

Frankie tilted his head up and out of the spray of the shower, hot water pouring down his neck and chest and splashing against the tiled floor below. The drain down at the base of the shower sputtered gently, half clogged with bits of hair and soap and who knows what else; he reached up, ran his hands through black hair still a bit shaggy and greasy from his unexpected hospital stay, and winced at the tug and tightening of strained muscles in the base of his neck and down along his back.

*"Full faculties should return to you within the week,"* they had told him his last day there, his partner Theo squeezing nervously at his hand. *"Your body received quite a shock, but between luck, rest, and the blood transfusion, you'll heal up good as new. Maybe even better."*

*Maybe even better.* That last part had hardly stuck out to him in the moment, dazed as he was after everything that had happened to land him there, but the more time had passed since he had heard it, the more it seemed... odd. He vaguely, *vaguely* recalled speaking with Theo about something shortly after he had arrived, battered and dizzy from the accident, and trying to reassure his partner that it would be okay, and he thought they should go for it, and...

And his head started to ache again. Frankie sighed and dropped it back down into the water, squeezing his eyes against the trickles of sweet heat as they poured down from above and in front. He couldn't remember actually signing the release form for the blood transfusion, but he could remember arguing for it. Or at least, he *thought* he could remember.

Whatever. That didn't matter now. He lifted his head again, sighed once more, and then reached for the soap where it set on the shelf in the wall, once more gritting his teeth at muscles still unaccustomed to moving again. To his perception barely two days had passed since the original accident, with one of those days being here at home recovering after his release. He still had to go and contact whoever currently had his car in their possession, and contact the proper authorities and insurance companies about everything... *and*, he realized with a slight tweak of shock, *I need to look up the possible side-effects of a blood transfusion.*

Some strange things had started happening to him while he was there in the hospital bed, watching the TV up in the corner playing through old musicals and reruns of shows he remembered his parents enjoying. The doctors had left the procedure notes there at the foot of the bed, which he thought was just something they did on medical drama shows, but restricted as he had been, he couldn't quite reach it to see what was going on. He did, however, hear the doctor speak with the nurse about the transfusion.

Through the closed door, and down the hall. These doors were supposed to be soundproof. They *had* been when he had first arrived, at least, but all of a sudden Frankie could hear each squeaky little footstep, every wrinkled in their scrubs as they rustled together, the low whispering and murmuring from the other rooms... one of the nurses breathed through his mouth. Frankie never actually *saw* the guy, but he heard him stride back and forth, up and down the hall throughout the day. His ears had been itching since he first noticed, and every time he reached up to scratch at them it felt as though they had grown up and out a bit, and had started to develop a thick, soft hair along the back side and outer rim.

That wasn't all, though. Frankie straightened up again, swallowed, and finally satisfied with the froth he worked up in his hands, started running up and down over his body, applying extra care at the healing bruises and scars from the crash. Other small changes in his perception he could try to chalk up to his brain getting rattled from the times his car had rolled, but there had been physical changes as well: his

legs seemed like they bent at a slightly different angle, he had had to trim his fingernails twice already since coming home the other day, and today there was this odd sensation in the... pit of his...

Frankie froze up, time for a moment stopping around him. A feeling of *something* hit him, and then suddenly, fast and hard, he doubled over himself with one arm around his belly and the other, somewhat embarrassingly, going right down between his legs. Deep, throbbing discomfort and pain, little lances of shock echoing up and out through his thighs and abdomen... he gritted his teeth and held back the winces and grunts, not wanting to worry Theo down the hall for something useless, but here it was, definitely happening all over again. Prior to his hearing improving, a fierce wave of similar sensation had rolled over him and rocketed him out of uneasy sleep, and then leading up to his fingers, nails sharpened close to claws and tips thickening like pads, it had happened yet again.

And here it was now, thumping and throbbing, fingers wrapped down around his sack dripping with shower water, hoping that any amount of rubbing and massaging would assuage the sensation. Frankie unwrapped his arm from around his body and braced himself against the wall, spreading his legs and for a moment fully expecting to see splashes of crimson start flowing down into the drain between his feet. Thankfully, though, none of this came, but still the sensation persisted – and as he stood there trying to ride it out, as he squeezed and rubbed gingerly at what was already quite a sensitive spot on him, he felt the skin and flesh *there* start to change, too.

Loose, wrinkly human skin – *the ugliest thing you'll ever lay eyes on*, his dad had said with a smirk – shifted, tightened, pulled up and towards his body, and then just like with his ears, that same thick, dark hair started to sprout here as well. A noise in his throat, Frankie leaned back and hefted his balls atop his fingers, watching as that hair, that *fur*, sprouted and grew in, coming closer, bringing his sack smaller and tighter in among itself. No pleasure lurked beneath this discomfort, as though the end of a vacuum had been lodged inside his pelvis and was set to full power.

To his dismay, though, the change did not stop there, either. The fur continued to climb its way up along the base of his sack, now hanging pert and plump close to his body, just as the shimmering black panther-like pelt spread out and up. “No, no...” he murmured – and then gritted his teeth as those jaws of pain sank in along the base of his shaft, so many sensitive nerves firing off at once, responding to some unseen impact or pressure or *something*.

Skin crawling, almost literally, Frankie blinked through gathering tears and felt the world spin around him as shock and intensity assaulted him again and again. *This is it*, he thought, *my body's rejecting the transfusion, or whatever, and I'm gonna – explode, or my heart's gonna give out, or... or...*

Sleek, supple skin folded, shifted, and tugged up and back towards his body, with the sensitive pink-toned flesh of that manhood there pulling up and back, almost *fusing* with his lower belly. Horrifying, dismaying, unusual, and yet... as soon as the pain started it whisked away once everything had settled back into place, the human now left with what looked for all the world like a cat's set of jewels right here between his legs, small and sleek with thick black fur surrounding it.

Panting softly, head swimming and balance lopsided from the shock, Frankie let out the breath he had been holding and reached down to gently, tentatively, poke and prod at himself. This certainly wasn't what he had wanted or expected, but... each touch still registered just the same to his awareness, each poke and squeeze of his now fur-coated balls felt as it should, and when he moved up a bit, curiosity dominating through confusion, horror, and shock, tugging at his brand new sheath, tight and slick,

actually sent a little shiver through his knees. Nestled there inside plush, elastic skin was... not what he had *expected* to see, but a part of him that was still certainly *him*. Just tapered now, pointed, with little hair-like barbs near the apex, and...

Another shock of pressure shot through him, this one so intense that Frankie nearly threw up. Then again, and again – and he spread his legs again, half-crouching down, one hand reaching up to the wall before him, and both felt as well as watched as, bit by bit, his new equipment shifted and sagged and grew, like a balloon at the end of a pump or something in a video game adjusting on a scale slider.

One hand went to his head, pushing through hair there ragged and wet with both water and sweat now. Frankie could physically *feel* himself getting heavier with this change in size, balls pouching out and dropping down, skin stretching to accommodate, sinking, pulling, with his sheath shifting as well, tugging along his lower abdomen, parting open like a pair of pursed lips. It felt as though someone had wrapped his now hypersensitive shaft in rubber bands and pulled them tight, but in stages so that each pulse sent with it another knife of pressure up into the base of his pelvis.

His head reflexively tossed itself back, shoulders bunching up, chest growing tight. For a moment Frankie thought the rest of him was about to change, too, but just like every other time, all of a sudden this overwhelming pressure and discomfort ceased and oozed out of him, yet again thankfully without anything tinting the water that poured down into the drain. Chest heaving, heart pounding, he looked down once more – and admittedly had to take a moment to stare in awe at what he had been granted.

Where he had gone from average sized as a human to... a bit small with whatever the in-between stage had been, now that sack able to held in one palm had ballooned and stepped up, so that when he reached and touched and squeezed he could barely heft just one of his balls in a cupped palm. His sheath had come forward and down as well, the very weight of his shaft inside tugging at the supple skin and drawing it forward. Shower water gathered and pooled in the space behind, hot and wonderful against the lingering memories of the trauma and pain; Frankie took a few more moments to look over himself and enjoy the sensation, then again reached for the soap to wash himself off.

There *must* have been a mistake. He thought he had remembered something about the transfusion being an experimental measure, though he couldn't quite recall what or why. Yet again he worked the soap to a lather in his hands, careful not to bring his hyperactive fingernails and thicker fingertips too close to each other, and then reached down to rub the soap into his new, thick fur down there, every little touch and sensation sending another shiver of wonder, curiosity, and then of course reluctance through his heart.

What would Theo say? Was this reversible? Would he even be able to fit these monstrosities into his pants? Was this an expected side-effect of the experimental transfusion, and if so, was there anything he could do about it? He still had the original contact information and documents from his hospital visit there on the kitchen counter, where Theo had dropped it after bringing him home the other day; maybe over breakfast day Frankie could go and look through and-

Abruptly a new, energizing sensation ricocheted up his lower abdomen, as he reached his hand down and behind his huge hanging sack. Confused and for a moment worried, Frankie poked and prodded there, searching among the thick fur and supple skin for whatever that had been, and found – another shiver of that same feeling, pleasure mixed with shock.

Whatever was there made him frown. That couldn't quite be right. Right there along the back of his sack, nestled along what was originally firm muscle and interior plumbing, so to say, was... slick, soft, damp skin and flesh, hanging forward and down, giving way inside to a velvet-smooth interior. Sensitive nerves tingled and shuddered in response to his touch, and before Frankie knew what he was doing he had one leg half-lifted so he could more easily poke and rub and squeeze, and press first one and then a second finger into the sweet, squeezing tension there.

The realization hit him. Surprised, shocked, still quite confused, Frankie rushed to wash the soap off of himself and turned the water off, barely bracing himself for the chill of the rest of the bathroom before he stepped out and before the mirror. He took a quick moment to peer out into the bedroom to be sure Theo wasn't there, then dropped his towel, looked over himself again, turned around, reached back, spread himself... and sure enough, saw there nestled right in that spot, the distinctive plump lips and slick entrance that he had thought.

By now Frankie's heart felt like it was working overtime with the constant shock, and surprise, and pain, and confusion bouncing back and forth through him. As he toweled himself off he made sure to stay extra careful around these new, *huge*, sensitive parts of himself, though couldn't help taking another few moments to peer a little closer. It seemed as though this thick black pelt had continued down along his thighs, too, as well as up along his belly, and around his back where... he thought he could see a small bump rising at the base of his spine.

Already he had an idea of what that might turn into, but there was always the chance that it *wouldn't*. Caught somewhere between horror, confusion, and an odd type of interest, Frankie finished up here in the shower, tugged his clothes back on as best he could – which it did take *considerable* squirming, squishing, and squeezing to fit back into his pants, and he had to go without his underwear – and strode out and into the rest of the house.

Naturally he had to face Theo there, ready with breakfast and a worried look on his face, and his partner's barrage of questions and investigations and pokes and prods at his health and feeling and all sorts of other things. Frankie insisted he was okay, gave him a handful of smooches across his cheeks and face, and then went over to busy himself with breakfast, while also scanning the kitchen counter for the hospital documents.

When he sat down in the chair by the table he had to do so with his legs spread far apart, one hanging off either side, and still had to lean back to lighten the pressure. The *clack* of the clipboard drew Theo's attention from across the table, brown eyes still reflecting his worry.

"Something wrong?"

Frankie swallowed down a sip of orange juice. *If I say 'no', I'd be lying, and...* "I'm just checking something. I never got to actually look at this while I was in there..."

Details about the accident, five pages of insurance and payment information, contact information, names, numbers... but there beneath most of the others, a note detailing the transfusion process. As he read it he frowned, realized what he was doing, forced himself to keep a straight face, and kept on going... then nodded and tried to focus back on his breakfast. Theo of course still eyed him a bit, concern threading through each of his movements and words, but before long he stood up, cleared out their plates, and leaned in to kiss his partner goodbye for another day at work.

Frankie would be required to stay home recovering at least for the duration of the week. That would give him time to rest, and catch up on sleep, and make sure everything still worked as it should. Today he thought he would spend back in bed with his laptop watching through some shows he'd been meaning to catch up on, now that he had the time to do so – and besides, that would give him the opportunity to relax if anything *more* happened to change about him.

He turned in his chair as Theo left the house, waited for the *thump* and rumble of his car kicking to life... then sat there a while longer, perked his fur-coated ears until he could no longer hear the engine down the road, and finally, *finally*, reached down to undo his pants fly and let himself back out. As he sat there a moment he couldn't help but smirk: *of course* his first thought was to take this new equipment out for a spin, see how it felt and treated him, but... the walk from the bathroom to here had already winded him, and if anything *else* happened he might need to call Theo back for help.

Until then, though...

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Frankie *almost* got through the rest of the day without anything else horrifying and awful happening to him. The words he had read on the paper stuck firm in his head even when he had distracted himself, poking through and reminding him of what was going on and what to expect – so when that now familiar throb, clench, and tightening, searing pain abruptly ignited in his thighs and legs, he gritted his teeth, tossed the blankets back, and writhed there for a while, willing himself to push through the pain. Knowing the source of it should at least count for something, right?

*Notes: Experimental. Acquired express written consent from patient and insurance. See form- then a string of letters and numbers Frankie couldn't hope to remember, especially now – for confirmation. Transfusion from female donor, "anthro" lion. Melanistic coloration. Unexpected results: as noted in form, will contact patient for results and effects.*

That had clicked with something in his memory, chatting with the doctor: *"something like this has never been done before, an... 'anthro' to human transfusion. At least, never in a formal, professional, sterile setting. It could be dangerous, but the margin for benefit is unlike anything we've seen."*

Another sharp pain bounced up from first one leg and then the other, forcing Frankie to roll over onto his other side and grasp at himself. Where he gripped along firm shins, skin sprouted up and out into the same black fur that had steadily spread up his chest and down his body throughout the day; he gritted his teeth and wrenched his eyes shut, head pounding, heart beating in his chest as it tried to fuel the muscles constantly firing and tensing and twisting. A low rumble started in his throat; he swallowed it down, grunted, let out a little whimper – then gasped as he felt something in his legs pop, and crack, and readjust, shift, pop back into place.

Each one of those noises came with a deep, resounding *thump* through his body, bones snapping themselves out of place, twisting around, and reshaping, already to his assumption taking on the form of a lion's hind legs. As he sat up and peered down through eyes brimming with tears, Frankie watched as his feet kicked and stretched out, already coated with that shimmering black fur; he watched as his toes stretched and straightened, reflexively tightening up and out and evading his conscious control, until

they, too, started to pop and crack, joints moving and shifting, nails digging in, broadening, sharpening into retractable claws at the end of thick, broad toes.

Again and again the sensation shot through him, and again and again he could do nothing but squirm and gasp and grunt against the pressure and sensation. Then just like every other time, all of a sudden it all fizzled out of him, leaving him feeling like a damp noodle scooped out of boiling water: soft, limp, rolling slightly to one side. When he finally could he sat straight, pulled himself up a bit, and looked down over his brand new equipment, the field of black fur now stretching all the way down from his groin to the base of what had once been feet, now thick, broad feline footpaws, ankles having shifted and bent in the “proper” direction for the species.

*Melanistic female “anthro” lion*, the document had said. That explained... a lot. Interest and suspicion still warred in Frankie’s head, but the constant changes had sapped him of almost all of his energy. As he ran his hands, thankfully still *hands* and not *paws*, along his chest and belly, down towards that pert, plump sheath and the heavy balls beneath, as he tried to stretch one leg up to poke and squeeze at the knuckles of his retractable claws, exhaustion flooded over him. He tried to keep his eyes open but couldn’t; the most he could do, then, was to toss the sheets haphazardly over his body, though as consciousness unexpectedly fled, he saw that the thin fabric could barely hope to hide the massive growth that that certain part of him had gone through.

Right as he trailed off, though, he felt another twinge in his neck, one in his brow, and another along the side of his nose, but even this could not keep him afloat through the exhaustion.

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When Frankie awoke again it was to a panicked Theo coming into the room, voice high calling for his name – only to suddenly turn silent, eyes widening and mouth dropping open. To his own surprise, though, Frankie felt *amazing*: he blinked the sleep out of his eyes, gave voice to a wide yawn, felt a rumble in his throat, then reached up to scratch at a spot along the side of his head... and felt the sharpness of a broad claw part through the thick fur there, with his ear above giving a little flick at the tickle through the air.

“Sorry-” he began, then coughed and cleared his throat, reaching up to touch at the lump there. Smooth fur coated his neck, from his shoulders up along his jaw a bit wider than he had expected, front of his face lifted out, nose broadened and flattened... thin, strong whiskers hanging out from either side, just barely within his field of view. Those, too, twitched and flicked, then did so again when he reached up to scratch at them. “Were you – calling me? I must’ve fallen asleep...”

It took another moment for him to realize what had shocked his partner so much. Frankie swallowed again, felt the rough sandpaper grip of his tongue against the roof of his mouth, then reached up to rub at one of his teeth and felt there the long, sharp shape of a deadly feline fang. Frowning, he finally looked down over himself and saw that the black fur had continued to cover the entirety of his body, with his arms and shoulders having shifted to take on the proper shape, his hands having gone through the same changes to become broad, deadly predator’s paws, his chest...

His chest had bulged and grown out, previously flat with a slight arc and sway of a layer of fat and skin and now showing the pair of large, heavy breasts that his feline blood donor had *certainly* had on display herself. Trickle of pale white oozed down and around their heft, a stark contrast against the black fur

that waited there underneath; the sheets around him showed matted wetness spreading out from where they had rested across his chest, showing that that trickle had been going for a while, like a leaky faucet. The scent in the room swirled and dug at him, the familiar aroma of *himself* mixed and muddled and punched down by something brighter and stronger and sharper. At once it frightened and startled him, yet still caught his attention and drew him in closer to the source, tantalizing and invigorating.

"Wow," he panted. "This is... um..."

Theo frowned and leaned in a little closer. "*Frankie?*"

"One and the same." He patted his chest for emphasis, then jumped and winced at the extra sensation that shocked him. "Or, um..."

"Not at all. Are you – feeling okay? Do you need me to..."

"Feeling okay?" Frankie – the lion, or whatever he was – stretched his arms over his head, yawned again, then turned to swing his legs out of the bed and stood up. "Man, I'm feeling great..."

Theo's eyes widened again and he looked his partner over, head to toe and then back again, taking in every little changed detail about him from the broadened shoulders, the heavy breasts, the slimmed stomach, the massive sheath and sack, the feline legs and tail... and then back up, and up, and up further. Frankie discovered he couldn't reach up too high or else his paw would brush the ceiling, and when he looked down it was at a much greater angle to look his partner in the eye. Theo took a half-step back.

Then, suddenly, he grinned and laughed, only a little bit of nervousness coming through on the sound. "God," he said, "I *knew* I shouldn't have let that transfusion go through... are you *sure* you're alright?"

"Yeah, I..." Frankie looked down across himself, noticed the way his muscles visible even through the thick pelt twisted and tightened with each little move, and then crouched down to put himself more level with his partner's eyes. The lion's ears flicked again, though, when he both felt these heavy balls of his stir and spread out across the floor, *and* saw Theo's eyes drop again to watch them. "I feel fantastic. The pain's all gone, I can move my body, I don't feel sick..."

Slowly, carefully, Theo came forward and reached to brush his own very human hand across Frankie's shoulder, smooth chocolate-toned skin running easily along the dense charcoal fur there, as if trying to convince himself that this was *really* happening. For some reason it was an easy click in Frankie's own mind: all of his nervousness and hesitation suddenly gone, as though he had simply always been like this and the accident had never actually happened.

"I... *suppose* so..." his partner rumbled, then continued up to caress his face. His *muzzle*; Frankie felt his upper lip reflexively twitch, then saw the immediate shock on Theo's face as he got a glimpse of deadly sharp fangs, but still he kept his hand there. "If you say so. I'm still gonna keep an eye on you and I'm still gonna worry, but-"

Frankie reached forward and drew Theo into a deep, tight hug, though upon hearing his strained breaths realized he had to let go a bit. "As I expected you to! What time is it? Are you hungry?"

"It's-" Theo squirmed and freed himself, then looked down: his shirt now bore a pair of telltale marks from the lion's still leaking chest, soaked through and in against the smooth skin underneath. "A little bit past noon. I tried calling you but you weren't picking up, so I got worried and rushed home, and..."

"Oh, dear." Frankie chuckled softly and leaned in, instinctively angling for a kiss. Theo straightened up and resisted for a moment, leaning back and turning his head, but then he chuckled softly again and came forward into it. *This* was something certainly different, Frankie's bigger, catlike mouth against Theo's very much human one, fangs and teeth trying to shift and make space, his suddenly much rougher tongue coming forward, catching along his partner's lips, making him wince and pull back at the edge of another chuckle. "I know you're just gonna keep worrying, but believe me, I'm *fine*. Let's head on down the hall and make something to eat, okay?" He flicked his tongue out over his mouth, breaking a thin strand of saliva that hung between the two from their kiss. "That ground beef is all thawed out now, right?"

Theo definitely didn't *fully* believe him, yet, but still he gave another chuckle and nod and pulled himself free – with yet another glance down between the lion's thighs, themselves also strung and lined with tight muscle.

Truthfully, though, this wouldn't be the strangest thing that had happened to the two of them. Frankie grinned, straightened back up, and then moved to get dressed, but before long realized there was no way he would be able to fit into his old clothing. That wasn't an issue, though: that just meant he would have to go without.

"Really," he said to his partner, as he moved towards the threshold into the hallway. "I'll be okay."

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He was not okay.

One of the first things Frankie did with his brand new body, after taking a few extra moments to appreciate himself in the mirror in the other bathroom, was end up nicking his finger while chopping vegetables for their late lunch. Theo was still busying himself with getting cleaned up after work – he had elected to take the rest of the day off, citing his partner's recent automotive accident – and thus wasn't present for the accident, but in another few minutes Frankie had erased the evidence. Blood didn't really show up against his smooth black fur, so it wasn't until the light caught the flash of rich crimson that he really noticed what had happened; from there he went to the sink, washed himself off, and pressed on the wound until it stopped, and then that was that.

Crisis averted. The lion then promptly forgot about the slip of the knife and reached up into the spice cabinet, though bumped his paw against the upper shelf instead due to this still unfamiliar greater height. While clothes had been out of the question, he still managed to fit his old apron around himself, which helped... a bit. Mostly it just put him in mind of so many of the pictures he had seen online before, especially as he was now with this tall, broad feline stature, the front of the apron bulging out over his still-dribbling breasts, and in back beneath his swaying, flicking tail, first the flash of fresh pink from almost-hidden, slick lips, with the huge hanging weights of his balls in front...

The smell of the food tickled at his nose. He blinked, shook his head, and gave everything a stir, fully aware of the growing bulge in the front of his apron and the third little wet spot that had started to seep



through the thick fabric. The more time he spent on his feet – on his paws – and recovering in this body, the stranger everything seemed to feel to him, perception warping ever so slightly, awareness and feeling and sensations changing, but... never enough to worry him.

The hospital documents still sat where he had left them on the counter the night before; after scooping the meat and veggies into a bowl and sliding that over onto the table, imagining himself as some devilishly attractive chef featured in some magazine or another, the lion reached over, looked over everything one more time, and then dropped the whole thing right into the trash where it belonged. Once at the table he even spent some extra time leaning forward over the table, paintbrush tail intentionally lifted to the side with the cool air from the AC over head wafting down across his bared thighs and this new, tight wad of sensation lurking behind the sack, just in case Theo happened to come back down the hallway at that precise moment.

If only he had stayed like that for two minutes longer, since right as he stepped back into the next room to hang his apron back up, his sensitive predator's ears perked up to the sound of footsteps coming down the hall. Theo jumped as he turned the corner, eyes wide with fright, but in another moment he remembered that this was just what Frankie looked like now, and leaned in for another hug and quick kiss.

"Thanks for working on dinner," he said as he turned away towards the table. Frankie could definitely sense some hesitation and discomfort in his voice, but in time he would come to appreciate this new, stunning body as well as the lion himself did. Maybe even better: Frankie could reach back and slip a few fingers inside himself, sure, but if he wanted *more* than that... "Smells great."

"Yeah! Nothing special, though. I thought it would be good if-" Frankie coughed and cleared his throat, something caught there for a moment. Every now and then a familiar twinge and tweak still twitched through his muscles, though all of these times it came and then went just as quickly instead of bogging him down and forcing him through another painful, twisting transformation. "If I just do something nice and familiar to get back into the swing of things. Actually, here, let me see – if we have..."

From there it seemed like things might go as any other, normal night would. The two sat down across from each other at the table, Frankie with his footpaws forward to brush and bump and touch against his partner's, just as always; Theo still jumped and twitched at the unexpectedly furry touch, but before long he was rubbing back and feeling at the lion's toes and pads as though they had always been there, exploring his body all over again. For a moment it seemed as if everything was alright, with the two of them sitting here around the table sharing dinner. They shared their smiles, and reached over to touch fingers, and giggled and laughed softly as everything returned to normal, right down to picking up afterwards, cleaning off the dishes, wiping down the table.

Where Frankie usually took his showers in the mornings, Theo preferred doing it in the evenings after dinner. He leaned in and smooched his lion atop the head before saying just as much, then headed back down the hall again; Frankie smiled and stayed where he was, then decided he might as well join him tonight. That could be a great excuse to familiarize his partner with his new body, and all these fantastic, invigorating new parts of his, and... when he turned the corner into the bedroom, though, a strange noise carried through over the hissing of the water. A thump, a brush, another higher, sharper sound – and then confusion turned to shock and fear, and Frankie burst into the bathroom to see his partner braced there in the corner, face wrenched up and arms tight across his body.

Frankie leaned in and looked over him, hot water pouring and dribbling down and across smooth chocolate-toned skin. “Theo? What’s – is everything okay?”

His partner gritted his teeth, swallowed, sighed, and nodded, one leg lifting halfway. “Yeah,” he panted. “I’m just – I’ve got a feeling that, like, I... o-oh, *whoa*, that’s... ah...”

A twitch and convulsion echoed through his body, the sight of which forced Frankie to take a half-step back in surprise. A moment later, though, he realized and recognized just what was going on, particularly in the way that Theo’s legs and muscles seemed to kick and tighten and twitch all on their own. He jerked, and gritted his teeth, and squatted down a bit, and then... and then Frankie could see his changes begin, just as they had done in himself.

For Theo, though, it was more pleasure that fizzled and grew along his face than pain or discomfort. His hips twitched and lurched forward, then bucked again, and again, and the lion watched as his shaft twitched and throbbed and grew slowly, pulsing upwards, standing straight and then slapping against his belly. Veins bulged and pulsed beneath dark skin, and he throbbed and swelled – and then everything seemed to shift and meld to Frankie’s perception as he watched, Theo’s skin becoming indistinct and muddled for a moment.

Then, suddenly, a new scent assaulted Frankie’s sensitive feline nose, pheromones issuing out right from the root of the changes. Theo gave another buck, and then another, and another, each one with his balls swinging up and forward, growing in size, dragging down within the wrinkly skin of his sack, which itself smoothed out, grew in turn, pouched down and forward, and took on a plump, heavy shape quite similar to Frankie’s own yet still a bit different in its own way. Instead of completely furring over, Theo’s grew in slight, thinner patches, still showing the shape of his swelling balls inside, growing and hanging down. The skin stretched and smoothed, and weight sagged down between his knees; he gasped and gave another buck, with these handfuls swinging slowly forward and back as he did so.

The patches of fur along the base of his sack furrowed and fizzled up from smooth skin, spreading across his thighs and loins just like Frankie had watched his own – but at a *much* faster pace, crawling along before his eyes as he watched. Across smooth skin, up towards his groin, down and in again... and climbing up his shaft as well, wrapping it in that thick, dense fur, pinching up towards the head. Another buck echoed through his body, and Theo twitched, gasped, swallowed – and dribbled a thick glob of arousal down and along the half-formed sheath, already thick and supple, squeezing and mashing around his still mostly human shaft inside.

As Frankie watched though, slowly dropping down to his knees to get a better look, that part of him changed as well. Rich milk chocolate skin seemed to bubble and glisten, then gave way to veined, red flesh, more changing structure rather than anything else; smooth contours and tapers grew and took shape, the human shaft turning into what would more properly hang and bounce between a male dog’s hind legs, with the plump lips of Theo’s spread sheath adjusting and squeezing around his new girth, peeling back, settling in behind the twitching bulge of a new knot of wide, pulsing muscle, squeezing and swelling with every clench echoing through his lower body.

“Oh...” his partner panted, one hand going up to his face. Frankie looked up from where he knelt right here in front of him, completely oblivious to the water of the shower as it poured down and soaked through his fur. Theo’s scent had changed and sharpened, though at the same time remained much the same – it had taken on a deeper, richer note, something metallic and coppery, enticing and alluring as it

drew Frankie in closer, until his nose lifted up just beneath his bulbous knot and nuzzled in at the lip of his sheath, pushing the moist wrinkles of skin back a little further. “Oh, *God*, Frankie, I’m – ah, this feels... like...”

Each twitch Frankie could feel reverberate up and out through Theo’s canid shaft, thick and heavy, stretching up at least a forearm’s length from where it rooted at the base of his sheath. The lion craned his head up and back, unsure which dribbles along his shoulder came from the shower and which from his partner’s arousal, spurred and fueled by the changes, the new hormones and chemicals rushing through his body. Another buck, another gasp, another spurt; Frankie reached forward and ran one paw along Theo’s thigh, following the lines where fur grew along dark skin, while the other came up and hefted the underside of his canine shaft, greasy with natural slickness and arousal, and slowly stroked it.

Naturally, though, Theo’s changes didn’t stop there. The half-human wiped at his forehead, then gritted his teeth again, grunted, and swung his hand away, watching as his fingers began to undergo the same process as Frankie’s had. Knuckles moving and cracking up and back, joints in between shortening, shifting, flattening in along themselves, until these too more resembled a dog’s paws – and by now the transformation had continued up and down his body both, encroaching up on his neck and jaw, stretching his human face out into a canine’s snout and muzzle just as his legs kicked and jerked as well.

With his nose still digging between Theo’s massive balls, Frankie peered down and watched as the transformation continued in a wave down his body, joints bending and cracking and re-settling over and over again, tendons tightening, muscles slipping and readjusting. As he watched Theo became more and more like the dog that should properly fit around this sizeable sheath and balls, right down to the shape of his legs, the angle of his feet... the way they steadily changed into footpaws to match.

Just like with his hands, the tendons of his toes rose and pressed against smooth skin, then snapped and tugged back into place to force the joints to follow, with whatever mechanism that drove the transformation quickly making its mark on him. Human toes bent and swelled and grew, nails broadening and thickening into wide, blunted claws already tapping against the tiled floor of the shower, one after another. One toe slid slowly back along the side, the foot itself losing most of the shape that identified it as *human* and bulging and bunching up to something more resembling *dog*, until it settled into place and poked out, a single dewclaw along the side – with the other foot making the same move, toes flexing, lifting up, twitching, and then settling back down onto newly grown pads just beneath them.

Still nuzzling up underneath Theo’s shaft, Frankie dropped a paw to touch and feel at those paws as they continued to shift and reform, the front portion becoming short and blunt, the top lifting up and then arcing back down, the ankle clicking and moving back, sliding into place, angling up, until it felt for all the world like Frankie was here feeling up an *actual* dog’s hindpaw. He nuzzled and mouthed at the underside of the canine shaft resting across his muzzle, still smelling so much like his partner yet with an undeniable sting and touch that told him something had certainly changed.

Other than how the very shape and appearance of Theo before him had altered, that was. Smooth, dense fur now coated his body head to toe, cropped close to his body so that it seemed almost like another layer of skin, soft and smooth brown like toffee. The dog’s pelt showed each and every line, cord, and angle of muscle beneath it, weaving in and out along his ankles, legs, thighs, and then stomach above; Frankie swallowed, drew his tongue up towards the tip of this canine shaft, wrapped his lips around the tapered end there, then shivered as a few hot spurts of pre jetted up and against the roof of

his mouth. He swallowed that new, coppery taste down, looked up, and couldn't help but smile, as the distinct rounded head of a pit bull angled back down and returned his grin.

Theo's broad, flat dog's tongue flicked out and slurped up over his chops, showing a flash of sharp teeth in between those black-fleshed lips. "You're – right," he rumbled, taking a moment to familiarize himself with his new mouth and throat. "That really wasn't so bad. Seems like you're already – ah..." Another spurt and spray of loose, watery pre painted the roof of Frankie's mouth. He swallowed it down, loving the way that Theo's stronger, richer musk hung so heavily on his breath already. "...wanting to take things for a spin..."

The lion swallowed again and then lifted up, shifting one paw down between his legs to stroke at himself while the other went *underneath* his legs, fingers searching, seeking... sinking up and in. A shudder rippled through his body; he let a shaking breath out across his partner's groin, tickling along plump sheath and heavy canine balls. "Can you blame me?"

Theo chuckled, leaned forward, and turned the shower just a little bit hotter, the movement at the same time grinding himself in against Frankie's muzzle. Sensitive feline nose drew in his scent, rich and hot and intoxicating. "I absolutely cannot. How about you stand up and turn around, and then we'll *really* see what we're in for?"

He couldn't argue with that. Frankie smirked, buried himself in place once more, and then did as directed, lifting up into the stream of the shower just before he dove in for a kiss. Broad canine tongue met and slid over his sandpaper-textured feline one, locking together there for a moment before he turned around, bent over, and with one paw braced himself against the wall, the other coming up beneath his tail with fingers brushing across both slick, eager lips as well as the wrinkled pucker of his tailhole. He'd leave *that* choice up to Theo. As for Theo himself, though...

Technically Frankie had the rest of the week as well as the entire next off from work to "recover" from his injuries. Maybe Theo would have to take some extra time off as well.