

Guilty Pleasure
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“How does that make you feel?” Fuck I hate those words. I don’t see how shrinks are supposed to help people; bunch of overpaid assholes if you ask me. Of course, they don’t ask me anything other than, “How are you feeling today?” and “Lets talk about your feelings.” As a kid it’s no secret I had issues; well, my teachers thought I had issues. I don’t think that fighting back against a bully qualifies me to have anger management problems, but the school certainly did. So they ordered my parents to sit me down for one hour in front of a psychologist and have me vent out my problems; every other day for a whole year.

Every time a shrink wanted me to express my feelings, or tell them what I was feeling, my answer was always the same: I don’t know. Its not that there isn’t any emotion there, I just don’t know what the appropriate response is. When honest responses are met with usually violent outcomes, I began to learn the very definition of a mind crime. Eventually I just began to say “I don’t know,” and this little lie became my reality. I didn’t know what I was feeling, a mix of many different emotions, none of which seemed stronger than the other.

“I said, how does that make you feel?!” the female voice bombarded my ears with that question I do so loth.

“About what?” I asked as I poured some cream into the steaming hot coffee.

“Are you even paying attention to what I’m saying?”

Why don’t you try shutting your fucking trap for a change? Was the response I wanted to say, “I just didn’t hear the first part of the question is all, big test today, my mind is elsewhere.”

“Ugh!” Elisabeth groaned, “I asked you what you felt about having those animals in our school!”

“Well that’s a little mean,” I said taking a sip of the hot liquid, “I mean the football players aren’t the brightest bulbs in the pack, but they certainly aren’t animals.”

Elisabeth didn’t laugh at my crummy humor, “not the jocks you idiot, the fucking were-beasts!”

I could practically see the steam coming out of her ears; and people think I have anger problems. “I think calling them beasts is derogatory Liz, I think they prefer to be called by their species name.”

“Doesn’t matter Joel, they aren’t allowed in the schools yet. None of them can hear me.”

“I beg to differ; have you seen the ears on some of those rabbits? They could probably pick you up from a mile away, through three layers of brick.”

“Whatever, I gotta’ get to class. See you after.”

She left hastily and left me alone in the small school café with my cup of coffee. Her sparking up the conversation wasn’t unusual given the fact that were-people or *Thropes* as they liked to be called collectively had been the talk of the whole world. A few months ago, these Thropes started popping up all over the world, revealing themselves. It started when a middle school kid in Vancouver Canada changed from a normal kid into a part fox part human creature in the middle of gym class. Unfortunately something seen by so many kids doesn’t take long to spread anymore, but the reaction by the public turned out better than previously thought by the Thrope community.

They began showing the world who they really were, changing in the middle of work, school, everywhere. Some were met with violence: mainly by hate groups like Neo Nazi’s; but the ratio of hate to general acceptance was pretty steeply in favor of accepting the new species. They were hardly the movie monsters humans had made them out to be. Most first world countries seemed to accept them quickly, but were still scared of one thing: Infection. The Thrope community expressed that the general public was under no danger unless bitten, but the governments wanted tests done to confirm that before they let them back into schools and work places.

They ran their tests, and found a virus contained in the saliva. Though they found that humans actually had a resistance to the virus, enough that the only way to infect someone was to purposefully expose copious amounts of saliva to blood; this could be done with a syringe or as the Thrope community used to do in ritual during ancient times, a single sustained bite. When the world found they had nothing to fear, their doors opened once again. Though this was still in its early stages, Canada was the first to start letting Thropes go back to school and work, and it became effective in the next two days. I counted myself lucky that I lived in a country that didn’t need much convincing.

The next two days went by like a blur, and before I knew it, Thropes of all different species began to populate the college campus. Everything from mammals to reptiles began to appear in the halls. I won’t lie; it really felt kind of weird. Every furred or scaly arm that brushed past my own gave me this really weird feeling, one that I found impossible to describe on an emotional level.

One day on my way out of an English class, I found myself face to face with someone I hadn’t seen in a long time. Warren was a friend of mine I hadn’t seen since he’d moved with his family to the US after freshman year of high school. He stood there with a nervous look on his face until he saw me. Warren waved me over and every inch I took forward made his smile all the more wide.

“Hey Joel,” he said in light greeting.

“Warren,” I replied with just as much surprise, “wow, when did you get back into the country? Last time we talked, you were just settling into a nice big house in the states; how’ve you been?”

“I just got back a few days ago, and I guess you could say things have been pretty good.”

I cocked an eyebrow, “Pretty good huh? Good enough that you crawled back up to the frigid north?”

He rubbed the back of his head nervously, “Yeah, I was getting kind of homesick. I mean, let’s just say there’s been a lot of change and moving back up here for college has been one of the few good ones.”

Warren looked around nervously, and I could tell he’d been staring at a lot of the Thropes that passed by us. “I know what you mean by changes. I think it will take a little while for people to get used to seeing something so... alien. The states still hasn’t made a decision on what to do about the Thropes have they?”

“Y-yeah. I don’t think they’d treat them badly, but just think about how long it took them just to say that homosexuals are people too. If it takes that long for them to decide on rights for someone who’s still their own species, imagine how long it will take them for something that foreign...”

This wasn’t the type of conversation to be had in the middle of a school building, “I’m sure it will work itself out. For now, can I get you a coffee?” I asked gesturing him to walk with me.

“Coffee would be nice, as well as something I’ve been craving since I got back.”

I knew exactly what he meant. I guided him to another building and we sat down to eat at the cafeteria. I paid for the coffee, and he got himself a big helping of fries with the works. I thought he’d end up drooling before he got the plate; granted he’d been without it for almost five years. When we finally sat down, the plate was almost gone in no time at all!

We talked a lot, catching up on lost time and stuff. Turns out he had a LOT of venting to do about his time in the US. When he left, he thought it would mean a better life for him that he could go for that American dream that people wrote about in books. Turns out his dreams were far better than the reality that awaited him. A struggling economy meant for heavy tuitions, less available jobs, and a lot of in fighting amongst the people and politicians. The whole Thrope-thing was just one more thing to add onto the countries already divided opinion.

“Wow,” I said finishing off my coffee, “you’ve made the last five years of my life sound dull in comparison.”

“Trust me, I’d have taken boring and dull over bullshit any day. Besides, I saw online that you got yourself a nice lady friend!”

I threw my empty cup into the trashcan, “Yeah, I got a real keeper...”

“What’s that supposed to mean? You’ve got someone right? She’s not just some account you made up?”

“No, not at all. It’s just... complicated.”

Warren shrugged and sipped his coffee, “Dames. What can you do?”

Throw them off a cliff would be nice, thanks brain, you always know what to say. “Beats me. Since you’re back, you wana hang out for a bit? I don’t have any assignments and I haven seen you in a while, where are you staying?”

“Oh, I got a dorm room here on campus. Its nothing special, but it came pretty cheap.”

“Wait, your going to THIS school?! When were you going to tell me?”

“I didn’t tell you?”

I shook my head, “no.”

“Well, I am. Taking technology actually, people always said I was good with computers after all.”

“Well you did hack our school’s network and took down the site blocker.”

We talked for a few more minutes and headed out across the campus. He was staying in one of the smaller dorm buildings, but he was fortunate enough not to have a roommate. Inside, his stuff was still mostly boxed up safe for a bed and a laptop. There was something in the air I couldn’t quite put my finger on, and eventually I just told myself it was some mildew or something coming from the old building. Warren also seemed to get a little more jittery, though I assumed it was the fact each of his neighbors were all Thropes. Once inside he closed the door and sat on the bed.

“Dude,” I said taking a step towards him, “what’s up with you? You look nervous, I didn’t think I changed that much in five years that you’d be practically shivering around me.”

He just shook his head, “Its just... I have this really big secret that I haven’t told anybody. And I guess until now, I didn’t really know anyone I could trust.”

I chuckled, “You’re not going to tell me your gay are you? You know I’d be cool with that man.”

He managed a small chuckle himself, “Well, that was supposed to be the second surprise.”

I paused, not really knowing what to expect next. “Second surprise? What’s the first?”

“It... it’s hard to say...”

I sat down next to him, “Dude, you can tell me anything.”

Warren stood up and kicked his shoes off, “Its not really something I can describe really... the best way is to show you.”

He took off his socks and I began to think, *what is he going to do? Show me his dick or ask me what a rash looks like?* None of which I was too excited about, but I guess I was comfortable enough around him. Warren only removed his socks and shoes though, then stood in front of me. For a moment I just thought he was having second doubts about telling me his secret; that assumption changed almost as drastically as he did in the next few moments.

Fur began to sprout up around his body, in patches of black and yellow that seemed to have no definitive pattern at all. Warren’s ears traveled up the side of his head till they on top of his scull, rounding out with the same yellow and black pattern. Pads formed on his hands along with claws. His face elongated into a short muzzle and the pattern of the fur began to take on a familiar pattern along with the tell-tale lines under his eyes. Sharp carnivorous fangs sprouted from his gums, and the black line of fur traveled down either side of his newly formed muzzle; I nearly mistook those as tears. Warren’s feet changed more drastically than his hands did, the entire leg seemed to bow and bend backwards, and resembled a hind leg as his feet changed into fully formed paws. Finally, a long feline tail protruded from his rear, spotted black and yellow just like the rest of the fur on his body, the tail reached down to the floor and then curled up.

Now I might have a “live and let live” attitude towards Thropes, but seeing your own friend transform into a were-cheetah in front of you was a little overwhelming. For a while I couldn't really think of an appropriate response except whispering “holy fuck,” to myself. I soon realized that was a bad choice of words, as Warren hung his head low and his tail dropped to the ground. He had better hearing than I thought.

“Guess this changes a lot of things, Huh?” he said rubbing his arm and looking away.

“I...” I couldn't quite think of something to say, “N-no.”

“No what?”

I sighed, “I don't know dude.”

I thought I saw tears running down those black marks, “Figures, even my old friends can't accept me...”

I shook myself out of my daze, “No, its not that! I already know its still Warren under that fur... It's just not something I've had a lot of exposure to, ya know?”

“What about all the other Thropes in school today?”

“They only JUST got back into the schools. Before that I'd never met one before; I've only ever seen them at a distance.”

He rubbed his eyes, the tears looking more noticeable over the lighter fur tone. “So, you're Ok with me being... weird?”

I stood up and shook my head, “Fuck dude,” I said putting my hand on his shoulder, “Gay, straight, cheetah, human or alien, your still the Warren I knew back in high school.”

Before I could remember just how fast cheetahs were, Warren embraced me in a hug I thought might crush my spine. “Thanks Joel.”

I patted his back as I coughed out a, “No problem buddy!”

After a moment of awkward silence, we unpacked Warren's TV and game console; figures he'd keep the older system from when we were kids. It was an easy setup, though the controllers were worn and the graphics were worse than I remembered. It was a simple 2-player side-scroller, one we'd enjoyed as kids and could feel nostalgic about as adults. After hopping over holes and jumping on bad guys, I began to feel a lot more comfortable around this new creature. He really was the same old warren, even if I did feel a slight twinge of doubt in the comforting words I'd spoken to him earlier. Though I counted myself lucky his eyes were focused on the screen, as my eyes were focused on him.

I still couldn't pinpoint how I felt about my friend's new form, though curiosity was probably the first thing that came to mind. I'd never seen a Thrope so close before, let alone a cheetah; I found the black spots to be almost mesmerizing against the light yellow fur. As he played (he was seated on the floor while I took the folding chair), his tail kept hitting the side of my sneaker; It threw off my game a little bit trying to make sure when I moved my foot I didn't step on the new appendage.

About mid-way through a level, I couldn't help but ask the obvious question that plagued my mind ever since Warren's change. "What's it like?"

Warren paused the game and looked up at me, "Pardon?"

"You know... being a were-cheetah..."

He turned his whole body around to face me, "Well, its different that's for sure. What specifically do you want to know?"

"Well, were you born that way? Were you turned?"

He chuckled a bit, "Nah, I've been this way since I was born. I didn't tell you earlier for obvious reasons, though part of me felt a little guilty I never did."

I nodded, "What about the physical aspect? Fur, the tail, the process of the change?"

Warren scratched his head, "Its kind of hard to explain really; most of the time I don't even notice the fur except in winter. The tail is kind of just there, and most of the time it has a mind of its own, but it helps me with balancing on these awkward feet."

He stretched out a leg to demonstrate, "But the change, now that's... even harder to describe. Its not nearly as painful as the horror movies make it out to be, though there is quite a lot of discomfort, especially the first time. Emotionally, for me its a little embarrassing since I've had to hide it my whole life."

"Can I... touch it?" Almost as quickly as I'd said the words I wish I'd worded them differently.

He just blinked at me, "Come again?"

"Your fur I mean," I said correcting myself, "if its ok... you know what? Never mind, that was weird."

Warren rubbed his shoulder and looked away for a moment, then responded. "Sure, I don't mind. Just don't go against the direction of the fur, that's just kind of annoying."

I nodded, and slowly reached out my hand. The first thing I held was the end of his tail, a move that seemed to startle him, the tail instantly squirming to get out of my grasp. His face took on this shocked almost painful look, like someone just zapped him with a Taser. I let go and the tail flicked itself out of sight.

"Ngh!" he gasped with ample volume, "Not there! That spots really sensitive."

“Sorry,” I said, this time going for his exposed forearm. This time, he just held it out for me, and I made not to make any quick motions. The fur that grazed across my fingers was short and soft, the texture was more like that of a domestic cat than what I’d imagine a wild animal’s to be: thick and wiry. I was so awestruck that the fact this fur belonged to my friend didn’t even strike me until after my hand had left his forearm.

“Neat huh?” he said with a bit of a smile.

I retracted my hand, “Yeah...”

Warren tilted his head, “What’s wrong Joel?”

“I don’t know, its just... it feels weird.”

His ears folded back, “Yeah, kind of weird when your friend has to groom himself with his tongue...”

“N-no! I didn’t mean it like that. You’re not weird, just... I feel weird.”

“I-I don’t understand Joel.”

I dug deep to try and find some sort of way to describe what I was feeling; some sort of emotion that was more noticeable. I found it, but I really didn’t want to admit what I was feeling. I felt weak for thinking this, about my friend, and more specifically about my friend’s current condition.

“I’m Jealous, Warren!”

He blinked, “What? Why would you be jealous of me?”

“Because of all... this!” I gestured at his whole body with my hands, “I mean come on, its really fucking cool! Warm fur for the winter, great hearing, claws, fangs... How is that not cool?”

Warren stood up quickly, “Cool?! You think its cool to have to hide because the rest of the world thinks you’re a freak?!”

I stood back up, “N-no, I didn’t mean it like that...”

He turned his back to me, “You wouldn’t understand.”

“Well maybe I do,” I shot back at him, “and maybe if I was like you, I could have fought back against the assholes that bullied me with more than just words, that got me into more trouble!”

We stood there for a moment, his back to me, both of us speechless. I wondered if I'd gone too far; as usual expressing my sincere feelings did nothing but get me in trouble. This time I might have hurt the only person who didn't think I had problems, perhaps my only friend. Though his words made me realize I might have hurt him too, and I'd guess he didn't have any friends after moving back.

Warren was the first to say something, "So... you really think I'm cool?"

"Absolutely," he turned back to face me, "I mean, it sucks you had to move here cause of something like this, but things will get better."

Warren threw his arms over my shoulders, embracing me in a hug. "I hope so Joel, I really do."

He stood there for a while, my arms wrapping around Warren's body. It was comforting to have my friend back; I had a fear I'd be going through college without any. When we let go of each other, we didn't separate fully; we just sort of stood there, a short gap separating me and my cheetah friend. Warren slowly leaned in closer to me, his eyes began to close, and I just stood there. His eyes closed fully and his mouth came closer to mine. His short muzzle was so close now I could almost feel the fur graze my upper lip, a thick whisker probing my cheek. The only thing going through my head was: *why am I not stopping him?*

It took me this long to remember I had a girl-friend, and that she was probably still waiting for me to go pick her up to go to the movies. I stumbled backwards and Warren opened his eyes. He looked more than a little disappointed, his head hung low and his paw rubbing his opposite arm. He knew I was dating Elizabeth, So why he even tried it was beyond me.

"I-I should get going, Liz and I had plans to go to the movies."

"Y-yeah," He stuttered, "I-I shouldn't keep you. Have a good time at the movies."

I grabbed my coat and left the dorm. More than a couple of Thropes saw me as I hastily walked down the stairs and out of the building, slamming my palm against my forehead. Why couldn't I just let him kiss me? It would have been a lot less awkward, and I might have avoided the possibility of losing a close friend. I mean, I'd never considered dating men before, but Warren... I had to get that thought out of my head, I was already in a relationship and if there was one thing I'd never done, it was cheat. I had a beautiful (albeit high maintenance) girlfriend, occasional sex, and if I really did just screw up the possibility of having a close friend, I wouldn't be alone throughout college. Why give that up? I'd sort my thoughts and feelings about Warren out later.

When I arrived at Elizabeth's dorm, I realized I was about a half-hour ahead of schedule. I didn't care; I needed a distraction from the events at Warren's dorm room and if anything Elizabeth would be glad I was early for once. As I went to go knock on her

door, I stopped short as I heard a repetitive rhythm coming from the other side. It didn't sound like her music; it was too harsh, too erratic. Listening closer I heard subtle groans and murmurs from behind the paper-thin door. My mind didn't clue in until I heard a womanly "Fuck me!" followed by more gruff male groans.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I didn't want to believe it, I started going through possibilities in my head but they all turned out the same: maybe she was putting up those new shelves, *with another man*. Maybe she was fixing that clogged up drain, *with another man*. Maybe she was watching a porno and pleasuring herself, *with another man*. Finally I turned right around and left the building, anger pushing me out the door, the steel barrier hitting the brick wall with the gritty thud of metal against stone. My girlfriend was cheating on me! I couldn't even come to think of who was in there with her; I didn't care! I nearly gaged at the thought of whether or not this was the first time she'd cheated on me. If I couldn't trust that she wouldn't have other partners, how could I trust that she was clean?! I could only count myself lucky that my last physical turned up nothing out of the ordinary (for once I was glad we hadn't had sex since then).

Without knowing it, I'd marched right back to Warren's dorm building. I took this as a blessing in disguise, I could make things up with him, and maybe I wouldn't have to spend college alone after all. It was already sinking in that my time with Elizabeth was over and done with, and already my anger was slowly draining away at the thought of not having to deal with her bitching for another second. I made my way up to Warren's room and knocked on the door.

Warren opened the door, still looking a little guilt ridden from earlier. "Hey Joel."

"Can I come in?"

He gestured me inside the room and closed the door. He'd done a little more unpacking, just a few necessities. A computer tower and a laptop were already hooked up on a desk, a phone charged atop the laptop's lid. Warren really had packed everything but the kitchen sink, and it was at that point I realized that this was where his new life would start; he wasn't going back to the US.

"Before you say anything," Warren started, "I just want you to know I'm sorry and-"

I held up my hand, "Save it dude, I'm not mad at you, to be honest I'm still sorting that stuff out in my head. Right now I got bigger problems."

He cocked an eyebrow, "What do you mean?"

I scratched at my chin and sat on the edge of Warren's bed, "Elisabeth is... cheating on me."

Warren's eyes went wide, "What?"

I just stared at my feet, “I walked up to her dorm and... well I don’t need to see to know that those heavy grunts and groans mean sex.”

The cheetah sat next to me on the bed, “Oh, jeez... Sorry to hear that Joel. I have no idea what that would be like...”

I chuckled, “And you know what? I’ve never been good with sorting out my emotions, but there is one emotion I KNOW is not in the equation.”

“What’s that?”

I looked up and smiled, “Sadness. I don’t feel sad that my relationship with one of the prettiest girls on campus is over. Sure I’m angry, but I’m also a little glad; glad that I don’t need to hear her bitch at me anymore!”

“Shit Joel, good for you... I think? Sorry, I just don’t have any insight on this matter, my mind is still in the apologetic mode for putting you in that awkward situation...”

I looked to my friend, “And then there’s you. That stunt you pulled, filled me with a lot of emotions,” he sat there transfixed, his tail not even moving an inch. “Confusion, awkwardness, even just a little bit of fear. But you know what I noticed was not even remotely there?”

Warren’s ears drooped, “Affection?”

I shook my head and shimmied closer to him, “Anger, hatred, or even a trace amount of hurt. Now I’ve never done anything remotely like that with another guy, but there is one thing I want you to do so I can finally put these mixed emotions behind me.”

Warren appeared to shrink in his seat, “Promise never to do it again?”

I put my hand on his shoulder, “No you crazy cat. I want you to finish the job.”

I leaned in close, tugged on his neck a bit to bring him closer, and pressed my lips to his feline muzzle. I felt soft fur against my lips, and even a bit of the fleshy part of his lips too. I held him there for a moment, his mind probably still in a state of shock. I began to realize this was vastly different from any time I’d kissed Elizabeth; not just in physical sensation either. Sure there was that sexual part which I found surprising that I could feel the same way about another male, but there was this other flood of sensations I’d never felt before. I didn’t know what it all meant, except it felt good: better than anything I’d ever felt for Liz.

Warren was more relaxed now, his paw resting behind my head. He never pushed me off of him, and now he was getting a lot more into it. We separated, and I could still

taste him on my lips, far different from Liz's lip-gloss, it was a stronger taste: I liked it. His face was much more relaxed, like he just came out of a daze and I could admit that the feeling was mutual. I'd never done something like that before, but I liked it. It felt more real, more satisfying.

"...So?" Warren asked.

I shook myself out of my daze, "So what?"

"You know," he said sheepishly, "did you like it?"

I smiled, and answered his question with another kiss. This one held just as much feeling if not more. The passion was exciting; it made my heart race, and I wanted more. For a moment I thought about what I was doing. I was cheating on my girlfriend with a male cheetah; this was something that I almost knew for a fact would push her over the edge of rage. The most immediate response that came to my mind I found to be the one I liked most: *Fuck that bitch*.

I started to slide my shirt off, and Warren took it upon himself to do the same. My hands began to explore every inch of his black and yellow speckled body. The fur on his chest and belly was as soft as the fur I'd felt on his arms, and I found most of his size was in fur, under that he was quite skinny. My hand traveled down past his navel, and I stopped. I was unsure about what I was doing, not in the emotions that ran through my psyche, but whether or not Warren felt the same way. Would further exploration be permitted, or would such a move sour the moment? My answer came when the cheetah's paw guided my hand down his pants, and my hand grasped his manhood. The fur that covered his genitals was soft as silk, but while feeling around, I could only feel his balls, I didn't feel a long shaft at all.

I removed my hand, and began undoing his belt. Once unclasped, he undid a clasp in the back (which I assumed made a hole for his tail) and he shimmied his pants and underwear off. What remained was a naked cheetah boy, exposed in brilliant yellow, black, and a yellowish-white patch around his groin. Where his penis should have been was an appendage I later found out was named a 'sheath'. I combed my fingers through the soft pubic fur, and I heard him let out a breath, his tail hit against my leg.

I let my hands rest on his thighs, and he cocked his head, "What's wrong Joel? Don't you like what we're doing?"

I sighed, "No, I like it and all..."

"... Is it me?"

"No no," I replied hastily, "There's no one else I'd rather share this experience with. It's just... I'm out of my element here, I really don't know what I'm supposed to do."

The cheetah smiled, and then proceeded to push me down onto my back. “Don’t worry then. Just lay back, and I’ll do all the work.”

Warren began kissing my chest, each little suckle moving down my chest, belly, and finally to my own waistline. He undid my belt, exposing a pair of boxer-briefs that were already starting to tent. He moved my pants off my legs to join his on the floor, and then went back to kissing my fleshy body. When he got down to the tent in my underwear, he pressed his muzzle against my bulge and inhaled deeply. I didn’t really know why, but the pressure against the base of my shaft caused me to gasp! Liz was the type to go straight for the blowjob and miss the foreplay, but this felt amazing. Each little tease made me want it even more, my now rock-hard cock almost painfully stiff against the cotton undergarment.

The cheetah removed my boxer-briefs and lay there a moment, gently stroking my erection with a paw before speaking. “Think you’re ready for the full experience?”

I looked at him and nodded, hoping that I wasn’t just agreeing to a blowjob with a friend who had needle-like teeth. Instead Warren reached under a pillow and produced a bottle of lubricant. He squirted a generous amount into one paw and began coating my dick in the thick jelly. When he felt it was enough, he re-positioned himself, his hips dangling over mine. He took the rest of the lube and wiped it under his tail; now I knew exactly what was going on. I’d done anal before, and I knew that the key was lots and lots of lubrication.

The cheetah began to slowly lower himself onto me, my cock pressing against his tight hole. His breathing changed to sharp breaths, but by the time he’d lowered himself halfway, his face changed from one of discomfort into one of pleasure. Once I was all the way inside him, he sat there for a second, looking at me with those brilliant eyes. He could tell I was going to enjoy this as much as he was. Little by little, he began moving himself up and down my cock, stimulating it with every movement. My head flew back into the pillow, breathing becoming just as deep as Warren’s.

The cheetah’s cock began to peak out of the sheath, its form not much different than mine save for a few little spiny things near the head. My hand reached out to stroke Warren’s erection, curiosity mixing with ecstasy as my fingers glided up the fleshy shaft. The spines were flexible, and Warren seemed to enjoy the attention I was giving his manhood as I fondled the almost alien appendage. The cheetah closed his eyes, giving in to the moment, as I too began to lose myself in the raw sexual sensations.

He bent down, pressing his body to mine. Skin brushed against fur, and I began pumping my hips against his ass. His breathing was hot against my neck, and I could feel my climax nearing its peak. Lost in the moment, I didn’t even realize Warren sinking his teeth into my shoulder, the move only proved increase my ecstasy. Finally I could take it no longer, and I released a hot stream of cum inside him. I blew my load inside his ass just as soon I felt a hot liquid seep between me and Warren, coating flesh and fur as our

torso's pressed together. The last few throbs of semen oozed into Warren, and he released his jaws from my shoulder. I didn't register the small wound in my shoulder, my euphoria masked any pain I might have felt.

Slowly, the cheetah lifted himself off me, his erection slipping back into its sheath as mine shrank back to normal. He lay on my stomach, panting against my chest. We didn't speak; words couldn't describe what I was feeling. Passion, enjoyment, affection all didn't even come close to it. We lay there so long we eventually just fell asleep in each other's arms. I slept so soundly with Warren close to me, I didn't even feel the fur sprout while I drifted to sleep.

I awoke to the sight of a sleeping cheetah Thrope, and I began to remember our night together. The passion, the excitement, the sex, it all played back in my head; I smiled as I watched Warren sleep. The sun was just coming up through the dorm-room window; I'd really slept the whole night in my friend's bed. I reached out to touch the short muzzle, though what I saw spooked me. A black and yellow spotted arm reached out, and a paw touched the cheetah's muzzle. I'd felt the fur as if the hand had been my own, but this one wasn't human. I pushed myself away, and ended up falling onto the hard floor, a jolt of pain shooting from my tail up to my spine.

My tail? I looked behind me, and sure enough a long yellow feline tail, dotted with black and tipped in white stared back at me. I froze, thinking that maybe I was still dreaming. Looking down I could see my legs coated in the same yellow and black fur pattern, the feet were completely unfamiliar to me. I started to panic, and I heard Warren rustling in the bed. He came to the edge and looked at me.

"Joel?" he asked rubbing his eyes, "What are you..." The cheetah froze and his eyes went wide, "Oh my god..."

I looked up at him, only managing a simple, "What?"

"Joel, the first thing I need you to do, is not to panic."

Warren's words only made my heart race faster, "What's going on?! What happened to me?!" I asked looking at my hands now coated in fur with pads and claws.

"Joel, you need to calm down..."

"Calm down? Calm down?! How can you tell me to calm down when I'm coated in fur?!"

The cheetah reached down with both paws on my shoulders and shook me, "Snap out of it Joel!"

His voice was loud enough It shocked me into silence. For a long while we just stayed there, his paws on my shoulder, my heart rate decreasing with every second. His eyes never left mine, and I began to find comfort in is touch. I took a few deep breaths, and then slowly brought my hands up to eye level. They were almost identical to his, opposable digits with pads on each finger and palm, claw tips poling out of the end of each finger. The rest of my body was coated in yellow fur dotted with black, a patch of white fur on my groin. My penis was hidden in a sheath similar to his, and my legs took on the same appearance as his too.

Finally, I looked back up at him, “But... I thought you couldn’t be infected through sex...”

Warren looked down, “You can’t. Fuck, don’t tell me...” he ran his thumb through the fur on my shoulder, focusing on a couple of places where the fur hadn’t grown. “Oh my god. Joel, I’m so sorry...”

“What is it?” I asked, only now realizing the difficulty of speaking through the short muzzle, a tongue gliding across pointed carnivorous teeth.

He paused for a moment, searching for the words to tell me what I already knew. “I must have bit you while we were, you know...”

“Having sex?” I said finishing his thought.

“Yes. I didn’t plan on this, things just got wild, I must have just... oh jeeze Joel, I’m really, really sorry!”

I looked over my new body again, then looked back to Warren, “Will I ever be, you know, human again?”

The cheetah bit his lip, “You’ll be able to change back to human yes, but you’ll always be a were-cheetah.”

I looked down at my fur-covered body; my tail lay between my outstretched legs. Surprisingly enough, one emotion I wasn’t feeling at that moment was anger. In fact, I could almost say I felt a little bit of excitement. Seeing Warren’s transformation yesterday filled me with jealousy, in a way I’d wanted what he had. I ran a paw over my body, then tried grabbing the tail. Immediately after grasping the tail, I let go, realizing why Warren hadn’t wanted me to touch it himself. It was so sensitive that grabbing it hard like that was like having someone grab an ear or another sensitive appendage. I ran a paw against my head and felt the two round ears, which reflexively flattened against my skull.

“You know what?” I said looking up at Warren, “I’m ok with this.”

The cheetah pushed himself up, “You’re, what?”

I stretched out a hand and examined it again, “I said yesterday that I was jealous of you didn’t I? Well, I guess if anything, I’m sort of glad this happened.”

Warren looked at me, “Joel, being a were-cheetah is a lifelong thing and... how can you be sure you’re ok with this?”

“Well, I’m still me, right? I’m just, Joel with fur now. You said it yourself I can change back to human right? So what have I really lost?”

“Uh, I guess that makes sense... look, what I’m trying to say is, how can you be sure that tomorrow you won’t hate what you’ve become? ...Or hate me for that matter?”

I looked up at him, put my paw behind his head, and pulled him into a kiss. Once I released it, his face didn’t have that worried look anymore. I could smell something on him, or maybe that was him? I didn’t quite have the rules of the animal part figured out yet, but hopefully Warren could help me with that.

“I’m about as sure as the fact that I know that I like kissing and fucking another guy. I know this is a big deal, but a big deal isn’t always a bad thing you know?”

Warren looked back at me, “I guess, if your ok with it.”

I chuckled, “Come on, help me figure out these legs so I can get up off my tail.”

I was human now, or at least in a human form. I checked the clock, any minute now Elizabeth should be walking through that door. Sure enough, a very pissed off Liz stormed right up to my table and slammed her hands down on the table. Warren, still in a cheetah form flinched, but I squeezed his paw under the table to reassure him. It was all a big drama she was putting on, nothing more.

“Where the hell have you been?!” Liz shrieked.

“Here with my friend,” I said calmly.

Liz looked at the cheetah, “Excuse me for forgetting the introductions, but what the hell Joel?! You don’t show up yesterday and this morning you send me this vague text message telling me to meet you in the cafeteria?! You’d better have a good explanation for me.”

“I do.”

“And?”

“I was with my friend here. Shooting the breeze, catching up on lost time, having sex...”

Liz stared back at me, “You WHAT?!?!?”

“You heard me.”

Liz just looked from me, to Warren, and then back to me. “I can’t believe you’d do this to me! Cheating on me, after all I’ve done for you, and with a male! A fucking animal!”

At that, I nodded to Warren, and he nodded back. Fur began to sprout along my body, and my face elongated into a short muzzle. Omnivorous teeth were replaced by sharp carnivorous ones, and rounded ears sprouted atop my skull. A tail snaked its way through a hole in my jeans, and my feet began to change shape to resemble the hind legs of a feline. All the while Liz stared back, speechless at my dramatic transformation. It didn’t hurt, though it was really uncomfortable since I’d only learned the technique hours ago, this was probably only my third change, not counting the one I’d woken up to.

I stood up from my seat and pointed a claw-tipped finger at her, “Now you listen here Liz, I’ve had it up to here with your bullshit! The nagging and the bitching, it’s a wonder I ever put up with you, let alone your boy-toy. Yes, that’s right, I knew you were cheating on me first, hell now I can even smell the other man on you! So before you judge me, look in a fucking mirror! And by the way, Warren is not an animal; he’s my friend. Hell, I’d even be willing to call him a mate. So you can take your bitching and your hypocritical judgments, and shove them right up your ugly ass!”

Elizabeth’s face was red hot; she turned around, and marched out the door. “WE’RE THROUGH!!!”

As she turned the corner and disappeared from sight, I flipped her the bird, “Don’t forget, lots of lube!”

The whole cafeteria heard our little spat, and everyone had stopped to watch. I turned to Warren, and gave him a small kiss. The whole room began to clap, I’d stood up for myself, and my mate in front of someone whom every person on campus would soon know was a royal cunt. It felt good, knowing I had a partner that actually cared for me, and for once knowing exactly what was going through my head. A lot of things in my life were changing, and I knew deep down that they would be for the better.

-End