

Feeling groggy, Jake opened his eyes, expecting the familiar sight of his doom room. The events of the past evening were a blur, Jake not really sure what had happened or when he had actually gone to bed. Though, as best as he could recall, it was mid-afternoon when he'd gone into an office for a meeting with a student advisor. Something about a research experiment...yeah, that was it! One where he was supposed to make a sizable amount of money for his time. But what happened afterward? Surely he hadn't forgotten the outcome of the meeting, much less the rest of the evening. So then, how...?

“Ah, excellent! I was hoping you'd wake up without having to use any drugs! You'll want to be awake for this! A first step into a new life, the experiment you signed up for, but perhaps not the one you figured you'd be in! It's no matter! I have you here now, and you'll be the perfect subject for this particular test! It's a one-way trip, I'm sorry to say, but I'm more than certain someone like you, in financial straits, will be better off in a new life without money, bills, or responsibilities!”

It was then that Jake realized his arms were chained, and even moving them could barely within the shackles he was clamped in. his hands and feet were bound, and it seemed he was on a metal table, not his bed as he thought upon waking. Too surreal to be a dream, it seemed his reality was to have been drugged, taken against his will, and being at the whims of this man, whose true purpose for him was something sinister!

“W-what's going on?” Jake tried to ask, more nervous than angry at his current predicament. There was no point bringing about the man's ire, after all. Not when he was completely at the man's mercy and whatever experiment the man had in store for him!

“You'll find out soon enough, I'm sure. I could try to explain it to you, but there's little point, I'm afraid. My work is far too advanced for a simple mind as those they allow at this institution. While I don't think you'll understand the process, the results should allow you to understand your purpose. But I can certainly assure you, by the time we are done, you will not only enjoy your new life but even thank me for it if you're still able!

Without another word, the man came over to Jake's prone form, pulling out a syringe filled with a strange fluid. Quickly, he shoved it into Jake's neck, his restrained form unable to resist as the fluid was drained into his system. The only pain he felt was when the needle was removed, and Jake wanted to rub his neck but was unable to do with his current state of being.

“There, and now we have to wait. It shouldn't be too long to take effect. This new version rewrites the host's DNA so that...well, never mind that. It will all be evident to you soon, and we can discuss all the nuances of your new life then. I wouldn't worry too much about that now. Let's just sit back and enjoy the show, shall we?”

Jake had no idea what the man was on about, though was certainly worried about what would come from the injection and the man's words. What he could not have expected was the sensation of itching from the site, wanting desperately to scratch but overall being unable to. The itching seemed to play down over his neck, running under his shirt and chest. Looking down, he was privy to the sight of the skin of his arms under his shirt, his own hairs starting to lance upward as more hairs peppered the skin around them. The brown shade was different from his own hair color, making him puzzled as to what was happening. Though there was nothing to be done for it as his chest, his arms, and even the backs of his hands started to prickle with the growth of more hair. In fact, the more he looked at the ever-expanding coat, the more it started to look like...fur? Was that even possible?

“What are you doing to me?!” Jake called out, not wanting to be kept in the dark any longer. It was maddening to be at this man's mercy, more so without having a clue as to his endgame.

“Well, well, I could keep you in the dark until it was obvious, I suppose. But there's not much point in that, is it? I might as well try to give you some semblance of understanding as to your fate. I specialize in the art of physical transformation, altering bodies beyond what the limits of mere genetics could manage. Not only mere phenotypical expression, but I have also discovered the technology to entirely alter the entire genetic code without harm to the host himself! And, what better way to show you than by having you undergo the process yourself? You will be one of the first on this campus to undergo the process, but I assure you, I have done the proper research, and the process is perfectly safe! Either way, you don't have a choice in the matter! You've already consented to my processes, and if you have any complaints, I urge you to read the fine print in the future, that is if you are even given that opportunity in your new life!” The man said, taking sadistic glee in the words.

“What the hell do you mean?!” Jake yelled, obviously flustered now. Nothing about the man's words made any damn sense, though with them came a sense of dread that Jake couldn't shake. He was clearly at the man's mercy, and, crazy or not, the outcome of this capture was not one he hoped to escape from.

“Really, you still aren't getting it?! Well, I should be a little kinder to lay people, after all, not that it will matter much with your new life. You should retain your sense of self, of course. Though you simply won't care once the process is done. You should thank me for being turned into an animal, remaining enough of your intellect for me to get some valuable data from. And then, live a life of luxury and simplicity, one where you are cared for and given every comfort for your new species! Not a bad tradeoff, don't you think?” The man said, as though it was the most normal thing in the world to be changed in such a way.

Jake couldn't believe the man's words. Surely, he was completely insane and had no ability to change someone's DNA to make them an animal. But then again...what had he been injected with? What would it do to him? Was it really possible to be turned into an animal? And if so...

The obvious question came to mind, whether or not he really believed what the doctor was talking about with him. "What kind of animal?" Jake thought to ask, thought was a little afraid of the answer.

"Why don't we play a little game, shall we? Let's see how long it takes you to figure it out! It's not the most common choice, I admit, but that's how it's so exciting in its simplicity!" The man said, as though Jake's entire future was some sort of game.

Jake felt anger at that, though decided not to antagonize the man any further, not sure what would happen if the serum didn't work. Fur growth was one thing, but it was hardly a chance that couldn't be explained away with something like a hormone imbalance. But any other changes should have been objectively impossible. What if the man really did inject him with something that would alter his body any further? Would it kill him? He didn't want to be an animal, for sure, but he certainly didn't want to die or anything of the sort! Either way, he was soon to find out what would become of him...

As though his words were a catalyst for his fate, the tingling of fur growth seemed to amp up, running down his chest and belly, playing over his legs and even thickening his beard. It was impossible for him to be growing hair at such a rate, making him wonder if the man's serum really had merit. He certainly seemed to think so, as much as Jake wanted to deny it. Whatever would happen would happen, and he was forced to be along for the ride as more hair sprouted from his skin, marking his way toward an unknown fate.

With that, a pain in his backside made him wish to reach back to alleviate it, though he was still restrained. It was all he could do to feel his spine pushed almost painfully against the skin, forming what seemed to be a nub pushing against his pants and getting increasingly tight. It was akin to having a limb confined, and he desperately struggled against the bindings to try and alleviate the pressure. Though his effort was for naught, unable to get any relief from the pain that the tugging of his growth against the bindings was causing. It was getting to the point where he was moaning out loud, and the man came up to him, putting his arm around him in a way that would be uncomfortable had he not been suffering to the point he was.

"Yes, that's it...just let it happen...and then the pressure will all go away...just give in..." the man said, and Jake was prompted to do just that, allowing his growth to push at the

back of his pants. It was impossibly large at this point, and Jake was left panting, the force of his extension almost too much for him to bear. The more it grew, however, the more it pressed against the back of his pants, and the more it seemed to wear away at the material. As though it was about to...

With a resounding *rrriiipppp*, Jake could feel what he perceived to be a tail tearing from the back of his pants, too large to be confined any longer within the limited space. Jake could feel it hitting the air, making him uncomfortable to have a new part of himself, much less one that was pressing against the table he was on. Though there was more room for it to grow, and the metal was too strong to be torn like his pants.

The development of what had to be a tail left Jake powerfully confused, not knowing what it was like to have such a thing, and shocked by the unexpected sensations. He could feel the table through the skin of it, as well as the weight of the growth on the back of his spine. It was massive now, getting longer still and thickening from the base as it continued to grow. Yet, with the reality he possessed one, Jake was hardly able to look into the context of what kind of tail he had!

Looking down, Jake was shocked by the size of the thing, almost rubber-like from the tip and itching with the growth of the brown fur. Its weight ever increasing, Jake was stunned at the sheer size of the thing, looking nothing like the tail of any animal could name. It was nightmarish in scope, the spreading hair only providing a modicum of normalcy to what otherwise could be seen as a foreign appendage. Not to mention the fact that it was currently attached to his backside!

“See, that wasn’t so bad, was it? Well? Any guesses? If you aren’t familiar with the particular fauna of, well, that would be telling. Regardless, if you aren’t intimately familiar with the creature you’re becoming, it would make sense that you might not yet know what it is. But, you should soon, maybe as the changes progress!” The man said, a queer sort of satisfaction over the changes and what they were robbing from Jake’s body.

Jake, even if he wanted to answer, had no idea what kind of tail he possessed. It was certainly nothing he had seen before, nothing like a feline, canine, or anything he could imagine. It was simply far too large for anything he could fathom. If he could be changed in such a way, surely he could become any amalgamate of things. So, for the moment, he kept silent, sweating profusely at the thought he was turning into anything at all.

“No? Well, you can try with the next series of changes, I suppose. It should become obvious, even to the less aware people, eventually!” The man said, delighting in the sadistic nature of changing someone who clearly did not share the same inclinations or desires.

By this point, fur had covered most of his body, though the rest of his clothes covered his skin, making it hard to tell the scope of which it covered him. Though the intense prickling from all over seemed to indicate nothing of his skin persisted. He could feel his arms, the back of his hands was coated, and it seemed to run all the way down to his legs and even feet. The notion he was to be covered almost frightened him more than the tail he had sticking out of his backside.

It was the sensation of his tail thickening that drew his attention downward in time to see them thickening into the beginnings of blunt claws. Fingers twitching, they seemed to be shrinking somewhat, though maintained some level of flexibility. The sensation of his thumbs pushing forward on his hand, stiffening to the same stature as his fingers were more than a little jarring. Webbing in between his digits soon thickened nearly to the point of the width of his fingers. Jake was stunned at their immobility, stuck with the reality that his human way of interacting with the world was robbed from him.

Though despite the horror of having lost such valuable assets, there was no denying the question on his mind about what he was becoming. After all, it was a moot point with all the other changes coming that he wished to know about. What would his feet be like? His *head*? Fear for the future could only be slightly alleayed with the idea of what he was turning into, and even with a tail, fur, and paws, he had no idea!

It seemed as though the madman could read his mind, or at least his face. “I take it you have no idea what you’re turning into? That’s a shame! You have so little time left to guess before you lose your speech! Oh well, there’s nothing that can be done about the change regardless of if you guess right or not! I thought it would be a fun little game, but it doesn’t matter in the long run! You’ll continue to change, and by the end of it, I’m sure you’ll love your new life!”

Jake couldn’t imagine loving losing his human body or living as an animal, though was well aware of the man’s words about his mind. Being changed to think of his new life as not only good but desirable was more than he could manage to fathom. Would he even still be himself if he was lost to animal instinct and desire? Jake struggled in vain, trying to get out of his bindings. Though there was nothing to be done for it, his captor had him in chains until he decided to let Jake out!

Yet, no matter how he tried to fight against his bindings, he could not escape the sensations of changes continuing to play over him, this time centering in his penis and making the changing man moan. To his disgust and horror, Jake could feel himself coming to a full erection, pressing against the inside of his underwear and even leaking into the fabric. There was no obvious stimulus for his erection, but no denying he was more turned on than at any point in

his life. Had he not been in shackles or still possessed functional hands, Jake would be stroking himself off, despite his situation and the presence of the scientist staring at him!

No sooner than his cock started to leak than Jake found himself humping his hips against the fabric, trying for every amount of stimulation he could get. It was as though he needed to get off, that nothing else about his life mattered at the moment. Horny as hell, not even the fear of the changes or being caught in the act by his captor could prevent him from the need to nut. And with the pressure building up in his balls, there was little time before he quelled those needs, not caring about anything else. Even his waning humanity couldn't manage to prevent his impending orgasm, and with a shudder, Jake let loose his load, filling his underwear with his bolt and shivering from the powerful release.

Within a few seconds of cumming, however, a deep sense of shame washed over him, not able to control himself not justifying the level he had debased himself. Tears were running down his face now, the last bastion of his dignity gone as he continued to devolve into animalistic lust and needs.

The doctor, for his part, seemed elated by the development, even going so far as to clap at his misfortunes. "There, there, it's all right! Let it all out, and let those changes come over you! It's perfectly natural, and all a part of your new life! It seems that, for whatever reason, the changes make you hyper-aroused, though if I was to admit it, I would have it do that myself if I had the choice! It almost makes me want to undergo the changes myself, though if I did that, there would be no one to carry on my work!" The scientist said, obviously delighting in the most embarrassing thing Jake had ever experienced in all his life.

With that, the man moved in to pull down Jake's pants, something that he could not fight against with paws even if he was able to move his arms from their bindings. The reek of spunk hit his nose, though only served to turn him on despite the fact he had cum not moments before. Embarrassed at the sight of his cock erect in front of the man, Jake could do nothing but watch himself hanging there, dirty cock waving like a flagpole with the need to be touched. With the burning need in his mind, it was all Jake could do not to beg the man to touch him, with no other stimulation immediately present!

What he was not expecting was for his foreskin to peel back even further from the head, as though hollowing out. The skin seemed to move over his cock head, drying semen sticky and making Jake a little uncomfortable. The previously bare skin started to pepper with soft brown hairs, running all the way to the base and growing out of his previously human wiry pubic hair. Soon, his entire groin was coated, moving to merge with the hair over his hips that he could now see with his pants pulled down as they were. Though the foreskin continued to swell, excess skin

pooled at the base and merged with the skin of his groin. The image led Jake to believe he had developed a sheath of some kind, enough to keep his cock protected like an animal might be.

Though it was impossible to contain an erection the size that Jake possessed. His human length should have remained within the sheath regardless of his lust. But the size of the shaft poking through dwarfed anything Jake could have fathomed on his form. Several inches longer, the head of his cock seemed to pinken and taper till the piss head engulfed what seemed to be a point. Jake had no idea whether he was built for the animal he was becoming, but it was sure a larger phallus than anything he had seen on a human!

His cock, it seemed, was not to remain human for much longer, the skin fattened towards the peeled-back foreskin. It continued to snake out of its home, uniform in girth all the way down to the base. Yet, even though erect, Jake was privy to the sensation of the head curving, forming a U shape back down toward the base. Jake tried his best not to focus on it, but his erect seemed to wave back and forth, almost like a tongue as though seeking the stimulation he desperately wanted. It was disgusting, a truly bestial phallus sat on his features that he had no control over!

It was soon to get much, much worse with his testicles swelling within his sack as they filled up with what had to be more semen. Jake moaned, the sheer size of them almost enough to break through the skin. That was not to be the case, thankfully, sack swelling to accommodate them. But pressure still persisted, moving it upward towards his cock. The sensation was enough to keep his erection at half-mast, though more out of presence rather than actual arousal. It continued to rise to the point where it was pulled at his cock, before taking a hard left until his cock and balls were almost side by side. Soon, it was pulled even further up than that, the sensations of his balls and cock switching places until his testicles were sat onto his cock. What the hell kind of animal had *that* kind of anatomy?

The sight of it brought Jake back to an old biology class, one that talked about animal reproduction. One of the students had brought up something obscure about the physiology of certain mammals, and the teacher informed them that some animals, like marsupials, had their tests inverted. Marsupials such as... was he turning into a kangaroo?

The moment the word entered his mind was the moment that pressure started to build up in his feet. It was as though the digit in the center was growing massive, pushing the rest of them to the side. His heels, too, were impossibly large, pulling almost tautly at the other end. It was getting impossible for him to keep his shoes on, and he wanted to beg to allow them to be taken off. But with the pressure steadily growing all the while, he could do naught but moan.

The pressure soon came to the breaking point, however, when something akin to a sharp nail burst from the front of the stretched shoe, looking out of place on his anatomy. Not really

sure that kangaroo's feet looked like this, Jake was left to stare at the relatively sharp talon sitting there, the top of the toe covered with fur as was the rest of him. Two more of his toes were absent, unable to wriggle them no matter how much he tried. The remaining ones were present as well, smaller but able to twitch just slightly, dwarfed by the load-bearing toes that seemed to make up his roo anatomy.

His heels, all the while, were bursting out of the back of his shoe, twice their former length and tingling with what had to be a sign of more growth. Kicking them to the sides of the metal table, Jake had to angle them down towards the floor so that they didn't weigh too much of his frame. Like a cartoon character's, his feet were comically large in relation to his body, the two remaining digits small and visible on his form though possessing tiny claws of their own. It was really the size of the middle digits, increased to the circumference of his now-massive foot, that weighted so heavily. They would have to be, to make up the kangaroo's impressive jumping abilities!

"Ah, look at that! You're coming along so well! With that, the feet of the red kangaroo, you'll be able to clear over 25 feet in one jump! Can you imagine? Well, you won't have to imagine soon, not when the changes are complete! It won't take much longer now!" The scientist exclaimed, as though robbing someone of their humanity was the most rewarding thing in the world. Perhaps for this madman, it was in a bizarre sort of way!

As though his words were a trigger to further change, Jake could feel his hips start to expand wider than his pants would have allowed, prompting an all too human whine to escape from his lips. Hearing that, his captor saw it filling to pull his pants down all the way, though unable to get the cuffs around feet so massive. It was still enough to allow his hips to swell to kangaroo proportions. Heels were massive now, weighty, and leaving the impression of a kangaroo's lower half on his form.

The swelling of skin and mass started to play over his torso, belly thinning somewhat on his larger stature. It was muscled, suited for the body he was developing, though still regained some of the human's former chubbiness. His torso seemed a little lower than his humanity, pecs, and chest a little leaner, though likely due to his larger stature. Shoulders were a little hunched, smaller than his primate physiology as his bones seemed the crack inward. The muscles swelling within, removing his form from him, or at least most of it, were rather impressive, and although his upper body was relatively smaller, it was still impressive in its own right. Jake was becoming jacked in a way that never interested the human him but was rather fetching, all things considered. If only it didn't come with a kangaroo's physiology! There was nothing to be done for it as his shoulders hunched, upper arms gaining a fair bit of muscle. It was getting more uncomfortable in the restraints as he changed, though he was sure the scientist would keep him



in them until the process was done. Kangaroos were known to be deadly when pissed off, after all. And once his mind went, then...

It was his hips and backside, however, that continued swelling with mass, needed to handle the muscle he was growing underneath. His hips and ass were larger than even the human him could manage, leaving him heavy and boated against the upright table in a way that had him pained. His tail was hitched in an effort not to be crushed and had he gotten any taller, he would not be able to sit comfortably in the cuffs. Though he was technically losing weight, his stature made it seem like he was heavier, though still not large enough to escape from his shackles.

For a moment, Jake wondered if his life was potentially in danger, though could do nothing for it as he struggled, feeling his guys shifting and gurgling inside of him. Yet, other than the same sensations running through his chest and torso, he was no worse for wear. He had to be developing a digestive track for plant matter, and a larger heart for jumping as his soon-so-be species were prone to do. All things that would not fit in the human him. But the changes left him no worse for wear, confused more than anything. How could he survive such drastic changes? None of this made any biological sense!

The man was elated by that, eager to explain his work while he evidently still could. "It's amazing how the process leaves your internal organs intact while they alter. Building on the work of others, I've truly made a brilliant formula, changing the very DNA of someone into a totally non-human being. I'll have changed the very foundation of science itself! The entire world will see my genius if I decide to even keep them human for very long!" The man declared, the delirium clear in his voice.

"While don't you use it to cure cancer or something useful?!" Jake called out, not caring about pissing off his benefactor now. He was nearly all the way transformed into a kangaroo at this point and wasn't sure how much longer he would be able to speak. And, even after the explosive force of orgasm, he wanted to make sure his protestations were loud and clear!

"Isn't it obvious? I don't *just* want to cure cancer. I want those cured to turn into animals!" The man said like it was the most obvious reply in the world. Jake would have groaned, but he was in no position to do so and didn't want to try talking, voice likely to degrade into an animal's cries at any moment!

Yet, the next change was to be in his ears, Jake able to feel them getting longer against the sides of his head. Almost to the top within a few minutes, Jake was surprised when his focus on them caused them to twitch, moving them almost halfway around and nearly making him jump in the restraints. He wanted to touch them, though it mattered little with his arms in their

current state. Still, he wanted to see them, part of a morbid curiosity wished to see them on his visage before his reflection was altered forever.

His struggle gave away his desire, or perhaps the scientist's ego wanted him to see his work firsthand. Pulling up a mirror, Jake was in time to see the ears stretching beyond the top of his head, looking out of place sticking out from the sides as they were. He wondered when they would rotate to a more kangaroo-like appearance, but that seemed not to be the case. Still, as best as he could tell, the ears he possessed were fully formed, even as far as to be coated with their own velvety fur.

“Well, would you look at that! Roos like you'll soon be have excellent hearing, but I'm afraid there's very little down here for you to test your abilities on! Oh well,” the scientist said, and Jake found his ears moving this way and that reflexively. True, the scientist's words were louder and more clear, but...

With his new abilities, Jake realized how screwed he was. There was no one outside to help him. No amount of crying out would cause anyone to come and find him. The man really seemed to have thought of everything, keeping him in a prison he could not escape. At least not until he was all the way turned into an animal. He wasn't sure what the end game was, how the man would be getting his new body out, or where he would be taken. But it would matter little as his mind sank into the beast he was steadily becoming.

With nothing he could do, Jake simply stared forward as his jaw started to ache, cheeks getting chubby as his face started to press forward. Jake winced, wanting to close his eyes so as to not watch the horrific transformation robbing him of his facial features. But a larger part of him wanted to see his visage being robbed from him, the force of his face extended outward, lips almost rubbery looking as his new muzzle too on a box-like shape. It was getting longer, impossibly so, heavy on his face as his neck thickened to provide proper support for the development. His teeth ached as they altered in their configuration, supporting the plant-based diet he would soon possess. He tried to speak, but a beastly bellow was all that escaped his lips, nothing human about the words he tried to articulate. He was, for all intents and purposes, an animal.

His nose, too, was almost robbed from him, larger and flared on the edge of his lips now. It was soon massive and black, moist as slits ran up the sides to support the expanding capabilities of his rostrum. Breathing was so much easier, and the more his larger nostrils drank in, the more awareness he had of the room. There was his own body odor, that of the roo he was turning into. But it was more than that, the mechanical scents of equipment and serums and other things he had no immediate name for. There was the stench of his ejaculate heavier in his roo nostrils as well, and, if he focused on it, another underlying scent brought to his attention made

him confused for only a moment. It was the same acrid scent of semen only...had the scientist nipped in his pants? So that was the reason he was so fascinated with inflicting such a change on others!

“Almost there now! Just a little more, and you’ll be able to enter your new life! I hope you can appreciate it as much as I do! And if you don’t quite now, you certainly will soon!” The unnamed scientist said, that the maniacal glee in his tone made Jake terrified for his future.

For now, the itching of his facial hair growing out into a coat of fur was enough to distract him, thankful at least that the bare muzzle staring at him from in front of his eyes was not to stay that unnatural way. It seemed to be spreading over his chin almost as a goatee before running the length of his muzzle, covering him in the brown fur. It soon spread up the side of his head like sideburns, his own shorthand shrunk down to match the signature reddish-brown coat that made up his new species. Thicker hairs popped their way out of the sides along his nose, what had to be whiskers.

Though his skull was still in a hybrid configuration, it was soon not to last, robbing him of the last vestiges of his humanity. It seemed to sink into his muzzle, comprising down on his skull and tightening around his brain. That change, most of all, left him more terrified than anything that had happened thus far. Even as his ears were relocated to the top of his head and his muzzle moved to look more in sorts with the roo he was becoming, Jake couldn’t get the fear out of his mind that his sense of self, his humanity robbed from his mind as much as it had already been in body. But, the more the changes seemed to solidify over his form, the more he felt...like himself? That he wasn’t going to lose-

No. He wasn’t losing himself to the instincts. It was far more sinister than that. Rather, the roo awareness was swelling within his own, not replacing it but rather merging with it. He wanted to get away, wanted to change back but...he was horny as hell, and he wanted to *fuck*. The need to mate, to breed, was at the forefront of his thoughts. His sexual inclinations were not towards his new species, not exactly. And certainly not toward females. He wanted...men? Yes, that was it...Roo men, like what he had become. And his cock was literally aching for it!

The scientist, rather than being disturbed by the sight of his erection, was rather delighted by it, as though his arousal was not only expected but welcome. “Ah, it seems that my alterations are a success! Lust for one’s new form should be at the forefront of one’s being, should it not? Such physical pleasures make life worth living, and now without the stressors of human life, you shall be free to explore them in full! Why don’t I let you go to experience that bliss in full for the first time?”

With that, the scientist moved towards a lever at the end of the wall, and Jake felt his arms and legs being freed, able to stand on his massive feet for the first time. It was rather comfortable, his stature built for it now. The strain against his hands and feet finally free, he was inclined to rub himself off with his paws, the slimy, almost prehensile member begging for the release he knew it could be granted. But there was something else more urgent than simply getting off. The scent in the air, the one of arousal, had his full attention, and Jake's new roo nose honed in on it, wanting more of the spicy aroma. It was harder for him to think with his lust at a head, and wasn't that the point of being an animal as he was? Jake wasn't in a place to fight against the inclinations perforating his new mind and body!

Without thinking, Jake jumped forward, though not nearly enough to knock his captor to the ground. It was gentle, a surprised moan escaping his lips as he was knocked prone, though unlikely to be injured. Still, it was enough to keep him pinned as Jake started to stroke off his member, fingers no longer flexible but able to paws large enough he was able to grip them together, stroking off a powerfully erect, writhing cock. As horny as he was, it did not take him long to reach orgasm, spraying a thick load of cum into the air and getting it all over the man.

Stunned, the scientist stood there for a few moments, not really sure what was going on. The scent of cum, rather than disgusting him, seemed to have him enamored. His own cock was hard now, as much as Jake could tell, and he was even licking the semen off his hand, as though it was a forbidden fruit he was allowed to touch for the first time. His eyes seemed to light up at that, as though a child on Christmas or some other wish granted. It was not surprising, seeing the man's inclinations in his intonations as well as the odors wafting off his body. Was that his intent all along?

It was the scent in the air that alerted Jake to the scientist's fate, as though the sweat leaking from his body was changing somehow, a hint of familiarity in the notes that left Jake confused and excited in equal measure. It wasn't until the sight of reddish-brown fur started playing from under his clothing did Jake's fading intellect know for sure. Though he had no idea his fluids were contagious to humans, did it matter? Even though he had just ejaculated not a moment ago, his cock was still hard, waving around in the air as though eager for another go. Wouldn't it be even better if he had a mate to finish with? Screwing over the man who screwed him was certainly ironic, though he could bring himself to care about that, horny and needing to get off as quickly as possible!

The scientist, for his part, seemed not to be deterred by the reality that he was to change, looking at the fur growing and his fingers shrinking down toward the roo paws that Jake himself possessed. "Really, it's even better than I thought...I won't be able to analyze the data like this...but I don't need to!" He declared, enjoying the sight of his nails poking out of his paws,

unable to take his clothes off anymore. Though as Jake could attest to, that was to be a moot point given the size of his hips and ass were to grow. And then there was the...

As though on cue, the pressure seemed to be building up in the back of his pants. "Oh...this is what it feels like...to have a tail...oohhhh!" The scientist called out as the pressure grew to the breaking point and ripped open, a roo's tail bursting out and reaching toward the floor. For some reason, the changes seemed to be happening a little faster than Jake's own, perhaps the cum a more potent catalyst. But it was of little concern, Jake watching the changes with more interest than he might have thought. He was still powerfully horny, and only a male mate would do in satisfying his desires...

With that, Jake turned around, raising his tail and exposing the clear, clenching pucker he suddenly wanted to be filled. Never having taken anything up the ass before, Jake couldn't imagine wanting it more, especially with the almost prehensile cock he knew the other changing roo would soon possess. He was prime and eager for it!

Looking back with a more flexible neck, Jake was in time to see the scientist getting hard in his underwear, something that had surprisingly stayed on for the duration of the change. Already damp with musky fluids, Jake was eager to watch what was within grow larger. Without his hands, the scientist had no way to take his pants off. But with the intensity of his growing cock, that was not to last.

"Oh yes...yes! This is it!" The scientist called out, filling the air with the stench of cum as he blew his load into his pants. The worn pants soon came off, and a tapered kangaroo cock thrashed its way out, showing off how horny he was even after ejaculating. Like his own, the scientist's kangaroo testicles were full and bloated, needing to get off as much as Jake himself.

"Yes...need to fuck...so much better than I could have imagrrrrr..." the scientist tried to call out, though his faster changes came with the thickening of his throat as the fur ran up to his head. His muzzle, too, was expanding, nose black and sniffing the rank ejaculate in the air. His cock was at full attention, needing to cum as much as he needed anything else.

And Jake was ready to take his captor, wanting the changing roo inside of him for that blessed prostate stimulation. His pucker was flared, anal glands wafting the scents of lust toward the scientist's changed nose. A loud crack resounded in the room as the scientist's face stretched out, and he was already down, stance awkward as he licked at Jake's roo pucker, preparing him for the mating to come.

Not too soon, the scientist adjusted his stance, seeking cock rubbing against the rim of his pucker as it winked open and closed to take the offering inside. It wriggled its way into Jake's

bowels, making him moan a roo's baritone as he was penetrated in all the best ways. Though he had no idea if the scientist had any experience with men in the past, the bestial breeding was exactly what Jake craved, requiring his prostate to be pounded as his insides were stimulated all at once. With his deft paws, it was all Jake needed to get off, his somewhat chubbier belly jiggling as he moaned his lust.

Horny as he was, Jake was still able to look back and watch the last of his humanity being robbed from the scientist. It gave him a sadistic form of pleasure that the same thing he wished to inflict on the world was happening to him. Not unwelcome to the changing roo, it seemed. But unlikely his goal so soon into his experiments. Still, it was a moot point as his skull reshaped, ears reshaped, and sat at the top of his head. His muzzle was at full length, huffing and panting and sniffing the sweat and male musk in the air. Feet pushed painfully against the confines of his shoes until the force of them popped them open, massive feet allowing him to raise his fattening hips at level with the roo rear he was rutting.

With the stink of their male rut in the air, it took little time for the two of them to reach their inevitable end, the scientists swaying balls blew their burden into Jake's roo rump, the sheer force of semen more than his rear could take without backwash. At the thought of sexual ecstasy, Jake felt the pressure building up and his own cock spilling all over the floor. The scent made him relaxed and content, knowing that he was marking their territory, that the male mates could fight off any roos that thought it prudent to challenge. Though Jake felt he was more inclined to let any roos fuck him than anything...

Much too soon for his preference, the former scientist pulled out of Jake's rump, leaving him feeling almost empty. It was a moot point, given the speed they were able to recharge. But as much as he wanted to rut away his cares for the future, part of him knew they couldn't stay down here indefinitely. They would have to get out to find food and additional mates...

It seemed what humanity remained in the scientist was able to recall the way out, hopping towards the door and struggling with the handle. Though it was not impossible with roo arms, he was able to make it work, allowing the warmer air to hit them as they were taken into a tunnel. Jake followed behind, not sure where they were but not caring, wanting to feel the warm sun on his roo hide. It seemed as though they were in maintenance tunnels below the campus, but Jake had no way to know for sure.

Eventually, they reached the end, a door that the scientist's rather deft abilities were able to open. The sounds of students persisted beyond, and Jake felt a mixture of nervousness and excitement. Surely, some of them could be infected to turn into roos, still-drying cum on his form even if he wasn't fully recharged. Finding the biggest, sexiest males to infect was certainly at the forefront of his thoughts!

Door opened, the scientist burst outward, knocking over some curious students that had gathered from the noise. He hit several of the students as he did so, but they were uninjured. Jake followed suit, feeling some of their arms brushing against his fur. Covered with cum as they were, the two of them, with what little human intellect remained, knew that anyone they had come in contact with would likely change as they had. But it was of little consequence. They had each other for the moment, and they would soon have a small herd of their own to play with...

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The sight of two kangaroos hopping out of a building was certainly not the thing Sophia expected to encounter on her way to class. Escpallyu as they nearly knocked her over! Sometimes animal therapy seminars came to campus, for sure, but to bring a pair of kangaroos, let alone letting them escape was beyond her understanding. And were they both erect? She really didn't want to think about the fluids that persisted on her shirt and hands, and wiping them away didn't seem to get it off her person.

Heading outside, Soppiah spotted her girlfriend among those gathered around the presence of the kangaroos. Still, she was a little embarrassed, not wanting to be seen in such a state with the still-drying fluids covering her. She would have to get into a washroom to...

"Hey, sweetie? What's going on?" Her girlfriend asked, seeing an expression on her lover's face that left her concerned. It was as though Sophia was sniffing the air, detecting a scent that escaped her girlfriend's notice. It seemed her nose was wider as though growing to better detect the object of her desire. In fact, it looked more like the nose of a...

Before she could get away, Katie was taken into a kiss, Sophia pulling her in as though to infect her with her saliva. By this point, her face was cracking outward, the sight of the kangaroo's muzzle making it obvious what was happening to her. Katie wanted to get away, to break the kiss with her love. But a scent in the air lit her loins aflame, and her own face started to tingle with what had to be hair growth. Like the fur of a kangaroo, though she was remiss to care. Not with the promise of eating out her lover's changing roo cunt as her own was sucked with Sophia's changing muzzle...

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The pair of male roos, even as they made their way out into the campus grounds to find some grass to graze on before rutting against, came into contact with several people as they bounced their way out. Even more people came to watch the animals hopping and then grazing, cocks erect and ready to mate again as soon as they filled their bellies. But it was not only the

scents of each other that were turning them on. Rather, the scents wafting toward them from the crowd were increasingly bestial, as though some were in the beginnings of change themselves. And soon those would lose control of themselves and their lust, looking to rut with and change anyone they came in contact with. The unintended roo virus was only in the earliest stages, soon to become a pandemic the likes of which the campus, or the city, had ever seen...