

Tim disliked the Facility at first sight; the place and the people working there were sterile, as if everything that made them fully human was sucked out. If he had a choice, he would've backed out. But it was too late now that he had signed the contract, unless he wanted to spend a long time in jail.

"Welcome to your new home Tim," Dr Graham, the scientist who they assigned him to chirped, pushing open a set of white doors which looked exactly like the last dozen he had passed.

He looked at the room behind those doors sceptically; it had a bed so low it was practically a mattress on the floor, a beanbag and a single plastic white table. Worse, the blinding white fluorescent walls and lights were as bad as the outside. "It's lovely," he said after a while, reminding himself of how much he was going to get paid for his time there, and not wanting to start on the wrong foot with Dr Graham.

She clapped. "Fantastic! I'll leave you to get settled in and fetch you in the morning; in a few hours you'll get dinner!" He shuddered when the door slammed behind her; it had a terrible, final feel to it.

The rest of that day passed in tedium; he found a drawer underneath the table with a few ragged old books, which were his sole entertainment, but none of them were to his interest. Dinner was soggy mashed potatoes slipped through a panel in the door he hadn't noticed, and when it was time to sleep the lights didn't go off, forcing him to use the blindfolds underneath his pillow. It wasn't enough, and by morning he had a throbbing headache.

"Rise and shine!" Dr Graham burst into his room while he was staring at his gluey porridge. "Let's get going, shall we? You're going to have a busy busy day!"

Tim set his spoon aside and followed her, rubbing his temples. He was desperate to escape the Facility with his money already.

They walked deep into the building, towards a door with a tiny scratch on it, the most unique door he had seen so far in the Facility. "This is where we'll be doing our tests," Dr Graham said. Her voice was free of its usual chirpy happiness. It was calm, reverent. Frankly, it gave him the creeps.

The room itself was grey, a chair with deadly looking restraints in the centre, various medical supplies scattered around. "Don't worry, we won't be using those," she said, noticing Tim giving the restraints a suspicious look. "Just sit in the chair and we can get started."

He sat down, clinging onto the uncomfortable fabric of the armrests. A bit of fluff from the inside stuck out of the left one, as if someone had scratched it open. His skin crawled when he noticed the footrest's metal was scratched up, too. This place wasn't like the clean rooms he had seen in the brochures.

"Don't mind the students; you won't even be able to see them through the glass," Dr Graham sang, fiddling around with something over a sink. He whipped his head around, seeing the dark

glass at the room's rear. He couldn't make out any faces, but he could see the shadows of people and hear faint whispers. The hairs on the back of his neck shot up.

Dr Graham didn't notice his discomfort. "Close your eyes, it'll be quick," she said, and rammed a syringe of gleaming blue liquid into his arm.

Tim bit back a scream, his entire arm lighting up in pain. "Tsk, tsk, did no-one ever tell you to relax your arm first?"

He flushed, flexing his shoulder; the injection site's pain was radiating upwards. "What else are we doing today?" He failed to keep his annoyance out of his voice.

"No, that will be all. We'll do observations tomorrow," Dr Graham said. He sighed in relief when he got back to his room, staying on the bean bag while the pain from the injection worked from his arm to his head and chest, eventually tingling in his toes and his left fingers.

Lunch came: it was a steak. Tim bolted it down and relished every bit, feeling empty once he finished.

He paced for a while after that, then read for a while until he couldn't stand the book anymore and went back to pacing. His eyes ached from the bright light everywhere. The ache in his head grew bad enough that he began thinking longingly of the grey room. He would've been more comfortable in there...

Tim sat down again and kneaded at the beanbag, trying to work out the soreness in his fingers.

After a while, he looked down at them and frowned. They were puffy; the skin seemed to swallow his fingernails.

He went to the door and knocked, wondering if anyone would answer; there was no other way of getting help in here. While waiting, he slipped off his shoes, his toes tight in his shoes to the point of it feeling like they were slamming against a wall. A small hole had been poked in his left sock where the big toe was pointing out because of its swelling. He knocked again with ferocity.

"Hello?" Dr Graham cracked open the door, another scientist watching him with curiosity just behind her.

"My hands and feet are swollen," Tim said, putting his hands in her face.

She blinked. "Oh, okay then. That should change by tomorrow; if it would make you more comfortable, would you like some painkillers?"

He nodded; they might not help his fingers, but they would help his headache.

Dr Graham left and returned a few minutes later with a big white pill, which she pressed into his hand alongside a glass of water. "I hope you feel better tomorrow!" she chirped, slamming the door shut again.

He gulped down the drug, emptying the glass. Bubbles rose in his head, making him tumble over. All he could do before curling up on the beanbag was place the glass on the ground, eyes shut already.

Tim groaned, mouth burning from thirst. Had she given painkillers, or sleeping pills? He still felt asleep, half remembered dreams floating across his eyes. Yawning, he scratched his leg-

At once, he was awake. Overnight his foot had stretched, toes covered in yellow hairs. Worse, when he touched them, he felt squishy growths on the bottom. Paw pads. His calves had tightened into lean muscle, the ghost of yellow growing upwards about his legs and mingling with the red hair on the rest of his body.

He waved around the digits, feeling them move in accordance with his body. He touched them, noticing his hands, too, had grown pads and yellow hair.

"Rise and shi-"

"What's happening to me?" Tim cried, pushing himself up with some difficulty and walking on his unwieldy feet.

Dr Graham smiled. "Oh dear, are you upset?"

"What do you think?" he snapped.

"Awww, you are, aren't you?" Before he could construct another snappy reply, Dr Graham reached behind his ears and scratched them.

A shiver went up his spine, then he went limp. It was impossible to move away from her touch; most baffling of all, he found himself enjoying it. He hadn't realised how itchy his ears had been until now, when all the itches were being scratched away, letting him relax fully. Leaning into it, a grumble fluttered from some deep recess of his throat.

"Shall we go now?" Tim felt incapable of resistance, so he followed her.

When they reached the grey room again, his heart thumped. He needed to do something, and he needed to do it now. "I don't understand what's happening," he said.

"This is a test of how to preserve endangered animals! From the research we're doing on you, you'll help introduce new genetic material into heavily inbred animal populations!"

He was about to say more, which was when Dr Graham smiled her empty smile. "Be good now, won't you?" she said, scratching him under his chin. He shivered and grew limp again, unable to resist her giving him another injection.

This time, she got him to stand up again and guided his hands towards the class, spreading out his digits for the students. He grumbled in pleasure at the feeling of his pads being massaged in her grasp, especially when she gently tickled around where claws had grown fresh from his nail beds. "So good already; I'm very proud," she said, making him beam all the way back to his room.

*Something is very wrong*, he thought a few hours later, after being presented with a meal of roast chicken. His ears flattened; with a nauseated twinge in his stomach, he felt the fluffiness all around them, especially the tufts of fur protecting his inner ear. There was no sign of the ridges of human ears in those soft semi circles, and he had to stop petting them because another rumble issued from his throat and he went limp again.

He paced, trying to not notice how the fur had spread up his arms and legs, how little black spots now dotted it. *They'll let me go, surely. It was in the contract.* Of course, sometimes the Facility could bend rules for their more important experiments...

For the rest of that day he fretted, only capable of picking a few nibbles from his dinner before crawling into his bed and slipping his blindfold on.

Tim woke up folded over himself, the sheets covering him. His blindfold had slipped off in the night; when he tried to put it on his hands weren't nimble enough, snapping him back to reality like he'd been splashed with a bucket of cold water.

He was turning into... some sort of creature. Struggling out of his bed, he gasped in panic, barely able to walk; his legs were bent over in weird places, thick yellow spotted fur stretching from toe to thigh. *Cat, definitely cat. Cheetah perhaps?* His mind felt cloudy; he could hardly think.

It would be nice to go back to bed, he thought, stretching. Maybe the nice lady would be back soon. Tim shook his head. It was as if the ear scratching thoughts were creeping into his normal life; would they swallow his mind completely? The thought of it made him break into a cold sweat, and he tried prying open the door of his room. It was locked. Of course it was. He sat down as humanly as he could and pulled out a book. Maybe if he could focus his mind on something, he could figure out a better escape plan.

But the words wouldn't make sense. Alone, he could figure out a word's meaning, yet when he went and tried to make out a complete sentence, his brain felt numb and couldn't make it out. He went back to a book he had already read and flipped through it. Nothing made any sense, and when he prodded his memories, he couldn't remember what the plot had been.

“Trying to read?” Dr Graham asked, scratching fur he hadn’t known was growing on his cheeks. It felt very good, so he leaned into it and let her pet him further, his purrs loud as an engine. “Oh silly Tia, kitties don’t have to read.”

*Tia.* The name was too much; he finally managed resistance. “I thought they would let me out,” he mumbled, licking his lips. They were thick like rubber, muffling his words. *He was a silly kitty after all- no, I’m a person!*

She sighed. “You won’t want to after a while.” She smiled. “And you need to get used to your new name; Tim won’t fit you for very long; I’ll show you in the lab,” she added as if she had read his mind.

He hated the thought of going to that grey room and contemplated clawing at Dr Graham and making a break for it. However, it took so long for his brain to fight between *must be a good kitty and must run and escape*, that he was in the grey room and in the chair too soon to flee.

This time, there was no injection; instead, she pressed a button and his chair moved, rotating towards the glass. He cringed, pushing his hands in his pockets and his ears back into his hair.

Dr. Graham came up behind him and yanked at his t-shirt, pulling it up over his head in a deft motion he reckoned she had practiced. When he turned to grasp at it, she pressed a button and a restraint ran over his chest, barring him from movement. Others bolted over his arms and the top of his legs until he was trussed up like a kidnapping victim.

“Alright students, as you can see our subject has hit Day 3!” She yanked off his tracksuit and boxers, revealing his nutsack and cock for all the Facility to see. Pale fur had grown all about them, which gave them some coverage. Tim tried to grip onto that little glimmer of relief, the only positive he could see in this situation. “Let’s move his legs!”

The chair hummed, leg restraints digging into his legs as they were stretched out, leaving nothing to the imagination. The headrest sunk, leaving him lying with splayed legs. “Note his genitals; they aren’t very impressive, are they?” He went red in humiliation instead of arousal when she squeezed his balls. “Our tests determined that while he was fertile, his sperm count was on the low side. Usually this would disqualify him from our Preservation program, as we prefer highly fertile subjects.”

She gave a winning smile for the mirror. “Until just a few months ago, where we made a massive breakthrough! Even the littlest dicks can be useful for Preservation, as long as it gets repurposed!” She let go of his balls with a fond smile. “Yes, my darlings! This is the fun surprise I was talking about; we can only do it on Day 3 you see, because it doesn’t work unless it’s alongside the modification surge.”

Tim yowled as the chair raised, then swung over, leaving him dangling prone in the air. Blood rushed to his head as he stared at the floor, trembling. The panel of the chair by his ass cracked open, leaving his buttocks exposed. He could feel Dr Graham touching them, squeezing them while rubbing his fur around. “As always, we insert this injection into the buttock.”

"Please," he whispered, tears in his eyes. He felt the needle brush over his fur, flooding him with terror. But she didn't push the liquid in.

"What did you say, Tia?"

"I said please. Don't do this to me, I don't want this." His words stumbled out of his mouth with great difficulty; he sounded drunk. Words came so hard now...

She made a sympathetic noise. "Okay then, you can go home. We've got enough material from you, I think. I would never want to do a permanent change to someone against their will."

He sobbed, yelling his thanks and relief. It was then that the needle plunged in again; the liquid filled his bloodstream.

Tim shouted in despair then, hope broken like a twig thrust against cliffs by the sea. A feline yowl joined his voice until he couldn't talk at all, though he kept on crying for even the animal he was becoming understood fear. Dr Graham chuckled. "Isn't that quite the overreaction to a joke?"

She flipped him over again, baring him to the world. His tears of humiliation dried, for an animal couldn't cry. Instead, black marks grew in the path his tears had fallen, forming the tear marks of a cheetah. His vision widened, letting him see more than he had before while it sharpened at the same time. It was the first pleasant change he had undergone.

However, that was over soon gone. An urge to yawn overcame him, and he opened his jaws, wider, wider, wider still... Just as he thought his mouth would split open, his mouth clamped shut, sharp teeth biting into his rough tongue. He would never talk again. His nose wrinkled, Tim gasping as it crawled into his muzzle and became tiny, scents flooding him. It was a shame his eyes couldn't water, because it was terrible: the sterile scent of Dr Graham, the mocking scent of the students through the glass, the faint scent of blood... and the milk smell from his belly.

"Oh look; Tia has realised what's going on!" He stared at his chest; it had remained mostly bare until now, but it was coated and merging into the rest of his body. That was not what the worst of it, nor was it the source of the milk smell.

Nipples ridged in rows from his former pecs to his crotch, growing tall and tingly. Male cats have nipples, he tried to tell himself. They stood in sharp relief against his lean torso. One by his crotch dripped milk.

His dick reared up in response to their sensitivity. Precum dribbled from the tip, drool dribbling from his mouth in anticipation, though he couldn't encourage his cock into climax. Then instead of coming, his need turned into an insatiable burn, and his cock receded, sinking into him as if it had got second thoughts.

"Don't worry, Tia," Dr Graham said while she stroked his ears. He hissed in displeasure, which turned into pain. Let me cum, Tia thought, staring beseechingly into the doctor's eyes. He was

so taken up with the desperate hunger and pain inside of him, he didn't notice his proper name slip from his mind.

Tia bucked and yowled, kicking his legs and clawing the thin air. "Good kitty," Dr Graham said in an encouraging voice, petting her. He watched his cock sink into a burning slit, his balls following suit. The slit's burning expanded, the pleasure mounting into utter agony.

And she came, juice pouring from her cunt and milk dripping from her teats, a snarl of ecstasy on her face. The pleasure was so great it wiped her doubts and thoughts at once, putting Tim to rest forever. She was Tia the female cheetah, and as far as her memories were concerned, it was the only thing she ever had been.

"Good kitty cat," Dr Graham said as she undid the restraints; there was no need for them anymore. Tia was a good kitty despite her feral nature, sitting down and watching her with curious eyes. "As you can see, she is complete, and will be perfect for the Preservation program; we'll inseminate her if she can't get pregnant easily, but I'm sure her first mating will produce fruit."

Tia drooled a bit as she listened, words utterly beyond her comprehension. The only thing she cared about was the delectable feeling of her aching pussy and nipples, the only pleasure her dull mind could conjure the satisfaction of her needs. Perhaps the nice person in the room with her would help her.

However, the woman didn't and instead guided her along the corridors, dragging her by a thick collar which felt so good rubbing against her neck; it proved she was a good kitty.

There was someone at the door of the exhibit, just outside of the room. "A bit tame, isn't she?" he asked Dr Graham, though Tia couldn't understand.

"The cubs will be more normal. Our genetic modifications make the subjects yearn more than normal animals for... physical needs." With that, she brought Tia into the room.

For the first time in a long time, she walked under soft grass, the blue light of the sky glowing through a window. However, when she caught his scent, she cared little for that, her pussy clenching in anticipation of cock.

The collar slipped from her neck, her long legs stretching as she ran, in seconds to the other side of the enclosure, the first pleasure in her new cheetah life that compared to the sex. And he was there, waiting for her.

She crouched and let her into him, his massive barbed cock shoving straight into the recesses of her cunt. His balls jiggled against her lips as he thrustured again and again, sending her drooling and yowling with pleasure, eyes rolled to the back of her head.

He bit the back of her neck and that rough touch made them both come, ropes of virile cum filling her womb, the excess dripping and mingling with her discharge on the ground. She felt the seed take, and knew in her heart she would soon carry his young. She ambled away to drink.

However, the male cheetah was not ready to stop fucking Tia. With a yowl, he knocked her to the ground and nipped her when she wriggled, until she gave in and purred.

This time, her lying on the ground emphasised the cum entering her, as her thin cheetah belly bulged and became like a cushion, her legs kicking in the air as she grew fat on her mate's seed.

Eventually he pulled out of her and licked the milk that had trickled from her nipples, before purring and cuddling up to her. Neither cat could comprehend the forces in life that had brought them together, but they were grateful for those forces all the same.

Tia knew that morning that they were coming soon. Her mate was tearing strips of meat for her from the carcass, so he wasn't there, giving her just about room to manoeuvre out of their nest.

She went to the water, looking at herself in the reflection before lapping it up with her long tongue. With her massive, pregnant belly dragging along she was always thirsty; her puffed up teats dripped milk constantly now, to the point her mate and she had to suckle at them in place of their offspring's little mouths. She could feel them clearly now, their kicks making the stretched skin of her belly ripple.

Once she was done, she groomed herself, paying special attention to the aching demands of her cunt, whose lips were always puffy and ready for a fuck these days. After that, she turned and yowled for her mate, bowed with her tail in the air.

Meat forgotten, he ran right over and slammed his cock into her at once, scraping all her yearning away. They yowled together, as if one being crying together, and soon they came at once, clawing each scrap of the orgasm out of each other.

Ripples of pleasure went through Tia, from cunt to belly. And ripples replied, ripples with pain as well as the high of orgasm.

Mewling in surprise, she staggered away from her mate and went to their nest to flop down and pant, stomach jiggling and moving like jelly. Her mate followed with concerned noises, his questions answered by the change in her scent. He brought the meat for her to each, which she did. It helped the pain until she finished, where it amped up again. Their cubs were on the move.



He crouched and licked at Tia's cunt, eliciting a purr. With his help, the contractions grew less painful, and she felt her womb push the first cub out.

The first cub to enter her cervix was a shock, making her kick around. Not that the feeling was bad; it was because it was so wonderful. Excitement leapt in her heart as she pushed, each contraction making her birth canal cramp pleasurably, while her mate licked deeper, only backing away to give his offspring room once his tongue reached the tail of the first cub.

Her next thrust pushed the cub through the well slicked walls of her vagina, its head pushing her wide open. In one last massive effort, where every muscle of her body pushed in unison, they were out.

While she prepared for the second, her mate licked the birth sac clean from the baby, pushing the little pile of golden fur towards the tender teats of her crotch.

Tia hissed in approval as her milk flowed out, and she took a moment to brush her tongue against her baby with pride before their sibling had to be pushed out.

Each of her teats was taken by the time she was done, the loose skin on her belly flopping around at last, womb shrinking. Her mate and she watched her cubs, purring. Had a pair of cheetahs ever been so full of joy? At that moment, Tia felt they were the happiest creatures to ever live.