

The Kickbacks

by: Xerox2

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=Chapter 3=
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"Are you sure you're good to drive?" asked Kayla, her horse ears flat against her head.

Kevin glanced to the passenger seat. "Uh yeah, I haven't had a drink since the conference on Friday."

"Not that. I just mean. . . you know, with your hands the way they are."

"It's a hummer, not a damn jet, Kay," Kevin sighed. He flicked on his turn signal and the wipers scraped across the bone-dry windshield a few times in awkward silence. "My arms still have their full range of motion. I just have to be careful about how I grip the steering wheel. It's fine." He reached an arm behind himself and rubbed his tail which was sore from being bent at an odd angle.

It was important to empower him, thought Kayla, but damn if the hairs on her new mane weren't standing on end. "Okay, well if you feel like you want me to drive, I'm pretty sure I can still work the pedals with these hooves." She could see her partner's new teats bouncing beneath his shirt as they drove down the country road away from the city center.

Their plans had come together fairly easily, but it was still going to be risky. And Kayla really didn't like the first step which brought them out to the country home, but at the same time the thought of mounting one of their mares intrigued and thrilled her. It would be taboo, but there was no one to judge them. Besides Kevin seemed to have taken the plunge last month. There were no other options, she told herself, at least one of us has to be fully human for the journey. However when she tried to tell herself that she did want to, that she would only do it because she didn't have a choice, she couldn't help but feel like she was lying to herself.

"Alright, we're here," Kevin announced as he shifted the car into park awkwardly with his paws.

"And in one piece, too. I'm surprised."

"Ha ha," he laughed sarcastically, fumbling with his buckle before hopping down to the driveway. "I'm pretty sure hummers are meant to hit into things anyway. We wouldn't be getting our money's worth if I hadn't flattened those saplings in the median." They were far enough out to escape the prying eyes of any neighbors, so Kevin lowered his pants a bit and let his tail stretch out.

The horses, excited about the company, ran to the edge of the fence some twenty meters away. Kayla's hooves, in turn, clopped down onto the gravel as she stepped out of, but not down from, the Hummer. She had grown considerably. Her new bulk filled out Kevin's jacket nicely. As they walked to the house together, her skirt and upper mane were kicked about by a summer breeze. To some she might have looked monstrous, but to Kevin she was beautiful. He found the way she moved powerfully and easily on her new hooves to be extremely attractive. She was always very confident.

Once they made it inside the house, they immediately got naked. "God, that feels so much better," said Kevin, rubbing his teats.

"So you're sure this'll work?" asked Kayla nervously.

"No. I mean, it seemed like it worked for me, but who's to say?" He could see Kayla's penis begin to drop out of her sheathe in anticipation. The skin on her sizable sack and shaft was supple and pale.

"I just don't want to do anything I'm going to regret later. . . or hurt Sophie" she said, turning away so he couldn't see her growing erection. He could.

Kevin took her hand between his paws. He couldn't grasp it, but it was still very comforting to her. "Trust me, Sophie will enjoy it as much as you will."

"Ew Kevin!" Kayla scolded, ears flattening onto her head. "I'm not going to enjoy fucking one of our horses."

"Really? What about this?" Kevin said coyly, sliding his paw down her growing penis. He was starting to get extremely wet.

"Oh. . ." She sighed, her eyes closing with pleasure. "Stop that. You know as well as I do that you're only teasing yourself. We need you as human as possible as long as possible." She was right. Reluctantly, he grabbed a pair of bathrobes for them and they headed out to the barn.

"Are you sure you want me here for this? I mean. . . I don't want to give you performance anxiety."

Kayla laughed as they stepped into the stables. "I'm starting to think that's something men made up for when they don't want to have sex."

Kevin could see her shaft bouncing against the robe as she walked. Their horse, Sophie, seemed just as interested as he was. She eagerly sat at the edge of her stall, kicking up dust and snuffing up all the musky air she could. He stepped over and fumbled around with her gate

lock after greeting the chestnut mare. The moment she was out of the pen, she trotted over to Kayla. "What, no greeting for me?" Joked Kevin. "She always did like you more."

The horse's nostrils flared as she reached Kayla, and she responded by scratching her behind the ears in just the right way. "Who's a pretty girl?" She cooed. Her great penis strained against her robe fully erect, betraying her casual demeanor. Kevin thought she looked like a prize stallion as she circled around the mare, stroking it, and pausing at her hindquarters. He did his best to act like he wasn't watching. While they got acquainted, he grabbed a pallet and some plywood to make something for her to stand on. Still, he stole a peek or two as he set up. He saw the mare's generous pussy winking as he passed behind her. A sympathetic quiver passed through his own feminine bits, causing a few droplets to hit the ground. What a powerful, virile male Kayla made, he thought. She was turning on every female in the whole room. He was jealous that Sophie would get to be filled with that deliciously large dick.

"Alright, we're good to go," he said, approaching Kayla. Her member throbbed and flexed powerfully causing her flowing tail to flag. She stepped up on the makeshift platform behind the mare. Sophie stood perfectly still in anticipation, and a slight dribble of juices ran from her nether lips as they flexed repeatedly. Kevin knew exactly how Sophie felt. It was only a month ago that he had a similar meaty pussy between his legs. He knew how it felt when those eager muscles twitched, eager to be filled.

As Kayla lowered a hand to her member and guided it to the horse's entrance, he remembered the sensations of being penetrated by such a substantial dick. The relief when the thick head popped in, and how easily each inch sank in until the medial ring. He leaned against the wall behind Kayla and started rubbing himself with his thickened digits, minding his new claws. She seemed completely absorbed by the sensations as she slid herself deep into the awaiting pussy. She didn't notice as Kevin did his best to relieve his aching desire to be filled, using his other paw to tweak at one of his lower teats. Watching her, he could almost feel her thickness inside of him. He imagined the heat of her precum deep inside himself as her medial ring teased at the lips of his passage. He remembered how it felt to bare down on the shaft and massage it as it pumped in and out of him beyond his control. There was the feeling of comforting helplessness, of giving yourself completely to another for pleasure, of being fucked.

Kayla's thrusts became more frequent, deeper, and he sped up his own ministrations to match. He knew he risked worsening his condition if he came, but he couldn't help himself. Oh to feel the tip of that dick swelling within him as she started to cum. The sound of her hefty balls slapping against the mare's rump filled the barn as imagination and reality seemed to blur inside Kevin's mind. Her balls drew up as she gave one last thrust. He felt the wondrous pressure of her cum filling him as his paw slipped inside his spasming folds. The couple came in tandem. Both were too lost in pleasure to care about the repercussions or circumstances of their orgasm.

While the appeal of having his snatch stuffed full during his afterglow was almost irresistible to Kevin, he allowed his hand-paw to slurp out of his passage with a sigh. Kayla quickly fell fast asleep slumped over Sophie's back, her shaft still buried deep inside. Little

strands of cum spattered down from the mare's pussy. Kayla's tail flagged up and down contentedly, giving an occasional glimpse of her swollen horse's asshole. As he watched, she began to change again, right in front of his eyes. The silky hair of her mane floated gently down to the floor. She shrank, and her tail shortened and made a popping sound as vertebrae disappeared. Her hooves split apart into toes, and her feet shortened. Her balls drew up to her crotch and with a brief delay they each popped inside her in turn.

Kevin watched in stunned silence, his heart racing. Within a couple minutes, Kayla's familiar human form was slumped across the backside of the mare sound asleep. Her legs hung awkwardly above the floor now that they were a great deal shorter. She began to slide off of Sophie, and before Kevin could catch her she crashed to the ground.

"Ow!" she exclaimed groggily. Kevin rushed over, still shocked from witnessing her transformation. It was very surreal. She began to rise to her feet. "I feel like such an idiot. I must have fallen asleep--" Kayla paused. Her eyes got as large as dinner plates. "Holy shit I'm me again!"

"I know! I watched it happen!" Cried Kevin, "It was honestly really weird. I'm still not over it."

Kayla traced her hands over her body frantically, making sure that she was indeed human again. "I can't believe that worked!" She stood up, feeling the tips of her ears to make sure they were where they were supposed to be. "Wow, I feel so . . . weak." she mumbled. "Anyway, let's move the timetable up. Get inside and get packed. We're headed straight for the airport."

"Don't get too excited." warned Kevin. "You're not going to stay like this. I was only back to my old self for a day before it started again."

She sighed, dejected. "You're right. It's like I'm being teased. My humanity is so close and yet. . . I can't grasp onto it. Thanks for bringing me down to earth again."

"It's difficult to have a fleeting sense of identity." observed Kevin. "We're just not made for it." He embraced her, now hyper conscious of his appearance. He knew she understood, and yet the feel of his teats against his girlfriend's attractive, very human, stomach made him ashamed. The hug was more for him than for her, really.

Kayla returned the hug, running her fingertips through the spreading hair of his back. It eased him, and helped him fight back tears. "Come on," she said softly. "Let's get packed."

Together they danced the very mundane dance of getting ready for a trip. Kayla threw assorted scarves, jackets, and other clothes haphazardly into their new business luggage. Kevin checked in their flight online. Kayla rushed them to the airport, but they had enough time to stop at Starbucks for coffee. They'd both done this a hundred times for work or pleasure, and

somehow, in spite of just how odd and slightly different each task was due to his changes, Kevin managed to get bored. It felt good.

By the time the Hummer passed into Ojinaga, it was sunset. "Do you have any fruit? Nothing to declare? Alright go ahead." Just like that they were in Mexico. The odds of getting strip searched were next to nothing, but it was still a relief to roll through the dusty unkempt roads. Broken down cars littered random empty lots, and polished well-lit businesses were few and far between. Memorial crosses littered the streets they took to the next town over. Kevin felt his breasts and sighed. He was better off than them at least. They munched on beef jerky as they drove.

It hadn't been easy, but they managed to book a flight from some smaller Mexican airport through a half a dozen layovers into another small airport in Xinjiang province. Security was even less than they expected. For all the hours they had spent preparing Kevin for travel, wrapping his teats and paws in gauze, finding a semi-comfortable way to secure his tail to his leg, buying a skin-tight layer to hide his growing fur, and choosing mittens that would stay on, all they had to do was walk through a metal detector. It seemed anti-climactic. Kayla later discovered that she had accidentally carried on a pair of scissors.

As they boarded the plane, Kevin felt like everyone was staring at him. He was sweating beneath all his layers, but every glance his way seemed as though it could pierce right down to his charcoal black fur. There was no reason for anyone to stare at him, he thought. Well, maybe it was the mittens in the 90 degree heat, but at least he still seemed human. These people didn't know he was anything but a crazy person or perhaps someone who was hiding a disfigurement from a terrible accident. Either way, who were they to stare? On second thought, were they staring or did it just seem that way? Were his emotions playing tricks on him? Was it the just way people were brushing up against his inhuman bits in the bustle of putting away their luggage and getting seated? He felt violated. This must be what some people go through every day, he realized.

No doubt he would feel better after he got a drink in him. Unfortunately, they couldn't find any seats that were directly next to each other, but at least they were in the same row. Kayla had pointed out that it would be very awkward to scoot past people if he had to go to the bathroom, so he took the aisle seat and her the window. There was a rather large Mexican woman between them. The subdued roar and filtered air of the plane was familiar and somewhat relaxing to him. At least everyone else would be as uncomfortable as him for the next 10 hours.

Sure enough, as soon as they got to cruising altitude and the stewardess came by with a drink he began to let go. It had been a very, very long day for Kevin. First waking up to having no hands, then watching his wife violate a horse, and then Mexico and the airport. . . As he drifted off, he tried to calculate how long he had been awake. 18 hours? 20? Too long. The hum and jostle of the cabin rocked him to sleep.

A very strange straining sensation in his leg woke him. It was as though some luggage had fallen onto him, or he was bending his foot in a strange way. He reached down to rub it, thinking it was a muscle spasm. What he found made his hair and fur to stand completely on end. Extending from his shoe was the unmistakable form of a dog's upper foot and leg. It fit him in size, but there was no doubt about it. He could feel his new nails dragging against the soles inside his shoe as he shifted, startled. His calves were half the length they used to be, and his knees were bent in some strange way. He pulled his backpack from under the seat in front of him and tried to hide his alteration from the aisle, but it was no use. Anyone who looked over would see a man with dog's legs sitting on the airplane.

Frantically, he glanced over. Kayla was sound asleep, scooted half way across her seat to get away from the mass of the woman who sat in between them who was also asleep and leaning toward the window. His mind raced, in a panic. He tried to open his backpack, but the mittens made it impossible. He shuffled through the pocket in the seat in front of him and pulled out a Skymall Magazine. Taking careful aim, he tossed it over the behemoth between them and onto Kayla. He flinched as the pages fluttered loudly in the air, but smiled as it hit her right in the face. The woman between them shifted her position and groaned but remained asleep.

Kayla gestured questioningly to Kevin, who looked as though he had seen a ghost. "DOG LEGS" he mouthed to her, bobbing his head and lifting his leg a bit to indicate the problem. For a moment, she squinted and shook her head, but as she realized what he was saying her eyes shot open and she frantically began to search through her bag.

He heard a tiny giggle from behind him. Sitting there across the aisle and staring directly at Kevin and his changed legs, was a little girl with the biggest smile he had ever seen. "Doggy!" She exclaimed, happily. His blood turned to ice and he froze.

"Shh" said the girl's mom, reading.

"I wanna be a doggy when I grow up!" beamed the girl loudly to her mom, tugging on her blouse.

"That's great dear," said the mom softly, trying to bring her daughter's voice down to a reasonable level.

"Mommy look, that man's a doggy!" She said, tugging her mother's shirt with renewed gusto. Kayla gasped, pulled a blanket from her bag and tossed it right over Kevin's lap, hiding his malformation.

The woman rolled her eyes and glanced over, pulling her girl back into her seat. "That is a VERY rude thing to say," she whispered angrily. "Now be quiet or I won't buy you Cinnabon when we land." She turned to Kevin. "Sorry about that."

"No trouble," said Kevin, his heart beating as though he had just run a marathon.

Although he was itching to examine his new development, Kevin set about carefully binding his shoes to his feet. With the help of several scarves and his shoelaces, he got it to a point where he was comfortable walking. The rest of the flight was dreadfully uneventful (as most flights are). Kayla helped him hobble from the plane, and the rest of the passengers were actually surprisingly accommodating. He was given a wheelchair when they stepped into the terminal which he begrudgingly accepted. They went through the same tired routine of renting a car, and before long they were in their motel room. It smelled of mothballs, but seemed relatively clean.

"This book of common Chinese phrases I bought at the airport is useless." Kayla complained, throwing it on the bed. "How come we can't just use the iPhone yet?"

"Kayla, dear, could you help me take all this off?" Kevin whined, holding up his uselessly wrapped hands.

"Oh right. Let's take a looksie." Together they went about unwrapping Kevin. "I'm surprised how used to this I'm getting. It barely seems weird anymore."

"Well it's a lot easier to 'get used to' when you're not the one hiding." Kevin said, accusingly.

Kayla rubbed her boyfriend's paws after they were freed from the bandages. They seemed quite a bit more narrow and dog-like than they were before. "That's why I'm in charge of all the plans. Oh and speaking of plans, our meeting with Professor Tanaka is tomorrow at 3:00, so I'm going to put in a call for room service when you're set."

It was a relief to finally be naked again. His feet and legs had indeed changed almost completely into those of a rottweiler. Although he was still quite a bit larger than your standard dog, and he was able to stand on two legs, when he looked down at himself he saw nothing human. "Ugh. This is awful," he moaned. "At this rate I'll be a dog in only a few days. I can't even bend my arms like I used to." Kayla jumped up on the bed and crawled over on her hands and knees.

"Here, let me help." She pushed him onto the bed and began to massage his sore limbs. "Just relax. Your knees are still human enough to let you walk. How do your feet feel?"

"I guess they feel fine," he said, stretching his arms up and legs downward. "I mean it doesn't hurt." Now that he was free of his clothes, being tenderly caressed by Kayla, his insatiable horniness began to return. "It's relentless. Here I am, just trying to relax before bed, and all I can think about is fucking your brains out."

"Oh babe." Kayla turned him over and kissed him. "I know how you feel. Why not take a cold shower while I order food? We're almost there."

After dinner, the couple fell into a restless sleep accompanied by unfamiliar, foreign sounds. She loved him, but Kayla had to admit it felt a lot like spooning a dog.

A shout from the bathroom shook Kevin awake. "God DAMMIT! Are you kidding me?" There was light flooding around the curtains. Groggily he stood up and promptly tripped over the left overs from last night. Oily beef and veggies did their best to get everywhere, and he swore.

"What? What is it?" He asked, struggling to right his unfamiliar body. His center of gravity was certainly different.

Kayla rounded the corner, nude. "Didn't I earn more than a day of peace by fucking that stupid horse?" A fuzzy sheathe and balls wobbled between her legs. She put her hands on her hips when she saw the mess. "Dammit, Kev. . . "

He approached her unevenly and examined her new arrangement as best as he could without touching it. Sure enough her pussy seemed to have been replaced completely again. This time her balls hung close in a line instead of side by side. "It looks like Rex. . ." Kevin said, rather shocked. Her new equipment was certainly larger than their dog's, but it was identical in every other way. He felt a tingle run from the tip of his tail into his crotch at the sight.

"Yeah it looks like we're compatible now." She said, rubbing herself and pulling down a bit on the loose sheathe skin, revealing a bit of the pointed pink prize inside. She seemed unaware of how it was affecting him.

"Yeah my time without lasted about a day too." He said turning away.

"What?" Asked Kayla indignantly, "can't bare to look at your freak girlfriend?"

"No it's not that. Its just if I watch you fondle yourself for one more second I am going to tackle you to this bed and fuck your brains out." His tail was curved upward and she could see the puffy triangular lips of his pussy quivering and moist with desire.

"Oh sorry," she said, grabbing a pair of boxers out of her luggage and slipping it over her legs. "I kinda snapped at you there." She stepped close behind him. "Your ears are changing by the way." Kevin reached up with a paw to touch his ears, but had a difficult time making sense of what he was feeling. A quick glance in the mirror confirmed that his ears were now pointed and slightly higher up on his head. His tongue also felt weird in his mouth so he stepped into the bathroom to check it out. Although his mouth still seemed fairly human from the outside, his teeth were all pointed and different, and his tongue felt a bit larger. He could easily lick the tip of his nose with it now.

"We have to get to this woman as fast as we can, Kay. I don't think I can hold out much longer." Even now he was imagining her bending him over the bed and filling him with her cum

and the knot he knew hid deeper inside her heavy sheathe. She could take him from behind, he thought, holding onto his tail, his teats jiggling as she pounded herself deeper and deeper into him. . .

“Snap out of it, babe.” She slapped him.

He rubbed his cheek with the back of a paw “That was unnecessary.” He stepped out of the bathroom. “Let’s go.”

Kayla wrapped him up as they had yesterday. With the extra time, she was able to devise a much better way of fastening his shoes to his altered feet. She kept fidgeting with her boxers through the process. “I can’t get these to sit right,” she complained. “Either they’re too low and they rub against the tip of my. . . sheathe thing. . . or they’re too high and the seam in the middle bothers my balls.”

After what felt like hours of preparation, they finally made it out the door and into their rental car. Kevin wore a Arabic-style robe, which actually didn’t feel too out of place. They packed a few extra jugs of water into the back and made their way off in the direction of the dig site. Smaller and smaller Uyghur townships passed them by, and the road itself fought them as much as it could. Finally, the arid wastes gave way to a collection of tents on the horizon. A handful of academic types of various nationalities scurried around the dig site.

“Hello. We’re here to see Dr. Tanaka?” Kayla ventured to one of them. They were directed to a smaller, personal tent.

A smallish Japanese woman answered their summons. “Hello?”

“Yes, this is Kayla. We talked on the phone about getting those runes translated?”

She held open the flap for them, “Yes, do come in, come in.” The tent was sparingly furnished. There was a cot and a small table with a camp stove on it. Tanaka hurried to boil water and get the odd couple seated, taking special care to make Kevin comfortable. “I must admit, I am very surprised you came all the way out here instead of waiting for me to make it back to the States. It’s so dry and desolate around here. Can you believe that people were riding camels hundreds of miles through here two thousand years ago on the silk road?”

Kayla nodded politely. “Yes, that’s very. . . impressive. Listen, I hope you don’t mind if I rush this meeting a bit, but we are in urgent need of your skills. You see--”

“Ha!” The doctor laughed. “Yes I’ve heard that before. That’s what a colleague of mine said right before he asked me to come out to this dump! ‘We need an expert in ancient masonry excavation!’ As if there weren’t a thousand of those closer by. Turns out he just wanted to get in my pants.” She shook her head and produced a notepad and paper. “Now now, it really must be important for you to come all the way out here. Some ancient inscription on some art from your

private collection, perhaps? I do hope you understand my policy of only translating from the original source material.”

Kevin scoffed. “Frankly, I think it’s idiotic, but here I am.”

“Here you are indeed. You must understand that translation is not a merely about looking at letters and symbols and finding the meaning. I have to know what time period the piece is from, the region --”

“Doctor,” Kayla interrupted, “we’re prepared to show you, but you have to promise me that no word of this will travel beyond this tent. Also that you won’t freak out and scream or make any noise.”

“I admit my work excites me, but I don’t think you need to worry about me screaming!” laughed Dr. Tanaka. “As for not spreading it. . . I will require compensation if I can’t publish my findings in an academic journal. And it will need to be in cash. I’m being audited this year, nosy IRS.”

Kayla smiled knowingly. “Oh yes we understand. We are ready to pay you fifty thousand American dollars. Cash.” She plopped a wad of cash onto the table. The kettle began to whine, but the doctor simply stared at the money. “I’ve prepared a non-disclosure contract as well. There’s no mention of the money for tax reasons.” She winked.

After collecting herself for a moment, Tanaka produced a china tea set and began to pour the water. “Ah yes. I believe that will be sufficient.” Her hand was visibly shaking as she signed the contract. Kayla stood and made eye contact with Kevin, who shook his head in acknowledgment.

He would never forget the look on her face as they began to shed his clothes in front of the doctor. It was the hardest thing he had ever had to do. As they unwrapped his paws she seemed puzzled, as if she was trying to figure out the trick they were playing on her. But as she saw the life in those paws, how he stretched them and flexed them, how the nails extended from the fur so naturally, her mouth fell agape. Next came the jacket and the the bandages wrapped about his midsection. His newly freed tail shivered and curled up between his legs in a futile attempt at modesty. Her terrified look pierced his heart and gave credence to his fears and shame. The glyphs were still visible across his stomach and thighs, peeking between the fur.

Kevin swallowed. “Dr. Tanaka. Would you like a closer look to confirm?” His words shook her from her trance. She jumbled with her bifocals as she slowly and uncomfortably leaned in closer.

“Is this a joke? Are you kidding me?” she mumbled, examining the glyphs on Kevin’s teats. “What happened to you?”

"We were hoping you could tell us." Kayla said solemnly from her seat. Takana went to take a sip of her tea, but her shaking hands dropped the teacup on the ground, chipping it.

"I can't do this. I have to go." She said, raising suddenly and making her way to the tent door.

Kayla quickly stood, stepped in front of her, and grabbed her shoulder firmly. When the doctor struggled, she drew a concealed knife and held it in front of her threateningly. "You will sit quietly until he's covered again, or I swear to god I will cut your tongue out." The doctor went pale.

"Kayla!" Shouted the half-naked dog man. He quickly adjusted to an urgent whisper, "where the fuck did you get that knife?! let her go!" He started toward her and the doctor jumped away from him as he approached, tumbling to the floor. She seemed more afraid of him than the knife. He turned away, tears welling in his eyes.

"Okay listen. Let's just all calm down." Kayla said, diplomatically. "I'll put this knife away, we'll get Kevin covered up, and then we can all go our separate ways." Doctor Tanaka nodded from the ground, her glasses hanging partially off her disheveled face.

She moved to Kevin and began to wrap him with the bandages from the ground. "Now you can see why you can't study this from the original source, doctor. If you think you're afraid, just imagine how we feel."

Kevin turned to her, sweating and quivering as if he were naked in the rain. He looked right into the archaeologist's eyes. "I'm begging you. . . Help us, please."

She slowly pushed herself from the ground and nodded. "I. . . need a moment."

Kayla helped Kevin get into his robe. "I understand," she said, producing a bit of paper from her pocket and handing it over. "We transcribed the glyph things here. It was very painstakingly done." she finished her tea and led Kevin to the door. "With any luck, you'll never see us again."

The couple left without a tour of the dig site. They went straight to their car and drove it back to the hotel in silence. The possible ramifications of their meeting turned over and over again in their minds. Would she help them? Spread the word? Could she even decipher the markings? When they got back, they undressed and collapsed back onto the bed together. They stared at the ceiling and listened to the sound of each other breathing. The rhythm of it helped dampen the turmoil in their minds. All of their preparations over the last few days had led up to that one meeting. "It went better than I expected." mentioned Kayla.

Kevin was fed up with all the stress. He was strung up so tight he felt as though nothing could untie him. "Fuck it all." he finally blurted out. "Let's just fuck."

They turned and looked to each other. Kayla's tired smile warmed him from head to toe, and she giggled when she heard his tail pattering against the bed with joy. Slowly, he reached his paw up to her face and caressed her. She leaned in and began a wonderful passionate kiss. It was the kind of kiss you could lose yourself in. The kind where the entire world around you melts away and for a brief moment in time and all you can think about is the delightful interplay of lips. It was an adventurous kiss, the kind that had a beginning -- a brief brush and contact, a smile -- a middle -- with passion and confidence -- and, eventually, a hesitant end.

She was the first one to venture a bit of tongue. She coaxed Kevin's changed organ from his mouth. It was flatter, longer, but he was careful not to overwhelm her. She could feel his changed teeth as she explored his mouth. Her hand traced down the length of his body, fingers brushing through his fur. She could smell his arousal in the air. Kevin pulled back from their kiss and repositioned them so he was straddling her and her back was on the bed. He slid down her body, rubbing himself along her as he went. His fur tickled her deliciously, and she suddenly felt a massive arousal welling up within her. She wanted to fuck him now, but he seemed intent on teasing her for a little while longer. There was an incredible heat and weight growing in her lower abdomen and sheathe, and she got the feeling the only way to satiate it would be to fuck Kevin senseless.

Finally, his head was even with her crotch. Kevin let inch after inch of his long tongue slip from his lips. It gently pressed against her ballsack, starting with the rear testicle, the one closer to her asshole. He teasingly dragged it up against her forward ball and up the front of her swollen black sheath. The chill it left behind ran up her spine and made her sack contract up closer to her body. He gingerly tasted the bit of pink flesh that peeked out eagerly at him. Wanting to see more, he nudged the folded skin around her shaft down a bit, causing more of her pointed, thick canine dick to show. He could see her knot swelling inside her right above her balls, and he lapped at it sensually. Kayla moaned, feeling an insatiable drive building in her. She had to be inside him. Now.

Using the advantage having hands afforded her, she grabbed Kevin and flipped him over so that she was face-to-face with him again. The heat of his spade-shaped pussy flowed over her crotch, driving her mad with passion. Kevin's heart fluttered inside his chest in anticipation. He felt so wet that he was sure he was dribbling. She rubbed her crotch against his, mashing his puffy lips and eliciting a canine whine from Kevin. Without any more hesitation, she lowered a hand to her dick and aligned it with his passage. She paused a moment as she felt the tip press against his Y-shaped opening. Then she slowly brought her hips forward, pushing inch after inch of her swollen dog meat inside of him.

Kevin gave into to his lust. He reveled in giving Kayla control of the situation, allowing her to thrust and withdraw at will. He loved that he was an object of her lust, and that she was like a rutting beast, consumed with desire. Every time she brought her hips forward he could feel her fuzzy sheathe bottoming out against his lips, but each time the penis traveled deeper and deeper into him. He rewarded her progress by squeezing her with his new muscles. Her

knot started pressing up against his passage, halting her progress. Kayla eyes were rolling back in her head in pleasure, but she grew frustrated when Kevin's pussy failed to open up and take her knot.

Kayla withdrew from Kevin, penis extending proudly from her damp crotch, knot fully visible, but still confined by her sheathe. "Turn over." She demanded. Kevin immediately complied, rolling over and raising his butt into the air. His arms were fully extended, and balancing his weight on his forepaws was disturbingly comfortable. Kayla bent over him, using her hand to move his tail out of her way. She could feel it resting against her flank as she scooted up into the classic doggy-style position. Kevin was relieved to feel her shaft again pressing against his folds. Without much warning she was back at it again, thrusting more furiously than ever. He began to feel her knot pushing into him. At first it was just a bit, but then he swore she pressed harder and it went a bit deeper, and then, suddenly, POP! He felt it sink all the way inside.

His muscles instinctively clamped down on her knot as the best orgasm of his life took him. Each of Kayla's thrusts now seemed to be trying to pull herself from him, but he wouldn't allow it. He felt the now familiar sensation of wonderfully hot cum pumping into him, and her knot began to swell. Their orgasm wasn't fast as it had been before. This time it seemed to draw itself out and grow stronger and strong with each passing second. Kayla's dick gained inches in length as it continued to spurt deep inside of him, her knot growing to what felt like the size of a baseball inside of him. He felt himself filling up with copious amounts of cum, but not a single drop spilled on the bedsheets.

Eventually their orgasm died down and Kevin slumped down on the mattress, taking his girlfriend with him. They panted (Kevin perhaps a bit more literally than Kayla) with exhaustion. She gave a couple of lackluster tugs as she shifted around on the bed. "I'm stuck!"

"Ow!" gasped Kevin. "Just relax! You're all swollen up inside me. Give it time."

"Oh sorry," apologized Kayla. "That was awesome. It almost makes the changes worth it."

"Yeah," he yawned. "Here let me just. . ." Shifting himself, he managed to rotate himself around her length so that they were once again face-to-face. "There."

"Much better," Kayla mumbled. She wrapped her arms around her strange, malformed lover, and together they drifted off to sleep.

They awoke to Kevin's phone buzzing. He groggily slid off the bed and checked his mail as he was accustomed to doing every morning. With a start, he realized that he had had no trouble doing so, and that he was looking down at a human hand. His eyes grew wide and he followed it to the wrist, then to an elbow, and then to his body. "Holy shit I'm human again!" He shouted, startling Kayla out of her sleep.

“Me too!” she celebrated, leaping up and embracing Kevin.

“Look, look!” Kevin chanted ecstatically. “I can use my phone! And I can wear socks! And look I only have two nipples!” He bounded around the room doing all sorts of small tasks in celebration. He started a pot of coffee (half caffeinated, half decaf), brushed his teeth, flipped through a few channels on the TV (they were all in Chinese), and eventually made his way back to the bed after pouring each of them a cup of joe.

“We got an email from the doctor.” Kayla chimed, reading it off her phone. “She says there are a lot of symbols that they don’t fully understand, but she thinks she’s got the gist of it.”

Kevin leaned in and read over her shoulder. “It’s a curse then? ‘Whoever disturbs this sacred place, the final resting ground of king -- someone -- shall eternally show something something animal body and lust. Those ultimately responsible will feel the weight of this curse until each stone is returned to its rightful place?’”

Slowly they turned their heads and made eye contact. “Argentina” they said in unison.

Kevin began to panic. “Holy fuck there must have been some sort of temple under that rainforest we clear-cut for that factory farm project!”

Kayla joined in. “‘Each stone to its rightful place?’ are you kidding? We ground up all the rocks and sold it as luxury gravel! We’re never going to be able to rebuild it!”

“Fuck.” They sat in silence for a minute. “That was a brilliant business move, by the way. Profits from that gravel thing covered like half the labor for the clear-cutting.”

“The return on investment really was impressive. It was a transcendent move,” Kayla agreed.

The couple sat and sipped their coffee in thought. “We’re going to have to live with this, aren’t we. I mean, it’s probably not over after that.”

“No,” Kayla shook her head. “Tomorrow I’ll probably wake up with a fucking bull’s cock between my legs or something.” She sighed.

Kevin stood up and turned to her. “Well I’m sure as fuck not going to spend all my time trotting around the globe looking for exotic animals to fuck every day. Why did we change back to human? Do you think we hit some sort of limit?”

“Limit? I don’t think so.” she paced. “That was the first time we had fucked with ‘compatible’ equipment. Perhaps that’s enough to reset it for a day?”

"Maybe that's it. And let's see. . . I started out by changing into a horse and then a dog. You started out by changing into a stallion, and then a dog. Maybe the order is the same." Kevin grabbed Kayla's shoulders and his face lit up, "maybe we don't need to end our careers. Maybe all we need to do is stick together and we can keep this at bay."

Kayla's face broke into a smile. "Are you proposing a . . . partnership of sorts?"

"I've closed a lot of deals in my day, Kay. One thing I've learned is that when you see a fantastic opportunity, you jump at it." Without further ado, Kevin Baker dropped to bended knee, completely naked but also completely human. "Kayla Platner, will you marry me?"

She was taken aback. "Damn you're bold." She said, smiling. "I suppose you give me no choice."

Epilogue:

They never returned Dr. Tanaka's email. The couple were happily announced Mr. and Mrs. Baker six months later. It was the perfect amount of time to milk their wedding for all it was worth. They made dozens of extremely valuable connections at their ceremony, and word had it that no fewer than three state senators attended and cried merry tears as they gave their vows.

Their suspicions of the mechanics of their curse were confirmed when Kayla woke up the day after their return with, not a bull's, but a kangaroo's junk between her legs. Kevin of course was blessed with a furry pussy to match. Adapting to their new lifestyle was no small feat, but they quickly grew accustomed to changing every couple of days. When the opportunity presented itself they often allowed the changes to progress a ways, especially when their curiosity got the better of them. When they woke up with the smooth slits of dolphins between their legs, Kevin convinced his wife to take vacation time with him to swim out in the ocean.

From that day forward not a single day went by where they didn't spend the night with each other. Occasionally the proximity chafed them, and they had their fair share of fights, but in the end although it was the curse that pushed them together, they were perfect for each other from the very beginning.

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