

Well, Marion always joked that I should keep a diary. Said we'd find it in a few decades and laugh about the dumb teenage nonsense we would go through. It's been two years since he gave me this one as a prank gift... and... well... I feel like I'm ready to make the first entry. Less because I want to write about the dumb teenage nonsense I went through, more because I can't sleep. Marion's curled up next to me like a tiny fuzzy ball of an angel, neither my head nor heart can seem to calm themselves after what just happened. Though, for future reference I think I need to write some context.

I hate to be glib about the following life altering moments but those couple of days aren't really the focus of this story and I need to jot down what just happened while it's fresh in my mind. Just a few months ago Marion and I were in the throes of pass--no I can't write it like that, not even as a joke. We were some normal teens in a normal teen relationship. Planning on sticking together after high school, probably get married, have some kids, be moderately successful, yadda yadda yadda. Then one day some magic coin ends up turning my wonderful, albeit kinda nervous, boyfriend into a squirrel. Not just a squirrel, a lovely lady squirrel. That day was brutal on him; not only did he swap size, species, -and- sex but nobody would believe him for hours, not even me... Eventually, after a tear-ridden pouring out of his heart, I held my tiny squirrely boyfriend and squeezed him tight, deciding to tentatively believe him. Later that night he spoke with a dog (who also used to be human, because apparently this is a thing that happens now) whom was convinced that Marion was telling the truth. He tried to adjust back to school life... but with next to no one believing him, and those that did spouting off crazy conspiracy theories, we ended up going to see some camel who apparently -also- used to be human to see if we could make sense of all this. While THAT was going on the same stupid coin touched me via a very rude divebomb by a very rude magpie, making me into a rather hunky looking bobcat. Marion's words, not mine. Same as Marion though, it had for some reason swapped my sex.

Honestly, kind of a lateral move. I did love being a girl, yes, but it wasn't a hard defining trait for me. Being a guy, well... it has its... advantages.

Weeks went by and Marion had a lot of trouble with his transformation. Being so small after being so big was an issue all on its own. Not only that but the whole species change seemed to get him a lot more than it had me. On top of everything though... Marion had an absolutely devastating time becoming a girl. I caught him walking funny any time the thought crossed his mind about how nothing was between his legs anymore. Hunching his shoulders forward to stop his shirt from rubbing against his little breasts. He'd ask me to carry him around more and more... eventually he just stopped asking and would clamber up me any time we went on the move. Anything to keep his mind off his changed sex traits I guess.

That was only the start of it though. We were naked together... frequently. Being animals and all, clothes lost a lot of their appeal. That, and we were still a couple, it gave us a kind of exciting excuse to be nude around each other. I will openly admit, looking at his lithe little body... I made sure to have a strategically placed book, tablet, pillow, blanket, whatever could cover me at all times. He -is- still my boyfriend after all. And the only reason I hadn't asked him to do anything about my "little problem" that kept popping up was because I knew I needed him to be the one to initiate. It wasn't like when we were human. I started the vast majority of our encounters then. Think we both enjoyed it more that way; he didn't feel like he was pressuring me and I got to see the blush creep up his cheeks as I lifted a shirt or crept my hand down his waistline... Damn now I'm thinking about all those times we had. He was really quite skilled with that thing despite how shy he could be. I remember one time I had to get my mom to call into school sick because we had gone at it so hard the previous night I couldn't feel my legs the next morning. I'm serious they felt like two vaguely attached noodles. He kept apologizing and

apologizing with the biggest grin he could -not- wipe off. I'm... not sure if we'll ever get back to those days, but at least I'll have those memories.

Anyway, tangent over. I know he knew I had a problem sometimes. Both of us have way better senses of smell now. It took us a while, but eventually we could start to tell scents apart. The smell to which this is important though, is both of us could now tell with near perfect accuracy when the other was, shall we say, carnally attracted to the other. More than a handful of times I would catch that heady, intoxicating smell and glance over at Marion. The different things I caught him doing still make my heart thump. The tiny squirms he'd make trying desperately to not touch himself, the rapid flicks of the tail, seeing his eyes gazing upon my package without him noticing I'd noticed. My all time favorite though was just two weeks ago, just the thought of how he looked in that moment is making my dick slide out again... We were in my room, both of us on my bed, Marion down by my knees. I'd taken more than a few glances at that shapely rear of his, chewing my tongue a bit to keep my own issues from surfacing. Eventually I had finally managed to get myself lost in my book, but that distraction only lasted a few minutes. Before I knew it, that sweet, head-swimming scent brushed past my nose once more. Something that had been happening with greater frequency the last few days. Unable to resist the call, I looked down at him... and my whole body froze. He was on his knees, chest against the bed, tail up and hips angled straight at me. I swallowed, hard, his tail was angled perfectly to guide my eyes to his tight pink tailhole, his delicate folds were just starting to gleam with the first few beads of arousal. It took more than a little effort to not pounce on him right then and there, especially when I saw his muff clench, pulling at something that wasn't there... something both of us wanted to be there. My cock had nearly shot out of my sheath at both the sight and the scent of his arousal, and for several seconds I had to catch my breath as I fought with myself over what to do. Eventually I covered myself with my body pillow and made a small cough, which seemed to snap the poor boy out of his stupor and sent him darting under the nearby pile of pillows.

Later that day, we were standing side by side as we brushed our teeth, his head swiveled towards me... the realization hitting both of us (for something like the 14th time) that his head is at the absolute perfect height to slide his little muzzle right over my sheath and balls. He stared for much longer than he had in the past, especially considering he knew I was looking at him. The smallest bit of pink started to show out of my sheath; I heard his breath catch, watched his tail bristle. He must have caught whiff of my surge in hormones because as soon as he took a deep breath he seemed to come to. His head snapped back into place and prematurely ended his teeth brushing, leaping up onto the sink's edge and refusing to meet my gaze. I looked down at him "What's wrong?" I asked. Which in retrospect wasn't really the right thing to say. Male hormones seem to get in the way of being good in social situations, I've realized...

Regardless, his feet kicking, he asked, "Lois have... since we changed have you... you know..."

I did know, but I wanted him to say it. I may be his emotional safety net but I know when he needs to take a leap. "I mean, I've groomed myself with my tongue, yea. I thought it was super gross at first but if you don't swallow the fur it's actually great for both stretching -and- relaxing." I smiled down at him, knowing I'd gotten him to push through with his question by the cute little flick of his ear.

"No I mean... have you... touched yourself?" He made a half motion, almost pointing at his groin but he faltered, the pink under his cheek fur growing brighter.

I chuckled, my second mistake, "Of course I have! I was way too curious to see how guys feel. Can't really say how it feels for human guys, but at least for bobcats it's really really fun. A whole different world! H--" I cut

myself off from saying "How about you?" The stupidity of how I came across just dawning upon me as I see his eyes water. It was stupid of me to bring up being human. It was stupid to laugh. It was stupid to say how much I was enjoying myself when I could see how miserable he was. I should have been serious when I tried to be playful. Stupid stupid stupid Lois.

He hopped off the counter and left with a hushed "Yea okay thanks." I couldn't find him that night. Or, rather I could have if I had smelled for him. He was somewhere in the attic. But I knew I screwed up hard enough to give him some space. What I didn't know though was that this was the start of two of the hardest weeks in his life. What is now a fond memory of seeing my boyfriend's exposed, waiting... pulsing.... focus, brain. It was apparently the start of his estrus cycle. He hadn't come to sleep with me during the night and I started to worry. I shuffled downstairs a little faster than normal, hoping I'd see him and be able to make up for my callous behavior. With a sigh of relief I found him in the kitchen, "overclothed" in a mixture of two pairs of pants, overalls, a belt, and at least three kinds of shirts, making himself some cereal. I asked him if he was okay but only got a half-formed noise in return followed by him skidding off to hide again. His scent caught me once again, but it felt... different. Stronger, deeper, sending my vision slightly blurred with how intensely it hit. Bobcats aren't tuned to find the smell of squirrels in estrus attractive, but I, Marion's girlfriend, absolutely was. The boner I received in return for the nostrils full of estrus was -legendary-. All at once I understood when men in TV shows and movies would complain about being horny and not getting their rocks off. I had to take care of this immediately.

I half ran to my room, locking the door. Throwing myself upon the bed I got into the position, scooting myself against the wall of pillows at the head of my bed and spreading my legs. All too soon I realize I'd fallen into habits that don't align with my current set of genitalia. But, too horny to care, I settled into place and gripped my cock anyway. The tapered tip was already oozing with pre, making the sliding nearly effortless. The pad of my paw slipped over every little feline bump I had... it was so damn good I nearly came in under a minute. No, I thought, I had to picture who was responsible for that intoxicating scent. Instantly Marion burst into my mind, my hand was no longer my hand, it was him, spread eagled on me, moaning so high and sweet it filled my ears with songs of ecstasy. His pussy speared over and over by my length. The fantasy was so intense I swear I could feel his thighs around my waist, feel the warm pulsing of his inner walls around me. I wanted it to last for hours, but just as quick as my lust came on, it ended. With a deep feline yowl I had no idea I was capable of, I burst all over my face and chest. My glasses now streaked with thick white cum, my hand shaking as the adrenaline started to wear off.

Even my first time touching my new equipment wasn't that fast; I knew at once we were both in deep trouble. But I had to be there for him. How scared did he have to be? His issues with denial over being female were so deep, how was he going to handle being forced to be aroused 24/7?

This time I did use my nose to hunt him down, but not before cleaning myself up and putting on three separate pairs of tight underwear. My erection safely forced to stay in my sheath, I made my way to the attic, finding a tiny nook way back in the corner Marion had made. He was there, staring up at me, shivering with a magnitude and multitude of emotions I'm sure he'd never had to handle before, even after his transformation. He looked so... small. I'd never seen him like that, and I never want to again. Without a word between either of us I scooped him up, holding him tight to my chest. Nothing had to be said. I put every damn thing I had into that hug. And I think he knew what I was trying to put across.

What followed was thirteen days of hell. Marion's hormones gone into overdrive and his stubborn will to not give in kept colliding. Bursts of anger and tears and borderline giving in occurred at least three to four times a day. Trying to distract him with good shows and video games worked less than half the time. Video games were the worst... he would throw a fit about the buttons not being built for squirrels and throw the controller about, then he'd cry about how sorry he was acting like this... I lost count of the times I had to hold him so tight to my chest I was afraid his little bones would pop. Admittedly though, I didn't hold him that tight just for me. My rut accompanying his heat was... no Lois it wasn't "just as bad", but it was its own beast to tame. Every single damn time I went to the bathroom I had to bust a lightspeed nut. The speed wasn't the difficult part... it was the hiding it from Marion. On one occasion I swear I missed wiping a glob on the sink counter. That one I remember being particularly wild, having pictured him with his nose stuffed beneath my balls, tongue digging into my sac as I gripped myself, preparing the load I'd shoot down his gullet. But Marion knocked at the door seconds after I had splattered the floor despite my efforts to contain my climax; I didn't have the time to double check to see if I missed anything. Strangely though, when I looked the next time the bathroom was spotless. And come to think of it, Marion was awfully quiet after that particular trip to the bathroom... and he -did- kiss me after... I thought his lips were extra moist from all the crying. Oh... oh that's amazing. I'll have to ask him about that later.

The days stretched on, the hugs and kisses lessened as he kept furthering his distance from me. Though more than once the kisses turned passionate, his small probing tongue and greedy sucking lips working me into a fervor intense enough for me to have to scratch my own leg with a claw, sometimes several, to keep from losing control. The closeness combined with the distance between us threatened to drive us both completely mad. That is, until the fourteenth night.

That night, Marion had decided he'd had enough of the clothes, declaring outright that if I had wanted to take him I could have done so at any moment. I was a bit stunned, not having realized that that could have been one of the reasons he wore so many layers. Then, bright red from nose to tail, he stripped in front of me. It took over a minute with the huge tangle of clothing he had on, and if I had not had more self control I -would- have taken him at that moment. My eyes fixated on his slender body, that pert little ass that any girl would have killed for, his perfectly formed chest, arousal so intense even his nipples were poking through the fur. His pouting face framing his sweet twitching nose... tail arced, once again guiding my eyes to his... twitching muff... glistening with his heat, the scent of which hit my senses like a sledgehammer. Finally unleashed and free to fill the room, his estrus nearly took me over..... I asked him what he wanted me to do and he crossed his arms, nearly shouting that he wanted to sleep with me, which he immediately and with much stammering corrected to being literal, but nude.

"I can do this Lois!" He half yelled at me as my pants fell to the floor, my extremely visible erection bobbing up and down. I don't think it occurred to either of us that that was the first time he had caught eye of my cock out of its sheath. At least not fully. We stood there, frozen, unsure of what to do. But true to his word, he climbed into bed and assumed his favorite spooning position. Climbing in delicately after him, making sure his hips were far away from mine, I held him to my chest. With my other hand though I utterly ruined that stripey pillow at the bottom of the pile against the wall with my claws... out of sight of Marion of course. Sleep did not come for either of us. Marion seemed to dip in and out but his estrus was in for one final act. That night I'll remember for the rest of my life...

It was about 2AM, Marion was fidgeting against my hand. For a moment I had figured his will had broken and he was finally trying to bring himself to orgasm. I looked down, ready to stop him and make sure he kept his own internal promise, but what I saw filled my chest with a raw lust that surpassed even that first whiff I had gotten of his estrus. He was laying sideways on the bed, his hands gripping my fingers, legs spread wide and hips pumping furiously. It looked for all the world like he was trying to ride someone's cock to climax; the entirety of his inner thighs were shining with his own juices, his face scrunched with effort. Too late I realized he wasn't trying to get off... no... he was trying to stop himself from cumming. All without even touching himself, his own pussy was reaching orgasm with just the thoughts coursing through his head. Having spent the entire two weeks separated at night, I think being so close to me and having to inhale my constant assault of pheromones drove him over the edge. There was nothing I could do to help, I knew all too well by the signs he was seconds away and nothing could stop it. Whimpering, gasping, his legs shaking to the point he couldn't hold himself still on the bed, eyes going wide as the waves finally crash into him. The glimmering spray of cum shooting from between his legs was sight enough for my own orgasm to force its way out too. Even if it weren't for the sweetest moan I'd ever heard in my entire life shake out past his lips I would have erupted. He was the picture of feminine perfection in my eyes. It lasted just under a minute, his little body writhing against my chest and hand as his climax slowed, the pool of his cum melting with mine settling beneath him as his eyes started to close.

It's with great relief that I saw him start to drift off. All the emotions and physical ordeals over the past week seemed to have finally taken their toll on him. His lids grew heavy as he looked up at me. I smiled back as lovingly as I could, giving him the softest kiss I could manage. He was asleep instantly. A fuzzy little angel sleeping in my arms. I couldn't just leave him like that though. All that mess would mean hours of bathing the next day. And so, with all the instincts of a bobcat who had just shown his mate a good time, I cleaned him up with my tongue. His cum tasted, to my surprise, actually good. A dangerous notion, as the instant it touched my tongue I had to satisfy myself with what was already there and try not to give in to the temptation to make more. The taste was nothing like mine when I made the stuff. It was... slick? It tasted like how you think slick tastes, but with a hint of musk. I was as careful as could be and thankfully never stirred him. Finishing, I curled him into a ball and held him to me. All the while wondering internally how tomorrow would go. After all, Marion had been unable to keep his promise to himself, in spirit at least. I spent what remained of my waking hours in deep fits of worry, trying to figure out what to say when we woke.

When my eyes finally did open, it was past noon. I was more than a little happy to see Marion still in my arms, though he was already awake and looked as though he had been for a while.

"Hey..." I said softly, taking my thumb, rubbing his cheek and getting a small squirrelish chitter in response.

"Hey..." He replied, a far off tone to his voice I wasn't quite sure I liked. I had started to move, to hold him closer or roll him on top of me... I didn't get the chance to decide though. He pushed my fingers apart and climbed on top of me, his legs dangling off either side of my broad chest. A look in his eyes I'd never seen before. There's no real words to describe the exact way he looked down at me, a mix of lust, of fear, hesitation, nervousness, excitement, determination, and a few things more all at once. His fingers trembled terribly as they balled up and tugged on my chest fur. I didn't say a thing.

"Today..." He said, his lips trembling, "And only... for today... for right now... I am a girl..." My heart's throb must have stopped him for a moment, but he quickly recovered, "And you... are my boyfriend... got that?"

I nodded, rumbling in as soothing a voice I could "Yes, my little lady." The gasp that followed sent my body moving on its own. My hand cupped -her- back, thumb against her head, pressing her down against my lips. Our tongues made contact instantly, our hunger for each other resulting in the most deeply passionate kiss I can ever remember. It was like both of us were simultaneously trying to devour the others' tongue while trying to let them have ours as much as possible. The small squeaks I was getting in return were all I needed. With my other hand I cupped her rear; a gasp, the briefest pause in our kissing was all the hesitation he had, my fingers already working the base of her tail in circles.

There were so many things I wanted to do at that moment. I wanted to throw her down, pin her arms and legs and spear her until she didn't know her name. I wanted to show her how far my tongue could go inside her. I wanted to pull a reversal and show -him- how he was still my boyfriend, stretching that tailhole as only boyfriends can do as he squeals shamelessly into the air. It was with a near insurmountable effort that I instead pinched her tail and slid him down my stomach, tearing away the best kiss I'd ever known. She looked up at me with a look of the most pure and innocent confusion I'd ever seen. A tiny betrayal quickly amended as I lifted her by the tail, rotating her about with my other hand and setting her down on my groin.

It was right then that my heart sank through the floor. My cock lined up against her belly... it was too big. At best I could fit it in her half way... but the sudden realization that I would likely never be able to take my boyfriend in the throes of passion sent me frozen for more than a few seconds. Ice started to fill my extremities, the world began to fall away... But, to my amazement, it was Marion who picked things back up. Her hands wrapped around my rod and started pumping, each going at its own pace. The jump start to my lust elicited a soft rumbling growl from my chest, to which Marion actually giggled. She was -actually- sucking my pre cum off her hands, and she was -smiling-. I have scarcely ever seen her that happy; my brief bout of anxiety seemed to melt in the face of her delight. And that's when a new thought sprung into my mind, a revelation so sudden it made me dizzy. That she wanted this. She'd wanted to be a girl all along. There was just some sort of mental block in the way. The collision of life altering changes mixing with the realization that he wanted to be female and blurring the line between what was cruel fate and becoming what he always wanted. But now, now that the wall had crumbled, she was being herself. Perhaps for the first time ever. And suddenly, completely opposite of seconds prior, my heart was filled to burst.

I picked her up once more, placing her back down on the bed. My huge paws placed on either side of her as she looked up at me. I swear she was -trying- to look scared and innocent... but her elation at the situation shone through, that smile plastered on her face.

"Wh... what are you going to do to me~?" She giggled, her legs actually lifting and spreading for me, forcing me to pause once more as my thundering heart stalled what I was about to do. Tilting her just a little to the side, I let my cock lay just before her lips, her hands wrapping around it once more. But before she could do anything with her legs, my right hand came down upon her groin, pressing her gently into the bed.

"Be a good girl and please me... and I'll -think- about pleasing you..." I growled at her. I could -feel- her fur bristle, her skin grow hot beneath my hand, even the smallest squirt of arousal at my demand. Her hands worked expertly, in no small part thanks to their squirrely dexterity, but the surprise came from her mouth. Her entire muzzle enveloped more of my cock than I think I could have taken even when I was female, and not one tooth touched the surface. Her tongue worked every bump it could reach, I even felt her throat swallowing the

very tip as her neck bobbed back and forth. I don't know how long it took me to break the hypnotic dance of her mouth and hands, but the next thing I remember is a small rocking near the top of my palm.

Taking the cue, I loosened my press slightly, letting her grind her sweet mound against the pad of my paw. Of course, that was just the appetizer. My cock may have been too big for her... but my index finger seemed to fit the bill perfectly. I lifted my hand, the smallest protest rumbling through Marion's otherwise occupied throat. Then... I pressed the tip of my finger against her moist folds. Swirling in a gentle but pressing circle, her movements around my cock slowed. And so, I slowed my movements too. It only took her a moment to pick up the give and take and so, with a long, lingering, sultry moan, started giving her all. I responded in kind, making sure every part of my finger was completely coated... I had to make this as perfect for her as I could.

When I changed the pressure Marion reacted immediately. A loud but muffled squeal vibrating my cock, her legs started trembling like they were last night. But I kept going, I knew I had to or else the moment would shatter. It slid in, not without difficulty, and I could tell by her furrowed brow it was more than a touch uncomfortable.

"I know," I whispered, bending down and starting to groom her cheeks, "I know... it'll be exactly what you want in just a minute, I promise." I spoke from experience, knowing how the deep lust coursing through her would soon change the uncertain feelings inside, opening like petals into the most astonishing thing she'd ever know. I couldn't even remember getting my finger in that far, but it was soon at the hilt. Her inner walls pulsed around me, filling me with such a strange sense of satisfaction that I'm certain it had to come straight from my balls. Beaming, kissing her face even as she kept suckling my cock, I drew back my finger, Marion's eyes going wide. Before taking out even half though, I pushed it back in, and all at once the uncomfortable feelings vanished. I saw it in her eyes, changing from shock and surprise, glazing over and gaining a warm smoldering fire deep inside.

We hit a perfect rhythm, the slick sounds between the two of us echoing about the room. Marion seemed almost as eager to swallow down my load as she was to finish herself off. Luckily for her that moment was fast approaching. My pre was turning into a slow faucet and Marion's hips were shuddering so intensely she threatened to buck off my finger. I looked down at her, meeting her furtive glance, and we knew. We came together, my load rocketing down her throat. The whole damn thing... she took it like a pro, swallowing rope after rope of roiling hot cum, never spilling a drop even as her own orgasm rocked her to her core. Her folds clenched around me so hard I couldn't move without dragging her with me. The shower of cum couldn't even compare to last night... it shot out so fast against my palm it went up my arm to the shoulder. The shower of slick cum sprayed all over the sheets and soaked me to the skin.

As I pulled my finger out and Marion let go of my cock, we looked at each other proper for the first time in several minutes. She... he looked... so happy. I knew right then and there that it wouldn't ever matter if he was to turn back human. He was going to stay female. No picture, no words, no film could ever do justice to the face of pure bliss on his face. I scooped him up, kissing him long... slow... letting our tongues dance together as I showed him exactly how much I loved him. We lay there for god knows how long... nuzzling each other, kissing, caressing. I don't know when he fell asleep but he's there now, like I said. My fuzzy little angel. And I guess... that's the end of the entry. I have absolutely no desire to move from my spot and my laptop's across the room. So... I wrote this to have a record of our first... well, second first time. I hope you enjoyed that, future me, whatever sex and species you are.

<3 Lois

PS No <3 that's stupid.