

Player 1: The sounds of heavy footfalls coming up the stairs to the second floor of the rented home vibrated the furniture in the living room, the table, and caused ripples in a nearby steaming cup of tea. "I'm back," a loud and haggard voice stated more than announced. Sam reached the top of the landing, a tall man wrapped in several layers of jackets and pants wearing heavy boots. This was all done to combat the heavy snowdrifts outside in the blizzard. Sam was a young man working as a graphical designer for a video game company. Against all odds, he kept himself in relatively good shape from all the muscle he gained during his undergraduate years at college. He was a slightly tanned guy with smooth skin on his face but rough skin on his limbs and chest covered by thick brown hair. His blue eyes glinted like ice from the recesses of his curly haired head, his face covered by his beard.

Upon taking off his outerwear, the place nice and warm, he quickly descended onto the hot tea, his favorite drink post work.

Player 2: "I'm up heeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrre!" Replied Sam's roommate in a high pitched squeal. About a year ago, Sam had moved in with Winston, a man about two years his senior, with dark skin and matching brown hair and eyes. The other man was strong and muscular, but also a quite gay. Sam remembered his roommate had a tendency to dress in green and black colored clothes, a need to shave every day, and a tendency to stare at guy's asses. Winston usually spoke with a low, gruff voice that hid how friendly he really was. Winston had also been part of the military, until he quit to work as a bouncer in a club in the private sector. The statement coming from down the hall of their large apartment was a bit higher than Sam normally expected, but also unmistakably Winston's voice. There was a bit of a purr to it that wasn't usually there, however.

The apartment itself was a bit more of a mess than Sam might have been used to. Winston's favorite leather jacket was thrown onto the couch haphazardly. Two pairs of shoes were discarded right next to the door, in muddy footprints. There were dishes in the sink unwashed. It was unusually slobbish for his disciplined, ex-military roommate. The voice from down the hall spoke up again a few minutes later. "Well... aren'cha going to come say hello?"

Player 1: "Yeah. But I need to finish this tea first. You know my after work ritual. It's a wonder you got around to it considering the state of the living room." Sam said in a light jab at his roommate and friend. After a few moments, Sam finished his hot tea, wriggled out of his sweatshirt and T-shirt to expose his bare chest and walked towards the sound of Winston's voice.

It was part of a deal he made with Winston a few years ago when they moved in. Sam agreed to bare his chest upon entering the home when no guests are around. In return, Winston promised to keep the place relatively clean while Sam was gone and would brew him a hot cup of tea for his consumption upon returning from work every day. Heat emanated off of Sam, his skin moist from sweat. He'd exerted himself a lot during his day's work. Taking his shirt off like this for

Winston's enjoyment had awoken an almost exhibitionist streak in Sam over the past few years. Just recently he even started to playfully flex for his friend, chuckling at his reaction.

Player 2: The door to Winston's room was cracked open ever so slightly. Inside, through the crack, Sam could see that the bed was askew, sheets in disarray. A large silicone dildo, pink and glittery and strange, was laying on one side of the bed. Opening the room, a strange scent hit Sam's nostrils. A scent of sex and strawberries, of sweat and semen. It was a hungry scent, and the more Sam smelled of it, the harder it felt to think about anything at all, as if a fog was forming in his mind. Along the walls were posters of various boybands, which were new. The walls were lined with posters of young men baring their chests, their muscular bodies oiled and tan. Where were his roommate's army souvenirs?

More confusingly, Winston wasn't anywhere to be seen... until the door closed behind Sam. The lights flipped on. The formerly orange-painted walls were now a Pepto-Bismol pink. Two large, golden fuzzy paws fell on Sam's shoulders from behind, as he heard Winston's voice. "Yeeee! You're home!" As a feline purr flooded his ears, he felt the grip of two firm, yet slender paws rubbing against his bare shoulders.

Player 1: "The fuck is this?" Sam said, more than a bit dazed. The air felt so thick, it was almost as if he walked into a sauna from the moisture deprived climate of winter. He surveyed the walls in a confused and befuddled fashion and was about to turn and take a step into the hall when the door closed and he felt a pair of hot arm warmers on his skin. He heard Winston's voice, it was different yet recognizable, the purring sound that reminded him of a childhood pet also confused him as he slowly turned around. "Winston?"

Player 2: Then, Winston's voice did something Sam had never heard it do before. It giggled. "Oh... it's Wendy now." He said, massaging Sam's shoulders gently before Sam pulled away to turn around. Standing between him and the door was something almost unrecognizable. Winston's muscles were gone, seemingly melted away. Left behind was a slender, waspish figure with hips that bloomed outwards like a plump, ripe peach. The creature calling itself Wendy had a figure that was almost hourglass-like, save that what stood before him had only very small apple-sized breasts with bright puffy pink nipples.

But what Sam probably noticed first was that it was covered in mostly-golden fur. The Winston-voiced figure had golden fur all over his body, save for a long oval streak of pure white fur along its chest and belly. A small, erect cock was tucked into a yellow banana hammock, the only bit of clothing the feline form before him wore. A tail, golden furred yet ending in a floofy brown tuft at the end, swished back and forth against the Winston-kitten's ankles. The odd creature giggled at him, golden cat's eyes staring into his. "Mrrrr! I missed you so muuuuch!" As the thing moved forward, its milk chocolate-brown mane shimmered, silver glitter combed into the thin, wispy fur. A pink ribbon was tied into a bow around one of the ears of the figure as it leaned in and gave Sam a firm kiss. A deep purring vibration filled Sam's body as

Winston/Wendy's tongue pushed into his mouth. The scent of sex and strawberries only seemed to get more intense.... it was hard to process everything that was going on as Winston kissed him, then moved back to stand between Sam and the door. "I missed you I missed you I missed you! OMG! Wanna play?" The Winston/Wendy creature bounced eagerly, her bare bosom jiggling up and down in front of Sam's eyes. Her hands lifted up, paws curling just underneath her tits, as she batted in front of him, eyes glinting as she curled her fingers.

Player 1: The complete shock Sam felt as he surveyed the creature with Winston's voice caused him to swallow audibly, his adam's apple bobbing up, then down. He took a few steps back until his left leg hit the edge of the bed in the room. His anaconda stirred in his loins despite the fact that the creature in front of him had an obvious cock only barely tucked into its underwear. The intensity of the fruit and sex in the air grew thicker and thicker in his nostrils as he tried to formulate more words. But then the Lionish sex kitten came forward and kissed him. It's hot muzzle smushed against his lips, a long flat sandpapery tongue playing with his mouth and tasting HIM. The scent of strawberries intensified further, intermingling with the musk of a feline seemingly in heat. The fur felt warm and soft against his skin as he tried to summon the willpower to say NOPE and escape. But he couldn't. His body wasn't responding. He felt his bulge press in against the feline's smallish cock and the fabric of the cocksling wrapped around it. He felt that long sinuous tail whap him on a shoulder then wrap around his waist. He was trapped and he didn't want to harm what looked, spoke, and acted like a woman.

"N-no?" he half-answered, half-asked. He stared deeply into Wendy's citrine eyes, not quite accepting that Wendy was Winston. Yet the more he looked, the more he felt transfixed by the feline; enraptured by whatever it was that was staring at him through those golden eyes.

Player 2: "Awww...." Her lower lip pushed out in a noticeable pout, huffing indignantly as she sauntered up to him, pressing her body up against Sam's. Closing her eyes, she rubbed her face against his, another loud purr rumbling out of her gullet. The weight of Wendy's body pushed him down onto his bottom against the bed. The lioness-with-a-cock loomed over him for a moment before twisting her body to sit on him. Sam found himself sprawled on the bed, the sissy lion's booty resting against his stiffening human cock. "It feels like someone wants to play, though." Wendy/Winslow giggled at the firming erection, wriggling her fuzzy cheeks against it. "Maybe I'll just play with Mr. Penis then!" The femboy's right paw snaked down to begin caressing at Sam's growing third leg. Stroking it back and forth, the sex kitten pressed his chest against Sam's, looking into the human's eyes. "I missed you soooo much. You know, I always had an itty-bitty crush on yooou..." The sissy mewed as she licked at Sam's face...

Along Sam's body, an interesting change was developing. The more he took in Wendy's strawberry scent, and the more horny the kitten made him, the more his body began to tingle. It was starting to feel good as the tingling spread all over. Something in him wanted to go along with it. After all, lionesses took care of their sisters when the lion was away, didn't they? Such an alien thought as that had crept into Sam's head along with the scent, a growing corruption building within him. Pale golden fur began to sprout along Sam's neck wherever Winston/Wendy

licked at him, spreading like an infection. Amidst the attention, he slowly began to realize something: There were TWO alien scents in the room. Wendy's fruity strawberry one, intermingled with a more masculine musk of someone else who had been there until recently...

"Hello there Mr. Penis!" Wendy giggled, as she pushed off of Sam's body to stand on all fours on the bed. Backing up a bit, her bosom dangling down, she bent down towards his crotch, mewling and rubbing a feline muzzle against Sam's growing pocket rocket.

Player 1: Sam moaned, unable to resist as he spread his legs wide and allowed the feminine lion kitty to rub her face against his bulge. His breathing became more and more ragged as warmth blossomed from the spots where he'd been licked. Pale fur spread from his shoulder, up his neck and down it. Where it touched his body hair, it was converted into fur of the matching color. He blinked a few times, the heat from his body making him want to wipe his brow. Yet strangely, no sweat came from his skin. Instead, he found himself taking deeper and deeper breathes in an almost panting fashion. His right hand snaked up to his pants and undid the belt buckle, his third leg causing a sizable tent halfway down one of his pant legs. Thoughts of escape diminished as increasingly foreign thoughts flooded his mind, dictating that Lionesses took care of their sister-wives when the Lion was away.

Player 2: The sight of Sam stripping provoked a titter from Wendy. "That's right, Sammi!" The sissy lioness mewled as she leaned up to lick at one of Sam's hands. Another small bud of fur blossomed out from the kitten-boy's saliva. At the same time, Sam's pants were soon pulled away by the lioness's adept paws, as she leaned up and looked into Sam's eyes. "I think Mr. Penis needs a new friend, don't you?" She watched as the fur spread across Sam's face, slowly causing it to extend out into a feline muzzle. A mane, the exact same shade as Wendy's, was pushing out of Sam's neck and head like flowers shooting out of the ground in Spring.

The girlyboi lioness reached over to the pink, glittery silicon toy lying near them on the bed. "Mr. Penis, meet Mr. Fabulous!" Wendy moved the slick, already-lubed toy up to press against Sam's junk through his boxers. As it touched the fabric of his underwear, grinding up against Sam's package, his cock began to tingle. Elsewhere, in Sam's room on the opposite end of the apartment, things posted on his wall began to change. His decorations, posters, and adornments were growing girlier and girlier. His underwear drawer became filled with rainbow panties, complete with a tailhole for the tail he was soon to have. A clunky desktop computer became a slick little laptop, the back casing pearl white, with a translucent pink heart along the center that glowed in the dark. A new app found its way onto Sam's cell phone: Mountr, the app for horny, girly little things and the big strong men who offered to rut them. And a few stuffed animals appeared on Sam's bed, nestled up against the pillows. Every girl needed something to cuddle at night, after all.

The magical toy Mr. Fabulous was assaulting Sam's idea of his own masculinity just as the licks and attention from Wendy were assaulting Sam's idea of his own humanity. Each touch of the toy corrupted his mind, corroding his gender identity, flecks of it falling into the void.

Destroying what was undesirable and perverting what was left towards a new ideal. The lioness rubbed the magically slick dildo against Sam's undies, getting them soaked in lube. After a few moments of the teasing, Wendy plunged downward, pressing her muzzle up against his bulge, gumming and licking at it through his soggy underwear. "Do you think Mr. Penis likes me, Sammi?"

Player 1: Sam/Sammi moaned as the front of his boxers grew dark from various fluids leaking onto it. He licked his blackening lips with a longer and flatter tongue and watched in a hot daze as his muzzle entered his field of vision, steam coming out of his mouth in small puffs. Dimly, he realized that his fur and growing mane matched Wendy's. With an arch of his back, the changing human gave a lusty growl and moved his crotch up a bit. His toes curled as he rubbed his wet underwear against Wendy's muzzle, the sensations new and intense in his mind. Soon, she pressed the toy against the area where his balls would be behind his underwear.

"Mmmmmrrrryes." He responded. "YES!" he half-roared as she started to lick and suckle on his soggy underwear. He couldn't take it. The foreign sensation of a long rough tongue teasing his cock in previously unexperienced ways combined with the effects of Mr. Fabulous brought him to climax prematurely. Sam/Sammi gasped as cum flooded his groin and spilled out of his underwear, his own masculine scent mixing with the strawberry in the room. His seed spilled all over Wendy's muzzle and the bed covers, thick white and masculine. He moaned as he felt a wave of heat rush through his body, the tufts of fur on his face spreading along his face. His shrinking beard and mustache grew thinner and withdrew into his body. His blockier, more masculine muzzle narrowed and changed, the structure of which was becoming a mirror to Wendy's own proportions. The golden fur on his left hand spread up his forearm as claws emerged out of his skin. Deep chocolate colored pawpads formed soon after, as he reached down with the new paw into his underwear and ripped them away revealing his semen-saturated human cock.

Player 2: Wendy gasped as the sissy kitten heard and felt Sam spurting his last male load. The magical Mr. Fabulous was already depleting the levels of sperm in the man's shrinking balls, the tingling sensation of the changes growing more intense around his groin as it worked. A voice in Sam's head whispered that lionesses didn't breed. They were bred. His lust-addled mind flooded with images of big, strong male felines bending him over, yanking Sam/Sammi's tail up and plowing him as his little boiclit dribbled clear pink juices... just like Wendy's.

As Sam tore apart his undies, Wendy cooed, bending over, her rump in the air, tail swishing back and forth as she sniffed at the changing boy's tasty cock. "Aw, Mr. Penis' still pokey! Well... us sisters are insatiable, huh?" She giggled, grinding the pink dildo know as Mr. Fabulous against his balls directly with her right paw. Sitting down for a moment, she moved her free paw over to rub at the spunk-soaked mancock before her, causing it to tingle again. "Ok... good Mr. Penis! Now... can you get above me and wiggle at me from above?" She said, stroking Sammi's cock ever-so-slowly while never gazing away from it. In a single agile motion, the femboi lioness bounced on the bed, spinning onto her belly. Wendy raised her tail to flash her booty to the

changing boi. Just the thought of what her Lion was having her do made her own banana hammock-contained boiclit twitch and stiffen, lying behind her body along the bed, stretching the fabric of her underwear as far as it'd go. She was enjoying this far more than she'd thought when he'd whispered the idea to her while hot dogging her bare ass in her bed. A dark spot was forming along the front of the spandex as she waited, her boiclit dribbling clear pink juice into the fabric as she licked a paw and waited. The invitation was clear: She wanted Sam/Sammi to crawl on top of the sissy lioness while naked and on all fours. "If you do it, Mr. Penis will get to feel, like OMG! Just sooo fabulous..."

Player 1: Still half-hard and unaware that his balls were hanging higher and higher between his thighs now, Sammi grunted a response and climbed up onto all fours, just like Wendy wanted. His cock hung down, half hard and long enough to hang from his groin. For a moment, he let it dangle, so as to press and teasingly touch Wendy's boiclitty. Drooling whitish seed and pinkish fluid intermingled as their cock heads touched through the fabric, Sammi's hard ass in the air.

The fur on his body now completely covered one of his arms, his chest, his face, his back, and was edging towards his ass. His hair was still distinct from the mane that was slowly taking over as his ears sharpened and began to move higher on his skull. The flesh of his cock was becoming lighter and pinker as a result of touching Wendy's shaft with his.

Player 2: The sissy lion giggled, staring up at Sammi. "Good girl! Now this is gonna feel AMAZING..." She whispered, as she curled her back with the flexibility of a gymnast. At the same time, Wendy's left arm was moving the glittery dildo Mr. Fabulous behind them both to press against Sammi's pucker. The merest touch sent a rush of lightning up the changing Sammi's spine. The toy's contact caused some of Sam's muscle to shrink, getting thinner, yet more flexible. His ass began to swell and ripen, as his biceps shrunk. And at the same time, a tiny tufted tail began to push out of Sammi's still human bottom. "Now, it might pinch just a teeeeeny tiiiiny bit. But, like, you totes get used to it. And then it feels AMAZING, sis." Wendy giggled, as she wiggled to rub her boiclit against Sammi's, while starting to push the shimmery sex toy into Sam's insides. With every inch that pushed in, more of Sam's masculine identity faded away, the toy replacing it with something else. He wasn't manly, he was cute. He wasn't a boy, he was a sissy. He wasn't human, he was a lioness, waiting for her Lion to come home.

Player 1: As Mr. Fabulous was being "plugged in" Sammi's blue eyes became to swirl with gold, his now feline tongue hanging from his maw. His eyes rolled back while the pleasure centers of his brain were being irrevocably changed along with his purrsonal identity.

In his room, the changes grew more aggressive. His wallpaper was now pink, his taste in music now shared his sister's fascination with boybands. A souvenir picture commemorating a trip to Disneyland with family shimmered and change. What replaced it was a picture of two identical lionesses licking the same cone of ice cream, a muscular dark figure standing behind them, a paw on each femboy's ass. Back in his Sissy's room, Sammi's tail was growing out in full flourish even as his tailhole grew larger and more accommodating. All the better to fit Mr.

Fabulous and his Lion. Soon it would match the size and feel of Wendy's. He mewed and moaned in a higher pitched voice as his proportions shifted and changed. Soon, it would be like looking at a mirror: Wendy was being mounted by sissy sister-wife that looked more and more like her with each passing moment. Sammi found him/herself getting closer and closer to Wendy, his massive cock slowly being slurped into his own body as it lost more and more length and girth. Yet the tip kept touching Wendy's, the two kittens pressing closer against each other to keep the feelings they were sharing going. "OMG," Sammi said, speaking aloud for the first time in a while, "This feels soooo goood." she drawled. Her voice was still a bit deep, but it was sounding more and more like Wendy's voice.

Player 2: Wendy giggled, as she began to push the toy back and forth inside Sammi's hole, stretching it and massaging her sissy-ter's prostate. "It'll get better when a male fills you..." She leaned up and licked at Sammi's neck, nuzzling and caressing it and purring eagerly, hungry to have her own tush filled... but it'd have to wait.

And then, Sammi's ears perked involuntarily, as she heard a door slam. Footsteps moved down the hall, as Wendy perked her head up from stroking underneath Sammi's body. Her eyes glinted, as she tensed up, letting out an energetic squeal. "Ooo... Sammi, it's time for your wedding! Soon we can really be sister-wives!" She giggled, tail swishing energetically. Soon Sammi would see, just like she had. She leaned back, turning her head and her body to pull away from the other lioness, licking Sammi's chops gently. Her paw was still gripping Sammi's cocklet, however. Her fingers gently traced up and down the shrinking flesh, as the musk of a male hit Sammi's nostrils.

"He's back... my male, and soon to be yours too... don't worry, sister... once he fucks your rump, you'll wonder how you ever lived without it." She swooned, stroking at Sammi's tiny clitty as the footsteps grew louder.

Player 1: As Wendy talked, Sammi's body transitioned further and further, even forming an exact copy of a beauty mark mole Wendy had in a particular spot on her snout. Her adam's apple submerged completely. And her penis, which had almost stabilized at a neat 6 inches shrank even further as Wendy played with it. Every stroke was milking out a pink/white substance not sticky or thick enough to be called cum. The small existence of Sammi's balls and the flatness of her chest were the only evidence that somewhere inside, Sam still existed, fighting a hopeless battle. But as the Lion was mentioned, Sammi shivered and gasped and both of her nipples began to change colours. Their flesh was becoming increasingly sensitive as they puffed out, growing swollen and brown to match Wendy's.

As it was, Sammi was balancing Mr. Fabulous half in and out of her ample rear, squeezing it and effectively fucking herself by manipulating her ass muscles. The cum that Sam had spurted out earlier had soaked into the sheets of the bed as the two played with each other. The scents of lust were only getting stronger in the room as the two lionesses heard someone walking towards the room.

Player 2: Wendy watched her sister fucking herself on the toy, smiling. "That feels nice. Wanna know how to make it feel nicer?" She moved down to push her front paws into her undies, getting the banana hammock's precum-soaked fabric rubbed all over her fingers. After a few moments, she pulled her soggy paws out, to begin pinching and rubbing at Sammi's puffy, swollen nipples. As she stroked at them, they began to push out, forming small, pert breasts just like Wendy's. The two kittens were becoming as alike as Siamese kittens.

Then the door opened, and a wave of sweat and testosterone filled Sammi's nostrils as it swept into the room. The scent was almost overpowering, different from the fruity scent he or his sissy-sister had. This was the scent of an alpha male, one who had come home from a long day of physical exertion... and possessed a hunger that both femboys knew was about more than food.

The lion, a bright red mane contrasting with smokey reddish fur, purred at the sight of the two sissy lionesses fucking each other. "Why Wendy... she's every bit as sexy as you are. I'm proud of you" The muscular feline chuckled as he strode in. His feet were cloven, reddish-black hooves like a goat's, and long curly horns rose out of his mane. The incubus Jau'Andus' eyes burning with a pale flame as he moved forward, his cock already half erect and standing at just over six inches. He never wore clothes if he could avoid it. The feline incubus usually found it much easier just to mess with the heads of mortals and make them perceive him as wearing clothes. It was part of why the two mind-addled sissies in front of him saw him as a glorious golden lion, their paragon ideal of masculinity, a male that deserved and required their worship and submission. He was the alpha of their pride, a voice in the backs of their minds whispered, his lust was their bliss and his word their law.

The demonic lion chuckled, red-stained brown tufted tail swaying behind him as he walked forward and pinched at Sammi's tiny little cocklet. In his grip, it tingled, shrinking down even smaller, to just a small four inches while erect. "Your sister said you want to become part of my pride." He said, not even phrasing it as a question. It was his truth, and he was going to make it Sammi's as well. Even if some part of Sammi was still resisting his corruption, he wasn't going to let it get in the way of consummating their new "marriage". Even as he touched her, he shamelessly altered the former human's body to suit his needs. He wanted her to have a plump, juicy ass to match Wendy's, so her butt began to tingle again. A small gland was forming just on the inside of Sammi's tailhole, designed to leak a peach scented lube whenever the sissy lioness felt like she was about to get fucked. Wendy was the same way, save that her body produced a strawberry flavor of the same sort of lube. The incubus grinned. If his new little pride grew, it might end up smelling like a fruit salad whenever they shared a bed. The idea amused him. He chuckled as he looked into Sammi's eyes. "I want you to beg to be my mate. My slut. Alongside your sister, as her sister-wife."

Player 1: Sammi moaned, trying to turn to get a full view of her... her... she gritted her teeth as something rose inside of her and shouted a silent rebuff. "Master... Please... make me just as

yours as Wendy is." she moaned. As she did so she couldn't help but try to push in Mr. Fabulous deeper with one paw while tweak and pull her nipples with her other. Her tiny boi clitty pulsed once, twice, thrice as the area around it became just as flat as Wendy's, any last trace of a pair of balls gone.

Player 2: This response prompted a smug little chuckle from Jau'Andus. Already he assumed Sam was fading, a feeble voice in the back of a horny femboi lioness' mind. "Very well. As long as you understand-" he said, as he moved Wendy's paw away from her "sister" and twisted Sammi's left nipple. "-that once I claim you, you will belong to me. A femboy for my pride, to be used as a toy and a mate at my whim, forbidden from pleasing other males without my permission to play?" He looked into Sammi's eyes, watching as Sam's balls became just small discolored spots on his new kittenboi's crotch fur.

With his free paw, Jau'Andus moved around to pull Mr. Fabulous out of Sammi's ass entirely. The tool of his corruption wasn't needed at the moment. Not when the source rested right between his legs. With a flick of his wrist, he tossed it aside, stroking his cock to readiness. A soft snort escaped his nostrils as the shaft growing to nearly eight inches, still getting larger before his playmate's eyes. Inky, almost translucent black precum formed on the tip, as he pushed Sammi's head down towards it, letting her nostrils get a whiff of his musk as her lips dangled just an inch away from his cock head. "You understand that you will be mine..." It was, again, not a question. Nearly all of Sammi wanted it, and the bit that didn't would get weaker as it was absorbed into the full sex kitten that he was making Sammi into. Jau'andus didn't want to destroy Sam, after all. Just corrupt and pervert him until he was nearly unrecognizable. He could still USE the brain between those two soft fuzzy ears.

Especially since he knew that Sammi would love to call her friends over and make her soon-to-be hubby's pride bigger.

The lion's powerful musk filled the room, a nearly tangible gray mist, as it slipped into the two femboi lionesses minds. As Jau'Andus teased Sammi, Wendy, a bit annoyed at being pulled off her sister, found the discarded toy Mr. Fabulous. Watching her male teasing and tempting her sister was making her too hot. She needed release, and the one real dick in the room was about to be sheathed in someone else. Standing next to the bed and watching them, she wiggled her ass, reaching behind herself to push the toy inside her bottom. She knew better than to disrupt Jau'andus while he was seducing someone, so instead, she plopped her bottom on a nearby chair, holding Mr. Fabulous in one paw and bouncing up and down on it. Background noise of the horny femmy lionboi began to fill the room. Her purrs, moans, and sissy squeals echoing in Sammi's ears as Wendy watched her two favorite people in the world slowly seal their mating.

Player 1: "Yes." Sammi said, unable to break her gaze from that cock. The musk in the room were like sweet promises and whispers, telling her to give herself fully to the DEMON; that being on his side would only continue to give her pleasure for all of eternity. Sammi licked up the black

dot of precum, savoring the taste of her soon-to-be husband. A moment later, she downright covered the cock with her maw as she attempted to lick and suckle Jau'Andus to orgasm.

Player 2: Watching the femboi lioness begin to gobble his cock provoked a deep, heavy laugh from Jau'Andus. "Little sissy... you have a lot to learn about sucking a real man's cock... purrhaps you can practice on your sister?" He grinned, as he grabbed Sammi's mane and pulled her off gently. "Besides, your male has a better idea. Perhaps we should scratch the itch you have in your bum?" He gave Sammi a firm swat on the backside. And as he did, pushed an idea into her head: Sammi was a buttslut, wasn't she? She loved filling her plump booty with toys, but especially meaty shafts of manmeat. New, artificial memories started pouring into her mind: Of buying her first dildo at age 16, with a fake id... of yowling so loudly while impaling her booty on it that it woke her sister... of both kittens learning to take a double-sided toy while stroking each other's boyclitties... and then learning how a real cock felt when Sammi's first boyfriend, a big beefy puma, bent her over in the football locker room after a winning game. More and more memories filled Sammi's mind, perverting and replacing the old ones, as they reminded her of her "true" purpose.

The lion growled. "On all fours, lift your tail for me, kitten. And then we'll see if you can take a proper man's load."

Player 1: Something about Sammi's movements changed as the memories were being modified. As Sammi followed Master Jau'Andus' command she moved exactly like how Wendy would move: Turning around with a swish of her butt and a seductive wink, raising her tail slowly to cover her fat black tailhole. At the very last second before her master began to rut her, she wiggled her booty to the left and the right and turned to face her sister, blowing a kiss. The gesture made Wendy mewl, sending her over the top, as she spurt out. Translucent pink cum spurt all over her chest, her breasts, and her paws, Sammi's sister flopping over in the nearby chair, nearly delirious from the afterglow.

Yet even as Sammi's memories were being modified by Jau'Andus's will, his decree that she be a buttslut unknowingly modified her further than either of them expected. Though the two lioness-bois were physically twins now, Sammi remembered herself as always been the one more eager to have her tailhole filled. Wendy was the cuddler of the family, more happy to have her bosom played with, her boi-clit licked, her ears nibbled. But Sammi had an itch under her tail that needed to be scratched, and she almost couldn't cum without it. "Nnngh..." She shuddered, biting her lip a bit as she looked back at the big lion behind her. "D-don't tease me. I need it..." Desperation, hunger, and excitement intertwined in her voice as she felt her cheeks being spread by her man's shaft. Sam's heterosexuality was a translucent spectre in her mind, but even that was too much. She wanted that cock in her, to seal her fate and bring her to bliss.

Player 2: Jau'Andus was purring. Everything was falling into place, just as he wanted it. Now he had not one, but two willing vessels to sate his appetites as he plotted his conquest of this world. "So be it, kitten." He growled, pushing his foot of dick into Sammi's hole, already lubed up

with her own unique peach scented love juices. The femboy was already stretched out back there, thanks to the work of the fabulous Mr. Fabulous, so Sammi barely felt more than a few brief blips of pain as the lion mounted her. With a grunt, Jau'andus gripped his new mate's shoulders, pulling Sammi into him, and himself into her. With each thrust, he pushed deeper and deeper into Sammi's rear end, smearing the sissy's innards with blackened precum. Growling, he lunged down to dig his teeth into Sammi's neck, gripping it tightly. Sealing in his authority.

In future times, they could be gentle. They could be slow. Jau'Andus was an expert at seduction, and enjoyed plying his skills there, even with the already-seduced. But as powerful as he was, his Will wasn't iron. The sight of the submissive, sissified Sammi, the knowledge of what he'd done to her, the changes he'd inflicted, even how much the femboy had come to love them... it was addictive; a rush of pleasure beyond his ability to handle. An incubus he was, powerful and lusty and intelligent, yet he was still a slave to his own nature, just as Wendy and now Sammi were. A creature such as Jau'Andus simply could NOT resist the urge to reshape the world around him to his whim. It felt too damn good. After such a display, his need was too great. He couldn't stop himself.

His pace quickened. His thrusts went from precise and directed to a ferocious jackhammering into Sammi's booty. His breathing quickened, claws running along Sammi's sides as he felt his climax building. For now, there was only the beast, rutting into it's mate. What pushed the incubus over the top was a slight little girly whimper from the femboy below him. A soft huff of air that sounded so perfectly feminine, reminding him of just how much he'd reshaped Sam into an image of his own desires. With a loud, triumphant roar, he fired into his new prize, consummating their union.

Player 1: The entire ride, Sammi had been underneath her new husband, feeling her boi-clitty rubbing up against the bed. The stimulation she was getting on both sides was enough to melt her brain, making it impossible to think of anything beyond the primal urge to be bred. Her tailhole flexed and unflexed against the spear of flesh inside it, as she squirmed her body and made mewling noises, biting her lip and trying to hold on for as long as she could. Perception of time slipped away from Sammi as she felt waves of heat washing over her body. And then, she felt her mate's body tensing. "Nnnngh... oh my GAWD!" She squealed, feeling him pumping his spunk into her hole. The feeling of being so stuffed full pushed Sammi over the edge, as she spurt her load, a pale pink substance, all over the bed, smearing the fabric and her bellyfur with her own juices as she reached nirvana.

Something changed. Sammi felt complete.

With a cock up her rump, she sighed in bliss, looking over at her sister, catnapping in the chair nearby after all the exertion. How could she ever bear to be away from her twin sister? Her favorite person, with a warm, delicious cock that had given her pleasure so often when no one else would. There was a grunting from above, as she felt her mate, the big lion Jau'Andus (As

she suddenly understood his name to be.) flopping on top of her like a heavy, fuzzy blanket. She still couldn't quite remember when she and her sister had met him, but their union with him was a foundation in her mind. She felt so lucky to have the most masculine lion she'd ever seen to keep her and her sister satisfied. To take care of their appetites, and to let them be outlets for his. Purring as she felt him nestle up to her, Sammi wondered in the hazey state of afterglow if her life could ever get any better than this.

Jau'Andus licked her ear. "That was a marvelous first time, my dear... worth celebrating, I'd say." Sammi could feel his paw gripping her ass. "And I think I have the perfect way to ring in our honeymoon." She heard him purr ever-so-slightly into her ear. "Why don't you get out your cell phone and call a friend over? I think I might want a third sister-wife for my pride..."

Sammi squealed. She'd just gotten the answer to her question. Her life could get better.

And it was just about to.

The end.