

The cattery had always been around, since before any of the neighbours could remember. Last year, someone had even posted some ancient newspaper clipping on Facebook with the same house and a horde of cats from a time everything surrounding it was countryside.

Most people thought it was nice, a harmless eccentricity of the area. But Dan had never quite trusted the innocent-looking cottage with its massive cat run. Or more accurately, he didn't trust the old man who ran it. Not since the one time they had met.

It had been his first day in his new house, and while on a wander around the area, he accosted him. "Hello girl." He'd jumped, whipping around to see the old man put his hand on his shoulder. He couldn't remember anything about his appearance, only his eyes. They had been the oddest shade of green.

"I'm a bloke," he'd muttered, concerned more than anything. At first, he thought he was confused, maybe sick.

"Come to my house, girl. I could do with someone like you there." He'd tugged him with abnormal strength until he shouted out and the old man ran- or rather disappeared entirely. When a neighbour asked if he was okay, they didn't mention the man. It was as if he had never been there at all.

Still, Dan remembered. And every time he walked by the cattery, dread filled him. It felt like something was waiting for him there. Sometimes he swore he saw the green-eyed man watching him- or his wife. He swore there were a dozen green eyed people there, and while the neighbours joked about a crazy cat man, some of them wondered if a child or relative had taken over the business, because the person who lived there wasn't the same as they remembered.

He shook his head, looking longingly back at his house. If he could, he would've stayed in there all day. Sadly, he was needed in the office and his car was being serviced, meaning he had to use the bus. Meaning he would have to walk past the cattery to get to the station by the local shops. He clenched his briefcase tight and walked.

In the early summer dawn, he noticed the quaint little rose garden of the cattery was especially lovely, with twice as many flowers as the surrounding gardens. Funny; he had never noticed the cattery having roses at all. Dan couldn't pry his eyes away. They smelled wonderful, and the colours were exquisite...

He was in the garden, he realised. The realisation made him jump, and he grabbed the gate to get away- only for him to look behind one last time and notice the door was opening to a welcoming hall. And it seemed to be right behind him, as if the stretch between gate and hallway had vanished. His boots hit against the porch, despite it being metres away a second ago.

He looked back. Could there be something wrong? He ought to go in and check, even if he didn't like the old person living there; he would never forgive himself if they needed help, and he didn't provide it. Taking a deep breath, he stepped into the mothball smelling hall.

"Anyone there? Need any help?" The cattery was silent for ten long seconds. Then a crash came from the nearest room.

Dan tore into a living room filled with figurines and scratching posts to find a rather sheepish looking cat and a shattered piece of porcelain. "Where's your owner, little guy?" he asked, reaching out to scratch it. The cat walked past him out the door, and he ended up brushing his fingers against the scratching post instead.

Deep rents tore into it. He flinched, looking at his fingernails, but they were well blunt- he was quite the nail chewer. Huh, maybe these things were meant to scratch up like that. He poked it again. A claw popped out of his index finger.

He backed away, feeling sick, feeling like all his blood was roaring in his ears. His fists curled and his fingertips pricked his palms, sinking into little slits with a feeling of *something* pulling in his fingers which definitely hadn't been there when he woke up. He had claws. Claws in his fingers.

Dan sprinted for the door, which seemed far away, as if the hall had stretched. He slipped on a rug of cats dancing and smashed his face against the floor. His nose buckled ominously.

Crawling up, he cradled it. The shape was wrong, for a broken nose- too flat and weird texture, nostrils massive. As he stood up, Dan met his eyes with a mirror version of him- his nose was that of a cat's, the bridge of his nose jutting out and hairy.

"No," he said to himself to confirm he still had a voice. It echoed on the metal ornaments strewn all over the walls. *No, no, no*, the house whispered to him in mocking tones. *Meow, meow, meow*- Wait. He could hear a cat. And it was close.

Afraid of what might happen if he saw another cat, he ran, rushing this time into a kitchen with a dozen little bowls. *Meow, meow, meow*. Before he could think much, he shoved himself under the tablecloth of cats playing fanciful instruments and crouched.

He heard *its* little bell collar ring. He heard *it* purr and mew as *it* walked past. Dan's crouch deepened until a deep pressure built up in his back. Then he heard a flap slam shut and the bell fade into nothing.

He jolted; the pressure in his back burst into a long, strange sensation. A sensation which pressed against the table and dangled from above his ass, real as he was. Dan grabbed his tail, and it wriggled in his hands, claws scratching against the thin skin beneath the thick fur.

His brain whirled in confusion. His soul screamed out for an explanation. But there was none, just a fluffy tail in his clawed hands. A tail which was white with little patches of orange and black. *Calico*. Why did that send such dread through him?

He slumped by the door and stared at the dusty plastic chandelier lighting up the place in despair. What could he do? He couldn't go back to normal life with a *tail*. Dan shivered; the floor was cold.

So cold, in fact, it was sending jolts of cold through his crotch. Normally he would've stood up; here, he yanked his pants and stared. He didn't trust this place. It took a substantial amount of effort for him to not scream at what he saw.

Fur wrapped around his thighs and got dangerously near to his dick, white and orange and black like his tail. It was around his asshole; he could feel it without touching, and sense the different shape of it too. Groaning, Dan rubbed his ass against the floor to get rid of the uncomfortable feeling building up in his nethers.

"Wait!" His voice broke him out of his reverie. "What am I *doing*?" Rubbing had made everything worse, and now the fur was all over his ass and crawling up his balls. Worse, his balls were small. As he watched, his cock twitched and instead of going upwards, sagged and contracted, becoming tiny. The sensitivity of it increased until he had to bite his lip and wriggle to deal with it.

*That's it. Calico cats are female.* Dan gagged. *I don't want to be a cat!* He pulled his pants up, tightened his trousers and staggered onwards. He had to get out of here, tail be damned. The way his mind had fogged up on the floor terrified him, as did the feeling of a weight missing between his legs. He didn't have time. Part of him reckoned he was already completely fucked. Sweat dripped from his forehead. *Okay, okay, just focus on getting out of here.*

He passed through one door to a hallway, then through another door. And another. And another. All were the same; tacky wooden doors and floral wallpaper that smelled of perfume. When he looked back, he could see nothing except more hallways and doors. Looking forward was the same. A little mew of misery burst from his lips before he slapped them shut. No matter what, he wouldn't let himself become a cat. He would get out and go to work. He would move away and never, ever walk past the cattery ever again. And he would be completely human while doing it.

Finally, he reached one last door. White glowed behind it. He turned the wooden handle, and the light blinded him before his eyes adjusted. He stood in a decent sized garden (or at least it would be if it wasn't for all the cat pens). Dan gave no attention to the cats staring at him or their mews. All he saw was the low fence he could jump over.

Dan ran with tears in his eyes. He could *taste* freedom on his oddly rough tongue. Remembering his P.E classes about doing long jumps, he got into position and sprung.

He soared through the air like a thing born of it, rushing to the apex of the fence and into the next garden. "Yes!" he shrieked, clawing at the wooden boards, touching against the top of it- Pain seared through his tail and he went toppling down with a scream.

"Meow, meow!" Paws poked at his streaming eyes. Dan curled his lip at the grey tabby. It purred, licking his cheek with its rough tongue. He shimmied away as best as he could before trying to get to his feet. All he managed before tripping over were two wobbly steps. "Meow!" The cat cried insistently, eyes fixed on him. He looked down at his arms and discovered why.

His hands were gone. Instead, all he had were fluffy white paws with pink pads, stiff and utterly useless for walking. His legs felt bent wrong too... He mewled in despair when he saw the fate befalling them. His knees were scrunched up, his feet too long and tipped with identical white paws. Tottering around on his new digits, he realised he wouldn't be able to walk like a human again. All he could do was stagger around on all fours. Hopelessness gnawed at his very soul. *I can get away, though. Cats can jump well, and I'm right beside the fence.* He crouched to leap once more.

"Mau!" A massive ginger cat butted him in the ribs, knocking him on his back. He lay down and wagged his paws like a hairy beetle while the ginger cat and grey tabby sat down on him.

Dan gulped. "Let me go!" he said in a tiny squeak. The ginger cat watched him with half shut orange eyes. Then, miraculously, it got off him. The grey tabby followed. "Thank you." The ginger cat purred and sniffed at his crotch.

"Hey!" He blushed and put a paw over his shrinking dick, hissing. The ginger cat yawned and started grooming himself. He lifted his paw up, shivering as it slicked down the fur of his belly and brushed against tiny nubs. The ginger cat padded forward again.

"Hey-" Dan's nostrils flared like a cat's, and for the first time he could *smell* like one. The ginger cat's scent was musky, powerful, seductive-

What was he thinking? It was a *cat*. But his nose kept on bringing in the scent, the powerful scent of an unfixed tom waving around in his skull, making him lightheaded. His lip curled at it,

nose stretching longer to take in more of it. He wanted it; his diminutive dick quivered at the tom's scent. *I have to get away now, or I won't be able to escape at all.* Dan turned and tottered away for one last try at the fence. His progress was painfully slow; he was smaller and his clothes slipped about. The fence looked bigger too...

Pure pleasure shot through him. He turned back to see the ginger cat licking his... her vagina, which, despite being covered in a dusting of white fur, was bright pink and swollen. Her nipples stood erect through her pelt, so sensitive in the gentle wind she was panting. By now, her clothes weren't clinging to her at all; when she wriggled away from the tom cat she slipped out of them entirely, the sole hint she was ever human her still elongated body and the lack of a proper muzzle on her face. At some point, her ears had changed too, pointy and splashed with bright colour.

She sweated through her paw pads, backing away from the tom who made her mind feel blurry. Other cats watched through their pens, some of them musky toms, others not, and others with the burning, desperate scent of heat.

Like her. The ginger tom's eyes locked against hers as she shrank and her hisses made her face settle into a fully feline shape. She was afraid, yet wanted to lie down and give in at the same time. Dan hunkered down into a bow before she could think, raising her tail and exposing her cunt.

He ran for her. No, no, no! She tried to get away, but it was too late and her limbs wouldn't obey her; he grabbed onto her neck with his sharp teeth and scrabbled over her back, ramming her spreadeagled into the grass. Then he began fucking her.

It was pain like she had never known before, deep and all-consuming, leaving her no option except to scream wordlessly, even her voice taken from her. The tom didn't hesitate, going so hard with his barbed cock it felt like he would tear her open. She hoped that would happen soon and allow her to escape her fate.

The tom had no such intention. When she tried to scramble up, he bit her harshly and forced her flat again. Limp and helpless, she couldn't help feel awed by his strength. He would fill her up with strong kittens.

*No. That would be my worst nightmare.* Against her will, her thoughts clung to the idea like it was chasing a ball of yarn it didn't want to let go. Kittens with a strong mate growing her belly and swelling her teats... It sounded good to an increasingly large part of her mind.

One of the pens groaned under the weight of cats and broke open. Dan mewled at the scent of another pair of toms, both as massive as the one fucking her. They came towards her. *I can't do this; he's ripping me apart, but them tearing him off would only speed that up.*

The first one, a pure snowy white, licked her face. She was showered under a river of cat kisses. The kisses felt good, the rhythm syncing with the ginger cat's cock. It made the cock feel better; it was not as painful now, the fucking; once it had felt like she was being torn, now it felt like each barb was seeking deeper in and rubbing places which needed to be touched, a dizzying and pleasurable experience. She could lie there forever and be fucked big and fat. It felt so good she yowled to the sky, unable to keep her first orgasm in.

Something was wrong, the cat thought. A little prickle of dread ran down her spine alongside the delight of sex. It was never to be anything more than a prickle; the tabby cat hiding behind the ginger tom slammed his cock in and the cat that had been Dan's thoughts dissolved into a horny mist.

Two cocks had her yowling again. It got worse when the white cat went down on her teats and licked them into puffing up. She couldn't think, couldn't breathe, couldn't see anything other than stars. All she was in that moment was a yowling, wriggling mess of arousal who wanted more and more.

And she got it. Done with pleasuring solely her, the white cat bit into her scruff and slid his dick into her broad cunt too. The other female cats joined her yowls and found their own mates, and entire cat orgy cascading all over the cattery, though none had mates as strong and virile as the little calico cat, who took all three cocks ploughing into her freshly made vagina like a champion and never tired.

Nor did her mates. Not only were they well endowed, their seed was thick and endless, drizzling onto the ground as her womb filled up with it. Endless ropes of it had filled it up and made her belly dragged on the floor, making her all the easier to fuck as she was now too rotund to get away. Her tits increased her wild sexual joy too, rubbed into swelling further with each thrust. Milk oozed from them; if an onlooker saw her, they would have no idea she wasn't already fully pregnant.

The sun was at its apex by the time the tom cats tired and pulled out of the calico cat. Seed drooled from her cunt in their wake, as she rolled onto her back, too tired for anything else while her mates licked up their seed from her fur. Eventually, all four cats were clean, and they rolled over in a patch of sunlight to sleep. The calico purred, utterly content with her lot in life; a life in the cattery was a good one indeed.