
The familiar shimmer once more passed over the jeep, and with it, its terrified occupants found themselves in a savannah once more, farther from the river and the deadly crocodiles. It was hardly a reprieve, given that any one of the four could be next to be forced into the wilds and compelled to change into an animal, supposedly catered to their greatest desires. Yet, none of them wanted to look out into the wilds, terrified to catch sight of a waiting animal and be drawn into an undesirable fate.

Yet, their guide seemed inclined to continue talking to them, as much as turning their lives on end seemed not to cause him any distress. “Now, like the crocodiles, there are many hunters on the savannah, all adapted to their particular niche. Most try to target the sick or weak, mind, and that won't be any of you for quite some time, I shouldn't think. But if you're worried about eating one of your former humans, then you can rest assured that you will be scattered across the continent, herbivores well separated from their predators and the hunters with an ample supply of prey that was never human. My project is not to have you perish, of course, but rather to give you a new life, one fruitful and allowing you to give back to what your kind so foolishly squander,” He finished, almost matter-of-factly.

Sitting as far back in his seat as possible, Oliver was unable to stop himself from shivering in fear. This was far beyond anything he had signed up for, and he wanted nothing more than to get off and make his way back to civilization, to wake up in his own bed or getting ready to fly home and be anywhere but here. But with two of their company already condemned to become part of the savannah, such was becoming a fleeting dream. He didn't know where he would end up when he was to experience the same fate. There were certain animals that appealed to him, of course, ones he'd wanted to see more than others when he'd signed up for the trip in the first place. But he didn't want to *be* any animal, and even thinking about which was preferable to others was bothering him. Yet, in light of the reality before him, Oliver couldn't help but make a mental checklist. What the hell was he thinking?!

Their guide continued to explain the territory before them, though lost in thoughts as he was, Oliver had not been paying attention. He hadn't wanted to look up at all, hoping that pretending he hadn't been shifted into new biomes that might contain the animal he was condemned to become might spare him from such a fate. But now that he had, it drew the reality of his situation to him in spades, and he couldn't resist the urge to scan the area, at least hoping that any animal he'd see would be an appealing one. There was a part of him that thought there were far worse options depending on what they stumbled upon.

Yet, the sound of something making a bizarre series of chirps drew his eyes up for just a moment. That was all it took for Oliver to find himself thrown from the jeep as though by force.

Stunned, Oliver looked up to the horrified faces of the other three in the jeep, though there was nothing they could do. The barrier was still present, Oliver able to feel the static from it at this distance and was sure it would stun him to try and touch it. And with that, he was stuck out here, likely at the whims of whatever animal was waiting for him and would surely tempt him to join.

Against his better inclinations, Oliver could feel himself coming to a rather unexpected and unwanted erection. A furious blush crossed his features, not wanting to be seen in such a compromising situation even if he had no control over his body. But there was no denying the pleasure pounding at his loins, as though anticipating what was to come. It had been some time since he'd felt that way, having not had the time to slow down for a serious relationship. But now the need seemed to burn through his being, almost eager to see what animal would be waiting for him and what his fate might be. Fuck! He wouldn't want this, shouldn't want this! But the more he tried to focus his mind on anything else, the harder it became to resist his persistent erection.

His embarrassment, it seemed, was hardly to cease there. As much as he had turned around to avoid his erection from facing those in the jeep, it seemed his arousal had not gone unnoticed. "In big cats, it's often the female to initiate mating when she comes into estrus. While her territory might overlap that of several males, completion is limited, and it's generally the first male that comes along she chooses. Not that cheetahs couldn't run the gambit and make the best of things if they wanted, I'm sure!"

Oliver felt his blood run cold at the words. *Cheetah*?! He hadn't wanted to be any animal, couldn't imagine it happening to him in real life. And yet there was something about the feline form that had appealed to him in his youth, especially that of the leaner, more lithe species like the cat in question. It was almost as though the guide was able to read their minds, and really pick something that appealed to them. Not that Oliver wanted to be a cheetah, but the more he thought about it, the less he could think more desirable animal to become.

In desperation, Oliver looked around, still unable to see any animals, least of all a cheetah gunning for him. A brief semblance of hope crossed his thoughts at that moment, hoping that perhaps there was still time for him to get away. Not that there was anywhere to go, save for back to the jeep which was denied him. He could try to survive in the savannah alone, but that prospect was daunting at best. At least, if he stayed human, there might be a chance for him to find help, get back to America, and avoid seeing any cats for the rest of his life...

The sensation of something soft brushing against his leg made him yelp out, jumping back as though he had been bitten by a snake. As much as he knew what had brushed against him, Oliver was not inclined to look down, wanting to deny it all the same. Yet, the animal continued to rub against him, and even his attempts to reach down and push it away were not a deterrent. He didn't want to run, didn't want to get chased down by the fastest land mammal on

earth. Yet, perhaps if he resisted the urge to look down, then the cheetah might eventually leave him alone. And then he could get away from here and find help...

Feeling an intense itching against his leg, Oliver reached down and tried to push the cat away again, his time only connecting with air. Confused for a moment, seeking fingers reached down and rubbed the skin on his bare calve, only for his blood to run cool. The same soft texture greeted his touch, the implication rushing over him like a train. Not wanting to see what was happening but knowing such was enviable regardless, Oliver finally opened his eyes, spotting a light covering of dusty yellow fur spreading outward from a patch where the cheetah had rubbed against. He hadn't even looked at the animal, but it seemed as though mere contact with it was all that was required to change him. It was a fate he had come the moment he was thrown from the jeep, or perhaps even before.

Crying out his panic, Oliver was still able to hear the man's words from the jeep, as though trying to encourage him. "This was the fate chosen for you from your own desires. It's best to let it happen and embrace what will be your best possible future." Said the guide, a little sympathetic but determined in his goal. Oliver could only feel his shame growing, cheeks burning as the four sets of eyes played over him. How could he have possibly wanted *this*?

Yet, it was soon to become even worse as the tickling against his skin started up in his hands, where he had tried to push the cheetah away. The tips of his fingers started to tingle and swell, the skin looking as though blistered and black. Soon, the thick skin covered the entire surface of his fingertips, thick and calloused and looking like the underside of a cat's paws, much to his alarm. No matter how much he frantically shook his fingers, he could not manage to stem the changes. He was left helpless to watch as both hands were overcome with the strange callouses.

The swelling soon spread from the center of his palms, spreading to the bases of his fingers and covering them with that same thick black skin. He wanted to touch them, though his padded fingertips possessed little in the way of feeling. It was not the entirety of his palms to be covered, leaving a distinctive shape that spoke to his fate. As the remaining skin started to itch fiercely, Oliver could only look on in shock and horror, the reality of his situation hitting him like a ton of bricks.

The ache of his fingers compressing took him by surprise, and trying to flex them was in vain. It didn't hurt to lose the joints and tendons within, though it was very disconcerting, and Oliver was almost relieved to feel them shrinking, rather than having them effectively dead at the ends of his palms. The speed of their destruction was steady, enough Oliver was able to mourn their loss. Soon, all that remained were largely immobile numbs, even stiffer than what he'd seen on most cats. His thumbs, too, were soon to retreat even further, the bones in his wrist dislocating

and forcing them to relocate toward their base. He was left to stare at them in helplessness, his wrists starting to shrink a little while his hands themselves swelled larger. They looked ungainly on his arms, but as the bones within started to rearrange and his fingers took their new position, the sight drew more comparison to actual paws, as much as that reality pained him to imagine. For now, they lacked the distinctive dusting of cheetah fur, though that was likely to change if his future was the same as those who had already devolved into African fauna.

It was soon to become worse as his nail beds started to ache, thickening and sinking within the tips themselves. The expanding keratin started pushing outward, curved, and pointed into the beginning of the claws. “Now, you might be interested to know this, but cheetah claws are unique in felines in that they don't retract. In tandem with their stationary paws, cheetahs are granted the greatest stability against the ground, one of several adaptations that allow them to run all out to chase down prey. I'm sure you'll enjoy them in your new life going forward!”

Oliver went to bemoan his fate though was shocked when the cat suddenly started to rub against his other leg. Oliver still hadn't looked down to see his suitor, and risking a glance, he was greeted by the sight of eager, amber eyes, followed by a series of pleasant chirps now that she had his attention. Oliver was sure without looking she was female, an instinctive realization but one that rang true. And one eager to rub against him, causing his skin to itch and blossom out into fur, dusty yellow with distinct black spots. It spread in a slow rolling wave, the skin under his shorts peppering with it as well as the inside of his socks. The irritation was starting to become troublesome, and Oliver was tempted to take his clothes off, though without functional hands such was impossible.

Legs slowly being covered with cheetah fur, Oliver once again missed as the nimble cat moved behind him, pushing on his butt, nearly knocking the poor man to the ground. He yelped out from not only the shock of it but the sensation of something poking out of his spine, as though his tailbone had dislocated and formed a noticeable bump in the back of his shorts. It was starting to become uncomfortable, though Oliver's paws were tied without the ability to pull them down. And in some ways, he was desperate to keep them on, a slim hold on his humanity that he was determined to hold onto, fleeting as it was.

All throughout the process, a light buzz seemed to be playing over his skin, preceded by the itching of fur growth from the follicles. The implication was immediately lost on him until the waistband of his shorts started to loosen, nearly enough that even his belt wouldn't be enough to keep them on. Part of him wanted to wriggle them off his body, though such was akin to submission, and Oliver was desperate for a thread of resistance, if only fleeting. Still, as his chest thinned and his skin itched fiercely, Oliver was starting to come to believe that his efforts would be for naught. He would succumb to the changes no matter how he felt about them.

While it was likely most of his clothes would fall from his form, it seemed his tail had other ideas. It was steadily growing as his spine pressed against his backside, pulling the fabric taut around it. The fabric was a cheap material since he had such luxuries to save for this trip. And with how stiff the growth was becoming, Oliver could only feel the ache of it against the fabric, without anywhere else to go. Its development carried on with persistence, and with a steady series of rips, Oliver could feel it working its way through the hole. Against his will, Oliver could feel it twitching from the base, almost panicked now as its motion sent a shiver through his being.

“Everything about a cheetah's anatomy is designed to help them run at the speeds they are capable of. From their gripping claws for traction to their larger chest for greater lung capacity to their long, stiff tail to act as a rudder. Of all the big cats, they truly are the most physiologically remarkable!”

Oliver was hardly aware of the words, of course, especially as his suitor started to rub against his socks, her influence even able to seep into his clothes. Pressure built in his feet as their balls started to swell, and with it, the now-familiar ache of his nails swelling. While his boots were decent-sized, the width of his paws made him sure it would be uncomfortable to keep them on. And no amount of twitching could make enough room for his new claws, Oliver letting out a yelp as they poked through his socks. It was some effort to remove them before he fell over, though with the changes to his ankles and his stretched heels, he was able to manage. It took him all he had to keep his balance as one foot, and then the other was kicked away, likely discarded forever. His socks were not as easy to remove, with his still-growing claws piercing the material and causing them to get stuck.

With his feet confined, Oliver couldn't see the proper changes, save for the outline within as they grew. The balls continued to expand, tearing more of the fabric as a path of dusty yellow fur became exposed in its wake. It was all he could do to dance from foot to foot, the numbing discomfort leaving his stance precarious at best. Efforts to twitch his toes were in vain as now-familiar pops pressed through them, leaving Oliver to lament their loss. With each loss occurring in sequence, Oliver was left so little time to mourn his humanity and even less time to try and preserve what was left. And all the while his pursuer was rubbing frantically at his legs and encouraging them to change. Why couldn't she just leave him alone?

Soon, his new pads had taken shape over his feet, and their balls had swelled to be comparable to his front paws. He no longer felt anything from his large toes, not even a dew claw remnant to remember them. The itching across the back of them made him squirm, the same itching happening over his hands as well. His entire body was being afflicted at once, though he didn't dare risk tearing up his skin for the briefest reprieve. While his nails kept his

stance firm for the moment, his shrinking calves and extending heels left him wobbling back and forth in desperation.

All the while, he was left to suffer, legs and waist thinning and leaving even his final cling to humanity precarious at best. And even his efforts to squirm and keep them on could only delay the inevitable. With a panicked yelp, Oliver felt his shorts sliding off them, having no ability to pick them back up. The elastic band of his underwear stayed on a moment longer, but that, too, was soon to fall, leaving him naked. He wanted to turn his shame away from the jeep, though with little control over his tail, he could not keep his shame hidden. A fierce blush crossed his face, wishing he could be anywhere but here. And as much as he wished to avoid them, he couldn't help but cast a glance in the direction of the other three, looks of despair sign they knew any one of them could be next.

All it took for a brief glance away before the cheetah moved in front of him, rubbing against him and finally setting him off balance. With a surprised yelp, he fell over, putting his paws out in front of him just in one to catch himself. It was awkward being on all fours, and Oliver did his best to right himself while his posture still permitted. Yet, with his feet and lower legs largely altered, his few attempts were in vain, and Oliver could only weep for his humanity.

Tears poured down his face, Oliver did not notice the cheetah moving in front of his face, backside toward him as she reached her tail and hit him with a powerful wave of musk. Reflexively sneezing, Oliver could feel a moistening sensation crossing his nose as the cartilage pushed inward and caused the bridge of his nose to flatten. Breathing in deeply, Oliver was hit with a plethora of unexpected information, air drawn in through wider nostrils and slitted sides. Yet, it was the hit of a feline musk that burned into his being, overwhelming him and erasing for a moment the fear of change and his fate. As much as such should have repulsed him, in a moment of weakness, Oliver couldn't deny needing the female's offering, able to tell she was in heat and desired his aid in alleviating it...

A decidedly wild moan escaped his lips as Oliver once more felt his cock coming to full arousal. Yet, this time the tingling was far more intense, enveloping his cock like a warm blanket. Without looking, Oliver was sure his member was strained to its limit, though it seemed his member was getting smaller, as much as that concerned him with everything else he was steadily losing. With blood pounding through to his groin, any ability to rationalize was beyond him, Oliver was compelled to sniff at the female's nethers. It was some moments of drinking in her heady perfume before Oliver realized what he had been doing. And no amount of animal influence could erase the shame from sniffing a presenting female, much less being hard from it!

Another moan escaped his lips as Oliver's member tingled fiercely, and he looked down against his better inclinations. It was clearly smaller, four inches and still diminishing as he

watched with some sense of shame. Yet the ache it seemed to convey left him finding fault in its alteration, arousal at its apex from the offering before him. It was all Oliver could do to resist sniffing her more closely, trying to focus on the changes to his prick. His erection pointed, thinning as its foreskin wrapped around it and prickled with a small coat of soft, white hairs. His leaking tip was pointed now, lightened to a pinkish shade that made him shiver in disgust. Strangest of all was the tingling of minute spines poking from it, giving finality to its animalistic status and a sign of all he still had to lose.

Further tingling made him wish to retch, as though his insides were being rearranged and tugged backward. It was uncomfortable, though thankfully not painful when such was of little relieve. As best he could tell, his balls, now covered with soft cheetah fur, were closer to his rear, which itself had rotated just under his feline tail. At least his balls wouldn't be inconvenienced as he ran in his new body, but it was of little solace with the reality that his anatomy really was shifting, perhaps forever in that of a big cat. And yet...

The scent wafting from the female's sex was ever present, and as much as it disgusted Oliver, he couldn't deny the allure of its proximity. He couldn't help but breathe in like a fine bouquet of wine, speaking to some feline instinct that had awoken within his mind. As much as he knew he should resist, he was as though a thirsty man drawn to an oasis. Not only did he want to sniff, but even more, to taste her offering, and soon, perhaps, mount and alleviate the ache in his feline loins. He could never do such a thing! And yet, with his body so far gone and his primal urges being taunted, how could he not?

Breathing in heavily of her odor, the intensity of fur growth could only barely bring him awareness of his body. The fur on his back seemed to thicken faster, around his neck and back like a ruff of sorts, uncomfortable against his slightly too-large shirt. Yet, no inch seemed to be spared, from the white fluffy coating over his chest and belly, leading toward his groin, where his pubic hair became its own softer pelt. It was shorter on his legs and arms, though no less present, skin itching as dirty yellow spotted patterns peppering every inch. Even his face was starting to itch, his beard erupting up into its own short cropped coat, thicker down his chest and meeting the pelt over his belly and around his shoulders. Cheetah fur moved its way up his sideburns, playing into his own hair and steadily converting it to cheetah fur as well. Even his ears were not spared, a velvety coat preceded a tingling of their own. Part of him wished he had a mirror to witness what was being of his hair, the brown giving way to dusty yellow with black spots, moving down his neck and separate from the fur over his back, though no less luscious. As much as he loathed the changes, and the discomfort against his still-present shirt, Oliver couldn't deny the level of pride he took in it, always carrying a sense of reverence for a big cat's coat. And now that such was part of him, Oliver found it harder to find fault with it...

Fur coat in place, Oliver was aware of the tingling in his ears as they started to swell, heat up, and expand outward. It was hardly as frightening with all the other changes having taken over him, though feeling them twitching was alarming on its own. The itching over their backs was annoying, but it hardly compared to the much longer ones along the caverns of his inner ears, ones far more sensitive to sound. He was slowly becoming aware of the world around him, the chirping of birds and insects that had escaped his human self. But it was the chirp of the cheetah that drew him back, and his new nostrils breathed in more of her offering, unable to think about anything other than what his powerful instincts were compelling him.

It took Oliver everything he had to stand there, not getting too close despite what his nose, and, worse, his cock were telling him. Yet, there was little he could do as the cheetah moved around him, rubbing against him in a sign of affection. It was all he could not start rubbing her back, and as she reached down to tug at the collar of his shirt, Oliver allowed it, wanting to be rid of the thing and the itching against his fur it caused. He was left functionally naked, more and more like her, and with her heady musk so strong in his nose, it was hard not to find fault in that.

Her insistent rubbing against his body had another effect as well, Oliver feeling his body shifting against her touch. His chest, most of all, was quickly to swell, barreling outward as a series of soft cracks parted the tendons and even the bones within, though it caused him little pain. As his shoulders rotated, Oliver was able to see them shift under the skin and muscle, uncomfortable though welcome when they were done. His former arms, now more accurately front legs, were able to settle comfortably underneath as his chest continued to barrel. Of all his changes, Oliver was sure his heart and lungs were swelling even larger than his human equivalents, though he was sure he had already lost significant weight in the change. His stomach was likely altering in the same way, though it was cracking in his spine that really drew his attention. It was far longer than even his new tail required, leaving his stomach lean and stretched beyond the point he thought he could tolerate. With a sharp series of pops, Oliver tried to readjust himself, even as the female continued to rub against his. To his shock, he was soon to find the flexibility on his body was far greater than he could manage as he tried to move away from her. But her body was warm and comfortable, and soon he felt himself leaning into it, the discomfort abated just enough he was able to wade through it

From the speed of her, Oliver failed to notice at first that the cheetah had moved in front of him once more, raising her tail and wafting her heady scent. A series of soft yowls were more than Oliver could resist, and soon he was reaching down to sniff, his nose almost touching her leaking nethers. Unable to help himself, Oliver reached out with a curious tongue, sampling her secretions before nearly pulling back and vomiting from what he was trying to do. Yet, no sooner had he done so then his tongue started to expand, mouth suddenly feeling dry as his tongue tingled with intensity from the development of hundreds of tiny spines. It was almost too large

for his mouth, though the more the cheetah's secretions sat on it, the more appealing it became to him. Without thinking, Oliver was back on her again, finding the flavor to be delectable now and unable to resist her temptations.

Even the aches from his jaw tingling could not dissuade his advances as he licked with gusto, needing more of that flavor and unable to find fault in what he was doing. His tongue played up and down her sex, Oliver not even concerned about accidentally teasing her anus as he did so. Pressure in his mouth went largely ignored, until an ache in his gum line made him pull back slightly, largely to his reluctance. Given the added space, his canines wanted to expand slightly, and as Oliver continued to lap at her, he nearly nicked his tongue on them, unused to their size. Soon they were large enough that he felt he needed to keep his mouth open, though lapping at the female's nectar was insensitive enough.

Soon, he pulled back, panting, the ache in his loins taking prescient. He wanted to mount, to hump, to get off and spill his seed. The scent he had so readily drunk of was a sign she was ready, and Oliver reached up with his new paws, his instincts having some semblance of what he should do. Yet, a brief hesitation persisted, thinking he was dooming himself, had given in so easily to an animal's body and the female's insistence. He had fallen so fast! And yet, with so little of his humanity left, was there any chance of returning to what he'd lost? And with that, was there any point in fighting against what was being so readily offered? He certainly needed it at the time!

Yet, as his penis pushed forward and Oliver felt his hips reflexively thrust, he was met with an obvious problem. His pelvis was very much in a human configuration, and while his penis was shifted to match, his body was not prime to allow him what he needed. Oliver was apt to groan his frustrations, though the sounds coming from his throat were hardly human any longer. In his moment of lust, Oliver could hardly bring himself to care about another loss, growling his frustrations and continuing to hump without purpose. It was akin to willing his body into shape, as much as the changes had scared him but as much as he needed his physical needs met.

Only the tingling of change to his hips and spine was enough to cause him to pause his efforts. Oliver looked back, though more in desperation to watch his changes finish and allow him to hump his humanity away. He could perceive his hips shifting under the skin, painlessly splitting apart and reorganizing to allow him to sit on his haunches. The implication of losing his ability to stand was not lost to him, though given what he stood to gain, Oliver could not bring himself to care. His spine continued to lengthen, thighs flattening and calves shrinking to reach the stature of the cheetah he was becoming. While the changes were gradual, Oliver could perceive the steady encroachment that allowed him to push forward, and he lowered his legs once more in the attempt.

Oliver felt himself reflexively hunching over the female once more, cock now rubbing over his fur as it sought her cunt lips. He was humping rapidly, the lack of stimulation to his cock annoying as he tried with inexperience to hit the mark. The female, too, seemed to struggle, wriggling her backside in an attempt to match his struggle. Yet, his smaller feline prick soon brushed her warm, moist folds, and Oliver stilled himself, wanting to push in and mate in the way his new instincts required. The moment he was in, Oliver started to thrust far faster than anything in his human experience. And it felt amazing, a combination of the changes and his powerful instincts pushing any human hesitation aside.

As much as he figured the act should be less than a minute, the final changes to his head seemed to slow down his inevitable release. He couldn't bring himself to care, however, in fact welcoming the changes if they allowed his orgasm to come. He was all instinct as he continued to hump the female, wanting to get over her and perhaps bite down on the nape of her neck. It was a strange impulse, though one that he could not deny as he continued to hump with vigor. And it was made all the sweeter as the tingling of change played over his skull, forcing his jaw out slightly and causing his skull to compress, head altering all at once, albeit slowly. There was a part of Oliver that worried such would eliminate his humanity, though he had no the ability to pull away with the desires in his mind so strong. So he was left to feel the changes taking his skull from him, and with it, the final bits of his humanity.

With his skull compressing, and frontal bone flowing into his growing muzzle, Oliver was left to see his nose pushing out in front of his face, a little alarmed by the sight of it. With the length of his muzzle, his olfactory senses increased exponentially, yet all he could smell was the female's heat and the scents driving him to mate. It was nothing compared to the ache behind his eyes that prompted him to shut them, feeling them expand against their cavities as they did so. He kept them shut, allowing him to get into the mating act without distractions. There was a part of him that longed to see the jeep beyond and its three inhabitants, each waiting to change in their own right. Yet, it felt so much like a part of his old life, and Oliver wanted to embrace the cat he was becoming, feeling his shifting skull reorient his ears upward and flicking them as the female's grunts of pain resonated in his ears.

Even over the changes to his skull, Oliver remained aware of the mating act, the feeling of his shallow thrusts making his feline testicles tremble. He could perceive each thrust shoving his feline spines against her cervix, making her cry out from the ache of it. Yet, she seemed to relish in it, pushing back against him seeking more. She was acting as a vessel for his pleasure and did so eagerly. Oliver could not deny how much it was doing for him, more visceral than any past lover as he pounded her over and over, desperate to bring them both release.

Though his eyes remained shut, he could still perceive his face pushing out, cracking inch by inch. It was only somewhat uncomfortable, though Oliver was thankful to allow his panting tongue to move back within his mouth. His gums were somewhat wider as well, and while some of his teeth retreated into their former bases, those that remained were sharper, matching a more predatory diet. Had he not been in the midst of a carnal rut, he might have thought to play his tongue over them, though such currently escaped his awareness. However, as his cheeks grew puffy, flaring out as he raised his blackened lips, Oliver felt the final changes seeping into his head, an eruption of dozens of thicker hairs, bobbing up and down and tingling slightly, making him wince. The sensation of feline whiskers made him sneeze for a moment, not used to their weight, and wincing for a moment as he did so.

Yet, even as the changes cemented themselves in his being, Oliver could find no fault in them, lost in lust and the need to mate. He continued to hump with desire, desperate for the stimulation and requiring more than anything humanly possible. She remained still, of course, yowling her heat and the ache from his spines, though wanting him inside of her all the same. Oliver was ignorant of her pain, a vessel for his own pleasure, and a slave to the instincts that drove him forward. As much as he might have once hesitated, there was no denying the urge to reach down and nip the nape of her neck with his new fangs. Such should have been painful, though she only shivered against his efforts, and Oliver was delighted to feel her cunt lips squeeze him tightly, as though she had reached her release and was desperate to milk him for all he was worth.

With that, Oliver allowed himself to fall over the edge, cock spasming and depositing a small load of cream into her cunt. The moment he did so, he was compelled to dismount, though was left reeling from the action. He he really just mated like a cheetah? And worse, there was no denying how much he had liked it, fulfilling a purpose beyond his understanding. It was a primal need and created a connection with the female that he was still trying to parse between his instincts and the humanity that still, surprisingly, persisted even though his changes were over.

Blinking his eyes for a few moments, Oliver did his best to come to terms with his view of the world, seeing things through a cat's eyes. The colors were washed out, the red from his shirt absent and the greens around largely muted. The sharpness of his predatory gaze made up for that, as did his sense of smell. Oliver was almost inclined to close his eyes, breathing in the grassland with lungs that made such effortless. Little could draw his attention than the female and their sex, however, and he drank deep of her, committing it to memory.

It took Oliver some minutes to realize that while the change was finished remaking his body, his mind, awash in instincts as it was, could still recall his humanity. His past, his sense of self, and even his control over his body were still intact, as much as he feared for their loss. But all that mattered was the scent of the female, the semen still leaking from his prick, and the

feeling of her rubbing her lithe body against his. Human worries and concerns came a distant second to the promise of pleasure and the satisfaction of living in the present. He could still feel his previous fears for the future floating under the surface, but they seemed so distant, so minor, that they could not hold a candle to what his new life, this new body offered.

And what a powerful body it was, something Oliver was starting to revel in. He was powerful, muscled, and twitching with energy even after their mating romp. His paws were firm on the ground, his tail swaying behind him as though eager to run. Breathing was easier, and the fangs in his mouth could surely dispatch a meal with ease. There was so much power, so much promise, that Oliver felt he couldn't wait to try it out...

The sight of something moving off to his side drew all his attention as the female took off, tail flailing as she did so. The speed at which she was starting was startling, but a facet within his new instincts was drawn to the speed, eager for the chase and spurred on by her challenge. He hardly had to brace himself before his body took off like a rocket, mental capacity easily able to adjust for his run without Oliver having to think on it further. He was in the passenger's seat as his body worked of its own volition, eager to chase the female and follow her wherever she led him. And not just for the chance to mate with her again, though that was certainly a part of it. With pride in his body and the chance of companionship and a simplistic animal life, Oliver took off like a bolt, chasing down all he had been seeking with renewed purpose.

All the while, the guide continued to talk, more for the benefit of the three still within the jeep with him. "Now, the mating habits of cats are generally similar between species. Copulation is rather quick, with the male depositing a small amount of semen with each attempt. Such causes the female to politely request their assistance once more. Several times in fact, and over the course of several days. After which, the pair part ways. Though given the twinge of human loneliness remaining in their minds, I don't think I'd be surprised to find their territories overlapping, or the male being a little protective of their offspring. Ah, what a truer purpose there could never be!"

"She had been here for some months now, and I do like to check in on my clients from time to time. She was lonely, loving her body though needing a mate. And, so was he, missing something that eluded him in the human world. Perhaps it was the promise of freedom in tandem with a mate, though one's inclinations do not always come in so clear for me. Either way, the magic is never wrong, and whether or not you believe me, no one I've brought out here has any regrets."

With that, the guide put the jeep in drive again, driving away to leave Oliver to his new life. All three remaining stayed silent, terrified at the next place they would be taken, and

whatever fate awaited one of them there. And with it, any hope of maintaining their lives as they knew them, and even their humanity.