhat foreign but something they were both prepared to adapt to with the sexual promise that their changing bodies delivered.

Gabe sat back on the bed, motioning his partner to do the same. He proceeded to raise his feet-paws for his friend's inspection. Gabe knew that would really get his friend going, toying with his fetish before allowing Damien to release his heavy burden. Gabe lifted his fully formed paws onto the bed, careful to direct

them in a position where Damien would have the most control yet still remain comfortable for the duration.

Damien stared at the offering, quivering in excitement as the rich musky canine smell wafted from his mate's wolf feet and met his nose. He drank in the scent, eager to run his changing tongue over them, explore what he perceived was his buddy's most arousing feature. The eager jackal reacted out tentatively, wanting a taste of the damp earthy scented appendages. He began to lick with gusto, savoring the tangy flavor, lapping at every inch of his friend's feet.

His jackal member was straining from arousal as he thrust forwards, begging to be touched. Gabe was more than happy to oblige him. Gabe's hand paw picked up where his wolf tongue had left off, gripping his friend's cock firmly and allowing the tougher skin of the shaft to feel the coarseness of Gabe's paw pads as he rubbed up and down. Gabe's paw already felt the familiar twitching of Damien's rod preparing to release its feral load.

Meanwhile, Damien wrapped his tongue around thick wolf toes and calloused pads, eager to cum with the taste of such sensual flesh still fresh in his stretching maw. Gabe, however, had other ideas. There was one last thing he wanted to try, to bring his teasing to its glorious finale as he made Damien explode in ecstasy, commemorating the change in the most sexual way he could conceive. Gabe removed his paws from Damien's shaft, and slowly, teasingly, pulled back his feet, even as Damien desperately leaned forward to continue suckling on those sexy appendages. Damien pouted slightly, though jokingly, knowing Gabe must have something good up his paw to stop this.

"Close your eyes," Gabe whispered, and Damien did as instructed, the first bits of gold flecks shining as his furry eyelids closed shut. Another thick glob of precum drooled heavily out of Damien's pointed canine cock. He had a strong inkling of what his friend wanted to do, and the thought excited him. Damien awaited the feeling against his member with rapt attention, hoping in the next few moments to feel Gabe's new furry feet paws at either side of him.

His wish was soon to be granted. Gabe carefully moved his paws into position to stroke the shaft on either side, feeling its mass between them. Gabe began to move his paws up and down in synch, heavy rivulets of precum providing more than sufficient lube for the contact to remain frictionless and painless.

"Oh, that's...so good..." Damien moaned as he felt his friend's paws touch his dick. He'd always wondered what this would feel like but never asked. The logistics of such an act seemed rather difficult to perform successfully in bed. But with the thickness of their paws and the flexibility their new forms provided, they had more than enough skill to bring Damien the contact he'd so often fantasized about.

Gabe could feel fur spreading up his chest as their changes raced onwards. Powerful contractions in Gabe's stomach signaled the development of firm, hard-packed muscle. He loved the way his chest caved in, giving him a thin, streamlined look he'd always lacked as a human. The fur spread down his hands, giving him a sexy pair of blackened arm stockings. His ears stood proudly atop his head, poking out through receding hair as his face grew pointed. Thin whiskers broke through the skin beside his blackened nose, opening Gabe to a wealth of new information, the most relevant of which being his friend's growing arousal. Gabe rubbed himself all over, playing a bit with his nipples as he brought his lover closer and closer to his first canine climax.

Damien was unable to fathom such intensity of pleasure as Gabe stroked his pronounced red rocket with his newly transformed feet paws. Gabe's hard, calloused paw pads gave Damien such exquisite joy as they rubbed up and down his much sturdier rod. The paws felt so warm, so right as they covered his cock fully. The feeling of fur and paw pads on his member was more erotic than anything he could have dreamed of. Damien would be unable to last under such intense pleasure for long.

"I'm so close! Towel?!" He asked, worried his friend wouldn't want the mess all over his new feet. Gabe simply smiled, blackened lips accented by his newly golden eyes. He said nothing, simply moving the paws more rapidly up his friend's red rocket. Gabe was careful not to injure Damien but eager to bring him to a blessed orgasm. He wanted Damien to blow his jackal load all over his paws, a symbol of the new freedom these forms brought.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna....uuugghhh!" Damien whined, a distinctly canine tone leaving his blackened lips as he came hard, spurting copiously over his lover's new furry stomach. Gabe giggled at the sight, reveling in the pleasure he'd so eagerly provided his friend. Damien's body shook violently with release, moaning in that higher canine voice that made Gabe's own cock leak more.

Their mutual changes sped up as Damien came down from his orgasmic high. Gabe's shirt was tight with swelling muscle as his growing hair itched fiercely against the thin fabric. He tried to remove the constricting garment but was unable to peel it off his sweaty muscled form. In frustration, he tore the weak fabric easily with his new musculature and thick nails. Gabe's new fur coat would provide sufficient protection against the elements, after all, even this late into the year.

Damien cried out suddenly, an unfamiliar cramp in his tail bone, causing him momentary discomfort. He leaned over, reaching around with his changed hand paws to try and relieve the pressure. His paws settled over a growth that stemmed from above his ass. He felt it grow warm, sprout luxurious fur as what he now knew to be his tail finished growing to its full length. He stood up, loving how its size balanced his changed legs. He felt he could easily run or even hunt without fear of falling flat on his stretching muzzle.

Gabe, too, felt a similar sensation in his own tailbone and reached out to grasp the growth as his Damien was doing. It was an elegant, fluffy tail, fitting for a being such as himself. Gabe was oddly proud of it. The thoughts of the change and what it might mean for them no longer brought fear but rather feelings of excitement.

Damien felt a tugging on his ears as they started growing at first to match Gabe's wolfish ears, though his own quickly stretched beyond that. He picked up his phone, his reflected face looking more and more like the visage of the jackal god he's so often identified with. Damien was elated; he willed his body to change more and more, to fill out with muscles, fur, and canine perfection.

Damien finally came down for the excitement of his finishing changes and noticed his friend's swollen need at last. He knew just what Gabe would want. The position was Gabe's favorite, and also appropriate for their new forms. Damien got down on all fours and turned his stretching muzzle to look back at his lupine lover. "Take me," he whispered huskily, instinctively raising the new tail he sported, allowing his mate easier access to the tight canine pucker underneath.

Gabe's darkening nose was awash in new sensations. Not only could he detect the jackal's lust, but there was another smell, a canine smell that emanated from Damien's ass he desired more of. Gabe crawled over the jackal's prone form, careful of his newly grown tail as he grasped the jackal man's hips and lined his red rocket with the ready tail hole. Gabe rubbed the rim with his cock head, steadily lubricating precum over Damien's needy fuck hole as he pushed forward. Damien, feeling the recognizable sensation of his friend's cock touching his tail hole, began to move backward, eager to take the wolf's length within his opening, to pleasure Gabe with his practiced inner walls.

Gabe slid himself in easily but soon felt an uncomfortable pressure at the base of his dick. He pushed insistently against his friend's anus, desperately seeking complete entry. The canine lust was nearly overwhelming. He wanted to knot Damien, to mate him properly. Gabe pushed desperately, cautious at Damien's growls of discomfort but horny all the same. With an audible pop, Gabe's knot broke through, bringing a plateau of pleasure both had yet to experience. Though they had often tried anal as humans, something about being tied together brought the two men greater ecstasy than they would have even fathomed.

They were both so close. It was something both relished, feeling each other tremble in orgasmic high as each man released simultaneously. Their transformed bodies were so vital, so alive, and brimming with sexual energy. It was unlikely either could hold out against the pressure as they grew ever closer to the much-anticipated finish line.

"Yes, fuck me, Gabe!" Damien cried, feeling the hard press of his friend's cock deep in his bowels. The force of Gabe's canine cock against his prostate was too much; Damien could hardly hold back as he felt himself going into orgasm once more. His red rocket jerked uncontrollably underneath him as he came without having touched himself once while his squirming rectal muscles played marvelously over Gabe's cock.

Gabe felt he could hold back no longer as he thrust with reckless abandon into the jackal's furry hole. "So close, I'm gonna..agggh!" Gabe cried as he felt his dick throb uncontrollably, spasming as he came deep inside the jackal.

Damien relished the warm feeling of being filled with his newly lupine friend as he came down from his own orgasmic high, drops of semen leaking out of his canine rocket. Gabe tried to pull out but found he could not dislodge himself. Evidently, his newly formed wolf hood prevented it. That suited the pair just fine. They were happy to remain tied together, spooning one another as they basked in the afterglow of amazing sex.

The two newly changed canine men lay in each other's embrace until the setting sun darkened the room enough for them to take a pause from their reverie for reflection. What had caused the bizarre metamorphosis? Had their change been isolated, or had others been affected as well? Without reliable contact with the outside world, they had no way to know. Checking in on their neighbors might prove a bit too risky; the wrong exposure could have them locked up as lab experiments or worse.

Still, they showed no signs of changing back even as the evening dragged on. Yet both men felt no loss or disappointment at their stripped humanity. If anything, Damien had been right in his thought process from earlier. The change would make fieldwork much easier, and save them both a fortune on footwear. Though needing custom pants to accommodate their newly grown tails might compensate for the savings on shoes. But pants were a necessity only around other humans, of course. Both men were well satisfied with the thought of each other naked as they remained in the woods. Their sexy virile forms would make for many nights of animalistic pleasure while away from the rest of the world!