

Looking up at the rising sun over the zoo before him, Owen couldn't help but experience a sense of absolute elation. He had wanted a job like this ever since he was a kid, and to be here, starting the first day of his internship at his town's newly opened zoo was absolute bliss. It was more than he could have hoped to get, being in his mid-twenties and just about to start college in the fall. It would go a long way towards getting a degree in animal care and education, something that he had pined for ever since he learned it was a career choice.

Ever since he was young, Owen was always eager to work with animals, loving his family pets and working summers on farms, whatever he could do to get close to the animals. He never really minded the smells, getting dirty, or any of the otherwise more distasteful aspects of being so close to non-human animals. Where other people would have been repulsed by cleaning up after simple beasts, Owen relished the chance to be close to them, loving the formed bonds, and watching animals go about their days in general. His interests carried over into the classroom, spending endless days watching nature documentaries and looking up information on the internet. To most people, Owen would have been considered a shoo-in for this type of job, but he always felt he could learn more, work harder, and try to achieve his goals and beyond.

The opening of the zoo last year was something that he had been waiting impatiently for over the course of many months. He had tickets for the day, and although there were relatively few animals in the newly renovated space, Owen had been elated to see the ones they had. The animals, for the most part, seemed a little sad, though it made sense to him, given that they were just settling into new areas. Owen made sure to study as much as he could so that he could make the lives of the zoo animals as good as he could. He would show off his knowledge to all the guests who had any questions, teaching people about animals and bringing them closer to care about species that they would otherwise never get to see.

To his delight, this attitude was likely one of the reasons that he had been given the job right after the interview. He was delighted, naturally taking the job offer right away and offering to start right then and there. More than happy to begin that same day, the first question he was asked was a little sudden, and he didn't have a direct answer.

“So, Owen, can you tell us what your favorite animal is?” The interviewer inquired, as though he was a younger child being infantilized by an adult. Owen felt a little annoyed by that but wasn't about to show any dislike over the comment, not wanting to risk his new station. Instead, he decided to answer diplomatically, figuring that it would be best to make a good impression.

“I don't think I have a favorite, I want to work with as many species as I can, and whichever ones you want to train me to work with!” He said though the words were a little practiced, as though sating them with the hope that it was what they wanted to hear.

“Well, you’ll certainly have your pick! Ever think of what it might be like to be one? It helps get into the animal mind, to think about what life would be like so that you can work to improve them,” the interviewer said, and Owen took a moment to think about that. It had not escaped his subconscious to imagine being an animal, to transform his physical body into a non-human entity. In fact, thinking about being an animal was part of his fascination in learning more about them, a long-seated fascination with physical transformation that he kept secret from anyone else.

This one, he decided, against perhaps better judgment to answer truthfully. “I couldn’t pick! It would be cool to be any animal for a day,” he said, meaning the words. He had thought to his personal pleasure about being a variety of animals, of all sizes and genera, and hoped that part of his work would allow him fuel for his private fantasies.

The interviewer-Ryan, by the name on his tag-smiled at that, as though a child making a wonderful insight. “Any animal? Well, we have a wide variety here, and certainly plenty of opportunities! It would be nice to have someone so willing to see all the animals, and fit in wherever is needed!”

That seemed to sit well with Owen and he smiled, eager to get started and to help wherever he would gain brownie points. “That sounds perfect to me! I’m happy to help!” He stated, and Ryan, with that, gave him a smile, walking over to a door and motioning for Owen to enter. Owen got up excitedly and made his way through, excited to see where he would start working. As though the man could read his mind, he replied “How about you come to meet our resident hyenas? We have two at the moment, but we eventually hope to get a third to join them. They seem a little eager for a third, as I’m sure you know hyenas are social. I hope that another handler will help them get their barrings. Think that’s something you’d be up for?” Ryan said, and Owen in his eagerness, agreed.

Owen felt himself jump at the opportunity. It was more than he was expecting to experience on the first day of the job. It was impossible for him to fully curb his excitement over the fact, but Owen was determined to remain professional as much as he could. It took all he had not to show a skip in his step as he made his way behind his boss, eager to learn everything he could and do the best job possible. It was that precarious point in the hiring process, and he wanted to prove himself worthy of a full-time position at the establishment at some point.

Not thinking anything amiss, even the man’s lack of providing his name, Owen followed eagerly, being taken to a locker room and given a uniform. As he did so, a prick seemed to sink into his upper arm, as though he’d been stung with a needle. Pulling off the shirt for a few moments, Owen was unable to find the source of the prick and figured that he was simply

imagining things. Still, there was something off from the sensation, as though a sense of ill had fallen over him. Eager to make a good impression, however, Owen made his way out into the zoo, the facility closed for the time being to allow new employees to be trained.

“There is certainly some precedence for communal living, especially for the more social species. That’s one of the reasons we think we might need a third hyena, in this example. Besides, zoos are full enough as it is. We have dozens of incoming animals over the next few weeks and months, and even in this new facility, we are soon going to be full up!” The man explained, seeming to prepare Owen for his eventual role. “It’s important to keep multiple of the same species in the pens, you see, even same-sex pairs in some cases, The animals often keep comfort in each other,” the man said, a sly gleam in his eyes that confused the young man. “Physically, as well, much to the embarrassment of some of our guests, I can assure you!”

Owen nodded at that, not really sure what the man meant but seemed to have some idea, no stranger to the idea of sex. As a gay man himself, the notion of taking physical comfort with another man was not foreign to him. Animals did what they did, after all, and he took some comfort in the fact that the animals were making the best of a hard situation. Though living in captivity was not the best situation for all, at least they would live in comfort safety, and care. As he had researched, there were strict laws about care in captivity, enrichment activities, and careful feeding necessary for the animals in their care. Besides, animals in zoos could not be taken from the wild, species born in human care and deemed unfit to be haphazardly let loose into the wild.

With that, he was taken to one of the main areas, a series of paths behind most of the carnivore enclosures, something Owen was sure he would come to learn in time. Not expecting to be taken behind so soon, his mentor opened the door, allowing Owen to step into the back area, a variety of cleaning and supplies lining the cage and a gate separating them from the animals. He was far too excited to do so, moving into a small office with a plastic wall showing the inside of the enclosure, and a single door allowing caretakers to enter the back area out of the reach of the animals, likely to enter to feed and care for them. Not that the hyenas were particularly dangerous, sleeping in the outer area as they were separated by several layers of fencing. Still, it was exciting to be back here in an area, something only the privileged few were privy to.

What he was not expecting was for the inner gate to be opened as well and for Ryan to bid him entrance. Once inside, there was nothing effectively separating them from the animals should they wake up and be hostile. Surely it was something the workers had to do several times a day to feed and clean up after the hyenas. Being it was Owen's first day, he thought it perhaps a little too soon for the inexperienced young man.

“Is it safe?” Owen wondered out loud, only to immediately regret it. He didn't want to question the zoo's policies on day one, was not sure how these things worked and not wanting to sound like a know-it-all.

“Normally, we don't take someone back here on day one, but I think it's worth the hands-on experience for your new job. On-the-job training, so to speak,” Ryan said, and with that approval, Owen entered, nervous but mostly excited to be this close to the animals he held in such reverence.

Yet, nothing could have prepared him for the sound of the door clicking closed, as though the man had locked him in. Owen was confused for a moment, thinking he misheard the sound or that the man might have simply stumbled. But as he turned around to open the door, the sight of a malicious grin on his employer's face left Owen feeling a sense of dread. What the hell was going on? A few options came to mind, and none of them were particularly good...

The more he stared, the more panicked he started to feel, to the point anger started to boil to the surface. “What the hell?!” Owen called out, not worried about disappointing his supervisor. He didn't want to be locked in a cage with two animals that might be dangerous, be it for some prank or the like he did not understand.

“Oh, you're just getting to know your new pack better! You need hands-on experience to do so, after all. Don't worry, you won't be harmed. The opposite, in fact. I'm sure our two resident hyenas will be amicable to another of their own!” Ryan said, and with that, heat started to play over Owen's form, making him sweat profusely in his suit. Soaking through the clothing, he was powerfully tempted to take them off, but couldn't imagine doing something in front of the man. Still, it was powerfully uncomfortable in the interim.

Yet, there was something in the man's words that made him pause for a moment. Another hyena? What was he on about? What did it matter when he was trapped in here all ready? Was the man going to introduce a third one to hurt him?

“What are you talking about?” Owen thought to ask, though there was little he could do with the heat getting worse, in tandem with an itching more intense than the prick that was bothering him prior.

“Oh, that would be telling! My favorite part is watching my new subjects figure things out. Why don't you check the site of that itching I bet you're feeling? You were injected some time ago, and I can already tell you're feeling the effects,” Ryan said ominously, Owen feeling a shiver run through him at that. What had been done to him...?

Almost scared to try it, Owen nonetheless reached up to rub the spot, something soft and unexpected meeting his touch. Pulling back for a moment, he was shocked to feel a soft, rather warm texture above the skin, as though he was growing a coat of...fur? That couldn't be right but there was no denying the texture, as impossible as it was. Worse, the itching that seemed to stir from the site was moving down his arm, a swelling of the skin and muscle under his lanky form, as though it was changing in real time.

In a panic, Owen ran toward the door, hoping that getting out would be his one chance at reprieve. But there was to be done against the metal chains, and the aches in his arm were starting to become incapacitating. Worse, the fur was running down toward his lower arm now, and Owen could see it, brown with black spots in an almost familiar coat. Almost like that coat of a...Shivers ran through his form at the implication. There was no way he could be...but then how else could he be growing his own coat of hyena fur?

The sensation of bones cracking and joints popping made him gasp out, raising the twitching appendage and looking on with horror. It was quivering, fingers starting to compress and stiffen, losing their flexibility. Owen could only think that he would be no longer able to open the door, though in reality he could not with it locked from the other side as it was. Owen was soon left with little to do other than to stare at the loss of his hands. The fingers on his left were compressing, stiff, immobile, and almost fused together with webbing swelling from the base of them. The sensation of swelling soon consumed their tips as the pink flesh started to darken toward brown. He wondered if the texture would be leathery, though did not want to risk it spreading to his other hand, and could only surmise they were becoming thick canine paws, not able to detect anything on the ground, useful for protection and nothing else. The same pads subsumed his palms as well, leaving Owen to despair over the loss of their tactile abilities forever.

"My hands!" Owen called out, nothing more to be done for it. He could do naught but stare at the new paw he possessed, feeling the nails tingling and the skin itching as its form became complete. The nails transitioned from their translucent pink toward something more akin to a dirty brown, pushing from the nail bed and thickening into blunt claws. Their surface wasn't too sharp though he lamented their presence on his hand, a sign that he had lost his hands and part of his way of interacting with the world.

"Hehe! You won't need those anymore, not with your new life in the zoo!" The man said, and Owen was frightened to feel the same changes happening to his other hand. Clenching and unclenching the fingers was not sufficient to prevent them from shrinking into stubby paws, their nails growing larger and matching the ones on his other hand. Within moments, Owen was left staring at useless paws, afraid to stare at them but unable to look away.

All the while, the itching of fur grow started to spread over his other arm and down his chest. Owen could see it running up the neck of his shirt, forming a dirty white ruff as it moved down his chest and belly, making him want to rub it through his shirt, though not wanting to hurt himself with his new claws. He was forced to moan, feeling his belly itching all the way to his groin. It was more uncomfortable than anything he felt in his life, and it took everything Owen had not to roll around the floor to try to alleviate the irritation. Therefore, he was left to whine his discomfort to the point where he gazed at the man's face with a pleading expression in his own.

“Want those clothes off? Well, they will come off in due time. Animals, like you're becoming, don't need clothes in the zoo, after all!” Ryan laughed, as though taking a perverse pleasure in what was robbing Owen of his humanity and the rest of his future.

“Fuck, why...?” Owen managed to moan out, not sure why this was happening. How it was happening to him was an aside from the thought that he did not deserve this. What had he done? He was just applying for a new job working with animals, damn it! He didn't want to be one! Yet, there was no way he could stop it, no amount of willpower able to cease the changes he could scarcely comprehend.

Worse was the pattern of the fur running over his form, familiar with the spotted hyenas that were in the pen with him. As much as he loved the animals, he didn't want to be one to the point he loathed the itching of fur growth that was now running past his groin, covering his hips and ass and moving down his legs. He wanted to cry out his panic, but as he did, the sound that came from his lips scared him to the core. It was inhuman, like nothing he had heard, a hybrid sound between his own voice and what could only be the cry of a hyena.

“AHHHHHEEEHHHEEHHHEEE!”

“Awww, you're coming along so well! So sorry you're scared, that's how you'll be communicating your fear from now on!” Ryan laughed, Owen lamenting the malicious glee the man seemed to take in his changes.

Changes that were soon to take more than just his hands and skin from him. A tingling ache in his legs was soon to result in the loosening of his jeans, to the point they soon fell down around his ankles, leaving him clad only in underwear. It was powerfully embarrassing that his furry groin was on display, but there was nothing to be done for it, given the lack of hands to pull them up once more. With a bestial whine, Owen was forced to feel them sliding off his frame, though his underwear, at least, was still present, hiding his modesty. Though it was only a brief reprieve given the changes coming over him, the nudity he would likely experience the rest of

his days. Thankfully, the elastic underwear band kept them up for now, but that would not be the case for much longer as the changes relentlessly marched over his form.

The aches of change soon started to play into his spine now, wriggling their way into his backside and forcing something to push outward, wanting to rub the growth but unable to. It soon pushed its way into the seat of his underwear, stuck under the elastic and wriggling the moment it developed the ability to do so. It was relatively short and stubby, but it was obvious to the changing man what it was. He was growing a tail, something only a beast possessed, and that was to be his fate if the changes continued.

Lost in the changes and the fear they were granting him, Owen had no awareness of the beast at his back before a cold wet nose started sniffing his rear through his underwear, making Owen flinch. He was immediately afraid of being close to such a beast, though it was obvious the likely former human was amicable to him. More than amicable, given the sight of the rather beastly erection hanging below his belly. Did that mean he wanted to...? No no no!

“Aww looks like he likes you! See, I know you would fit right in here!” The man said, and Owen felt his blood run cold from the implication. Owen was gay, to be certain, and the hyena had been human once, albeit one willing to be turned into an animal. But he couldn't let himself get into that, not allowing him to be an animal and mate with one.

“Hhheeeeerrreeeee!” Owen tried to yell out, but the sounds that escaped his throat were more bestial than anything a human could elicit. He was afraid, to be sure, but it almost sounded like a barking laugh that came from his lips, the likely call of fear of the beast he was to be.

“What's that? I can't hear you over that cute voice of yours! You might be scared now, but I'm sure by the time you're done you'll be welcomed right into the pack!”

Owen hardly had time to be afraid with the heavy-sounding crack that resounded through his skull. Reaching up reflexively with paws to rub at it, he nearly forgot about the claws he possessed and was in danger of scratching it. Still, he was able to perceive through the intense itching that his beard was getting thicker, peppering over his face as the hyena fur moved up toward his sideburns and managed to merge with the hair on his head, which itself was itching in change.

The transformation seemed to move into his ears as they expanded, touching the top of his head and making him wince. With that contact, he found he wanted to twitch them, and they shriveled this way and that, making him even more afraid. Though with their expanding canals, he was privy to a variety of sounds that frightened him even more, hearing not only the other

hyena but some of the other animals in cages around him. How many of them had been human like him? All of them? It was a terrifying prospect indeed!

It was soon to get much worse as dampness played over his nose, followed by his nostrils expanding, moving almost close enough to touch rubbery lips. Though he couldn't quite see them, it was likely they were tuning black as the tingling ran up to the bridge. Breathing in, Owen was met with a plethora of scents he had not been expecting, burning into his nose and sending conflicting feelings through his mind. There was the man, himself, the chemicals of the lab, and his sweat and fear. But underneath that, there was the scent of the hyenas, one male and one female, though he had no idea how he knew that. It was the male, however, that had his attention right now, and seemed to want more than just to get to know him....

Blushing furiously, Owen quickly became aware that he was tenting in his pants, cock coming to an odd erection. There should have been nothing in this scenario to get him aroused, yet, there was no denying the effect the scent of the other male was having on him. He wanted nothing more than to be stimulated, the needs in his cock coming to the forefront of his mind and attacking him in relentless waves. It was all he could do not to pull down his underwear and whine to be fucked, his asshole clenching with need. It certainly didn't help that the other yeen was still goosing his ass, enamored by the musk and hormones his newly changed anal glands were giving off. He wanted to...no, he couldn't! And yet...

“OOORRRROOOOWWW!” Owen called out, feeling like he was on the edge from the contact alone. Pressure started to build in his backside, as though the mere presence of the yeen poking at his prostate was enough to make him unload. With that, his cock went into orgasm, spilling his seed and filling his underwear with sticky cream. So much so was unloaded that he no longer received pleasure from the release. It was as though his entire testicular contents were being released within his underwear, though it was likely to be making room for the hyena sperm that would eventually come. And the worst part of it was that he liked it, as much as the pressure had been a little intense. The hyena was at his backside all the while, licking and lapping and keeping his cock at half-mast even though he had nothing else to give.

“Did that feel good, boy?” Ryan asked, his own cock hard as though he was just as into it. Owen was hardly in a position to judge, however, still reeling from the intense orgasm.

In truth, if he was still able to blush through his fur, not wanting to be caught in such a compromising situation but unable to deny that it had done it for him. It was only a drop in the bucket for what could be coming for him if the changes were to continue. And it was hardly to be pleasurable, given the reality he was to be nothing more than an animal living in a zoo cage!



With that, the sensation of his back cracking drew his attention, and Owen was forced forward, realizing that if the changes continued, he would be down on all fours like the animal he was becoming. Owen tried to get away, moving from the hyena and pushing further into the cage. It was highly unlikely there would be an exit there, but then he might see someone that could help him, even if the entire zoo was in on it. As dim of a chance as it was, Owen could think of nothing else, knowing he had to get away at all costs!

Yet, it did not take more than several steps for him to realize that he was hopelessly trapped. With the stretching of his spine and twisting of his pelvis, Owen felt himself fall over, luckily able to catch himself with his paws but only just to reduce the impact. He was left to struggle, feeling his spine stretch and his belly flatten, pulled taut from the pressure. It felt as though his hips were rotating under the skin, and if he looked back he could see them moving, much to his horror. None of the changes were particularly painful, though powerfully uncomfortable, and he was left struggling to breathe from the efforts.

A worse discomfort came over him from his guts, as though they were shifting within him. Intestines extending, stomach altering, lungs and heart, and everything else to transition him from human to animal. He hardly had an idea what was going on within him, but it was clear that he was losing more of himself to the changes, and there was still more to lose before his time as a human was over.

“Well, you’re almost there! You’re able to live and eat with your new pack now!” Teased the man, though, with the discomfort he felt, Owen could not even think of what life would be like. It was beyond his fathoming to live and eat like an animal, and he didn’t want it, couldn’t want it! No matter how good it felt, and how much the changes and the presence of the male hyena were doing it for him...

Owen tried to call out, but only his scared laugh came out of his throat, and he quickly shut his mouth, not wanting to hear those sounds once more. It was terrifying he couldn’t speak any longer, at least in a way that people could understand. Perhaps the hyenas in the pen with him could, but he had no way to know. He couldn’t interpret any of the sounds the male was making as coherent speech, at any rate.

Itching of hair changing and growing was ever present, something he was aware of in spasms with the completion of the internal changes. He was being peppered all over with brown and black spotted fur, and even the hair atop his head was altering to form a mohawk of sorts, working down his neck, which was thickening somewhat to support the massive jaws that he would eventually sport. It was getting harder for him to resist the urge to scratch, even with the claws that he possessed. His back legs were not altered yet, either, but they likely would soon,

and he would lose his feet much in the same way as his hands went as well. They were still in his shoes, though not a state that was likely to last long either.

A tightening in his shoes was enough for Owen to know that the next thing he was to lose. Trying to twitch the toes one last time was in vain, their length diminished into nubs while claws pierced the surface of his socks. Kicking at them, Owen soon learned his flattened hips were restricted in their motion to the point he could hardly do so. Still, free of his pants, it was easy to pull out of them with thinning heels, pushing backward to make up the space lost from his thinning calves and flattened thighs. Struggling free from them, Owen was able to feel the ground under his foot, though their tactile abilities were stunted by the thickening of the skin into canine-shaped paw pads. A small bit of reprieve was felt with the notion his four-legged stance was secure, though it was fleeting with the fear that might be his fate forever, and there was no escape from the zoo and being turned into its newest resident.

So little remained of his humanity was left that he was barely distinguishable from the other hyena in the enclosure with him. All that was left was his expanding jaw, taking his nose with it as it cracked and popped almost painfully forward. The muscles with his neck and lower jaw were almost bulging under the skin, a testament to the bite power he was moments away from possessing. Teeth ached, and gums started bleeding from the sheering edges of new teeth taking shape as they altered into their hyena equivalents. With a flattened tongue, panting from the efforts of change as his face ceased tingling and its changes competed.

As much as Owen could tell, he had been altered all the way to become a hyena. Albeit one still clothed in cum stained underwear, that was hardly the worse thing to come of it. Most uncomfortable of all was that his cock was still erect, drying fluids sticking to his cock and causing some degree of aches. What he was not expecting, trying to get used to his new body, was for the other hyena to come and grip his underwear from the back, pulling with powerful jaws and snapping the elastic somewhat painfully before throwing them to the ground with an audible splat.

Free from the confines of his clothes, Owen could, embarrassingly, feel his anus pucker, the urge to have it penetrated at the forefront of his thoughts. He wanted it so bad Owen couldn't believe the arousal his body was putting out. No stranger to taking cock, it was baffling that after losing his humanity he would still be aroused at the notion of sex with another male. But there was no denying how badly he needed to be fucked, and how hard his cock was at the notion.

With that. Owen hardly realized there was one more thing for him left to change. His cock, while erect, was still in his human state, and it began to tingle, growing shorter than his humanity, longer and pencil thin, thought red and eager as the tip pointed, the head bulbous, and a bone seemed to form within, stiffening his rod to the point he was left to whine out his lust. His

former foreskin pulled down around his groin, a sheath that would contain his erection if it wasn't at its apex. Owen couldn't imagine how it was possible to be this horny, but there was no denying his urges, to get off and be stimulated. How he hated his body, but more so the pleasure that it seemed to provide him. His sheath pulled down even further by a bulbous knot on the base, something that he wanted to be implanted inside of...no, *nononono!*

The scent of another hyena was almost missed at this point until there was something licking the tip of his member to the point he whined, wanting to get off as much as anything. This time it was a female, the other hyena in the pen, no doubt. She reached out with a rank-smelling tongue and started lapping at the tip like an ice cream treat, something that Owen felt was amazing and terrifying in equal measure. He wanted to get off as much as possible but didn't want to be a hyena, didn't want this to be the rest of his life. It was powerfully conflicting to be in this situation, mind awash in hormones yet wanting to be anywhere else than here being played with like a beast.

“Aww, they really like you! See, you're going to fit in so well here!” Ryan said, with a finality that Owen felt jarring. He didn't want to...he didn't...he couldn't...

The sensation of sniffing against his rear brought him pause for a moment, as a tongue reached out and started licking his new hyena pucker. A whine escaped his lips, the pleasure from his hypersexual body more than he could hold a candle to. He wanted his member to go down desperately, wanted to be free and out of her and return to his humanity. There was no way he could have his sex in front of this man, with these changed hyenas. But with the needs in his loins, there seemed to be little choice in the matter as he was drawn closer and closer to the end. He couldn't stop, wouldn't stop, and a whine escaped his lips, prostate begging to be penetrated.

Without missing a beat, the other hyena jumped up and started humping him, his own hyena prick oozing fluids over his backside and making Owen moan all the more. Both beasts needed it so badly that there was no resisting as the skilled hyena finally ended up pushing into Owen's tight pucker, almost painfully so with little regard for Owen's comfort. It mattered little, given the intensity of the licking at his cock, making him growl with the contrasting waves of pain and pleasure that were marking him as the beast he so badly wished to resist becoming.

Eventually, the hyena's rapid humping started in earnest, paining his bowels somewhat though pressing against his prostate enough to bring the changed man pleasure. The insistent lapping against his cock was certainly a boon as well, fluid leaking from his hyena rod and making him whine with a tone that was more pleasure than fear. He wanted to resist, he truly did. The beasts smelled rank and their presence was disconcerting, former humans turned animals giving into beastly pleasures and trying to indoctrinate him into their pack. But be it a side effect of the serum used to inject him or a deep-seated lust for such things, Owen was along for the ride

as he was taken in the ass and sucked off, pleased from both ends to the point he could think of little else.

“There, see, it’s not so bad! Our hyenas seem to really like you!” Ryan said, using a taunting tone that would have made Owen rage had he not been in the throes of the best sex of his life.

Owen could feel the hyena fucking him getting close, increasing the intensity of his thrusts to the point of no return. Yet, he certainly felt pleasure from the action, his past fear long gone as he allowed the hyena to fuck him, giving into the beast. He wanted to call out with his laugh of fear once more, but there was no denying the pleasure he was receiving. The hyena in his ass started to cum, yipping and nipping down on Owen’s nape with no pain, the warm sensation of semen rushed into his bowels. It was powerfully embarrassing, yet the force of the orgasm was almost on its own enough to make him...Owen could hardly think he needed it so badly...

Unable to help himself Owen felt his own hyena cock going into orgasm, blowing all over the tongue of the female pleasuring him. It was a powerful release, as though all the seed within him was being ejaculated at once. Part of him wondered how he was able to blow such a load, though there was little ability to think through such things with the immense pleasure playing through him, testicles spilling all of their load as his mind nearly whited out in orgasmic bliss. Even the embarrassment of what he had done was not enough to quell the pleasure he was experiencing, to the point that he did not regain awareness.

Yet, to his shame, even after coming back to his senses, Owen’s erection hadn’t waned. It was still bobbing against his belly, longer in comparison to his human equivalent and far more needy. The female had lapped enough of the cum from his member so he did not get dirty, and part of him whined, hoping she would come back. But that was not to be the case, instead with the male moved to his front and raised his tail, exposing an unclean, puckered hyena anus for his inspection. Owen felt a little trepidation from the offering, but he couldn’t deny how much his cock was aching to the point he would fuck anything in front of him to get odd.

“That’s it, boy! Why don’t you just give in? This will be your life now, you might as well enjoy it!” Said Ryan, and in the heat of the moment, Owen found it hard to argue with the sentiment. He was fully changed by this point, and without hope to return to his humanity, what was the harm of giving in?

Still powerfully horny, Owen had no other reprieve than to sniff the rank ass before him. Though it would have stunk to his human nose, the odor of hyena scent glands only seemed to heighten his arousal to the point he could not resist. Even reaching out with an eager tongue to

taste his anal glands was in order, though Owen regretted it the moment he did so. Still, there was nothing to be done about it, and Owen reluctantly prepared his mate before getting up on his back and spearing for his rectum, needing to get off much like the animal he had become...

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It had been some months since Owen's conversion into the zoo's newest hyena, and for the most part, Owen hated every minute of it. Though the other two hyenas in the pen with him seemed to love their lot in life, it was not the kind of existence that Owen wanted, and he longed for the time he was human, hopeful and eager for progression in life. In the hyena enclosure, time seemed to be at a standstill, and he was left waiting, hoping for the chance to get out and return to his life before this tragedy happened.

His despair was not helped by the fact that the two hyenas in the enclosure with him were a mated pair, the female apparently in the early weeks of pregnancy. He was not allowed to mount her, something he would not have wanted had he not been inclined to from the hyena pheromones that were burning into his mind whenever she passed near. More than once he'd tried to mount her in desperation, only to be viciously bitten and put in his place by the other male and then her in turn. He learned to stay away from her after that lest her pheromones trigger a response that he could not resist.

It was not only the companionship between the two of them that had Owen recoiling from his new life. The smells in his nose, as much as they might have been OK to natural-born hyenas, stank to his sensibilities, no matter how much he wished he could get used to it. Their food, raw and sometimes close to rotting, was disgusting, as much as his body was adapted to eating it. Naturally, the smells of their waste were ever present in the pen as well, the scents of hyena piss enough to remind him that he was a beta male as much as anything, at the bottom of the pecking order, for both dinner and mating escapades. And it was not the ideal place to be for someone with a still-human mind.

The only thing pleasurable he found in his new life was the sex, though even that ended up being less than ideal. With his place at the bottom of the hierarchy, he was the fuck toy of the two of them, not allowed to even mount the male very often. Unlike his experience the first time when he'd just changed, he was not sucked off often when he was fucked, save for when one of the other two wanted to taste his seed. As much as he internally loathed the treatment, his body's needs often took precedence, and in those moments, he needed it to the point there was no denying his lust.

Something he had not known, though soon came to learn, was that he was not to be a simple fuck toy for the male. The female, too, had an engorged clitoris, and with it, the ability to

fuck him as well. He was often used by one and then the other in sequence, to the point his pucker was raw and pained. Yet, the pleasure he felt from fucking was the only good thing about his life as a hyena, and as much as he wanted to resist, he always ended up raising his tail for either one of them or both in the end.

Worse were the guests that came every day, giving them no chance of reprieve or solitude. There was no privacy for him to eat, take a piss, or, worst of all, get fucked, something that happened often whether or not they were being watched by onlookers. It seemed the other two former humans had no shame, and Owen was literally the butt of everyone's jokes, seeing him in such a compromising position but being unable to do anything about it. Worse was the fact his body needed it each and every time it was offered, making him essentially a subby hyena and only able to feel the shame when the sex acts were done. He wanted as much as he could imagine to at least get off directly, but either he was forced to go down on himself, or, if he was lucky, have one of his packmates suck him off while he was fucked.

It seemed like months had passed by this point, though Owen had no point of reference, having forgotten to pay attention to the days. He figured this was to be his life now, once that was shorter now that he was an animal and forced to live a more animalistic life. But one day, the sound of several men coming into the cage startled him, not simply the one zoo keeper he was used to feeding or cleaning the cage for them. A sadistic grin crossed the man's face, the one that had changed him and made him live this deplorable fate. "Grab him," Ryan said, and the other two reached around and picked up the larger hyena, though he did nothing to resist. Owen was sure such would lead to a more unwanted fate, and he was taken back into the area where he'd entered once, leaving him to question his fate. Surely, he wasn't getting a medical exam or the like, they wouldn't carry him like this, would they?

"Ah, I can see the look of confusion on your face, even as a hyena! Well, we've been thinking about your stay in the hyena, and, maybe it isn't quite for you! Besides, we have another addition to the hyena pack coming soon, one more looking to make that stay permanent. And, I remember during your intake that you said you didn't have an animal preference, and that you'd love to work with a variety of species! So, we've decided to use you in that regard! There are lots of positions we can use you for, helping animals get used to their new pens, providing breeding partners, and just helping some empty exhibits thrive! What do you say?" Ryan asked, leaving Owen powerfully confused. After all, he figured his position was permanent, as much as he could tell. What was the man going on about?

Before he could respond, the man darted him, Owen standing there a little woozy before he fell over, not sure what to make of the situation. He certainly didn't want to be an animal, that was a given, but nor did he imagine being turned into different ones for the zoo's needs. It was insane, even with his love of transformation, to be put through the wringer like this. And yet...

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It was becoming impossible for him to think as he passed out, the drug in his system doing its due diligence before he passed out. It was some time before he came to, a bizarre taste in his mouth and the stench of something filthy meeting his nose. Yet, rather than the usual smells to come from his hyena form, the odor wafting off of him was different, less offensive. The smell was...weaker if that made any sense? Almost as though he was...

Getting up with some expediency, Owen opened his eyes, realizing the colors of the world were back to what he recalled from many weeks ago when he was human. Hyena vision was sorely lacking, though he missed his hearing and sense of smell, something he was blinded to as a human. Yet, it was a moot point given the reality he was human. He was back! No longer an animal, no longer forced into the hell of animalistic life that he'd been curious about but being far worse than he could have ever imagined.

It took him a little effort to stand, feeling his arms and legs being gangly from not being used in such a way for weeks. He was still naked, of course, and it was a little chilly, being after dark. And he was likely in another pen, one that he hadn't seen in his tenure as a hyena. It was a little unnerving, especially since he soon realized there was no obvious escape, the fence too high. He was stuck there, at the whims of his captors, and waiting to see what horrific fate awaited him.

"Ah, I see you're up and ready! I'm sorry it was necessary to change you back to your human form and were not awake for it, but we needed to move you without resistance and without being seen. Your new form is needed as soon as possible, to be ready for tomorrow morning. I do thank you for your volunteer service in providing the zoo with a steady source of new subjects and attractions!" Ryan said, having been watching from the other side of the pen for him to awake, and Owen felt his blood run cold. What would they have him do? Surely, it couldn't be worse than his stint as a hyena, more horrible than he could have anticipated.

"Do I get to go home?" Owen asked, though figured there was little point in such a statement. He knew he would not be released, especially not with all he knew about the zoo and what they did with wayward humans. But stuck here as he was, there was nothing he could do but be subject to whatever serum he would be injected with and what purpose they would have him serve.

"No, no, of course not! We can't let you go and tell on us, now, can we?" Ryan sneered, and Owen felt his heart sink despite the obvious fate that awaited him. "Besides, you did say you wanted to work with many different animals and were thankful for being hired here! Well, at

least you have full-time work, no rent, and no responsibilities other than to your animal instincts! With the housing market as it is, I can't believe you'd be so quick to pass all this up!"

"But I don't want to be an animal! Not like this!" Owen called out, scared for whatever fate was in store for him.

"Well, your protestations are no matter in the end. We have need of you, and can't let you go beside, or to stay in a zookeeping role. Besides, if you don't like this particular form, it will only be for a few weeks, then as long as it takes us to choose a new role for you. It is nice to have someone such as you, willing to try different forms at different aspects of the zoo, to help us achieve our various goals," the man said, grinning as though a sociopath. "All of our animals were human, once, many willing converts wanting a simpler life. So it would be cruel to use them for other purposes, would it not?"

Before Owen had a chance to protest, the itching started over his arms, the skin popping out like gooseflesh. It was akin to being cold, though Owen was sure it was the sign of change, and forgetting his train of thought, he started rubbing them intently, not sure what was happening but nervous about it all the same. It was a similar sensation to hair growth, though quite removed, the bumps themselves starting to thicken before they eventually pushed out into thicker patterns on his skin, enough that it wasn't obscured but enough that he was sure it was the beginning of the serum taking effect.

It was the blooming of each that truly caught his attention as they erupted into a series of quills, a shaft in the center of them and protrusion running up either side. Their growth was perplexing, not looking like anything an animal possessed but rather some bizarre pattern he could not place. It wasn't until the hollow shaft in the center erupted out into the same thick, tied-together growths that the term shaft came to mind, and the thicker they grew, the more his skin was soon covered in them. Owen was in the process of growing feathers all over his form!

"A bird?! Why!?" Owen yelled out, panicked. He didn't have an interest in becoming a bird, never even imagined it. Strangest still, while he was trapped in the pen with a high fence, there was nothing keeping him from escaping to the skies. Not that he wanted to be a bird in the wild, of course, but still, he could hardly fathom what the endgame was.

"You'll soon see," Ryan said, grinning sadistically. "I do prefer to wait and see your reaction in real-time, it's a personal enjoyment of mine."

Wanting to protest further, Owen was stopped by the sensation of something aching in his groin, and he started to pound erect, cock getting hard against his better inclinations. A deep shame played over his face as he moved his feathery arms to move over his cock. Not that he



hadn't been seen fucking by hundreds of guests during his stint as a hyena, but there was something about being seen in his human form with an erection that really filled him with embarrassment. Especially if this sick freak watching him got off to his changes!

Yet, the moment his fingers brushed against the tip of his penis, his balls throbbed and his cock shot forth with a spray of cum, the speed of which made Owen moan despite himself. He wanted to resist, but there was no holding back from the lust that the changes spread through him. He could only groan as it felt like each of his testes in turn were being expelled of their burden to the point that it was almost painful. The shock was nearly enough for him to keel over, but he managed to stay erect, though only just.

Yet, the reality of the release was soon to become far worse as an ache started in his groin, a shiver as his cock was pulled further inward even from its flaccid state. Soon, there was hardly anything dangling there, the tip still oozing cum over the area and getting into the feathers that were starting to pepper the skin of his groin. His testicles, too, seemed to deflate, pulling into his sack until, with a sickening pop, they were pulled within, shrinking and readjusting within his anatomy in ways that Owen could hardly fathom. His sack was soon to follow, shrinking into the skin and creating a crevasse that soon opened with a flush of cool air that made Owen shiver, pulling toward his cock and coming with the opening of his former piss slit until he was left with a moist hole that made him powerfully concerned.

"No...I don't want to be female!" Owen called out, his interest in changes not moving toward gender. But there was little he could do about it, save struggling against the discord for the man's amusement.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. It's a shame, too. Ostrichs have rather impressive equipment, even by human standards. One of the few avian species to maintain their penis. But, as I'm sure you've figured out already, you'll soon find out first hand..." the man said, and Owen was left to stand there, trying desperately not to touch his aching slit and scared for what the man's words meant for his future.

It was soon to become much worse as his ass started to tingle, and his internal organs started to gurgle as though his entire plumbing was being pulled forward. Legs spreading apart reflexively, Owen could feel his new sex moving backward toward his anus, as though his plumbing was pushing together, merging the two and creating one opening that bubbled together before sealing as one, urethra and anus connected to the same vent. A cloaca, he was remiss for remembering, but it mattered little with the reality it would be a part of him for as long as he was forced to remain an ostrich.

The ache in his backside became worse as though several long quills were bursting out of it, fanning his back as they erupted with a fan of their own right. They were stuck up in the air, graying white as they twitched slightly of their own accord. Owen was barely aware he could move a portion of his ass they were attached to, but it mattered little over the fear he felt from the changes. As much as he hated being a hyena, there was no denying how much worse this prospect promised to be, worse so that he had lost not only his humanity but his gender as well. It was soon to get worse as his ass seemed to expand impossibly fat, his cloaca toward the back of it but thankfully obscured by the size of his massive tail feathers. Not that there was much to be seen, but it was still disconcerting to have his spine stretch, hips, and ass pushing backward until it was nearly the same size as his torso. Everything about this transformation was powerfully embarrassing!

The itching of feather growth was not only limited to his backside but seemed to encompass every inch of his skin at once, running from his shoulders all the way down to his knees as numerous quills burst forth from the gooseflesh. It seemed to irritate his humanity, as though he was trying to reject them, but soon the skin settled into its proper configuration for his skin. It seemed as though a layer of downy feathers persisted underneath, and they were loose and ungainly, not connected together by the tiny hooks that made up most bird feathers. Still, it was hard to see the skin as whitish brown and white feathers filled in over his body, large and somewhat smelly to his nose, not liking the bizarre body odor of his animal form. Thankfully, he was sure his sense of smell would be diminished soon, a small reprieve in his new life.

As his chest, back, and hips were coated with feathers, Owen found himself staring at his hands, hoping to all hope that what he figured would happen might spare him. But the aches in his fingers soon fused the skin together, skin thickened and bones shifting within to force them together. Owen tried in vain to pull them apart, but that was soon no longer possible with the transformation toward an avian wing. Knowing his hands would change was a given, but at least with paws, he maintained some autonomy. But with wings, non-functional ones, no less, was more than he could stand to lose, and all he could do was stare as the flesh merged together and the beginnings of feathers poked from the former digits, making up a new hand of sorts as they grew larger than the rest of his arms started to crack and change within his arms. He was a little surprised to feel a sharp talon bursting through his fused fingers, or that his thumb was still present, pushed back against his lower arm and thickened with a nail of its own. The bones stretched at the sides, flattened and hollowed out as the skin stretched around them, giving him a semblance of wings that he could never fly with. Not that he would be allowed to fly even if he was able, forced to stay in the zoo and unable to escape...until he was changed into the next creature they deemed needed.

Wanting to call out his panic, Owen was stunned by the sensation of his gums pushing out, pulling his lips back and forming a hard, yellowed keratin beak, pushing his mouth

impossibly wide and making him unable to speak. “HEEAAAWWWKKKK!”  
AAAWWWKKKK!” Came his panicked intonations, able to see the formation of his flattened beak in front of his face and knowing that was to be his view for the next few months at least.

“See, there, that’s not so bad! You’re getting into it!” Said the man, laughing at his hybrid sounds. Owen could only stare at him, not wanting to make things worse for himself by being mocked for something he could not control.

By now, feathers had completely covered his chest and back, though his neck and face remained bare. It was the sensation of his neck cracking that prompted him to look down, realizing it was suddenly more flexible than it should have been. His field of view seemed to be altering as well, as though he was getting taller, though it was his neck muscles swelling within as his vertebrate grew inch by inch, double, triple the size of his human neck as it thinned slightly from his human equivalent. Not only could he see around him, turning his neck nearly at a 360-degree angle, but he could move it like a limb of sorts, moving it back to lean over his feathery back. It was powerfully disconcerting to be able to do so, almost disgusting even like soft pasta. And this was to be the next little while?! Why had he been given such a form!?

The itching of feather growth was ever present, though soon was joined by the feelings of his hair loosening from his skull, falling onto his feathery back and replaced by patches of fluffy plumage, coating the mostly bare skin as the shade and texture began to match the bird he was becoming. He seemed to be entirely covered now, though his skin was soon to expand beyond what was covered as his chest quickly burst forward, massive and pump as his belly seemed to distend and he was forced forward. Hips, too, were swelling, peppered with gooseflesh, and looking more like chicken legs than he was comfortable to see on his own body. It felt him hunched over and top heavy, though the swelling of his hips and thighs was able to hold him up, as much as his chest and belly were at a nearly 90’ angle from his stance.

His human feet were barely able to keep him upright, though a separate itching started playing down below his knees as dull gray scales burst from underneath, replacing his skin at the wave to the ends of his toes. With some alarm, he could feel the toes on each foot starting to fuse, the skin parting to absorb them as his large toes were pulled up on his anatomy. It was a little jarring to see large claws bursting from the tips of the fused digits, to the point they were able to dig into the ground, the digits more flexible than he was expecting. The remaining toes were pulled up his heels as the weight of his body balanced on the flattened balls of former human anatomy.

With the power in his legs, Owen was sure he could run rather fast, more balanced as much as he could tell even over his humanity. Though his knowledge of ostrich facts was lacking, he was sure he possessed amazing running and jumping abilities to the point he wished

he could run away from the pen and escape. But it would likely injure himself if he missed the jump with his inexperienced anatomy, and besides, what would he do? Live in the wild as an ostrich for the rest of his life? It was a worse prospect even than living at the zoo and changing into whatever animals they required him to be.

By his point, the only part of his body still human was his head, though his skill had already started to flatten, eyes widening and his nose being subsumed by his beak. Feeling his teeth dissolving into his beak, it was a little jarring not to have them anymore as he clicked his rounded bill in frustration. It was large for his head, though small for the massive body he possessed, still heavy on his face and taking up his field of view. The rest of his bare skin was peppered with small down feathers, though he could still see the skin from the sparse covering.

Perhaps the strangest change of all was the expansion of his eye sockets on his skull, making it almost seem like his eyeballs would fall out of his head. They were soon to expand, however, swelling almost double their human circumference to the point he thought they would pop from the force of it. Yet, not only did they keep their configuration, but Owen was soon privy to the world around him, able to see almost all the way around him. Blinking a few times to try and understand what was happening to him, Owen was sure that his visual acuity was far improved, able to see far beyond even his pen, a little unnerving but something he was sure was necessary for his new anatomy.

With that, the changes were done, if the cessation of tingling was any confirmation. He didn't want this body, didn't want to live in this pen. But the decision was literally taken from his flapping wings, and he could only walk forward, flapping his wings in some panic over his new body. He wanted to ask how long, though could not articulate such with his beak besides.

It seemed as though Ryan could interpret his reactions even without being able to articulate it in words. "Oh, we don't need you to be an ostrich for long. About two eggs should do it, and we can incubate those outside of your presence. It's easier to show guests the eggs incubating in a chamber, anyway, before they hatch than to have you sit on them, at any rate." Ryan said, matter of factly, as though a man's autonomy was not at stake.

Owen hardly had time to process the words as the sound of something coming toward him caught his attention. Owen barely needed to turn his head to see the other bird coming, walking rather quickly toward him as though able to tell he was in heat. The words passed his head before a sudden ache passed through his cloaca, the desire to be penetrated and knowing it was the proper time for such. Of course, he would be in heat, they would need him to be so to lay eggs. It was a terrifying prospect to be used in such a manner, not only wanting, *needing* sex, but that the repercussions would be the creation of new life, and coming from his body, no less!

Panicked, Owen tried his best to get away, standing at his full height and flapping his wings, in a reflexively show of dominance. Yet, as soon as he moved to escape the oncoming male, a sense of submissiveness came over him, a calmness that surpassed anything he had known save for his tenure as a hyena. He wanted the male, wanted the ache in his sex to be quelled. As much as he preferred men, the idea of taking one from a female perspective was powerfully disconcerting. Yet, there was no denying the need to do so to the point he was prompted to lie down, ass in the air, and ready for what was to come!

The male was quick to call out, getting up and preparing to mouth the willing female. Owen let instinct take over and tried to take himself out of the moment. It was all he could do as the tip of something fat and blunted started to press against his opening, sending a confused shiver through his being and making him more confused than anything had a right to be. It was surely a phallus, yet looking back with his massive neck, Owen was privy to the sight of something massive and inhuman, looking like nothing he had seen in the animal kingdom. And he was to take *that* inside of him?!

Owen hardly had time to think before it was shoved inside of him unceremoniously, opening up his new cloaca further than he was prepared for. A surprised squawk escaped his lips, though there was no denying the stimulation to his body was more than he had expected. It was big, but in all the right ways, and it seemed as though his anatomy was designed to take it and more. Soon, the ostrich was hilted inside of him, and he started to thrust, making Owen's sex spasm wildly from the contact.

It did not take him long to reach his end, body in season as it was and Owen was surprised how receptive he was to the phallus against his insides. He felt his sex spasming, something further within aching in response to the pressure within his cloaca. It was as though he was made to take it, and every thrust sent shockwaves through his form beyond Owen's current ability to comprehend. It was so far removed from the prostate stimulation had been once used to, but it was amazing all the same, an experience far removed from both a mammal's perspective as well as a make one. And it seemed as the further it built, the more it had to give...

Far too soon for Owen's liking, the ostrich reached his end, and the spasming of his cock within Owen was soon followed by the warmth of semen filling him, something Owen could still perceive despite himself. Not the first time he had experienced such a thing, Owen was momentarily able to get into the feeling, loving being filled and used and pleased in doing so. It wasn't until the orgasm subsided and the male pulled out with a rush of his own fluids did Owen realize the implication of such. Why the male was so interested in him in the first place...

Yet, it mattered little as the lust in his loins had not quite abated. He still needed to be filled, to be taken and fucked as many times as the male was able having gotten over the initial

hurdle of mating, Owen wanted it no matter what the consequences might be to the point he squawked out his need, enticing the male with a flicker of his new tail and backside. And it was obvious the male was interested, evidently needing only a moment before he was ready to go again...

“Looks like the two of you are going to get along just fine. I’ll leave you to get acquainted,” Alex said, and the sounds of his footsteps were lost in the flapping of feathers as Owen prepared to take the male inside of him, eager for more of this role, even with as much as he had been afraid of it at first...

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It had already been several days since Owen had been taken from his life as a yeen and was now an ostrich, a female one at that. Though at first, he had been elated by the sex, the rest of his mundane life was in many ways worse than he was used to. His body was large and ungainly, and although he could run at a rather impressive pace, there was little room for him to do so, and he honestly preferred not to, not seeing a point in it. He could at least see much better than in his previous form, though it only made him all the more aware of all the inhabitants at the zoo, many of them, like him, were unwilling. Worse, perhaps, stuck in the new bodies they possessed for the rest of their lives, human intelligence still counting the days as they passed while in a body that was not their own.

At least in Owen’s case, much like his life as a hyena, the sex was often in those first few days. Even getting used to it, Owen allowed himself to enjoy it, quick as it was. The male wasted no time with foreplay, getting to the act and release as quickly as possible. Such was at least quelled by the fact the male was able to go again with very little prompting, something that Owen was thankful for. He himself wanted it as much as the male could provide, his own stamina beyond reproach.

Other facets of his life were not so worth it. He didn’t like doing his business with little control, something that he had as a hyena, at least. His solid and liquor waste came out controlled so long as he was relaxed, something that he figured was unusual for birds but something he had little control over regardless. It was hot, still being summer, but his body was at least prepared for it. At least his wings, while not able to aid in flight, were able to cool him off by flapping in the summer heat, something that would benefit his species in his natural habitat. Thankfully, his sense of smell was diminished to the point that such mattered little to his senses, a minor blessing compared to his life as a hyena.

Yet, through all of that, Owen with hit with a peculiar pressure in his guts, one that was beginning to come to a head as the days passed by. There was an urge to draw up material, to

build a depression in the ground, and with too much time to reflect on such things, it was obvious what the end goal was to be. Owen was afraid of the process, knowing all too well what was to occur and not wanting to experience it. It was perhaps preferable to some of the other outcomes he could imagine from all the other creatures the zoo could have turned him into, but it was a moot point in that this was his lot in life. And his insides seemed to relate to a ticking time bomb of sorts as the inevitable drew forward.

Not really knowing what to expect, Owen's instincts dictated he stay near the nest for when it was time. It hit him all at once one afternoon, an ache that became all-encompassing, as though he was filled with something that needed to be voided. There was nothing he could do other than to start to push, getting down and desperate to alleviate the tension building in his guts. The massive orb within him started to orientate itself, and Owen felt himself growing concerned. It was already this uncomfortable, and it was only to get worse as he started to lay.

Getting down and starting to push, Owen soon became aware of how massive it was, more so than he thought he could stand. It sat heavy in his sex, and even with as large of a bird as he was, Owen wasn't sure he could pass something of that size without pain. Yet, the contractions were coming faster and faster, and he had no choice but to follow his instincts. And they told him to touch, thankful that the peristaltic waves were making progress. Still, it was opening him up to the point he was prompted to squawk out in his annoying voice as his sex opened impossibly large, the tip of the egg starting to crown his cloaca. Even when he figured he could not expand his opening any further, it expanded still, and Owen pushed with all he had, feeling it moving inside of him and preparing to exit his opening. The ache through his loins came to its head, and Owen was sure he was not going to come out of the experience intact. But soon, the egg moved toward its center, and with a final contraction of his cloaca muscles, it was expelled to roll gently onto the nest.

With that, it was done. Owen was left panting, sitting over the massive egg he had laid. Some instinct in his mind was satisfied with the action, allowing him to take some sense of pride in what he had done. Though Owen hated it, hated the sensations of laying, there was no denying the euphoric sensations of the hormones coursing through his veins, or the instinctual need to propagate his new species. And the pseudo-orgasmic sensations that came with the laying certainly didn't hurt things either.

"Well, I suppose congratulations are in order?" Came Ryan's now familiar voice, and Owen felt his blood running cold at that. He hated the idea of being a mother and hated he was being forced into a situation where he had to procreate. More than that, he was disgusted that he had been watched, though with cameras all over, that was a given regardless if they were present or not. But now that it was done, he could be changed back, right...?

“Now, maybe we can coax at least one more from you before we repurpose it?” Ryan offered, and Owen squealed out his detestment. How could he be seen as just an egg factory for the zoo’s amusement?

Yet, before he had the ability to protest, the sound of the male’s squawk entered his ears, and Owen felt himself immediately getting wet. Even though he was fatigued beyond belief, his cloaca stretched beyond what even the ostrich’s penis could manage. There was no way he could have been horny, craving for sex should have been abated by this point. But be it an aspect of avian physiology or something within the serums used to change him, Owen felt he needed sex in the worst way!

Even as the male came up to him and held him down by the head, Owen allowed himself to get into the forceful fucking, elastic cloacal walls quickly closed on the massive member, giving him more pleasure than previous mating. The male’s thrusts met something deep within him, some primal need that surpassed his dislike for his future and his fate. Even knowing what would happen to him, that he would be forced to lay another egg from the mating, Owen could hardly lament it in the face of such pleasure. A squawk of pleasure escaped his lips as he *came*, inner muscles clenching on the male’s phallus and drawing sperm from his loins. The promise of new life, and another egg-laying session, for better or for worse...

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It had been some weeks later as much as Owen could discern, the passage of time and the hope of another change was the only thing keeping him going. He had done his duty, as far as he understood it, to lay two eggs. To his chagrin, it was something that had pleased him more than he had a right to be. Once, he had wanted to change and had fantasized about being in different forms. But to be undergoing it on a semi-regular basis was a daunting prospect to the point he could not desire it again, let alone being the rest of his life. It was a fleeting sexually arousing fantasy, for sure, but not something he wished to experience in real life. And now it was something he would have to come to terms with with each passing day.

Soon, he was going to revert to his humanity once more, and part of him was thankful not to have to be a bird anymore. It was too strange, too alien, and while he was getting used to it, it was not a form he wished to possess for the rest of his days. Egg laying, while surprisingly pleasant, was not for him, and he didn’t relish the idea of not having his penis, either. Change, while something he fancied, did not include gender, though there was at least some solace in the fact he didn’t have to parent, something that would take months or years and consume his life if he was forced to become another animal.



The look on Ryan's face when he came one day was enough for him to know it was time. Not wanting to be a bird any longer, Owen allowed it to happen, feeling his body changing back before being knocked out to be taken without resistance to his new home. As he awoke, reveling in his human form, Owen looked around, trepidation at the forefront rather than elation in having his old body back.

An overwhelming heat played over his body, the scents and humidity gave credence to the fact he might be in the reptile house. As he tried to stand, Owen found that he was a little hunched over, the place he was in a little too large for the human him. And with a water dish as well as some sizable branches led credence he was to be a relatively smaller creature or at least one that didn't need as much space within his glass prison. Something that spent much of its time soaking up the heat and resting, with nothing left to do but to think about all he had lost from his humanity...

At that revelation, Owen felt his heart sink. He didn't want to be a reptile as much as he didn't want to be a bird, something that was very much too similar in physiology. And, given the chance that he would be made female once more, he didn't want...he would have to...no, this was somehow even worse than being an ostrich!

"Please stop! Let me out!" Owen called out in vain, but only a chuckle escaped the sadistic man's lips.

"But you've been doing so well! Our ostrich exhibit is going to draw quite a crowd, and your escapades as a hyena have allowed another to decide that was to be their life now. Think what your stay here will help with the reptile house! You don't want to start letting us down now, do you?" Ryan chided him, but of course there was little Owen could do in the face of a total lack of control.

"How can you do this to someone..." He asked a little sadly, feeling the fight leaving him.

"Now, now, don't be like that! I know you're enjoying it, after all! I can see how much by how easily you give in and have sex each time! Even instincts can't make up for your eagerness, after all," Ryan said, and with that, Owen was injected, not even bothering to move away as the syringe went into the side of his neck.

"Now, this one will be a little different than what you're used to, but I can assure you that you'll do just fine with it!" Ryan said, though that mischievous tone was not lost on him, the man taking some sort of unnatural pleasure in it. Owen never got a chance to ask him, with as little time he had with the man. Probably for the best, all things considered.

Owen was granted little time to reflect on such things with a strange weakness overcoming his arms, to the point it was almost uncomfortable to lift them. Reflexively, he tried to flex his hands and fingers, but it seemed as though the joints and tendons were weakened around the bones. He was forced to stare down as the fingers themselves were pulled inward, not at all like the paws he'd once had but weaker, stubby nubs that looked out of place as his fingers and then palms lost their ability to move. Even his arms continued to weaken, hanging on his sides and started to shrink in both circumference and length toward his shoulders.

“Fuck, what’s happening to me…” Owen moaned. Though he couldn’t be sure, Owen felt deep down he had some idea of what was happening and was terrified by the implication.

“Oh, you’ll see! Though I have to admit, you did such a good job egg laying last time that we wanted to give you a chance to help you out in the same way again!” Ryan declared, and with that, Owen felt a shiver run through his body. He certainly didn’t want to be a female again, even if egg laying had been somewhat pleasurable. Yet, he would never admit that to the zookeeper, as much as he already thought it was obvious!

About to ask what animal he was turning into, something moving on the ceiling caught his attention, and Owen screamed, realizing he was in the presence of a massive python. It was hanging there, breathing though barely, far larger than any snake he’d seen in person. Not that Owen was particularly afraid of snakes, but being in the cage with one was more than a little jarring. And the realization of what was happening hit him like a ton of bricks.

Even through his panic, Owen did not seem to be attracting the attention of his cage mate, as though the snake didn't care. That was for the best, not that the snake would likely attack him but Owen still concerning himself with that besides. It was still a frightening prospect to be in the presence of such a thing, something that had to be close to 500 pounds or more and easily able to squeeze the life out of him if the snake was so inclined. Owen could only pray that the snake was well fed in its captivity!

Still, the implication of why he was in there and what he was changing into was not lost. “No no no nonono!” He managed to moan, realizing he was likely to turn into a snake of the same species, likely a female one of the man's comment about being used for egg laying once more. Owen panicked, not wanting this to happen again, and wanting to try to fight and get out and change back, anything but this!

Yet, there was no obvious escape route, being locked in from the outside, and having his arms weaken to the point he was sure he couldn’t open any door besides. Worse was the itching starting from the back of his neck, something that could only be the flaking of skin for the spread

of scales that would likely match the pattern of the snake above him. The itching was maddening, though with no hands to scratch it, Owen could only moan, feeling them running down his back and neck, removing any errant hairs as they did so. Part of his mind attributed the sensation to feathers growing, though the opposite was likely true, leathery, patterned scales he could not yet see but would soon be able to.

That issue was soon solved as Owen's eyes settled upon a mirror in the room, seeing his face and wanting to scream. His hair, like with his ostrich self prior, was starting to fall out, a wave of brown and green scales moving up in its wake. He wanted so desperately to scratch, though his hair was left to falling down his face, itching the skin and making him need to close his eyes and mouth. Soon, the itching stopped, and Owen was left bald, a visage more frightening than even his ostrich self had been.

"Fuck, I don't want to be a snake..." Owen moaned, feeling his arms pulling further up against his shoulders, which were weakening in their own right. He couldn't imagine being a snake, having no arms or legs and hanging there like this was one doing. What would life be like? Snakes went hours without moving, days without feeding, and didn't have many concerns in a zoo besides. It was horrific to think that would be him in just a matter of minutes!

"Now, now, it won't be so bad. I've been told it's a peaceful existence, with nothing to concern yourself with. Well, mating and egg laying, but you'll be comfortable enough with that once you're well fed and bred, I assure you!" Ryan said, as though he was actually excited for the fate of the man, one that terrified Owen more than even the initial change into a hyena!

Owen tried to scream out but was shocked by the sensation of his mouth starting to enlarge, stretching as his jaw unhinged from the sockets and his lips stretched back toward the base of his neck. It was massive, able to open past the size of his head, something that would allow him to eat like the snake he was becoming. He tried to close it, though with its constant expansion, it was impossible, leaving him stunned from the lack of ability to see past it.

His teeth were to go next, turning into mush as they were pulled within his gums, leaving little trace of their presence. There was something left, something he could barely perceive, even with the mirror present. Serrated edges to allow him to pull in prey as he worked it into his massive maw. He was finally able to close it a little, starting at his stretching jaw and terrified at the hybrid visage he now possessed. He would scream if he could, though it seemed his vocal cords were forfeited as well, and he was unable to utter a sound, privy to the whims of the change.

Wanting to reach up to touch his mouth, Owen was afraid when even his elbows seemed stiff, reducing his arms to mere noodles as they were pulled in further and further up toward his

shoulders. It seemed that little remained of them as well, popping and leaving his arms hanging there with no ability to move them. They were stubby, stunted, and reducing even further, leaving him soon to possess a limbless trunk as more of his humanity was robbed from him.

Owen was soon distracted by the sensation of something poking through his spine, wriggling as it did so. Already accustomed to the feeling of a tail growing, it was hardly a surprise, though still a little unnerving to know that it was about to be massive and the same circumference of his upper body. It was growing far faster than his previous yeen tail, almost weighty on his back as it moved of its own accord, Owen unsure of how to operate it just yet.

It was not that tail that concerned him, however, with the same weakness in his legs that had taken his arms from him. His toes were starting to shrink as well, Owen trying to move them one last time in vain as he fought through the changes. Soon, they were rendered immobile as the joints, tendons, and bones started to dissolve within them. With some concern for his ability to stay upright, Owen figured it was in his best interest to get down on his knees for now, though even those bones would be forfeited soon enough. Hell, even his hips and pelvis would be absent from his serpentine form, the very cells dissolving more with each passing moment. His toes were stubby by now, looking almost toddler like before they were taken within his feet, leaving them pointed stubs that were themselves reducing to nothing.

Even as his legs grew weaker, his tail grew longer, touching the floor and stretching over several inches now, thickening with each linkage his spine took on. Its flexibility was a sign of what his body would be capable of soon, as the more he changed, the more his body looked like the tube-shaped form of the serpent that was hanging from the ceiling. He was a fourth of the way there, and yet he could still not imagine that becoming his future.

While his tail continued to grow, a swelling sensation in his chest and belly seemed to signal it was on its way to match. It was as though he was being pulled upward, belly stretched impossibly taut, human features shifting away from noticeable contours to become something more uniform and cylindrical. With the length of his chest and belly, Owen felt himself waver back and forth a little, too top heavy to remain standing much longer. Still, there was some perceived sensation of organs shifting, a lung collapsing as his remaining one took over its role. It was hard to perceive all the internal changes, though with a series of rapid pops, it seemed as though whatever was happening allowed him a level of flexibility that was untold to his humanity or even the previous forms he had taken on.

As his legs continued to shrink and his knees trembled from the exertion, Owen found it prudent to get down on his side, not wanting to fall over out of his control. It was a little uncomfortable, though as the bones in his hips shifted and his belly thinned, the position was more natural than it should have been. His wriggling tail was stronger now, spine popping as it

grew longer and longer. With some effort, Owen managed to get on his belly, the floor of the cave barely pierced as thickened scales started to pepper the former bare skin, the start of what he understood to be reptilian scutes.

With the inevitability of the process before him, Owen saw no need to call out, figuring his voice was all but forfeit. When he tried to open his mouth reflexively, a thin, forked tongue shot out in its stead, and Owen was stunned for a moment, the flavors it picked up on surprising. It was akin to tasting without his tongue touching anything directly, as though the very scent molecules were being detected by his tongue. Without his brain in its proper reptilian configuration, there was no way of properly distinguishing the scents from each other, but it was still bizarre nonetheless to be detecting something that had been absent to his awareness before now.

Even if he were to call out, the sensation of his earlobes shifting made him sure he would not be able to hear his own voice. Though some sound vibrations met the inner parts of his ear, the electric hum of the machines in the room with him were now absent, subtle vibrations that did not bother his snake senses. Owen was sure it made sense for the zoo to use devices to heat his habitat that did not disturb the snake he was to become, but it was still unnerving to lose a sense such as that, making him unaware what else he would no longer be able to hear. His view of the world would be limited to the confines of his cage in a far more distressed way than either of his previous animal forms. Perhaps the not knowing was merciful, in its own way.

Through all of the changes, Owen could feel his cock at a semi-erection, aroused by the process as much as it was designed as such. He couldn't touch himself, arms almost absent as they were. But the ache in his groin was such that he was prompted to grind it against the floor, the minor stimulation to his penis just enough. The pleasant sensations soon grew to the point he could not hold back, hissing as best he could tell as his testicles, minute as they were, quivered and spilled their load. Once more, the sensations of orgasm went on far longer than he might have anticipated, his entire body trembling from the ache as his maleness was sapped from him. It mattered little in the end, he figured, the small pool of semen catching on his scales as the hairs around his groin fell away and he was left bare.

Knowing it was coming, the sensation of his cock being pulled within his junk was powerfully uncomfortable, making him wish to groan out though he could only thrash his body wildly. There was soon nothing left of his human member, his testicles soon to follow, which was thankful as not to have them touching the ground any longer. Still, knowing they were being repurposed for reptilian ovaries was a little unnerving, his new purpose as an egg layer not the most appealing for his life going forward. Or, perhaps, much to his chagrin, was more exhilarating than he wanted to admit, remembering the semi-orgasmic pleasures that such had

granted him. Would the same be true for him as a snake? Did he even want to know? Would he even have a choice?

Continuing the discomfort, Owen next felt his anus shifting, parting the scales to move toward the hole left by his retreating cock. It was not the first time he'd developed a cloaca, however, and the sensations of his internal plumbing merging and forcing the holes together were not as foreign or uncomfortable as they had been that first time. This time, however, he would feel the spreading scales forming a covering over them, protecting them but motile enough for when they would be in use. Something more than a little unnerving as he thought about his soon-to-be purpose, mating with the other transformed snake in the habitat with him. There was little avoiding it, and nothing he could do as he shifted into his form for the next few months...

By now, much of his skin was replaced by scales. Only his arms and legs remained bare, though with their diminishing contours, it was likely they would not persist on his body for much longer. They were weak, stiffening as the muscles and ligaments were steadily dissolved to nothing. With the compression of his shoulders and the alterations to his pelvis, it was a wonder they didn't fall off, though it seemed they would be reabsorbed and repurposed for his new anatomy. While his arms and legs lost their mobility, his torso and tail were all the more flexible, and he was even able to wriggle himself forward a little bit, the scutes over his uniform belly allowing him to crawl. It was a brief preview to his future locomotion, and while it bothered him initially, he figured he would get used to it sooner or later.

The changes to his face seemed to accelerate by now, forcing his mouth open impossibly wide as his cheeks and jaw cracked and unhinged, still forced open. Soon, it was too wide, larger than even his head, as though his expanding lips could fold over it. The size of his mouth was impressive, and Owen found himself experimenting with it, tongue tasting the air all the while, scenting some molecules that he was starting to understand. And many of them were seemingly coming from the other being in the cage with him, one that he was starting to become aware of...

With the bizarre nature of the changes thus far, Owen was almost unaware his body was thickening as well, not just lengthening, though he was already long enough he had to curve his body against the room to still fit in it. After all, he would be about double his human weight by the time he changed fully, and his body still had a ways to go to gain to add sufficient mass. Still, his body maintained a large array of flexibility, and he crawled forward, almost able slither as his form warped into its designated configuration.

Though his arms and legs were largely vestigial by this point, he could still feel from the tips of them, enough to know they were being dragged along the floor. Though even that was soon being robbed from him, the stubs of arms and legs pulling within him. The skin around

them was still void of scales and allowing them to sink into his trunk. Their bones were largely absent now, having been repurposed within his trunk, not comparable on his new anatomy. In vain, he could scarcely detect they were being pulled within him, nothing remaining of them on his form as his serpentine body took its proper shape.

The final change to remove his humanity was his head, skull compressing on itself and flattening to the point it was indistinguishable from the snake in the habitat with him. The action further pushed out his muzzle, letting him open it impossibly wide and able to eat something twice his circumference. Surely, he wouldn't have to, being fed as the captive zoo creature he was, but it was still unnerving to detect how flexible he had become, how inhuman to the point it surpassed his experience being either of the other species he had become.

With that, there was little to do, his body feeling content and satisfied in a way that defied his understanding. With sufficient heat in the room with him, there was very little to bother him, an apex creature within his own habitat. Yet, as his body started to settle into its new form, one sensation soon took precedence, burning into his mind and making it hard to focus on his surroundings. It was similar to his stint as an ostrich, a head that burned into his loins, desiring to be stimulated. Though an urgency existed, like everything else about his new form, it was slow, steady, Owen prompted to take his time and enjoy the scents in the air, that spoke of a being that could satisfy his needs.

Eventually, the vibrations of something moving in the pen with him caused him to still, and looking up with his layered vision, he honed in on the form of the other serpent in the pen with him, tongue flicking and likely tasting his heat. It took him a moment to conceive of what was happening, that he was to be taken and mated by this other snake. Who had they been in their past life? Someone wanting the simple, boring life of resting until it was time to feed or mate? Or something someone was forced into, like him, into what by most thinking humans would likely be something of a hell? It didn't matter. They were going to mate, something Owen knew he needed to do before he could lay eggs and then eventually be turned back. And there was part of him that wanted to experience it, figuring it would be far removed from his previous experience to the point of it triggering that part of him that still loved transformation.

Moving with intent, Owen let his instincts take over, the swelling part of his mind that of the snake he had become, serpentine instincts to mate with the male. He was massive, larger than Owen was, perhaps, and started to move around him, scales brushing against scales and sending shivers into Owen's loins, feeling them burn and ache with desire. It seemed to be the snake's intent to crawl over his back, rubbing against him and rising his lust, likely making him more receptive to his semen. Owen couldn't bring himself to care, knowing it was inevitable and wanting to get it over with.

It seemed to take some time for the male to wrap himself around Owen, and Owen was prompted to do the same, the two of them coiling around each other on a scale that almost made their writhing bodies too long for the habitat they were on. Eventually the two of them managed to touch genitals, Owen's tongue flicking out as the twin points brushed against his opening, something that made him nervous. The girth of the python's twin members was a little daunting, though his own female genitals were designed to be penetrated by two in tandem. Their leaking tips brushed sensually against each other, and, tightening his coils around Owen, the male started to thrust, their mating occurring in full.

Owen wasn't sure how long they coupled, though with nothing else to focus on, he was drawn into it, pleasurable enough though nothing akin to primate pleasures he'd known before all this became an issue. With the sensitivity of his genitals, Owen was aware of the exact moment a copious amount of snake jism was deposited into his cloaca, and the twin dicks eventually removed themselves from his slit. The orgasm itself was brief, though not unwelcome, and there was a brief sadness as the male eventually pulled himself off, steadily working his way back up the side of the container, to hang once more from the ceiling. And without anything else to do, Owen was inclined to join him, undulating his way around the tree to take his place settling and waiting the weeks for the mating to bear fruit...

Time had little meaning as Owen passed his time hanging there, his serpentine instincts finding little for him to do. He had been initially hungry, though when a slab of meat had been placed within the habitat, though it was a slow process moving from his vantage around the tree branch to work his jaws over it, something he did with ease. It took some time for him to lay there, digesting his meal and finally passing it low enough through his tract to allow him to climb the tree once more. And that, as little time as it took, was the primary distraction in a theme of monotony that was to make up the next few weeks and months.

Obviously, there was so much to being a python that Owen was simply denied being in a zoo's habitat. Surely, he would spend much of his time hanging from a branch as he was, not needing much to sustain on with reptilian physiology. But he would at least be able to move around the world, exploring with the speed and power his new anatomy allowed. With nowhere to go and nothing to take his interest, there was little for him to do and nowhere for him to go. Such didn't bother the snake part of his mind, though to the human him, it was akin to torture. Hell, he hardly even needed to defecate, passing a single time his soiled waste after having eaten several days prior. Time passage was marked by his feedings, though he had no way to know how infrequent those were. The other male, too, had no interest in Owen, heat having passed and the one mating all that was required to ensure insemination. It was interesting to climb up and down from the tree every so often, his flexibility beyond anything humanity imaginable, but beyond that, nothing really existed to tempt his serpentine body.



With so much free time without anything to occupy his mind, Owen found himself hyper aware of his body, in particular, the build up of something starting in his loins. Knowing what it was, it was still painfully slow to feel the slight swelling, perceived every so often as his body adjusted itself. Soon, it was a persistent sensation, made more obvious by how steadily it seemed to swell. Not sure how many he would lay, Owen found himself waiting with some impatience, knowing the act itself would bring some activity to a monotonous life, and give him the out he needed to be changed into a different form, perhaps one more enjoyable.

Coiling in on himself, Owen could feel the sensual contractions resonating through his sex, a series of undulating cramps as something started to descend from within. It was much smaller than his ostrich equivalent, though large enough he could feel it. The slight orgasmic sensation from mating was still present in the act, it was hardly the experience sex itself had been. Still, there was no denying the satisfaction in the act as he allowed it to happen, slow and persistent as were all facets of his life as a python.

Soon, the first egg started to crown, the slick fluids from his sex allowing a smooth transition. It took some active work on Owen's part, but he soon managed it, feeling the egg pass the center and sliding out to collect on the ground between his coils. Owen was unsure if he was supposed to look after them, keeping them warm as they incubated, though much more likely, moved to an incubator within the zoo's back rooms. Not sure how many he was expected to lay, Owen wondered, with some disappointment, if he was done. Yet, the familiar sensation of another egg traveling through his tubes was soon made known to him, and Owen allowed himself to push, feeling it more with slightly less pleasure than the first. His elastic insides were slightly open from the first, and the second, third, and fourth came much easier, allowing Owen to get into it, finding purpose in the act beyond much else in his life as a python.

Soon, his clutch was finished, as much as the time between the last egg and the one before was a sign of such. Some instinct in Owen's mind told him he was finished, though he'd lost count of how many he'd laid by the time he was done. It mattered little. He'd done his duty to the zoo, and there was every chance he'd be allowed to return to his humanity, however briefly, before being changed into his next body. And there was some regret in that, thinking, much to his disappointment, he wouldn't experience the mating act once more...

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As was the norm for him, Owen barely had an idea of how long he was there or what had transpired in the world leading up to this day. In his indoor enclosure, it was impossible to understand the passing of time, how many days, weeks, or months. He had laid his clutch, and felt someone protective of them, coiling around them and only moving to eat when he was fed. But with the distance between meal times, he was left to allow his thoughts to float there, trying

not to think and letting himself get into the reptilian instincts that felt little fear or concern about having all their needs meant.

Still, there was something to be said for reptilian simplicity, a peace of sorts being an apex predator in his habitat. Not have anything but to lie there, wrapped around his clutch, only needing to eat and defecate every few days or weeks. Though he was literally being put on display, he could not perceive the people beyond the glass cage he was in. Hardly as embarrassing as his previous forms, something that when he was able to harbor thanks for during those brief periods of lucidity.

Eventually, the vibrations of someone returning to the cage came to his attention, and he was stabbed in the side before he even had time to move with a needle, a familiar sensation though one he had not experienced as a snake thus far. Even if he was inclined to panic about the sensation of fluid being pumped into him, the reptile he was cared little, falling into blissful sleep and allowing whatever it was to happen. There was a part of him more concerned about what he would wake up as, likely human but destined for another animal form. Still, all in all, he figured the monotony, while peaceful, was not the life for him, and was glad it was time to take on another form and allow his destiny to be somewhere else.

Once more, Owen was treated to the sensation of waking up as human, a little awkwardly after so many months without limbs. Normally, he would have looked around, wondering where that bastard zoo employee was or when he would be able to get his revenge. Of course, he wouldn't want to be changed again, wanting to be out of here and not living this nightmare bastardization of a once longed for wish. Yet...there was a part of him, not one he would admit to anyone, that liked the changes, the sex, and the freedom from responsibility. It felt powerfully arousing to change forms, especially since he always seemed to have a willing mate. Hell, even being female wasn't too far out there for his inklinations, something he never would have thought he'd like but something he had a hard time denying was more pleasurable than he was prepared for. And, that part of him, more curious than afraid, wanted to know what the next form was he would be require to take on for the sake of becoming the zoo's latest attraction...