

A (Mostly) Professional Relationship: The Transformation

—Noel awoke in a daze, his head throbbing like a second hangover. He blinked slowly, still overcoming the fog and gathering his surroundings. Lying on the cold, polished floor, he stared up at bright lights, sharp pain in his arm. Rising slowly, his eyes adjusted, and he searched the area. A blank room with white walls and floors; equipped with a bed, toilet, locked door, and an observation window above.

Perhaps it was his animal instinct. As the cloud of narcotics faded, he felt a twinge of unease in the back of his mind. Eyes were upon him; some he could not see, but waiting just behind the one-way glass. Looking away, he found his clothes replaced with a hospital gown. Worse still, a tube still stuck in his arm, connected to a now-empty bag of unlabeled chemicals.

Jumping with surprise, he ripped the tube and needle from his arm. He hid the wound from the onlookers, shivering fearfully as he wondered what now flowed through his blood. Its smell seemed familiar, though he could not figure out what it was.

“You can’t keep me here!” he snarled at the window, kicking aside the stand. “I have my rights. This is illegal!”

Receiving no response, he barred his fangs and retreated to the corner. It took every ounce of his strength not to cry. A lab rat, his life over and his most basic autonomy taken from him. Even so, he had to wear a brave face, had not to let his captors see any weakness. Holding that steeled expression, he waited in that spot for an untold time until a voice finally came through the intercom system.

“Now, Mr. Eldridge, I understand you’re emotional, but compliance will prove beneficial for both your wellness and your research,” the voice explained. Noel recognized the voice as the department head of their sector. However, he hardly cared who spoke the words, concerned only with what they meant. It confirmed his fears, reduced to nothing but a test subject, all for some projects he was supposed to care about. “Surely you did not think you were finished working on your compound. Your research is valuable. Now you’ll simply take another role in the process.”

“I’m not going to be a test subject for my own drugs!” Noel hissed, clutching his arm.

“You and your partner already are,” the man retorted, his smile audible. “Come now, Mr. Eldridge; you desired this drug to treat your species. You can be the first healed.”

No longer listening, Noel shivered in the corner, curling into a defensive position. A hot tingling ran through his body, though he knew not if it was the serum taking effect or paranoia giving him phantom sensations. Now he recognized the scent of the chemical, that same serum they had been creating for months. Moreover, he recognized the familiar smell of a fellow wolf in the compound, the DNA the cure was built around.

However, as he recalled the mechanisms of their work, a new spike of fear lanced through him. They never successfully removed the side effects from the treatment itself, only avoided them with paralysis. “You’re applying the same treatment to me?” he demanded, met only with silence. That was confirmation. *If I guessed wrong, that cocky fuck would have corrected me.* “Where’s the rest of it? If this is a human trial, why aren’t you following our procedure?”

“We are. Whatever game you’re playing, it won’t work,” the voice returned, both annoyed and confused.

We didn't record it, he realized. *Sam applied the paralytic and wrote it down, but we never saved it on anything that didn't blow up.* The horror of it froze him; permanent cognitive deterioration. Worse than taking his agency, they would take his very wits and humanity, leaving him no more than an animal.

Some part of him blamed himself. Had he only known from where the fire would come, he could have stopped it. Or if he could have fought harder when captured.

Another part blamed Sam; she had caused the accident, even unintentionally.

But mostly, he hated the men watching him. They had always seen him as lesser; that accident simply gave them another excuse. His mind returned to the fight; his few blows each drawing blood. He wanted to kill them.

Though he remained curled in the corner, anger turned to fire within him. They would see him fall; he would not give them that victory. Only if he lost control of his hypothalamus would it take him over. For animals, that required immobilization. However, he was smarter. He was not so weak of will to allow his animal-half that power over him.

A jolt ran through him, first like an electric shock, then remaining as though every cell in his body was alive with energy. The rush was too great to stay still, driving him to pace about the prison. His insides felt flushed and liquid, like wet clay left to shift and settle.

"If you could describe any symptoms effects, it would be most helpful," the department head said. Scowling, Noel only flipped off the window. He paused and raised his arm, his fur strangely long, slightly redder closer to the skin. "Give it some time; his disobedience will break," he said casually. His voice was dimmer, lacking the force of previous orders. The speaker was left on, his comments to other researchers now broadcast to Noel. "Honestly, I'm

more interested in the other's process. Do you suppose a wolf's DNA will cause it to *repair* one's species?"

It made Noel's ears fall with concern. He and Sam had only theorized the extent their serum's transformative effect could take. It seemed she was about to learn. He mouthed a silent plea for her safety.

"Experiment-B? What do you mean you gave her B?" the voice demanded, speaking to the white noise of another researcher. "You gave him A and her B, the opposite of what they were meant to receive. I swear, are our only good researchers in cells?"

"What the hell are Experiments A and B?"

"Damn," the voice muttered, realizing his mistake. "Very well. We're testing the serum with your kind's DNA. However, A belonged to the female and B to the male. This will certainly make things interesting."

Before he could even process the information, a new sensation shot through him. It came swift and merciless, a shock that tore through his guts like a hot knife. Sent to his knees, he whined in pain and tucked his tail. All pretense of invincibility and power was lost as his innards felt like they were being torn from him.

Fear took in his heart, a primal terror as the pain in his core seemed poised to take his life. He was a fool for believing he could think his way over his brain, a process he hardly understood. As the agony lowered, it became colder and splitting like spears pushing from him. He no longer cared about preserving wits, willing eliminate anything that worsened the pain.

However, the sensation began to dull, lessening until it was gone entirely. He took a worried breath, gathering his senses and going through numbers in his head, checking that his faculties remained. His mind was still there. *I am still here.*

Rising to a seat, he pressed his paw pads against his stomach. The skin was warmer than usual but otherwise unchanged. Though his paw found no differences, he felt the changes deeper within. The uncomfortable, hot, soggy sensation of his organs rearranging themselves. He could guess the changes occurring within but dared not dwell on the thought.

Like the motion of the sun, the changes were too slow to see, but clear in retrospect. His body was hot and feverish, leaving him panting and wishing for any relief. Head fuzzy, he lost track of time, measuring only with how unfamiliar his body became. Despite the physical taxation, some part of his scientific mind analyzed the process. It granted him a deeper understanding of his creation than rats could ever grant. It was ironic that he could not appreciate.

The heat he felt was his body pushed into overdrive. His biomass fueled the transition. Already, he could measure himself at a few inches shorter, his muscles thinner, and even some of his flab retreating. All converted to a dull tingle on his front as the first growths took place.

It felt like a muscle ache concentrated into several points along his torso. He ran his hand along the spots, grimacing as he recognized them. With unconscious shame, he turned away from the window, pulling his gown tightly around him like armor.

Fur thinned on his chest, taking an off-white color. The swell built up, becoming obvious and visible as the pain worsened. Outwardly, his chest inflated gradually, like water balloons filled one drop at a time. At first, he tried to deny the growth, rationalizing it simply the shifting

within him. However, as his skin stretched with newfound plasticity, he could no longer ignore his small breasts.

He curled his knees against his chest, almost trying to press them back into himself. Of course, when he pulled them away, his breasts had only grown. Though A sized, they were obviously feminine. His figure had shifted slightly; waist smaller, hips wider, and arms weaker.

With his back to the observers, he briefly allowed his curiosity to overcome his horror. Now halfway to B cups, he brought up his hands to see what they felt like. He winced at the touch, ears falling flat and tail curling tightly around him. The young breasts were sensitive and sore, worsened by how alien and new the sensations were.

It amazed him how deep the touch seemed to echo. Especially as his finger brushed over his newly budding nipple, he felt the warm tingle reach through his sternum and into his spine. He shivered with pleasure, kneading the mounds to relieve the pressure building within. The sensations helped to abate his fear, pleasant and astoundingly enrapturing. It certainly granted appreciation for the other half of the experience.

As things built, his heart raced, and he felt his member beginning to stiffen. The tip poked through the sheath, and he reached down to *greet* it. Such female sensations were strange enough to provoke a response from him, but he could not deny how good it felt to combine them.

“Enjoying yourself?” the department head asked mockingly.

Noel snapped back to attention, flushed with embarrassment. His heart still raced, half residually, half from surprise. Though he hated the smug grin, he could almost sense through the glass. He was slightly grateful for the interruption. His body burned with heat-like need, but he knew that succumbing to it would cost him his mind. This was a reminder of how tenuous his

situation was. From here, he would have to control himself better. Even as he made that vow to himself, he unconsciously crossed his arms and pressed against his new breasts.

He closed his eyes and steeled himself. Never one for mindfulness or meditation, he was unsure how to turn his attention from the physical. But desperation gave him an anxious focus. Sinking his claws into his palms could distract him from the pleasurable throbs throughout his body. This allowed him to turn his mind elsewhere. Rather than peace, he focused on hatred for the researchers above, fear for what would become of him, and worry for Sam. He barred his fangs at nothing but resisted the sensations overtaking him.

Not meant to last, another jolt of pain struck, yanking him from concentration. It tore through him like a storm, a throbbing ache shooting up from his groin to his stomach and into his entire body. Doubling over, he groaned loudly and clutched his stomach, the pain like migraine in his waist, like barbed wire pulled from his muscles. More than anything, it felt like a blow to the testicles but constant and extended.

He reached down to investigate but flinched as he touched his crotch. It had become so sensitive that even the brush was like a tingle of electrical current. His member had shrunk slightly, but the majority of changes were centered on his other parts. They pulled tight against him, seemingly crushed by his own package.

The sensation peaked suddenly, a spike of agony lancing up his spine. It caused his vision to flash white as he curled into a tight ball. The world faded to a dull whine, his mind blank as he writhed. All punctuated with a sickening, wet click.

Going still, he shuddered with relief as the pain faded swiftly. Lying still, he retched and raised his head from flood, now matted with tears and spit. He moved little, afraid that even the

slightest motion would end his moment of peace. Catching his breath, he almost cried with relief, the hellish moment still clear in his mind.

As tentative and careful as possible, he reached down to investigate the changes he knew occurred. His claws traced almost ticklishly through his fur. Pausing as he arrived at the waist. His sheath had retreated entirely, leaving his shrunken member uncomfortably exposed. More dramatically, his scrotum was pulled taught against his hips like a patch of furless, soft skin. Though he could not feel them, he knew what had happened. A hollow, shifting feeling in his waist made clear that his gonads were climbing higher.

Buzzing with warning, a small slot on the door opened, letting a hand-mirror slide into the room. Whether it was a test or a joke, he did not care. Not knowing the state of his own body was a mystery he had never experienced before and one he needed to answer.

His eyes were the same, the only part of himself he could fully recognize. The rest was similar but seemed more like a sibling than himself. Fur redder and form slimmer, he felt like he was looking at a stranger. Uncomfortably, he had to admit that he made a fairly attractive female, though the thought was disturbing in ways he had never before experienced. Peering into the mirror gave him a detached feeling, like the image might not raise its hand with him. More than anything, he felt wrong. He was neither Noel nor the woman in the mirror; like he was no one.

Lowering the mirror, he checked between his legs. Where his package had once been, a ridge was beginning to form. Merely an indent, but a tugging proved it was only the beginning of things. As time passed, he felt welling heat instead. Wet sensations gathered, a muggy pressure as an orifice formed. Parting his legs, he only felt the separation widen, a deep pulling signifying the last retraction of his rod.

One last glance at the mirror, and he saw that he was no longer a *he*. He was unsure if that was the correct pronoun to think of himself with. In truth, she was in no state to think much on the subject. Her new parts were still forming, small and tunneling deeper, but unmistakably female. The breeze on her nethers sent a cold shiver up her spine, the walls slick and unbelievably sensitive. Testing the waters, she probed a finger inward, shivering and leaning back at the touch. It was unlike anything she experienced as a man, a pleasing tingle that radiated like a greater heartbeat. Unlike what she felt before, it needed not be the prelude to something. It needed not be a climax. It was a simple physical pleasure of a higher caliber.

That was enough. She pulled her paw back, the fur slick with her new juices. Though a persistent need still burned in her loins, she was more conscious of sex's siren call. It gave her new respect for a woman's heat. Every thought that she did not control directly turned back to the ache. Her slit burned and rang hollow with hunger and need. She could distract herself, at least long enough for the risks of the drugs to be over. *When I'm out, I'll test this out. A good dick will feel amazing with this new sensitivity*, he thought idly.

—Meanwhile, Sam was in no better a state. She awoke in an identical cell, with no more an idea of what would befall her. However, unlike her companion, she found herself in far blearier a state.

Her face was numb, the room spinning as she opened her eyes. Cheek pressed against the floor, she murmured incomprehensibly, thoughts too hazy to work out up from down. Heartbeat pulsing dully in her ear, she blinked away the shadows dancing in her vision. Attempting to stand, dizziness rushed up like a wave. Before even rising to a seat, she fell back onto her face.

Giggling, she found her face too numb to register the impact, slapping against the tile with a dull smack. With another effort, she pulled herself up and leaned against the wall. As the space came into focus, she gathered her thoughts, noticed her situation and the tube sticking from her arm. With an annoyed grunt, she pulled the needle out and tossed it aside. She retained the awareness to cover the wound as it started to bleed, but not enough to feel any pain from it.

“Rise and shine, Ms. Westfield,” the department head chuckled. Unbeknownst to her, it was that observation room that separated her from Noel. Their sneering watcher literally kept the two apart, taking notes on every change he witnessed. Sam shook her head at the words, trying to piece together what was happening. Though her status as a lab-rat was not yet clear, she hated whoever spoke to her, almost on instinct. “Apologies for the sedative. There was a mix-up in your dosage. With the extent of the transformation, we thought you might go into shock.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” she demanded, focusing her mind enough for lucidity. Shaking off the haze, she tested her mind; she recalled her last conversation with the dean, she did the math in her head, and she took in her surroundings. Her senses were dulled, her body numb and painless, but she could still think.

“As you lack the funds to repay the damages you’ve caused, you’re research on the serum will be taking a different form,” the voice explained. She looked back at the empty bag of chemicals that were now flowing through her blood. More than fear or revulsion, she was struck with a sudden curiosity. How much could repaired genes change a person? Moreover, how much of herself would remain after all of that?

Nervous and waiting, she stood and looked herself over. Externally, nothing was different, but she could feel that something was wrong. Her skin was flushed and feverish, her

insides both alive with energy and tangibly wrong as they transformed. Though they set her on edge, she wished that she had a ledger or something to record the effects.

No matter what they did to her, no matter what it did to her, she was the one who created this drug. It was hers, and just because she was an experiment did not undo the work she put in. Perhaps it was denial, but she felt that she could overcome its effects. Even if her body was no longer hers, her mind would not be relinquished so easily. No matter what, some pencil-pusher would not prove better with her formula.

The first surface change was gradual. Her skin darkened, body hair taking a different color. It began on the inner crook of her elbow, a patch of dark hair only just sprouting. Like shadows stretching along the ground, the pattern spread outward and up the limb. Brushing her hand through the new growth, intent and focused on what covered her. It was strange, autonomy and form were taken from her, but she did not feel helpless. Some semblance of power and control remained; she did not know how, but she sensed it.

Short and thick, the hair felt like a brush emerging from her skin. The stress of the change took its toll, forcing her to sit as fatigue left her muscles sore and heavy. Beyond that, every inch of skin itched and burned as if pricked by a thousand mosquitos. How long it took for the sensation to abate, she did not know. It felt like hours, a ceaseless wave that no amount of scratching could cleanse. As it passed, her new hair grew longer and longer, thickening into a coat of black fur.

Her new pelt left her like a lanky ape, even her face coated with a thin layer of fuzz. It was black, flecked with only sparse hairs of white and grey. Her stomach and chest were a deeper grey, like angry storm clouds. The same hue took on her hands and feet, cloudy around

her mouth. All that remained without fur were her palms, the bottoms of her feet, her nose and eyes, and thankfully her intimate parts.

The repaired DNA is replacing my old cells, she observed, noting what occurred when the serum was applied with a different being's genetic code. The faster the cells are replaced naturally, the sooner they will no longer be hers. She closed her eyes and ran her fingers through her new fur. *When every cell of mine is gone, will I still be myself? Even if I keep my memories, can a mind remain through a new brain?* She could disconnect herself and quell these thoughts by focusing on the scientific aspects and treating herself as another subject to study.

Hair would be replaced early; the fastest cells for replacement would be— Churning below her stomach caused her to double over and stopped the thought. Her guts shifted and felt like they were in a washing machine. She retched and held her lower stomach, feeling movement beneath the skin. Her organs reorganized themselves, and her stomach retracted, small intestines shortening to those of a carnivore.

However, the internal changes did not stop at his intestines. Lower and deeper, part of her felt compressed and liquified, a sickening crush behind her bladder then forced downward. Grimacing as the corrupt sensation worsened, she realized the source of the melted feeling. Her reproductive organs, useless as they were, now consumed by the changes. Nausea and discomfort did not abate but plateaued enough for her to think clearly.

She wondered why the transformation focused so intensely on her reproductive organs. Though she knew the DNA would be replaced, organs whose structure remained intact were hardly noticeable. Her lungs were likely converted by then but were so subtle that she had not felt it. Another wave of flooding filled her, like cement sealing her cervix.

Though the sensations in her lower guts dulled, it left her afraid of what was to come. More so, she was confused, unable to explain the changes, or what guess what would follow. Opening her mouth and panting, she recovered from nausea, only now able to push them aside. As she did, she found retracting her tongue to be fairly tricky. Thinning and lengthening, her tongue outgrew her mouth. To contain it, she folded her tongue and all but stuffed her jaw.

Before she could process the discomfort of the reshaping, another began. As she paced around the cell, a loud snap in her ankle dropped her to the floor. She caught herself but was unable to stand. Exhausted from the few steps, she found her joints both locked and liquid. They were too weak to move but also fixed and stiff. While not painful, it was more than disconcerting to be left on the floor in a barely mobile heap.

Pops and shifts within her worsening, her heart began to pound with fear. She could only disconnect through so much before fear for her life took hold. “Help me!” she managed, lying curled on her side, her body feeling like it might collapse in on itself.

“We assure you, Ms. Westfield, your experiments showed no lethal mutations or transformations,” the voice assured, though it was hinted with a trace of unease and worry.

“I still know what was in my lab notes. You kill me, you all that,” she hissed, mirth hiding her fear as the cracking of bones reached her spine.

Though panic was palpable from the observing researchers, no sound came through the speakers, and no help was offered. Sam suspected they wished to help, afraid of losing such knowledge. However, they lacked the understanding to aid her; basically children playing with a toy. Even if she lived, she vowed not to hand over her hard-fought studies; in her eyes, they lacked the intelligence to deserve it.

“I made this drug. Just because you have it doesn’t mean you have even the slightest idea how to use it,” she hissed, struggling to prop herself up on a single elbow. “Once I get out of here, I’m gong ttho—” she began, her words failing as her jaw popped and fell from her control.

Jaw aching with tension, she coughed and sputtered. The spasms sent several hard kernels scattering across the hard floor. Feeling at her mouth, she found several teeth missing, the gums now budding with pointed teeth. The pressure in her jawbone only increased, building and building until she thought it might burst.

Snapping loudly, she almost thought it had. Yelping in surprise, she clutched her jaw to find it pushing outwards. She knew a muzzle would form, but that did little to prepare her for how it would feel. The building pressure of her shifting skull only worsened, sending waves of dizziness to cast her to the floor. Though the drugs numbed it, the sensation still disabled her.

Even with her eyes closed, the room spun and she clutched her head. All the while, her spine snapped and felt like water forced into a clogged pipe. She momentarily thanked the drugs that clouded her mind, knowing the pain would be excruciating without them. The force in her spine relieved itself with a large burst by her hips. She groaned with both pain and satisfaction as her tailbone twisted, pointing backwards and separating into a short tail. Even without reaching down, she was intensely aware of the appendage, able to feel through it and sense its placement. By focusing, she could move it slightly, but it seemed sluggish and unnatural.

Finally, the bones in her ankles and fingers clicked, sliding into new places. For a moment, she remained still and curled, expecting horrid sickness pressure in her bones to continue. However, the sensations slowly faded. It left her with breath held, waiting for them to return. However, it did not.

She rose tentatively to her feet, balancing against the wall. Her legs felt unsteady and weak. Moreover, her feet were now forced into a digitigrade stance, making every step a new adventure. Learning to stand took time, her feet now small and toes bearing far more weight. They did not yet look like lupine paws, instead strange amalgamations of human and bestial forms, covered in concealing fur.

Making her way to the mirror, Sam was struck with a moment of hesitation. The creature in the looking glass was not her. At least, she did not recognize it as such. Skeleton altered to fit an anthropomorphic wolf's form. She looked like a human skin stretched over a beast like a suit. However, a thick pelt of black fur reduced her humanity even further.

As she raised her hand, she was almost surprised to see the reflection do the same. Opening her snout, a new set of fangs were growing in, her mouth ridged and animal. Sighing, she could do little but watch and accept as her skin wrinkled. Paw pads formed on her hands and feet, the flesh rough yet sensitive to touch. As she examined them, five claws pushed free above them, the points hard and black, covered with a thin film as they were yet to be used.

She sniffed and breathed newly from her muzzle, air coursing through her snout as her nose moistened and became canine in appearance. The rush of sensation caught her off-guard. After the tactile rush, she expected nothing else to compare. However, as she inhaled, a wave of smells left her stunned and entranced. She froze, mind whirling as she tried to make sense of them. Chemicals and cleaning solutions, the janitor that cleaned before her arrival, her old human scent, and her lupine one. The world seemed to open up with the new sense, giving a moment of boundless curiosity for the

When she looked back at the mirror, her pupils had expanded, and her irises had become a piercing gold. Behind her, a bushy tail now swayed. She could freeze or move it like a new limb, though she was offput by how natural it felt. Though unfamiliar, her body did not feel wrong.

In truth, she did not feel the revulsion or fear she expected upon seeing her new form. She was no longer human; genetically, physically, and visually an anthro-wolf in all ways. Perhaps it was the drugs coursing through her, but she did not feel great loss to lose her old body. However, she still felt a simmering hatred for the people watching from above. They took what was hers and did not even understand what they had stolen.

Unexpected, but not a bad change, she thought, clutching her gut. Likely to fuel the transformation, her stomach had lost most of its fat, becoming flat and muscular. She did lower her ears with disappointment by one change. Her breasts, *once my best asset*, had also receded. Now, she bore a strong, masculine chest, her feminine pride hidden within her fur.

What's more, the last vestige of her gender no longer felt right. A void remained where her internal organs once lay. Her passage felt hot but not from pleasure or arousal. She cupped it, guarding it like an animal would hide a wound. Following it, a warm, fluid sensation began to creep downward. She expected to bleed, but it was too slow and wrong. It felt instead like her inner walls were melting and merging.

What was once a subtle liquid feeling became a sudden and intense pull. She tensed against the force, her passage seeming to both open and collapse at the same time. Stumbling back into the wall, she pushed aside her gown and fur to examine her parts. Holding her breath

with shock, she saw a layer of raw skin building up between her vaginal lips. She retched, both at the sight and the sensation.

At first, she looked closer to a doll than an actual creature. Her crotch was mostly smoothed out and genderless. Several bumps and ridges remained of her previous equipment. Running a claw against the soft, bumpy skin, she shivered. The spot was sensitive, sending a tingle like an erogenous zone. However, the patch was not yet done changing.

The skin began to stretch, becoming a pocket of warm liquid. She grimaced as she felt organs pulling down and occupying the new pouch. With a shudder, she recognized the organ as her new scrotum, only confirmed as two testicles descended into the sack.

As her balls fully formed, she tentatively felt at them, a layer of fuzz covering everything. Applying even slight pressure was surprisingly pleasant, though too much was immediately painful. The more she inspected her package, the more she realized that 'she' no longer applied.

Thinking of himself as male did not come easily, but Sam also knew that clinging to a body now vanished was pointless. He groaned as the tugging continued, moving just above his new organs. What was once his clit inflated and pushed slowly outwards, growing in length and girth. Just behind it, his skin climbed and wrapped around the emerging shaft. Though uncomfortable, the cold air against his wet member made him shiver.

While larger than before, his modified clit was no less sensitive, the gentle brush of his fur sending needles through his hips. He bit his lip and, as his member took shape, rather enjoying this set of changes, especially as his sheath finished and hugged the base of his rod. Half-hidden by his sheath, his member now bore an inflated bulb straining the covering skin. He clenched his fangs as his penis finally formed, finishing his transformation.

Admiring his new form in the mirror, he saw a male anthro-wolf, unrecognizable from her old human self. What stood there now was a black-furred canine, taller and stronger. Fairly attractive, he was muscular with piercing eyes and pointed features. He stood digitigrade, tail wagging slightly as the discomfort faded, a wolf with the physical power she had always lacked. His hospital gown barely fit, pelt only slightly hiding his impressive build.

The change cleansed the last drugs from his system, burning away the haze from his thoughts. Even so, he remained calm about his new shape, having come to terms with what was taken. Rather than lament what was gone, he flexed his claws and fangs, imagining the vengeance they could inflict.

However, something else began to draw at his concentration. The stiffness of his member was not subsiding, the musk of the organ tickling his nose. It felt sore and strained, but he did not want it to mellow. He remembered his experiments with the rats and knew that he had to resist his baser urges. Yet, the new experience of male arousal was intoxicating, and his curiosity overshadowed his wit.

The mix of hormones and sensations was more than he expected, unlike anything he had experienced as a woman. His heartbeat heavy in his chest and his nose twitching. His instincts drew all focus to his member like a magnet. Rather than the tingly sensitivity and pleasant warmth he remembered as a woman, male arousal was more in the mind than the touch. His adrenalin blared, and his mind lit with directionless lust. Rather than being reinforced with physical pleasure, he was instead captured with overpowering need, too strong to resist.

He licked his snout as a paw wandered down to his member. A light touch against his red rod sent a jolt and twitch through him. Almost unconsciously, his soft and slightly rough paw

pads worked up and down his new equipment. The stimulation was exhilarating, muscles tensed with newfound confidence and power. His knot swelled painfully, almost popping free as his tapered tip twitched. It felt like driving full speed towards a cliff, his heart pounding and head falling back with abandon. The peak was so close, within his grasp, and his body demanding it with every cell and fiber.

Yet, some small, buried part of her brain cried out. On impulse, he turned and snapped his jaws, front teeth striking his shoulder. Wincing in pain, a few fangs broke the skin and drew blood. It snapped him from the act, though he whined with disappointment as his member throbbed with need. His balls ached, complaining and tensing at the lost opportunity. Ignoring the longing, he drew up his hands and steeled himself. *You invented this, dammit! You solved the cognitive decline once, Sam; it isn't what will end you,* he told himself.

No matter what they made him, no matter how much of herself he had to abandon, he would not die in these labs like an animal. With one last glance into the mirror, he met his own eyes. Though entirely different in color, a glint of the old Sam remained. He focused on that light, redoubling his will to rise above whatever they threw his way. In that fight, he was not alone. No matter what Noel had become, Sam also vowed to escape with them.

“Don’t get too carried away, Ms— Mr. Westfield,” the voice mocked over the speaker. “Save some energy for your new guest.”

Sam flinched at the sudden noise, lowering his head and flexing his claws aggressively. The door buzzed and slid open. Behind it, two security officers tossed a new figure into the cell.

—Stifling a yelp, Noel was thrown roughly into the cell, fur standing on end with anger. Falling onto her front, she winced as the impact pinched a breast. As enjoyable as the new equipment was, he could do without their pain sensitivity. She growled slightly as she rose to her feet, looking around in confusion.

Seeing an unfamiliar figure watching from a few feet away, she leapt into a defensive stance. Her fur stood on end, and ears pulled back as she growled. The stranger responded in kind, instinctively standing tall and showing its powerful build. She kept the pose but was immediately nervous of the wolf before her. Black furred and large, the man was imposingly muscular and sharp-fanged.

Though her fangs and face remained in position to fight, Noel's tail curled revealingly between her legs. The man was larger and stronger than she. She was left inescapably aware of how much smaller and weaker she was now. Even as she put on a brave face, she could not meet his eyes, instinct pushing her to surrender.

After the moment of heightened surprise and fear, both wolves relaxed and stepped back. Neither recognized the other, both too different from their old selves. However, they could see the fear in one another's eyes and understand that neither were here willingly. "Sorry, I didn't mean to surprise you," Noel apologized, showing her paws and trying to ease the situation.

"Wait a seconnt," the black wolf murmured. Unaccustomed to speaking with a muzzle, he stumbled over his words. Stretching his jaws, he muttered and tried to adapt to his new physiology. "Noel, is that you?" he asked. Though the red wolf's voice was higher and softer, something in the way she spoke and carried herself revealed her.

“Yes, I am,” she said, surprised and joyful that she could be recognized in this form. Even so, the black wolf kept his distance, clearly still afraid. “Who are you?”

“It’s Sam...” he whimpered, clearly hurt slightly to admit it; knowing how unrecognizable he was now. “I didn’t think changes to this were even possible,” he said, retreating into a colder, scientific mindset. “We mentioned this in theory, but I—”

Cutting him off, Noel stepped forward and embraced him. It took Sam a moment to process the gesture, warmth and kindness not something she expected in that place. He crouched slightly and returned the touch. They shared a moment of connection and care. Noel closed her eyes and buried her face in Sam’s chest. Cracks showing in her armored façade, she sobbed and felt the sadness and fear wash over her. She clutched him close, savoring and needing the warm touch and soft fur against her cheek. Embraced tightly, they abandoned any care if the researchers watched them, offering mutual comfort for their lost lives.

No matter what happened, what they became, she felt from Sam’s firm grasp that he would support her, and she vowed she would do the same for him. But there was a time for sorrow and a time for anger; now, they needed to stand, not crumble together. “Not to rub salt in the wound, but... you look a lot better as a wolf,” she joked, smiling up to him. He looked down with confusion, though his tail twitched subtly. “Humans are overdone.”

“Thank you, Noel,” Sam said, giving her a quick lick of greeting on the side of her muzzle. “And you look good in red.”

“I’m glad you like it,” she said. It was clear he meant the compliment, proven with a slight pressure on her hip. She noticed the details of his new form, surprised to find Sam a male, though it should not have surprised her given her own ordeal.

Even after they separated, Sam's tail wagged with nervous energy. He chuckled as they turned their attention to the appendage. Eyes closed, he tried to will it still, managing all but a twitching tip. "Do you really have no control over these?" he asked, realizing how little he understood his species.

"You do," Noel laughed, turning around and spinning her own to show off. "But it's a little different. Relax. The more you think about it, the harder it is. Just breathe and think of it as a third leg." As she spoke, she raised her tail high, playfully brushing it against him.

"Well, that's a problem I'm already dealing with," he chuckled, wet nose blushing as he looked awkwardly at his crotch.

"That's also something you'll have to get used to," Noel laughed. Though she feigned experience, every motion made her gown brush against her sensitive nipples. They were ceaselessly distracting, sending tingles of cold electricity through her. Though slight, even the increased weight proved something to adjust her posture around. "I never realized these would be so... I don't know..."

"Yea, they'll do that. God, I'm going to miss mine," he mused, running his paw pads over his now-firm chest. The touch was still pleasantly stimulating, seemed more a ride towards a goal than an experience in and of itself. "Could we sit down? I could use some help being a wolf."

"Of course." As they sat on the bed, she felt an anxious warmth. The heightening effects of the serum still had her tied into knots. She was drawn to Sam, her eyes lingering on his newly sculpted muscles and thick fur. When he looked at her the same way, when she felt his golden eyes on her, it made her giddy and blush. Never before had a male been so magnetizing to both

body and brain. It made her want to sit closer, to feel his fur brush against her, to run her hand along his—

“I knew this nose would be stronger. But I didn’t realize it would be this... omnipresent.” It seemed there was no way to shut off the sense, every breath greeting him with a rush of information. Before he could parse any of it, another wave of chemicals and pheromones and unplaceable smells interrupted.

“That will get better. You can’t turn off your nose like you would close your eyes or cover your ears,” she explained, shutting his eyes and wafting a paw by the end of his snout. “But just like you can focus your vision, you can single things out.” He followed the instruction, sniffing at the air. Of the cacophony that reached his brain, one in particular seemed interesting.

Both thick and sweet, he recognized the scent as Noel’s. Her natural musk was hinted with a flowery allure, something instinctively fascinating and hypnotic. Without even realizing it, he had pushed aside all other odors and focused solely on her. With eyes closed and only his pulse pounding in his ears, he followed that scent like a light in a tunnel. His body became hot as he did, growing stiff as he prodded her fur with his snout. Sam let her tongue prod out, the pheromones in the air washing through his brain. His nose brushed against her neck, but the trails of scent guided her elsewhere. Like the current of a river, his head was shown down, the wonderful smell becoming wetter and exciting. He needed to get close, to taste the source, to take it as his own.

Noel’s breath became hot, her body flush and aching. She smiled as Sam poked and sniffed down her side. His muzzle began to point down, hot breath puffing against her loins. Her every cell seemed to tingle and fill her with haze. She wanted him closer, needed him inside her.

Inviting him further, her nethers slicked and filled the room with want. It was like their first times again, like teenagers so desperate that nothing could dissuade them.

The soft, hot spot of Sam's nose reached her pussy, now dripping and quivering to invite him. Only her thin gown kept him at bay; the cloth now damp. Consumed by the moment, she leaned forward and pulled him up. Their muzzles met, and her tongue darted to meet him.

They embraced tightly and kissed like humans; snouts open as their tongues danced. When that passed, Sam pushed forward and snapped onto her ear. His fangs closed around the flesh, just painful enough to entice her into abandon. She tipped her head back and panted, moaning as she reached beneath his gown.

His flared member pulsed in her paw, slick and almost entirely free from his sheath. Rubbing up and down, she whined and toyed with the bulb, wanting nothing more than to fill herself with the rod.

Intentions clear, he shoved her back against the wall and dropped his hands to her hips. Briefly gripping her rear, he flipped up her cloth, ready to bury himself in her wanting slit.

"No!" Noel barked, pushing against his chest. More instinct than anything else, she stood dazed as she shoved him away. Heart racing and breath still heavy in her lungs, her entire body ached with disappointment, still craving his touch. However, she still had her mind, and she knew that giving in would surrender that forever.

Sam took a step closer, eyes still wild as he struggled through his own state. The fog still possessed him but seeing the mixture of fear and anger from his partner snapped him partially from the trance. He looked down at himself, blinking as he returned. "I'm sorry. You smelled like... I'm not used to these hormones. It's like I lose the ability to think."

“Well, if we can’t control ourselves, we really will lose that ability,” Noel warned, understanding the feeling completely. She was wrestling with her challenge, her need burning and sore, taking all she had, not to pounce the handsome man. “Come on, Sam, you’re the smartest person I know, don’t throw that away.”

“I know, I know,” Sam growled, gripping the sides of his head. “The brain replaces cells the slowest. We just have to hold off until it clears our systems. It’d be easier with the paralytic, or if they knew anything about our work.”

“Then we hold fast. *Dara ghora*,” she said, slipping briefly into her old tongue. She began to pace around their cell. Turning her thoughts to escape and hatred helped to resist her impulses. Yet, putting any of those ideas into action was nearly impossible when the researchers above them could hear their every word and held every power. “Do you have any idea for how we get out?” she asked, looking more for a mutual distraction.

—“I don’t know a way out,” Sam admitted, glancing up at the opaque glass. “If we do escape, I don’t want to run away and hide. This is our work. They don’t get to take it without even understanding it,” he spat, examining the now-closed wound where the serum was injected.

Thinking of the building where they worked, he could guess their location. Several research floors stood underground, though he knew not how deep they were held. “We can’t just disappear,” he said, speaking mostly to Noel but also giving a slight warning. “You remember testing; we had to log every damn rat. How much oversight do you think is needed for testing with humanoids?” he explained, Noel’s ears perking as she agreed. “This is not where we die.”

As he reassured her, he gave a supportive hug. However, the want and haze were not gone from his system. Soothed by the warm embrace, he found letting go to be rather difficult. He wanted to keep her close, to feel her warmth even further.

Before instinct or affection could overpower them again, he released and backed away. Even so, his pulse only quickened. His eyes lingered on her, his nose twitching slightly at her sweet scent. She experienced the same, occasionally stealing glances his way.

No matter how much how he tried to calm himself, he could not force his member down. Perhaps there was a trick or something he ought to think about. But anytime he tried, his imagination returned to the vixen nearby. The all-consuming need only boiled further, body hot and shaft awkwardly stiff. Holding his breath, he turned away and tried to concentrate on anything else.

However, it was something else that drew his mind away. Lightheaded, a wave of dizziness made him stumble. Balance gone, the heat he felt seemed to redouble until his organs would melt. The drugs in his system were gone, the pain of his feverish state could hit him. Though he tried not to show weakness, exhaustion and the spinning room sent him to the floor.

“Sam?” Noel called, rushing over to her fallen partner. The previous tension between them vanished, concern and compassion taking precedent. “What’s wrong?” she asked worriedly, crouching low and putting a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“I don’t know,” he murmured, the feeling like a fever without relief. He wiped his brow off human instincts, surprised to find his fur dry. “It’s so hot. Been getting worse.”

“Keep your mouth open,” she instructed, running a claw along his muzzle. Strangely, as she looked him over, she seemed more amused than afraid. “You’re like a puppy. The changes

raise body heat, as does your *state*,” she chuckled, nodding towards his half-engorged member. “You can’t sweat anymore. So, stop trying to look strong... and pant.”

Sam raised an eyebrow, wondering if that was truly the cause. Copying the motion more than anything, he opened his muzzle and heightened his breath. Though the action felt strange, it slowly abated the symptoms. Noel flicked his tongue once, making him curl it.

“You’ll get it eventually,” she laughed, providing a friendly nip on his cheek. “Until then, I’ll help you be a wolf.” She smiled warmly, her kind presence making Sam wonder what he had done to earn this. However, she quickly paused, a look of panic coming over her.

“Are you ok,” he asked, jumping up to stand protectively over her. His concern was so quick and honest that it caught even himself off-guard, having always seen himself as a colder woman. Yet, seeing Sam in pain made his heart ache as he patted her comfortingly.

“My head... It’s fuzzy, feels like pressure,” she groaned, clearly overcome with dizziness. “I don’t know. Really tiring to try and figure it out.”

“Your cortex,” Sam murmured, quickly realizing the forces at play. “The changes there will make you fuzzy. It means you’re in the final stretch. Just get through this, and you’re in the clear.” Though seeing the end gave him hope, he also shivered at the implications. The haze of transformation would corrupt his thoughts, emotions, and impulses. With resistance already so difficult, he wondered how he could manage with his faculties impaired.

“Sam, I’m scared,” she said distantly, her ears flat as she shivered.

Holding her close, he took a protective stance, as if hiding her from the men above. Noel clutched his arm tightly, mind awirl with emotion. What hope and pride she was clinging to

seemed to fade, eyes foggy as she tried to focus. Instincts clearly possessed her, her breaths rapid and hot. Though she tried to hide the motion, in pulling her arms close, Noel pressed her breasts together, wanting any touch. Sam could have laughed, remembering that desperation.

Remaining the same species as before, Noel could act with greater experience and knowledge. However, she would need just as much help from him as he would need from her.

“I don’t know if I can do this,” Noel admitted. This time, it was not pain or discomfort that frightened her. Instead, she realized only then how hard thinking had become. Compounding it, her heat was only worsening, body flushed and craving the larger wolf to simply breed her. Her flesh tingled, slight touches sending waves of pleasure to her core. It made her sex slick and aching. Her surrounding fur became damp as beads of fluid gathered and called for him.

“Come on, Noel. You can pull through this; just—” Sam began, pausing as his nose twitched. Though he had smelled her sweet musk before, but never so present and concentrated. It struck him like a wall, leaving him stunned and hot. He panted and tasted the air, her scent binding him like cords in his brain. Resisting seemed impossible, like a fight against his very nature. She wanted it too, and it would be so easy for him to take her then.

Reaching down, he cupped a paw against her privates, fur and pads immediately wet. Noel moaned and rocked into the touch, looking up at him with silent, submissive begging. She rocked against his touch and leaned back, inviting him to do whatever he wished. “I don’t care anymore,” she admitted, pleasure a stronger purpose than any other. “Take me.”

As she lay back, Sam climbed atop him, licking her muzzle affectionately. Yet, with every ounce of his remaining will, he rolled away. “No! We’re stronger than this!” he hissed, doubling over as he tried to calm his erection.

She whined in disappointment, her paw lowering to finish the job. Sam heard the soft moans, seeing Noel rubbing at her slit, forgetting the situation, the world, and herself.

“Stop!” Sam commanded, hurrying over and pulling her hand away. Noel moaned plaintively, cut short just before her peak. As he did, he noticed his reaction slightly slower.

Damn, it's starting to reach my brain too, he thought. It sent a surge of fear over him. His partner only resisted with his help. If they were both disabled, their fates were sealed. *No! I'm stronger than her,* he vowed, truly believing himself above them.

While he still had his wits about him, he struggled to protect her from herself. Using his superior strength, he held her arms at her side. She snarled and snapped, making Sam's ears fall flat with worry. Ferocious and snarling, she was more than capable of hurting him. In equal parts, he did not want to hurt her, his heart aching as she yelps at too strong a grasp. Jumping back, he dodged a sudden bite.

“What the hell are you doing?” Noel barked, claws flexing with excess aggression.

Though careful not to hurt her, the rush of their squabble was exhilarating. As her surprise faded, her resistance became more playful. It invited him to continue, his grasp becoming an embrace around her midsection, binding her arms to her sides.

The encroachment of the mental state was so subtle that Sam was hardly aware of it. Emotion and impulse took the forefront in his mind, leaving planning and restraint behind. It no longer occurred to him that his mind was changing. Those effects were buried deep and pushed behind the sensations overwhelming him. Unbeknownst to him, his higher thinking slowed. Not that it was needed for his bout with Noel.

As he held Noel, his nose was pushed into the woman's neck. Nuzzling her, she leaned back and rubbed against her snout, almost purring at his touch. Every breath filled him with her scent, each raising his heartrate just a pinch. After a while, it plateaued, his pulse aflutter and filled. It felt like more than desire and arousal. Raw emotion, he wanted more, wanted this moment forever; maybe it was love, attraction on the most primal level. Whatever it was, he felt his heart might burst, joy and connection. He buried his face in her fur.

Moving slowly enough that Sam did not notice it, Noel reached up and undid her hospital gown. He smiled at the sight, only then seeing her fully exposed. Though newly formed, her fur gleamed and stood fluffed. Catching his eye more, her breasts filled out well and round, coated in soft fuzz. They were moderately sized but shaped well and infinitely magnetic to him. He let go of her to mirror the motion. Covering falling to the ground, he stood bare, member poking from its sheath, tail wagging slightly behind him.

A smile on her muzzle, she was just as taken with him. However, through the heat and attraction, some remaining warning itched at her psyche. She hesitated a moment, knowing it was a mistake, but still too weak to listen. Coming to something of a compromise with herself, she wagged her tail in anticipation. It was not a decision if it was not up to her.

Brushing her tail over her wanting slit, she let it collect her scent. Feigning innocence, she wafted the furry appendage high, almost touching Sam's muzzle. His nose twitched, clearly noticing the smell, a lower reaction showing his enjoyment of it. She smiled and turned away, still rationalizing it as out of her hands, though her preference was already clear in her mind.

A stunning wave of scent struck Sam. The haze in the air seemed to flood through his snout and settle like a pool around his brain. Other thoughts became jumbled and lost in the

ooze. He drew closer as she turned away, wanting to be nearer to that sweet, musky smell. It made him jump as she bumped her rear against his hips, their eyes meeting for a playful glance.

He wanted to hold on and resist his animal urges, but it was hard when Noel seemed intent on tempting him. One look at her panting face, the glint of excitement and life in her eyes, and he knew she was lost to lust. Her every gesture begged him to follow, to take her then and there. Or maybe it was just his imagination. God knew that he wanted any excuse. Hell, if his libido grew any stronger, he was unsure if his body would need an invitation. That thought scared him, made him realize how helpless he was against his instincts.

I was a fool, he realized. Just because he was once human, he thought himself better than his instincts, able to think his way past them. He never realized how easy it could be not to think, how much effort concentration could become. Leaning over, he felt the warmth radiating from her skin, the scent that clung to her fur. Their heat had only begun, and he felt hopeless. Continuing this fight was pointless. His partner already broken.

If she had surrendered, why not follow? Instinct was to overcome them anyway; resistance would only offer an extra torturous minute before the fall. More than anything, he wanted this. He could smell that she wanted it too.

Paws on her hips, he moved her into position. She gave a wanting whine, spreading her legs slightly and raising her tail with a wag. All he could hear was his blood and breath. All he could feel was the warmth of Noel beneath him. The heat radiating from her privates was most enticing, washing over his member.

He pushed in slowly at first, instinct guiding him more than anything. When he reached his destination, it caught him off-guard, the sensations utterly alien. The warm, wet touch sent

tingles to his core, even with only his tip. Easing further in, she shuddered with newfound pleasure, making him brim with pride.

Any lingering thoughts of resistance slipped away as their passions joined. Her canine pussy gripped him tightly, slick as he rocked against her. Finding a rhythm, he felt waves of pleasure with each thrust. Improving it all was a growing tension like he was a dam slowly cracking with gathering waters. It made him clench his jaws as the building need raised and pushed towards an eventual explosion. Noel moved beneath him, though he could not tell if she was pressing or struggling against him.

Blood burning with animal passion, he gripped her tighter and thrust harder. Lying down atop her back, he felt her pulse against his. Lightly biting the scruff of her neck, he closed his eyes and lost himself in their mating.

—As Noel felt the weight and heat atop her, she smiled and surrendered to the excitement. Anticipation and attraction built, her breath catching as he positioned her. The authoritative motion was swift and forceful, giving no question to her on the matter. Desire only redoubled as she felt his rod beginning to prod at her. Instinct craving its touch as though it would relieve the heat.

However, her quickened pulse reached deep within. It rekindled something otherwise faded. She remembered the fragility of her wits and how instinct sought to betray her. “Sam! Get a hold of yourself!” Noel shouted, her panting turning to fear. She struggled to lower her tail and shake from his grasp.

“Come on. You’re stronger than this,” she begged, feeling his grip only tighten. One glance back showed why. All his former humanity was faded, instinct and desire controlling his body and brain. With a growl, Sam pulled her rear against him, rocking as he sought release.

Yelping in surprise, Noel felt the rod plunge deep into her. Though she knew it was her doom, she could not help but enjoy it. She scratched against the floor, fighting to escape his touch. Not wanting to hurt him, he just tried to squirm free and pull away. However, Sam was far stronger, holding her close like tight bindings. All her struggling did was pump herself against him. Even as she realized it useless, she continued the motion. His member pressed so well against her walls, its heat radiating deep into her.

Closing her eyes, Noel allowed a moment to enjoy the sensation. She rationalized it as a reward for her fight. Preventing further resistance, Sam pushed her to the ground, pinning her still as he continued to pump away. Not willing to hurt Sam, Noel could only attempt to rise. Yet, she could not push an inch against his force.

Animalistically, Sam leaned down and lightly bit the back of her neck. Though wincing initially, the abandon of the action was alluring. If he would not stop, why not fall with him?

Raising her hips, she whined and gave him better access. After surrendering to the act, she found it far more stimulating. He filled her just so perfectly, strong grip pushing her into place. Each thrust sounded with a wet squelch, the burning rod sending a pleasurable wave through her.

Having experienced the other side of the action, she could recognize the way his lover held her, letting instinct guide him. Though she never realized how many of her little yelps and moans were involuntary. Far better than the male experience, the bulges of his length filling her

with bliss. It made her claws curl and back shiver, whimpering as his growing knot began to bump against her entrance.

Sam gripped her close and began to pump faster. He closed his eyes and let out a low growl, met by a softer hum from Noel. With increased force, he shoved his member deeper and deeper into his mate. Noel yelped with surprise and pain as a few powerful thrusts finally buried the knot within her. She let out a low moan, her passage stretched by the bulb, utterly filled. Yet Sam was not finished, small thrusts and shakes making the knot rub around her insides.

Feeling him twitching and close, she fell to the floor, incapacitated by an orgasm. She saw stars, lightning, and heat filling her every cell with life and pleasure. All the while, a warm, satisfied feeling flooded her innards as his cum was shot deep.

Sam felt the female's walls clench around his sensitive bulb. He felt his member quivering, his climax coming so suddenly that it caught him by surprise. Almost howling, he felt bolts of pleasure rocking his body. The most intense sensation of his life, he was left panting and glowing as their juices dripped slightly from the tight seal.

Both Noel and Same took a while to catch their breaths. They lay on the floor, panting and gathering their thought. After breaking together, their minds were now dulled, though neither could notice the changes. Those things hardly mattered. They were together, satisfied, and lovingly embraced. Still recovering from the powerful orgasms, the room was still spinning and their bodies hot.

Bound together, they cuddled close and nuzzled one another's soft fur. Sam rubbed his large paw against his mate's stomach, feeling it slightly pushed out by his member. The other hand climbed up and gently squeezed her breast. "They'll both be full soon," he growled, smiling

contentedly. “You’ll have good pups.” Sam knew there was something else he ought to be worried about, but this was far more important

Eating up the words, Noel licked at her mate’s muzzle. She beamed with pride, fulfilled and happy to be claimed by him, to carry his children. Even still, she could feel a wonderful warmth of his batter within her, a stirring of life radiating through her. Nothing else concerned them now. Their thoughts were focused on animalistic wants. All else faded into the distance. Happily mated, the two wolves nuzzled one another and relished their forced union.

—Elsewhere, a machine began beeping again in a lab. Dark and unattended, none noted it. A lab rat interacting with its companions triggered a change in its sensors. After weeks of recovering from the effects of its treatment, the lingering drawbacks finally faded. Though there was little to signify the change initially, it had regained full use of its brain; thoughts returned to their former heights.