

Welcome to the Jungle...Nursery?

An Entirely Too Niche-y Kinky Story by Terinas Tiger

Part 2: Marcus

Marcus noticed many things that he felt other people did not.

For example, as he'd walked down the hallway towards the stairs, he noticed that the hallway was at least six feet longer than it should have been. The various potted tropical trees and plants got too thick to see the wallpaper through three feet into those six. He stopped seeing the pots that the plants were attached to at the five foot mark. It was the little details that illustrated the impossibilities of the situation. He was in his own home, but also in a hot, steamy jungle. Both of those things were somehow true, in spite of the contradictions obvious to the situation. He waved a hand to disperse the warm steam in the air. Breathing that stuff made him feel a bit loopy, like he was on laughing gas or something. Could it even be called steam? It was more like a hot mist, or a water vapor that wasn't vanishing. After the first few times, he'd kept a keen eye out to avoid it when he could. Paying attention to the little details was a skill that Marcus had he was proud of. It'd served him well during his life, helping him be thorough and efficient. Helping him realize things others missed. The slender twenty year old often wondered why no one else bothered to learn to notice tiny things.

Of course, so focused was he on the little details, that slender Marcus bumped straight into a BIG detail. The door to the basement was gone. In its place was an enormous pair of stone double doors, which he'd run right into. The doors were carved with odd hieroglyphics: humanoid felines in a variety of poses, from flexing, to pushing stones, to sitting on their bottoms and shaking what looked to be some ball on a stick. A center image showed several of the felines all bowing before a large lion, a crown adorning his head, and something wrapped around his groin. Engraved above the image, in the same alphabet block pattern as the sign on the front door, were words: "The Volcano Temple! Those who want in must be sucking on one of the toys below."

Marcus looked down. Several stone hooks were built into the door at a part he'd be eye level with if he was crawling. On each of the four hooks was a gleaming golden pacifier. Marcus narrowed his eyes. "Ok. Evidence that whatever's causing this is absolutely insane is continuing to mount." He folded his arms and weighed his options. He was beginning to regret having suggested the trio split up. "Too many unknown variables..." he rubbed his chin. "Science only knows what the others are running into. Is this even

our house anymore? Have we somehow been brought somewhere against our will? I don't remember falling unconscious." He wiped some sweat from his brow as he ruminated. The jungle he'd somehow found himself in was swelteringly hot. He felt a bit dumb for not having taken his parka off by now. But it was hard to remember to do that with all the curiosities around to examine. "I wish Daniel or Jacob were here. I'd love to have someone actually suck on one of these things to see if it was just a joke or if it really would open the door." He reached out to touch the infant's nursing device. Of course he would never lower himself to suck one on himself, but having someone else who could do it would have been very edifying.

"OH HO! DARE YE CHALLENGE THE VOLCANO TEMPLE?!?"

The booming voice was coming from behind the doors. "Louis?" Marcus's gaze shot up, his fingers still touching the pacifier. "ARE YOU IN THERE, LOUIS?"

"HO HO HO HO! COME AND FIND ME!"

The voice echoed again, the doors rattling slightly with the volume of it. Marcus frowned, his priorities shifting. All of a sudden, he realized if he wanted his questions answered, he had to get into that temple. With a sigh, he reached down and pulled one of the pacifiers off the set of hooks. He held it in his palm. "Do I really have to do this? I'm not eager to put strange things in my mouth..." The pacifier was gold all over, but in color rather than material. The outer part felt like plastic, with a few holes dotting the bent oval of material. The inner part was a small dome of soft chewy material, almost like a baby's pacifier, but larger. The whole thing was proportioned for an adult. Examining it closely, he found a small hole in the center of the part that fitted into his mouth. A thin tube ran down it, and at the other side he thought he could see a reservoir of some sort of fluid. "Ah. That's it. Some kind of drug." He scowled. "So that's the angle. Trying to bait me into drugging myself." he tried to push on the reservoir to get the fluid out, but it wouldn't move up the tube. As he tried and failed, Marcus became aware he was sweating up a storm. Moisture was dripping off his armpits. He felt dirty, and he couldn't get past this drug, and it was irritating him.

"I should have done this a while ago!" He put the pacifier back on the hook and began to pull off his orange winter parka. Underneath was a medium white shirt, already with several dark spots where he'd soaked it with sweat. "Ugh. This jungle is impossible. At least I haven't seen any animals around. Or mosquitos." Since no one was watching, he yanked his black shirt off as well. Marcus was a thin, lithe man. He had never bothered toning his muscles, but he also had very little body fat, and wasn't very tall. With his

brown hair and blue eyes, he felt he looked quite charming, but in truth, he had a problem with looking boyish. It didn't help that a lot of the clothing that fit him was more suited for teens than someone living a post-college life. Each time he went shopping, Marcus faced a battle to sift through racks of Pikachu t-shirts and "Punk" clothing to find something he felt suited a young scholar like himself.

He folded his coat and his shirt down on the ground. "Tch. If I wear this clothing anymore, I'm going to end up swimming in sweat. Good thing no one's watching me." he reached down to unbutton the fly of his khaki pants, sliding them down to his ankles.

"YOU WEAR NEON ORANGE UNDERPANTS? HAHAHAHA!"

Marcus felt his face getting hot, as he shifted his hips, the fabric of his boxer-briefs rippling as he folded his pants up. "It's a good color on me, and SHUT UP!" he scowled, shaking a fist at the stone doors. "Ok, clearly you can see me somehow... and I just gave you a free show. Fuck." The idea that Louis was watching him strip made him feel dirty. He blushed, putting his pants down on top of the rest of his clothes. "Oh wait! Gonna need these..." he reached down and pulled his metallic blue sunglasses out of his pants pocket. "I'll come back for the rest of my stuff later, but if I'm going to do this, I'm going to do this in style." He placed the sunglasses over his eyes. Clad in nothing more than his orange underwear made him feel a bit skeevy, but the sunglasses helped. He always felt more in control with them on, ever since his dad gave them to him as a child.

"It's not as if I don't know how to deal with your puzzle anyway. The answer's obvious." Marcus reached back down for the pacifier, pulling it up. "If I have to suck on this, then the obvious action is to limit my exposure." He opened his mouth and put the rubbery dummy into it. With a point, he put the tip of his tongue up against the hole he'd seen, sealing it shut. Folding his arms and glaring at the door in spite, he sucked on the pacifier, making faint "Nuck! Nuck! Nuck!" noises as he did.

The two doors began to shake and rumble, slowly sliding apart. The tip of Marcus' tongue felt slightly tingly as he watched the door slowly open. Sucking on the toy was indignant, but felt oddly relaxing. At first he'd been annoyed that Louis had been spying on him, but with the toy in his mouth, he just felt calm. Mellow, even. A faint hint of a smile spread across his lips as he closed his eyes, waiting for the rumbling to stop so he could fit inside. A sweet taste splashed against his tongue, as he suckled back and forth. It was a delicious goop leaking into his mouth, and he found himself wanting more. Thankfully, he got more with every suckle. He kept his eyes shut, enjoying the

moment. He didn't need to watch the door open, anyway. He could just listen for it to stop, and enjoy the feeling of something in his mouth, and how tingly his tongue felt, breathing in the steam...

Steam.

He was breathing in the steam that messed with his head. Marcus' eyes burst open, as he tore the pacifier out of his mouth. A droop of a clear goop dripped out as he threw it to the ground. The doors were open. A cloud of steam had drifted out. Having breathed in so much of the steam, he was already feeling dizzy. He had to keep moving before he passed out. To make matters worse, the second the pacifier escaped his lips, the doors started rumbling again, slowly shutting again. He made his choice and darted forward, jumping through the closing doors. The doors pressed shut behind him, as he fell to one knee, clutching at his head. "Nnnngh..." The room around him spun. He could barely stand. He didn't know if it was because of the cloud of steam that had built up behind the doors, or because of the unknown drug he'd swallowed. Somehow, his tongue had slipped, and he'd even swallowed some of whatever-the-heck that sweet goo was.

And the dummy was still in his right hand. Staring at it, he licked his lips. For a moment, he was considering popping it back in and sucking on it. Shaking his head to destroy that thought, Marcus let go of it and slid it across the floor. "Uuugh..." He didn't trust himself walking, so he fell to all fours. It felt easier to crawl than to walk with his mind so cloudy and spinny. He'd found himself trapped inside a darkened room, the only light from a torch high up out of his reach. Looking at the flame, he realized that it wasn't moving. It was a fake flame, emitting light like some sort of lamp. "Get ready, Louis... I'm going to find you and get some answers..." Marcus started crawling down the hallway. He'd move on all fours for a bit until his head cleared, and then walk from there.

It was difficult to keep track of time as he crawled down the hallway. Eventually, he found himself entering a large stone room, several torches in the walls lighting the tan stone up. Opposite to him was a door, just slightly ajar. Between him and that exit was a floor of stone tiles, covered with various odd symbols. As addled as his mind was, it took Marcus a moment to process this. "Oh! I see. There's probably traps all along the floor. Step on the wrong tiles and you get into some trouble." After a few moments more, he identified every symbol on the floor.

- A symbol of an open palm, its fingers pressed tightly together, lines trailing behind it.
- A symbol of a circle with a line growing out of the bottom of it, with curvy lines on the circle's left and right.
- A symbol of a single letter Z, framed within a box.
- A symbol of a small box, with a bow on the top of it.
- And finally, a symbol of something that looked suspiciously like a baby's bonnet.

"No blank tiles..." he frowned. "So that means one of these tile sets is probably safe, but which one?" He crawled forward, testing one of the tiles. His left hand pressed down onto a single bonnet tile. It slid downward at his touch. Marcus froze. And nothing happened. "Hmm... maybe it's these tiles? The bonnets? Odd... but why would they be safe?" He looked around. The next nearest bonnet was three tiles up. There was no way he could crawl to it without tripping at least another tile. "No way around it." He frowned. "I have to stand up and try to jump." He frowned. His head was still a bit spinny. Pushing himself up to his feet, he stumbled a bit as he balanced himself, narrowly avoiding stepping on a Z Tile. Standing still, he looked over at the Bonnet Tile. "Well, here goes nothing." He crouched and leapt, cursing his luck. Marcus flew through the air, veering slightly towards the right from where he was aiming. He was straying off course.

"Nonononononononono!" He twisted his body, changing his fall. Instead of landing on his feet, his arms, and then his chest, fell into the edge of the Bonnet Tile, just barely avoiding touching a Box Tile. Again, Marcus froze. The tile sank into the ground with his weight on it. And again, nothing happened. "Hm... I guess that Bonnets are the safe tiles." He said, pushing himself back up to his feet. Looking around, he found that another Bonnet was just two stone tiles to his left. "I have to be careful..." He stretched his legs, trying to step over the tile between the two Bonnets. Although he was a bit off from where he aimed, he still managed to hit his mark. Pressing down on the tile, he pulled his full weight onto the third Bonnet Tile.

"WARNING! THREE OF THE SAME TILE HAVE BEEN DEPRESSED! PLAYER HAS INCURRED A PENALTY!"

Marcus jerked around, trying to see where the voice came from. "LOUIS?!? WHAT THE HECK!"

Panels slid open on either side of the room. Surging forth from there, large mechanical hands rushed towards Marcus. He tensed his body to run. But then hesitated. He was

surrounded by other tiles, with no idea what they did. If he ran, he'd step on at least one of them. "This is bullshit!" He spat out, as large, cloth gloved hands grabbed him, pulling Marcus up into the air as two of the eight hands held him up above the floor.

"PENALTY INCURRED: YOUR PARENTS DRESS YOU FUNNY, KITTEN!"

Marcus blinked. "Wait... maybe these are some sort of pre recorded messages?" Did he ever get a confirmation Louis was watching him? It took him a few moments to process what had just been said. "...wait, WHAT?"

Four mechanical hands held him, as the other four moved in towards him with a yellow cord, taking measurements. Marcus screamed as the hands bent him down, getting him in different angles. At one point, they lifted his arm up to measure his arm length. At another point, they spread his legs. Whenever he tried to squirm and wriggle, the grip of the arms just tightened, holding him in place. And then, the four arms with the measuring tape pulled away. Marcus felt his breath slow. "Is it... over?"

It wasn't over. The four hands returned from the wall carrying clothing in deep white and blue hues. Marcus wailed again, as he felt cotton fabric pulling up his legs, a zipper sliding up his back, encasing his bare skin in clothing he couldn't fully see. The fabric was hot, and he felt the temperature against his body rising as he was trapped.

"YOUR PENALTY IS COMPLETE! YOU MAY NOT REMOVE THAT OUTFIT UNTIL THE END OF THE ROOM." Louis' deep voice boomed again, as the arms lowered him down. "WALK CAREFULLY, KITTEN..."

As the arms lowered Marcus down, he looked at what he was trapped in. His body was covered in blue and white shimmery fabric "Scales". Behind him, a lazy, large tail trailed behind him. His feet and hands were clad in sky blue booties, making even standing a bit hard. Gripping things would be almost impossible with the thick claw-shaped mittens fitted around his hands. And a hood was pulled over his head, with two stuffed fabric protrusions coming from the top of it. He was dressed as a white dragon, with blue accents. "I..." It was a childish set of pajamas, scaled up to his size. His face got hot, as he squirmed and his tail thrashed angrily behind him. "This is humiliating!" He kicked the ground, lip pushed out in a distinct pout. "How dare you make me wear this!" He stomped a foot against the ground, snorting and fuming.

"THAT'S YOUR PENALTY." The voice boomed back. "DO YOU WANT TO KEEP BEING NAUGHTY AND GET ANOTHER ONE?"

Marcus immediately fell silent. At least that response had confirmed it for him. This wasn't a pre-recorded message. He narrowed his eyes. "Hey, if you're listening to me... what was that goop that was in the pacifier?"

"NOTHING MUCH..." Louis' loud, roaring voice sounded a bit amused. "JUST A SWEET LAXATIVE."

Marcus' eyes went wide. "Oh shit."

"NAUGHTY NAUGHTY, POTTYMOUTH."

Marcus pressed his legs together. All of a sudden, he felt a new motivation to get out of the temple. "Ok, so stepping on three tiles of the same sort triggers a penalty." He narrowed his eyes, gazing at the floor. After a few moments, he found a clear path. It was almost impossible to navigate the floor without stepping on any symbol at least twice. But from where he was, as long as he walked carefully, he could get to the end without any more penalties. As long as he understood the rules of the game properly. He hopped, leapt, stepped, and danced across the tiled floor. A building sense of urgency was kindled in his mind. He had a laxative in him. At any point, he could shame himself like an infant. He wanted to find a toilet before that happened. As he moved, however, he found the true downside to the costume he was wearing. The pale blue booties made walking hard. His feet slipped along the polished stone tiles. Several times he narrowly avoided sliding to another tile he didn't want to press into. Towards the end, he HAD stepped on every tile at least twice. If he hit a third tile of any symbol, he'd get into another penalty.

But without further danger, he found himself just four tiles away from the door. All he had to do was jump over a Z tile and a Rattle Tile, and he was home free. He tensed his body to jump, his floppy fake dragon tail waving behind him. As he moved his right leg back, however, he made a fatal mistake. He didn't get take into account where the tail of his costume was, and as he brought his foot forward, he hooked it right under the stuffed tail, freezing mid-stride. Stumbling forward, he tripped when he should have leapt, and fell flat on his face into his third Z Tile.

"WARNING! THREE OF THE SAME TILE HAVE BEEN DEPRESSED! PLAYER HAS INCURRED A PENALTY!"

“But! But!” Marcus heard the noise of the panels in the walls sliding apart. “That’s not FAIR! I figured it oooooout!” He howled, leaping for the door. If he could get through before the hands got to him, maybe he could- But he wasn’t fast enough. The white dragon costume worked against him, the booties and the stuffed claw mittens scrabbling against the polished tile floor. He couldn’t get a good enough grip to move as quickly as he wanted. Crawling forward was a challenge, and all too quickly he was scooped up by the mechanical arms, the soft fabric of their white gloved hands the only comfort from their steel, unyielding grip. Wailing and kicking like a toddler throwing a tantrum, Marcus struggled and squirmed against the grip of the eight mechanical hands, as they carried him towards one side of the room. An enormous panel in the wall slid away.

And what the hands slid out was something he hadn’t expected to see: An enormous crib. Stone bars just an inch apart from each other rose up around a large mattress, each bar painted a bright pastel color in a rainbow pattern. The bed had several layers of warm blankets stacked on it, the uppermost one a deep navy blue with what looked like moons, stars, and little rockets decorating it. There was even a mobile up above it, with little prancing, pouncing metallic cat figures dangling from it. “Oh this better not be going where I think it’s going...” Marcus scowled, his eyes narrowing.

“PENALTY INCURRED! CRANKY LITTLE CUBS GET PUT DOWN FOR A NAP!”

Marcus redoubled his efforts to escape the hands, wanting no part of what they were bringing him to. But his struggling was in vain. He wasn’t an athlete, and his body was just not strong enough to break their grip. The mechanical arms lowered him down into the crib, pulling aside the blankets and sliding him under them. Their attempts to tuck him in, however, were met with repeated failure. Marcus kicked up the covers each time, trying to climb out of the crib whenever they let him up.

“RESISTING A PENALTY INCURS A SECOND PENALTY! SQUIRMY KITTENS GET TUCKED IN EXTRA TIGHT!”

“What?” Marcus looked up. “NO!” The arms grabbed him again, forcing him back under the covers. A pair of them descended as the other six tucked him in, with a thin metal ribbon, which they affixed to either side of the crib, pushing down gently against the blankets he was under. It wasn’t painful, but the metal ribbon pressed down to obstruct his torso and his hands. Keeping him from moving the center of his body. Another black metal ribbon soon joined them, binding down Marcus’ legs right at the ankles. He

couldn't move his body. He couldn't escape. All he could do was stare up at the mobile above him and think.

The arms moved away, as the lights dimmed around him. He couldn't see the ceiling anymore. He couldn't see much of anything beyond the cat mobile up above him. His world didn't extend beyond the crib anymore. There was just him, the crib, and the darkness. One of the mechanical arms moved to spin it, as the little metal cats spun and danced and pounced. As it moved, a tinny, lyricless version of "Lullaby and goodnight" started playing from it. It was oddly soothing. Marcus found himself yawning as his head pressed into the comfy pillows. "Nnnn... gotta stay awake." He said, tears in his eyes as he stared up at the mobile, watching the cats spin and pounce and dance. Such happy smiles on their faces. His eyes blinked open and shut, as the music crept into his ears. He watched the kittens on the mobile and felt his body relaxing. In the back of his mind, he almost felt like he could hear voices speaking to him, whispering just under the tone of the lullaby in his mind.

*Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten... relax... more and more...
good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten... relax... more and more...*

A faint smile crossed Marcus face as he relaxed more and more. His eyes started to glaze over as he watched the fun spinning mobile, another yawn escaping his lips. His eyelids drifted down as slowly as the dancing snowflakes in the world outside. That was right. It was snowing outside their home, wasn't it? But in here, it was nice and warm and comfy. "And since we've no place to go..." he mumbled the lyrics to the song as his eyes closed, his mind drifting off to a good, happy, cute, sleepy place.

He didn't remember his dreams. Mark, no, MARCUS woke up when he rolled to his side, feeling the blankets on the crib rustling around him. Something soft and rubbery was in his mouth, and whenever he pulled on it, there was a faint "Nuck" sound and something sweet splashed onto his tongue. He did that a few times, just to enjoy it. A bit of sugar would help him wake up anyway. He was sleepy and slow, and it took a while for his mind to find its way through the fog of fatigue. As he rolled over again, onto his back, something squashed underneath him. And then his eyes shot open. He could move. The restraints were gone. Looking around, the lights were bright again. He didn't know how long he'd been out, but he watched as the arms reached down to pick him up out of his-, no THE crib.

"WAKEY-WAKEY KITTEN! YOUR PENALTY IS OVER! TIME TO PLAY!"

He didn't respond, suckling on whatever was in his mouth. Rubbing his eyes, Marcus tried to clear the sleepiness from his mind. He didn't even fight the mechanical arms as they scooped him up, one gloved hand on his squishy bottom, two others holding him on either side. His mind felt funny, and he needed to wake up before he'd bother protesting or fussing or throwing a tantrum about the indignity of being put down for a nap. *Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten...* Besides, he felt kind of happy. There was something refreshing about waking back up. He almost forgot what he'd been so grumpy about in the first place. "Mmm, actually... why was I here in this temple, anyway?"

The arms put him down on the Z Tile he'd fallen onto earlier. He stood still, pondering the question. Why HAD he gone into this temple? It was hard to remember exactly why. The answer came to him out of the fog in his mind, but it took a few moments. Louis! He had to find Louis and get some answers from him! With his goal back in his mind, he shook his head, his thoughts clearing, and got back into the game. The last bit was simple! All he had to do was hop over the last Rattle Tile, and he got to the door. "Yes!" He cheered, as whatever was in his mouth fell out and landed on the stone floor with a clatter. He looked down. It was another of those golden pacifiers. "Oh great! So I swallowed more of that, um-" he frowned. "What was that word? Lax-ah-tive? That sounds right, I think." He sighed. He didn't want to swallow any more drugs, but it felt weird not having something in his mouth to suck oh. He reached down for it, but then pulled his hand away. "Urgh, NO. The more of that stuff I get in me, the worse it'll be at the end. I just have to find a toi-" He stopped. The word wasn't coming to him. "A toy? I have to find a toy?" That didn't sound right, but he couldn't remember the right word. "A potty. I have to find a potty, I mean. Not a toy." *Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten...* "Although, a toy might be a fun prize after having to go through all this. Especially this stupid dragon onsie." He grumbled, looking down at it as he opened the door. "It's way too hot for this thing."

Walking out into the hall beyond the door, he found an alcove with a mirror. Underneath it was a small bin. Alphabet letters carved into the stone read "Deposit any penalty costumes into this bin." Which made him smile again. "Finally!" he grinned, reaching back and gripping the zipper on the back of the dragon costume. Soon he was able to pull himself backwards out of it, freeing his hands and his head out of the top of it. "I was sweating sooo hard in this thing!" As he worked, he began to strip out of it. As he pulled his head out of the hoodie, two bright orange fuzzy ears poked up out of his shaggy brown pelt of hair. Staring at them in the mirror, he frowned. While he watched them swiveling around, turning to catch any noise, something in the back of his mind nagged at him. He reached up to feel one of them with his freed hands. "Why do I feel

like there's something wrong with my ears." His voice was a mumble, as he closed his eyes and tried to think. *Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten...* "Nnngh." He tried to think really, really hard, wracking his brain. *Good kitten... happy kitten... CUTE kitten... sleepy kitten...* But in the end, he couldn't find anything wrong. After all, he had super-cute orange kitten ears. What was weird about that?

Finishing his disrobing process, however, yielded a rude surprise. A stinky smell, and his orange lycra boxer-briefs were sagging. He vaguely remembered something squishy when he'd been having a nap. The drug in the pacifiers had done its work as he slept. "I-I messed my paaaaants!" He said, tears forming in his eyes. His face was hot, as he blushed. The realization made him want to cry. The worst part was that he'd rolled around in it. It was probably smeared all along his bottom, and he didn't have anything to clean it up with. And if he took off his underwear, he'd just be walking around with a messy bum. Like he didn't even care. Pulling his shades up and wiping his eyes, he forced back the urge to bawl like a little cub. "Nnngh... hopefully, I can find something to clean myself up with once I get done with this temple." Turning, he walked further down into the temple, once more wearing nothing more than his metallic blue shades and a pair of sagging, stinky orange underwear.

Further down the hall, he found an odd sight. The left half of the wall was missing in a part of the hall, replaced by a ramp going down into darkness. "Hmm..." He tried to figure out why that would be there, but couldn't think of anything. He wished he hadn't left the pacifier back in the puzzle room. Sucking on something always seemed to help clear his mind. With a shrug, he walked forward, crossing the odd part of the hallway. And found the floor sinking ever so slightly below him. Another pressure plate. The right side of the wall slid open, and he turned to see a large brown boulder barreling down at him. "OH S-" He didn't have time to think. In a split-second reaction, he thrust his arms forward, feebly trying to catch it. The boulder tumbled into him, yet it didn't knock him down.

Marcus couldn't notice, in the heat of the moment. But his muscles were growing. His body was growing ever so slightly, limp and soft arms becoming tighter, more toned. A six pack formed along his stomach, as he grit his teeth and held the boulder in place. It'd pushed him back a few inches, but nowhere near the ramp into oblivion. Part of him was surprised that the boulder hadn't crushed him. But apparently it wasn't heavy enough. At the same time, his thighs tightened. Marcus was gaining the body of a gymnast: slender and flexible. Nimble yet strong. With a burst of strength and speed he didn't know he had, he pushed the boulder back ever so slightly, and darted towards the hall. In one motion, he tucked, rolled, and landed on his butt with a soft SQUISH!

“...Great. I did that again.” He blushed, his ears flattening against his head. After a moment to catch his breath, he pulled himself up to his feet as the boulder rolled down the ramp into darkness. “Glad that wasn’t taking me with it.” He dusted himself off, and kept walking, feeling a churning in his tummy as he walked. He’d had another dose of that Paci-Drug recently. Did that mean he was going to have another accident. He pressed his thighs together and whimpered.

“YOU’VE DONE WELL, BRAVE CUB! BUT CAN YOU SOLVE THIS NEXT RIDDLE?”

“Be quiet.” Marcus huffed, as he kept walking. The hall opened up into another large room. Just to the right of another stone door was a large inscription carved onto the wall: “5 X 5 =”, with a gap in the stone where something could be placed. Along the floor were several stone slabs with numbers on them. A moment’s look told Marcus that every number from 0 to 9 was there. “Mmmm. A maths problem.” He put his hands on his hips. “That shouldn’t be too hard! I’m great at maths! Er, math.” He giggled, staring at the problem on the wall. Something seemed familiar about it, but his memory was cloudy. Every time he tried to grasp some memories of his schooling going up, they burst into clouds and drifted out of his hands. It was so hard to think! Stomping a foot, he considered the problem. “There’s only fives up there... so maybe it just needs the last five!” Eyes lighting up, he scrambled over to the stone slab with the 5 on it, picked it up, and placed it into the recess. There was lots of space. As he pressed it in, nothing happened. “Huh? But, they’re all there now.” Marcus puffed his lower lip out. “That’s right, isn’t it?” He looked over. The door remained shut. “No faaaair! I’m smart! I AM! I AM!” He stomped a foot and snorted, before looking over at the stone recess again. There was almost room for two slabs there.

“Maybe I need a second one? But which one?” He looked around at the slabs. “One. Two. Three...” There were too many numbers around, and he didn’t know which one to pick. Marcus grumbled. He needed to think. To clear his head of all the fog. Almost on instinct, he felt his right hand moving up towards his mouth. He didn’t even realize he was doing it until he found his thumb poking against his lips. “Huh?” He stared at it. He needed to suck on something. It’d always cleared his head before. “But every time before, I had a pacifier. Is a thumb going to help me focus?” *Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten...* He blinked. “I guess I can try it anyway.” Opening his mouth, he slid his thumb along his lengthening incisors and started to suck on it. Sliding his tongue along his thumb, he closed his eyes and let tranquility in. He could relax more and more as long as he was suckling on something, and it felt nice and cute and safe and warm. He almost forgot what he was doing, lost in the pleasurable, peaceful sensation of suckling.

It was the rumbling in his tummy that made him snap out of it. The longer he was here, the more likely he was going to have another stinky accident. He didn't want that. But as he popped his soggy thumb out of his mouth, his solution hit him. "I'll just try every number in front of the five, until I get the answer!" Feeling smart again, he scurried off to grab at the 0 slab. Which didn't work as he pushed it in front of the five. With a slight frown, he traded it out for the 1 slab. Which also didn't seem to do anything. Then, as he pushed the 2 slab into the slot, the stone door to his left began to rumble. Eyes lighting up, he scrambled over towards it. The door opened up to a short hallway with large black bent THINGS jutting out all over it. He couldn't even see a floor. "Meep." On the other side he could see an open room. Reaching out, he tapped one of the black things. It was soft and spongy to the touch. But pulling his finger back, he saw it left a black mark along the tip of it.

"BE CAREFUL, KITTEN! VOLCANO ASH WILL GET YOU ALL MESSY!"

Marcus raised an eyebrow. "Messy? Is that all?" He reached back and squashed the sagging bit of his underwear. "I'm already messy!" He raced forward, falling to all fours to try and dodge some of the black, spongy feelers. As he clambered around, trying to navigate, he soon discovered that trying to find a relatively clean path was pointless. Black, dusty ash left streaks along his arms, his legs, his chest, and even his face. Grumbling, he stood back up as he reached the end of the challenge. "Ugh. Am I almost done yet?" his tummy rumbled again. A nervous voice in the back of his head reminded him. It wouldn't be long now. He needed to find a potty fast!

Rushing into the next room, he looked around. On the wall were several large holes, cut into the shape of a star, a crescent moon, a triangle, a square, and a circle. Each hole had a bright color painted around it, outlining it. And strewn along the floor were large, long shapes in similar colors: A long moon shape, a stretched out circle, a triangle tube, and so on. To his right was a large green curtain pulled along a gap in the wall.

"CAN YOU SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF THE SHAPES?"

The source of the voice was obvious this time. Marcus could hear it booming from behind the green curtain. Folding his arms and narrowing his eyes, he walked over to the curtain and yanked it to one side. Behind it, sitting in front of a small toy recording device built into the wall, was a large, muscular lion. His fur was a bright, shiny gold. His mane a deep chocolate brown, and a pristine white diaper was wrapped around his

waist. He turned his head to stare at the dirty, stinky Marcus, his eyes wide as the moon. After a moment, he turned his head back to speak into the recorder.

“PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE LION BEHIND THE CURTAIN!”

“Found you, Louis.” Marcus stuck his tongue out.

The lion raised his paws up in surrender. “Alright, you got me. I was just having a bit of fun with you.” He stood up, crinkling and walking over towards Marcus. “And it’s Louie. Prince Louie, actually.”

The newly-introduced Prince actually stood a head taller than Marcus. The man found himself blushing a bit. It was hard to think back before the temple, but he felt like Louie had been shorter before. “Um...” He searched for something to say. He felt like he had so many questions, but once he’d actually found the person he wanted to ask, they all seemed to collapse into clouds in his mind and drift away. “What’s up with the diaper?” He looked down.

Louie raised an eyebrow. “Isn’t it obvious? I’m a cub. A lion cub. And all cubs need their diapers.”

Marcus reached up to put a hand on Louie’s chest. His muscles were so firm, it felt like he was almost touching iron. “But you’re so big and strong.”

This provoked a chuckle from the regal lion. “And yet I’m still a kitten.” He purred, as his tail lifted. Marcus heard a loud fart echoing from the lion’s backside. “Like all cubs, I have no control. And I can’t be trusted in big boy clothes, so I wear diapers. And they feel so nice, why would I ever want to be out of them?” A mischievous glint flashed in his eyes. “Well, unless I’m playing games with other cubs.” One of his paws snaked down to pat at Marcus’ backside. “By the scent and the feel, it looks like I’m not the only kitten here, either.”

His body trembling, Marcus felt his face getting hot. For some reason, being touched by the big strong lion was making him uncomfortable. But he was having trouble thinking of why. “I-I’m not a cub.” He stammered out, his ears flat against his head again.

“Really?” Prince Louie sniffed the air. “It smells like someone had a messy accident, and it wasn’t me. Not yet.” He squashed the messy underwear, before moving his paw

up Marcus' bare back, tracing fingers up it to fuzzle at his ears. "And you've got such adorable black and orange stripey ears. How could you think you're not a cub?"

"I-" *Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten...* "I-" Marcus was so confused. He didn't usually start to get horny at another man's touch. He knew he had cute feline ears, and he'd even called himself a kitten once or twice. But hearing someone else say it made it feel almost wrong. He couldn't think of why, though. The feeling of someone scratching between his ears felt so good, and he leaned in, feeling his tented underwear rubbing against the lion's legs. "Mmmm." He found his body rumbling like an engine, as he nestled his head against the lion's chest, breathing in Louis' musky scent and trying not to think about why it'd feel weird to be touched in places by another guy. His mind was so fuzzy, so addled! "U-Um, what are you doing here?" He blurted out, not even phrasing it with the tone of a question.

The big lion chuckled. "You're purring, kitten. Guess you really like having your ears scritch'd, huh?" He did it a bit more, as Marcus melted in his arms. "To answer your question, I was trying to complete the Volcano Temple and win the prize."

Marcus looked up, his head still pressed up against Louie's soft, velvety fur. "Prize?"

Louie nodded, his mane rustling. "Yeah. There's a big chest with a prize after this door, and the way out besides. But this last challenge is too hard, and I couldn't figure it out on my own." Louie poked his pointer fingers together. "I tried banging random shapes into each hole, but it didn't work." His ears perked up. "But you're a really smart cat! Maybe you can figure it out, Mark!"

Rubbing his chin, Marcus tapped a foot against the ground. "Mmm... I don't really know. It feels like they should be connected, the shapes and the holes, but..."

The big prince sighed. "I know. It's just so mysterious!"

"I feel like if I had something to suck on, I could figure it out." Marcus blushed as he admitted what was going through his head. "It's so hard to think! But when I've got something between my lips..." he looked down at his hands, stripes of soot all over them. "But I don't have a pacifier and I'm all dirty. I don't want to put my thumbs in my mouth like this!"

A grin slid along the lion's muzzle. "What about if you suckled on my thumb?" He reached a paw down into his diaper, stroking at a bulge in the front of it. With a sigh of

bliss, he pulled his paw out. Something moist was smeared on the edge of his thumb. "Do you think that might work?"

He didn't even respond to Louie. Marcus leaned forward, closing his eyes, and began to suck back and forth on the prince's thumb, his body purring again, as he bobbed back and forth on the fuzzy digit. The stuff smeared on it was like the tasty goo from the pacifier, but salty instead of sweet! He licked at it, a big smile growing along his lips, as he nuzzled into the big prince. As he suckled on the lion's precum-slick thumb, whiskers started to sprout out of his face, as bright orange fur began to grow out from under his underwear, trailing up the center of his chest in a treasure trail. A small bump began to form at the hem of his underwear, a tiny nub of a tail sprouting out, pushing Marcus' already sagging underwear just a slight bit farther down. Marcus forgot what he was doing, enjoying the clear mind and soothing feeling of having that salty-fuzzy thumb in his mouth.

It might have been a minute. Or maybe it was a year. Marcus' mind melted to mush and he lost track of everything except the thumb in his mouth. But at some point he popped the lion's thumb out of his mouth. He felt his mind starting to grow foggy again. But for just a moment, he saw things with perfect clarity. "Oh!" He smiled, tapping his nose knowingly, his whiskers twitching. "The colors! Match the red stuff with the red stuff, the blue with the blue, and so on!" He walked over towards the yellow triangle tube and started lifting it up. "So this goes in the yellow hole!"

The lion looked at him for a moment. "The triangle goes in the yellow hole?" he pointed at the large square hole, the outline painted blue. "But it looks like it'd be perfect for that one!" Louie crouched down with a crinkle, picking up the other end of the triangle tube and helping Marcus move it.

Marcus nodded in affirmation. "I know, that's what I'd have picked too, but I think we've gotta focus on putting color to color."

Working together, the pair of them pushed the yellow triangle tube into the yellow triangular hole. Prince Louie put a paw on Marcus' shoulder. "I never could have solved that on my own!" He locked eyes with Marcus, his eyes starting to shift in color, a rainbow kaleidoscope of shifting hues and chromas. "You're the smartest cub in the jungle, aren't you?"

Marcus couldn't help but look back. The pretty colors struck his eyes, and then there was nothing else he could think about. "Y-yeah. I'm the smartest kitten." He purred, a droplet of drool sliding down his lips.

Prince Louie's grin grew wider, as he began to massage along Marcus' shoulder. "Why, I bet you could even count to twenty, if you used all the digits on your four paws! I can't even get past five yet! You're so smart, Marky-Mark!"

Something felt off about what Louie was saying, but Marcus... no, Mark, was having trouble thinking of anything that wasn't those pretty colorful eyes. "I-I can count to twenty..." Something in the back of his mind feebly shouted, screaming that he could count higher than that, that he needed to look away. But after a few moments of staring into those pretty eyes, he stopped hearing it.

"It doesn't matter if you have trouble pronouncing big words. At least you can read! Jackie and Danny and I are still trying to learn our ABCs!" The lion purred. "But it's ok. I know my smartest vassal can always read us bedtime stories until we figure out all those silly symbols." He smiled and leaned in, licking along Mark's right cheek with that rough, wet feline tongue. As he pulled away, fur began to sprout like grass along the changing human's face. Everywhere the tongue had slid, Mark was growing fur. Black fur wherever the soot stains had touched, but orange everywhere else, with a tuft of white along his lips.

Mark's higher thought processes were falling out of the back of his mind as he felt the big strong lion licking his left cheek. "I-I'm good at readin'." He mumbled, feeling a tingling along his cheeks. It was getting harder to think, as his mind filled with fog again. He needed something to suck on if he was going to think again. But just after that thought entered his mind, Louie's prismatic eyes met his again, and suddenly he was lost in the pretty colors.

"And you know, there's lots of other sweaty male cubs who like smartie-smarts like you." A paw traced down Mark's waist, claws tickling his tummy as they passed. He felt Louie inserting himself into Mark's orange underwear and stroking his cock. "I bet you can't wait to be some male's sexy-smartie kitten..."

Even with the pretty colors, Mark fought this. He felt a growl rolling out of his throat, as he tried to look away. He didn't want to be rude to the prince, but he had to disagree. "I don't wanna boy mate!" He said, his face getting hot again. In spite of his protests, his weenie was getting stiff in his undies. The fabric was tenting, tightening, pulling the

mess in the back up against his butt. All the same, he snarled at the lion, indicating his protest with growling, sharpening feline teeth.

Louie was silent for a moment, staring at him. He blinked, and his eyes settled back down to just the pale gold they usually were. "Alright." He tugged his paw back out of the front of Mark's underwear, which caused Mark to snort and puff his lower lip out. "It's a shame, but I understand." He turned to the other big shaped blocks. "Can we finish the puzzle though? I wanna get the treasure and crawl out, ok?"

Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten... "Oh! I forgot." Mark's anger vanished. He felt like he should still be angry, but he couldn't quite remember what he'd even been angry about. He felt a giggle escaping his mouth. He felt too happy to be mad. "Ok! Um... well, can I suck on your thumb again, Prince Louie?" His growing tail swished back and forth as he licked his lips. The salty stuff the prince had put on his thumb before had tasted so good!

"Just a moment, ok?" Louie chuckled, putting his left paw into his diaper and stroking it. His head tilted back, as he shuddered and purred. "Mmm... just had to get some of the prince's special sauce on it for you. It'll help you think." He pulled out his paw, the thumb slick and moist with something that smelled musky and salty. Mark felt drool building in his mouth.

It took four more thumb-suckling sessions, but the pair of them finally managed to get the other three shapes fitted through equally shaped and matching colored holes. It might have gone a bit faster, but Mark intentionally made a mistake, wanting an extra excuse to suck on the Prince's thumb again. Each time he popped that digit in his mouth, his mind cleared, and he could think. And each time he took a bit more of the lion prince's essence into him, the patches of fur along his cheeks spread. By the time they'd gotten the blue square peg through the blue square hole, Mark's face was growing out into a pronounced feline muzzle, whiskers twitching. His tail was a long, orange and black snake that danced behind his butt of its own accord. And his ears moved of their own accord along with his mood, occasionally twitching or shifting to hear some distant noise.

But at last, the stone doors to the next chamber began to rumble, and then part. Beyond them, an enormous wooden chest, the edges lined with bright gleaming gold. As if it lived, the chest opened as they approached, revealing its wealth: a hoard of stuffed, fuzzy dolls. Animal plushies just a bit smaller than the two men stared back at them

from within the chest, lifeless eyes gleaming. Louie grinned. "Oooo! So that's the prize this month!"

"This month?" Mark raised an eyebrow, feeling his tummy gurgling. He needed to get to a place where he could work out the rest of that laxative and get cleaned up. And soon. He winced as a fart escaped his bottom, biting his lower lip. "Um... so the exit's over there, right?" He pointed at a door behind the chest, and just slightly to the left.

Louie's ears flattened. "Aw, you're leaving without picking a prize? But if you do, you won't get a toy until the temple changes its puzzles next month!" he walked over to the stuffed dolls. "Come on! Let's pick some out together. Every kitten needs a snugly plush friend to hump. Especially since you don't want a big strong boy of your very own." The lion held up a deep navy blue panther plush doll, waving it's stubby arms as his tail lifted.

"B-but I gotta go, and-" Mark fell silent as he heard Louie pass gass, grunt, and saw the lion's diaper start to sag in the back. Suddenly he completely forgot what he was going to say. "You just messed yourself."

The big lion sighed, his eyes glazing over in bliss. "Yup! Now we're both mudbutts!" He groped his crotch, a small bulge forming in the front of his padding. "Not that I could hold it. Kittens like us have no control. And it feels so good to use my nappies..." He shuddered and rubbed his backside. "Freely messing and wetting myself like the toddler I am. So liberating... isn't it soooo nice to be a carefree kitten?"

Mark felt his cock stiffening, and for a moment, he felt uncomfortable. *Good kitten... happy kitten... cute kitten... sleepy kitten...* And then, a moment later, he found himself confused as to why. Louie looked so cute like that. "Yeah," he smiled. "It's fun to be happy and cute and carefree!" he found himself purring. His tummy rumbled and grumbled, but he didn't pay it any mind. "Um, what toys are there?"

Prince Louie waved the jaguar plush towards him. "Lots of them! But I think this little guy will be your favorite." He smiled. "He looks like a big strong panther kitten. Like someone who knows how to treat a smarty-smart like Marky right." He held it up to Mark as he approached. "Come on, hold him! Hug him!"

After a moment of hesitation, Mark reached up and took the doll, feeling how fuzzy, and yet how strong it felt to his touch. "It's nice." It even smelled familiar. Like someone he knew, or half-remembered.

“Uh huh!” Prince Louie crinklewaddled around, standing behind Mark. “You know, it’s shame you don’t like boys. I know a big strong black panther who is just like your favorite toy.” A smile grew along his muzzle, spreading from ear to ear, as he reached up to rub against Mark’s shoulders.

Mark’s heart began to race. “Y-you do?” His ears perked up.

The lion nodded. “Uh huh. He’s really strong and likes to snuggle with other guys. And he knows that guys are the best mates for guys. Because they know what they like.” The prince’s paw slid off of Mark’s right shoulder, snaking down the changing human’s bare shoulder and moving down to slip into his underwear again. “He knows all the best moves to make a boy kitten squeal and groan and purr. Because boys know all the right spots on other boys.” The lion gripped at Mark’s cock, as a bead of precum formed on the tip. Using it as a lube, he began rubbing the head of Mark’s cock against his paw. “They know just where to stroke, where to nibble, where to lick, and where to grind. Why would you ever want anyone else other than a big strong man as your mate?”

A feeble flicker of resistance still remained in the back of Mark’s mind, but it was a dying ember. “A-aaaaaaahhh!” He felt himself panting, his back arching as he pressed his groin into the lion’s paw. He felt something firm and plastic-covered pressing against his mushy butt. His tail lifted to allow it easier access, purely on instinct. In his mind, he saw a black panther rubbing his big sweaty body against Mark’s own, nibbling him in places. Licking him in other places. Making him get all worked up. “He-he sounds niiiiiiii-AAAAAH!” Mark moaned, his balls churning, as he nearly made a sticky mess into his orange undies.

And then, just before the big moment, Louie’s paw pulled away from his cock. “But alas, you don’t like boys.”

Mark’s response was to whirl around and glare at the lion, who eyed him with a placid look in his eyes, and a smug smirk. He began licking his paw clean as he absorbed Mark’s withering glare. “N-no fair!” Mark scowled, stomping a foot. “You shouldn’t tease me!”

The lion just licked his paw and didn’t respond. “So are you going to pick that one, then?” he pointed at the plush panther that Mark was clinging to.

"I guess so." Mark sniffed at it. "I like its scent." He closed his eyes and imagined the scent belonging to a big strong man. For some reason the idea really made his aching blue balls twitch. He needed to cum so badly...

"Purrfect!" The lion walked over and pulled out a stuffed leopard, brown spots standing out against bright blonde fur. "And this will be mine! It's my new favorite already!" He hugged it, sighing in bliss. "And in a month, the puzzles will change and we can try them again for a NEW toy!" the lion's tail wagged like a happy puppy's. "But for now, let's go get cleaned up. We both need to change, don't we?" He reached out and squeezed the backside of Mark's undies.

Mark's grip on his toy tightened. The touch of the lion, while humiliating, brought him back to reality. He felt his tummy grumbling again. He'd had an accident while asleep, which was embarrassing. But if he messed his underwear AGAIN? While he was awake to feel it? The idea was too humiliating to bear. And yet, a certain naughty voice in the back of his head reminded him that the lion did it. Everyone else was, weren't they? "Y-yeah. I need to find a toilet. I'll meet you later, ok prince?" he took off running, scrambling for the door, clinging to his new stuffed friend.

"WAIT!" Louie shouted, but his cry fell on deaf ears. The lion rolled his eyes and shrugged. "Sheesh. What a disobedient vassal. Oh well. I did try to warn him."

After the stale air of the Volcano Temple, fresh air felt good in Mark's lungs. He burst out of the Temple's back doors, looking around at the trees. He could hear a crashing of water in the distance. Perhaps there was a waterfall nearby. The rumbling of his gut and his tail flagging upwards reminded him that he didn't have time to explore. For a moment, he stood there, looking for a potty. In the middle of a jungle. The second that revelation hit him, he felt stupid.

And then, something else hit him, like a freight train. A fuzzy, muscular, laughing black blur slammed into him, knocking him off his feet and sending him skidding onto the jungle floor. "HAH! GOT YOU, PRINCE!" Sitting on top of Mark was a sight that made his heart race. A big, burly black jaguar, a wide grin on his muzzle, and a diaper wrapped around his crinkly butt. A yellow stain the size of a paw had formed around the front, but the rest was a bright untainted white. Mark could smell a mix of talcum powder, piss, and sweat. The intermingling scents were pushing his cock to rock hardness, just when his blue balls were starting to go away. He felt his tenting underwear digging into the panther's pillowy diapered butt. "Hey... wait, you're not Louie!" The panther raised an eyebrow. "You're a lot cuter. I'm Jackie! Who are you?"

“M-Marky.” He stammered out, his eyes wide as he stared up. Cute. The big male wet dream above him called him cute. Mark’s heart skipped a beat. And then, he groaned. The dam was bursting, and he couldn’t hold it anymore. And this time, it was no small accident in his slumber. He felt his bottom emptying itself, first with a fart, and then a rapid stretching of his underwear as he messed himself. Right in front of the guy he liked. Even though his new heartthrob was diapered himself, Mark felt ashamed... *Good kitten... happy kitten... CUTE kitten... sleepy kitten...* and also strangely cute. He giggled. “Sowwy! I hawdda accidwent!” he spoke in baby babble, his memories of potty training being pushed out along with his mess. He could talk like a big kitten, of course, but all of a sudden he felt like he needed to be as cute as he could be for the big man.

“I can see that!” The panther purred, leaning down and kissing him. “So you’re a kitten too, huh? Hot.” Eyes locked eyes, as the panther leaned in and stole a kiss.

Mark was broken the second those lips locked him. He’d shamed himself, lisped like a baby kitten, and this wonderful being was flirting with him. Shamelessly. He wanted the big panther as his boyfriend. He wanted to cuddle and nuzzle and suckle him off. As they broke the kiss off, the changing human watched a trail of saliva stretching from his lips up to the other man’s. “C-can I do something that’ll make you really happy?” He blushed. He couldn’t believe that he was considering this. But a moment ago, he’d lost all his expectations. He felt his foggy mind flooded with pervy urges he’d never have allowed himself before.

The panther smirked. “Sure! A cute kitten like you? I can’t say no to playing with you.” He stroked Mark’s pale, still-human chest. “What should I do?”

“Stand up, and just stand there.” Mark waited for the panther to get up off of him. There was a feeling of reluctance there. The bigger male’s arms wrapped around him was really a bit of a turn-on. He’d never known cuddling with another boy could feel so good. As the panther waited, he sat up, feeling his underwear squishing beneath him. It felt good to be sitting in his own accident. It made him feel like a kitten. Reaching a hand up, he tugged the black fuzzy feline’s diaper down to his knees.

“H-hey wait! I need my diap-PURRRRR!” The panther’s eyes glazed over, his tongue sticking out, as he felt Mark’s tongue sliding along his flaccid shaft, teasing his kitty prick. “M-maybe I can leave it off for a little bit...” He sighed, his cock hardening around Mark’s lips as it swelled up, rubbing against the fuzz on his face.

Mark was overcome with his own lust. His own attraction to this male intermingled with his horniness, as he slurped and lapped and nibbled on the growing slab of panther cock. Precum smeared against his fuzzy face, rewarding himself with the musky scent of his new favorite male. And the more he swallowed, the more his own changes spread. The trail of fur along his chest grew outward, sweeping across his muscular chest and spreading along his thighs. It was becoming difficult for him to remember ever having been human before. He reached up a hand to rub at Jackie's balls, and found it to have changed into a fuzzy, orange paw, tufted with white little mittens of fur along the edges. Rubbing and kneading at the flesh of Jackie's scrotum, he found himself giggling as the bigger cat groaned and thrust, rubbing his cock against Mark's lips.

"Nnnngh! S-sooo good!" Jackie mewled, his eyes staring off into space as his cock drooled precum into Mark's face fur. "H-how'd you know I'd like this?"

Mark pulled his face away from that delicious cock to stare up and lick his lips clean. "I'm a smarty kitten!" He purred. "But it gets better!" Leaning back in, he opened his muzzle and began to suck on the hard fleshy cock. He was GOOD at sucking on things. Getting up on all fours, his underwear sliding down his legs and plopping to the ground, Mark smiled as he slid his tongue around the tip of Jackie's cockhead, circling it slowly so that the big panther could feel it. Each drop of precum that splashed against his tongue was a salty treat that he savored. He had never felt more fulfilled than he did, pleasing this bigger, stronger male. He was purring, his mouth vibrating like a sex toy against Jackie's feline cock as he bobbed up and down.

And then he felt his tail being gripped and tugged up. For a moment, he considered looking backwards. But if he did, he'd have to take his mouth off of Jackie's cock. And he didn't want that at all. A paw was wiping his bottom off with some kind of rag.

Jackie's eyes widened. "L-Louie!" he whimpered, as he started to thrust into Mark's mouth.

The lion purred behind Mark, as the changing human felt something firm, slick, and fleshy pressing between the cheeks of his cleaned behind. The lion purred. "Marky knows a lot of fun games kittens can play with each other, doesn't he?" He chuckled as Jackie moaned and nodded enthusiastically. "Well, so do I. With enough baby oil, we can play a fun kitten game called 'Spitroasting'!"

Mark felt something slick and cool dribbling along his tailhole. A sharp shiver ran up his spine as it dribbled down. At first, he felt panicked by the sensation. But then, as a

finger slid along it, teasing his pucker by circling it and kneading the flesh of it, he forgot why in the pleasurable sensations. A sharp snort of air escaped his lips, as he felt something firm and fleshy entering his tailhole soon after. The prince was mounting him. The sensation that he was pleasuring not one, but two males at once sent a flash of lighting all along his body. His balls churned. As Jackie and Louie began to thrust inside him, Mark nearly came right then and there. The two bigger felines were pushing their essence inside him, and the more of it he sampled, the further his changes spread. His legs, the last remaining thing physically human on his body, trembled, his toes curling, as they sprouted fur and changed. In a matter of moments, his body was completely feline. Mentally, Mark was becoming Marky, a name much more fitting for an infantile little kitten like him.

Jackie yowled as he hit his climax, his cock halfway hilted in Marky's mouth. The panther's seed flooded the former human's muzzle, with gooey white excess dribbling down either side. At the same time, Louie growled and roared, pulling out and spurting his leonine load all over Marky's back, staining black and orange fur with white seed. The sensations, the feelings of swallowing another male's cum, it was all too much. Marky felt his own climax coming, white hot, his cum splattering against the jungle floor. The three felines all collapsed against each other, falling into a heap and enjoying their shared afterglow. Marky felt a warm tongue lapping at his face. "That was fun. I think I need a smart kitten like you to teach me more..." Jackie smirked at him, licking at him with affection in his slitted eyes.

"I'd like that." Marky looked back, feeling his face flush with heat. "U-um, we can do all sorta fun things together if we're mates."

Jackie giggled. "Yeah. That sounds nice." He tilted Marky's head up to be just an inch away from his. "Mates?"

Marky looked away, down at his body. He was orange and white and stripey all over, black stripes of fur covering his body in various places. His underbelly was as white as the cum stains along his bottom, with tufts of matching white along the undersides of his paws, around his lips, and around his ears. Although he vaguely remembered having once been furless and straight, the idea now seemed repugnant to him. Looking back up, he gave his lover a gentle kiss. "Mates." He purred as he broke it, feeling his cock touching against Jackie's.

Prince Louie rubbed at their shoulders. "Aww... I love seeing happy endings!" He grinned. "But before you two play anymore, I think someone needs a change."

Jackie whimpered. “Aw, but Priiiince! I just got my new diaper on a little while ago!”

The lion shook his head. “Not you.” Both Jackie and Marky turned to stare at his sagging, brownbottomed diaper as he pulled it back up. “A-and not me either! I mean, I haven’t even enjoyed being messy yet...” He thrust a finger towards Marky. “I mean you! And I think you know why, don’t you?”

Marky bit his lip. Perversely, he almost didn’t want to say it. But as Prince Louie of the Jungle Nursery prompted him, he knew he had to acknowledge. He had to say it, to show he accepted it. To banish the last bad dreams of being furless and silly and straight. “Y-yeah. I’m a gay tiger kitten who loves to please other guys and makes messes and tinkles and needs diapers.” Just by admitting it, he realized how proud he was of it. “And I do need a new diapey, or else I’m gonna have an accident all over the nice jungle floor!”

Louie cackled. “And we can’t have that!” He walked over and put an arm along Marky’s stripey shoulders. “Come on. Let’s get you all nice and clean and smelling nice for your boyfriend. And then once we’re done, we all need to go make another friend...”

TO BE CONTINUED IN “JUNGLE NURSERY 3: DANIEL”