

Pathogen: Locked In A Room

A story by Terinas Tiger

When the world went mad, Alan Whist fled.

He fled the second the news announced they'd declared martial law in his town.

While others locked themselves in their homes, barring doors and barricading windows; trapping themselves like rats, he took to the streets in his car trying to find a way out. And he was witness to the full extent of the horror: Monsters tackling people in the streets, infecting them with fluids best not described. Once innocent men and women fighting each other for supplies, trying to stock up for long nights filled with terror. Assholes who just used the growing chaos to rape and pillage, willfully ignorant of the larger picture. As things slipped into anarchy around him, he kept on moving, taking one of the few bridges off the island and towards the mainland. He abandoned friends and family to avoid wasting valuable time, left nearly all his worldly things, and got OUT before he got caught in the increasingly escalating lunacy.

And it worked.

He found his way to a military blockade. A Hazmat team confirmed he didn't show any immediately obvious signs of "infection". They accepted him past their vehicles and barriers, telling him they'd have to quarantine him, but he could be free. For the moment, he'd escaped. He was safe. He could relax, let his guard down, and let the authorities take care of everything.

His relief lasted about ten minutes. It was replaced by a numbing sensation and a vague sense of dread as he realized one of the men in biological containment suits had injected a syringe of an ochre-hued fluid into him. The world around him grew fuzzy. And dark. His vision blurred, light fading at the edges of his sight. The last sensation he felt was his face falling against the pavement before he passed out into dreamless slumber.

The air he breathed in stank of an odd melange of smells: Citris. Rubbing alcohol. Bread dough. The room was hot and Alan could feel carpet fibers against the right side of his face and along his bare feet. He could hear the clinking and rattling of chains, dragging him back to consciousness when his body insisted he should still be asleep. His muscles felt stiff and unresponsive. Wherever he was, it wasn't the least uncomfortable floor he'd ever slept on. He rolled over, his nerves complaining about the action, and tried to go back to sleep. Then he heard a deep grunt from somewhere else in the room.

He was not alone.

In a panic, he jerked upwards, forcing his eyes open, his arms spasming up to protect his head. Breathing rapidly, he shot his gaze about his new location, trying to figure out if he was in danger. He could make out green walls and little else with his arms crossed in front of his face like that. But after an adrenaline-fueled moment of panic, he took a few deep breaths and began properly investigating. Green walls, with what looked like patterned wallpaper of various sorts of leaves. No windows. A chartreuse, padded armchair. An emerald couch that looked like it was made of stained leather. A toilet and sink in a corner of the room, with a metal medicine cabinet above the sink and a mirror mounted on the front of it. A gleaming steel door was built into the center of one wall. There were no other ways out that he could see. Speaker boxes in every corner of the room, up above his reach. And in one far corner of the room, a security camera loomed, taking in the events playing out.

But he noticed all of those details after he saw what was occupying the center of the room. Dull black chains were wrapped around a metal beam running along the ceiling above them. They bound and shackled the brown, fuzzy arms of a burly monster that Alan knew had once been human. Now, it was nothing more than a perverse caricature: A chest rippling with muscles, short brown fur soaked with sweat. Swollen, pink nipples, with uneven splotches of white fuzz running along one side of its burly body. Smokey hooves, swollen in size, digging into the carpet as it struggled to stay standing. A brown tuft whipped around at the tip of a wiry tail, flicking this way and that, a bright pink fleshy donut tucked beneath it between two cheeks swollen with muscle. It snorted again with a pronounced bovine snout, a golden ring hanging from two nostrils. Two small, pearl-white horns curled up out of its skull, short enough that they could only have been there a few days at best. Compared to Alan it seemed to be enormous creature, nearly eight feet tall and built like a brick house. And, of course, swinging between its legs like a baseball bat was a proportionally large bovine cock, the shape of it not even human anymore. A puddle of yellow-white fluid had formed on the floor beneath it, more dribbling from the shaft and two bloated, swollen balls nearly the size of baseballs.

He pressed his body up against the wall behind him, the creature's gaze never leaving him. "Please..." it said, taking a moment to pant. "Milkstud Brown needs to be milked..." It moaned loudly, a sound that devolved into pants. "So... full. Can't... think... milkstuds need to share their cream. Need to give others milk. Need to make other creatures happy and healthy and horny and nnnnnnngh..." the sentence devolved into grunts, groans, and moos, as its cock twitched before Alan's eyes, more of that opaque precum dribbling onto the puddle on the floor. He cringed at the sight of it. Such a display would've been something he found disgustingly lewd, even if he wasn't straight.

The air stank with musk as Alan inched towards the door, back never leaving the wall. Milkstud Brown begged him for release again. He tried not to listen to it, moving with alacrity to grab the handle of the door. With a trembling hand Alan rattled at it, trying to force the handle open. All he managed to do was confirm that the door was well and truly locked. Pounding at it, he snarled. "Let me out! I can't be in here! Let me out" He slammed his fists into the door again and again. "You've got me trapped in here with one of the monsters!" With tears in his eyes, he

slammed both fists against the steel door, pressing his chest against the cool metal of it. "YOU BASTARDS! YOU BAAAAAAASTARDS!" He howled and wailed at the door until his throat was hoarse, before slumping to his knees in silence. The lull broke shortly after he stopped screaming. A burst of static filled the room, before words filled the air.

"YOU ARE ALLEY WHISKERS, A SILLY KITTY CAT BOI THIRSTY FOR SOME CREAM."

The voice rang in his ears for a moment, before all the sound left in the room was the agonized grunts and moans from the creature that introduced itself as Milkstud Brown. Alan stood up, staring down at himself. His hands were pink. A dusting of sandy blond-white body hair along the backs, but otherwise, human. He remembered hearing the term "boi" before: Some of the monsters roaming the streets and been slender, girly-or-twinky little things with curvy and athletic builds. Bodies built for sin, with high pitched voices and a tendency to act "cute". He'd seen enough of it in passing to recognise it. But his blue jeans still fit, and he didn't feel any different. The "boys" he'd seen had acted like strange caricatures of animals and people: "Dogboys" chased cats up trees and peed on fire hydrants. "Snakeboys" sunned on rocks and flicked their forked tongues at people who passed. "Birdboys" sang pretty songs and spread colorful tail feathers. They acted almost comically bestial when they weren't stroking swollen cocks or lifting their tails for bigger, brutish monsters. Yet he had no urges to swat at balls of yarn or devour every fish in sight. And his name certainly wasn't... THAT name

He shook his head. "No, that's not my name." He said out loud, more in defiance of the words than any real attempt at conversation. "I'm not some gay monster. I'm straight. I'm straight." He repeated that phrase over and over again, trying to think of the woman he'd been with over the years like they were a protective talisman.

"Please... milk... me... cannot... touch..." the bull of a man moaned from the center of the room. "Cannot... think...so... horny..." He mooed pitifully, rattling his chains as he pointlessly thrust his pelvis through the air in Alan's direction. He made sad, mournful eyes, while mooing again.

Alan kept to the edges of the room. "Shut up, you freak." He had no idea what was going on, but he wanted to keep away from that thing. The smell of sex and steer musk in the room was already enough to make his head spin a little bit as it was. Trudging over towards the medicine cabinet, he looked himself over in the mirror attached to it. In spite of where he was, he was still him: Curly, shaggy blonde hair. Not a speck of facial hair on his chin. A nose bent slightly to the right from an old high school injury. A pale, slitted golden iris in his right eye, not matching the cool blue of his left.

Something felt a bit odd about that. He squinted at himself in the mirror. Was his right eye different from his left? He blinked, rubbing at his eyes for a moment and checking again. Nope, they were both pale gold, long slits running down the center of each eye. "Is that... right?"

He frowned. He could've sworn his eyes were bl- were some color other than gold. Tilting his head, he sighed. "At least if my eyes are going to feel weird, they look good. Nice, shiny color to them.

"PLEASE!"

The creature in the center of the room implored him, his voice strained and despondent. He rattled his arms against his chains, futilely trying to hump at the air for a relief it could never give him. "Balls. Sooooooooooooo full..." He grunted, thrusting again, some more of that opaque yellow-white precum spattering a few inches ahead of him, towards Alan's general direction. The man's mouth felt dry as he stared at the spilled fluid, as well as its thick, throbbing source. When was the last time he'd had a drink? "NO!" He shook his head. "I'm not some horny mutant freak like you! I'm human!" He accompanied his outcry of defiance with a smack of a fist against the wall next to the mirror. As if activating in response, the speakers spoke again in a crackle of static.

"YOU ARE ALLEY WHISKERS, A SILLY KITTY CAT BOI THIRSTY FOR SOME CREAM."

The voice echoed in Alan's mind. "Nnnngh." He grit his teeth. "No, I'm not." Shaking his head to try and clear the words from his mind, he took another breath of the hot, muggy air, almost imagining green clouds of stank emanating from the captive monster's exposed armpits. He hadn't let himself get this close to one of the infected humans during his mad flight out to the Overseas Railway that connected his tainted home with the mainland for fear of one of them grabbing him, shoving his face into an armpit or against a cock drooling tainted fluids, or bending him over and lifting his tail and ramming that filthy cock up his- "W-well, at least it seems like I don't have to worry about this monster as long as it's strung up like that." Alan chuckled, inching along the wall towards the green couch. "Sorry, freak, but I'm not taking any chances by walking anywhere near your bal- your milktanks!" He laughed at his own cute little joke. It wasn't the sort of thing he'd normally do, but, well, the whole situation was just a bit *silly*, wasn't it? His reserves of alarm and panick were draining away the more the situation failed to escalate. Being trapped with this creature was shocking at first, but was getting more and more boring now.

"Moooooooo..." Alan rolled his eyes as the big sweaty minotaur-looking freak just hung it's head in despair and groaned. It rattled at the chains binding it's hands at the wrists again. Alan could tell it was clearly desperate for any freedom yet was finding none.

He flopped on the couch with a loud "FLUMP!" noise, and yawned, taking in more of the smelly, musky air. "Sheesh, you fr-Milkstuds really only think of one thing, nya?" He laughed, resting his head on his left arm. "I don't know why they bothered trapping you in here with me, if this was some sick experiment or something, but whatever it is, it's not working on mew." He blinked. "Er, me. Dunno why I said it like that." He yawned, stretching out on the couch and

pushing his feet against the far armrest. "I wonder why they took my socks and shoes but not the rest of my clothes?" He looked over towards the huge hulking bovine brute. "Do you know why, Milkman Bull or whatever your name was?"

Alan felt dumb for asking because of the predictable response he got. "S-so full... need tooooooOOoOOOOoooooo milk cock..." he huffed and thrust at the air, the sweaty brown bull's brawny chest flexed under the thin layer of fur.

"Sheesh, it was just a dumb question!" Alan found himself wondering if the creature, unrestrained, could tear him in half for how much of a beefcake the bull was. As tall as he was, he was proportionally burly as well. His pecs were almost as large as Alan's head. "Guess I'm not getting anywhere with you unless someone empties your balls and you can think straight." Sticking out his tongue, he hissed. "Do it yourself." He rolled over, away from his monster roommate, facing the back of the couch. As he changed position, purely on accident he saw something strange on his right hand. "Huh, is that a gray hair on my finger?" Squinting at it, he corrected himself. "No... looks more white than gray." The sight of one offending hair prompted further investigation, so he looked at both his palms. There were short white hairs running up and down each of his knuckles and along the backs of his hands. "Weird. Am I really getting that old?" He frowned, then shook his head rapidly. "No no no... I'm nyot getting old, I'm a young boi!" Alan blinked, then rubbed his slitted eyes with his paws. "I mean a young man, right?" He glared at the white hairs. "Go back to brown, you!"

As his roommate made a mournful moo behind him, Allan broke into a giggle. "Well, of course I can't just tell my fur to change color! That'd be *silly*!" He looked over at the big burly bovine chained to the ceiling in the center of the room. "About as silly as you, imprisoned Mr. Moo!" With a sigh, he looked back at his hands. They were covered in white fuzz. "Uh..." Was something wrong? He wrinkled his forehead in confusion, frowning. "Why are my hands all fuzzy? An' White?" Was something weird going on with him after all? Was he- His thoughts were interrupted by another burst of static, and then the voice.

"YOU ARE ALLEY WHISKERS, A SILLY KITTY CAT BOI THIRSTY FOR SOME CREAM."

Allen shot his head up towards the nearest speaker, hissing at it and putting his paws on his ears. "Nyaaaa, shut uuuuup! I am NOT!" He clamped his fuzzy hands down on his ears, not noticing the white fur was spreading up his arms. A wave of heat washed over Allen as he slumped back onto the couch, groaning as he felt the heat run from his upper body down, concentrating on his cock. "Oooooooo... nnnugh, did they turn the heat up in here?" He lowered his paws from the sides of his head, his ears slowly developing points and shifting up as stopped touching them. A throbbing sensation between his legs changed what he was focused on. A large, throbbing bulge had formed running down the right thigh of his pants. "Why am I so horny nyow?" he heaved, as a lone, fuzzy white hand moved down to trace a stubby finger along the length of it. It felt far too good to be true. As newly formed pink pads ran along the

fabric of his blue jeans, he shuddered and groaned, breathing deep the steamy, musky air left in the wake of his roommate's perpetual state of blue balls. "T-that feels soooo good!" he panted, his voice dripping with a need he didn't know he had. "But..." he frowned. "Thought nyu aren't supposed t'get horny around these guys?"

Allen looked up at Milkstud Brown, who was watching him, eyes wide, his lower lip trembling. "M-moooo..." his cry was weak, and when he saw Allen staring at him, he gave another feeble thrust, his yellow-white seed spattering forward, dribbling into the puddle.

Allen rubbed his forehead with a paw. "'S bad to get horny around you lot or something?" he thought that, but his cock was throbbing over and over again. When he looked down, he saw a dark spot. "Aww! I'm leakin'!" His voice jumped up several octaves. If he didn't know any better, he'd have thought he was just barely done with puberty. "W-well, if I don't do something, I'll ruin my pants. Y-yeah. Can't go leakin' all over my pants, someone will think I'm just a little kitten!" He let out a soft giggle, perversely excited as he stuck his thumbs down either side of his pants, pushing them down and off his legs, white fur stretching down them. "Nyou watching, Mister Milkstud?" Looking up from his pants as he tossed them aside, Allen's white, fluffy kitten ears perked up between his golden locks. "Hope you are! I'm giving you a free show!" He was straight, but all of a sudden the idea of teasing this gay bull had another wave of heat washing over his body.

Looking down to his needy member again, he gasped. Someone had changed his underwear. "W-why am I wearin' panties!?! Not just panties, but bright white panties with pink bows along the seams. The affront to his manhood was enough to entirely derail his otherwise horny train of thought. He stood back up to get a better look at them. "Did some perve change my boxers out while I was unconscious?" He hissed, feeling a tingling along his crotch and rear as he bent down to look at his newly acquired pair of soft, comfy undergarments. In a huff, he began to tug the underwear off of him, not realizing as they slid down his slender, toned thighs that a fluffy white tail was growing out of his rump in their wake. "I can't believe this! I'm a guy! Not some little girly...kitten...twink..." Holding up the pair of precum stained panties, he looked at words printed on the back in a powder-pink. It was two words, one on each cheek:

"Kitten Princess".

The tail he'd just gained floofed out, as Allen tossed the panties to the floor, his cock dripping as he stomped a footpaw on them. "I am NOT a kitten!" He felt an odd sensation, like something sliding out of his toes... looking down, he saw pale white hooked claws pushing into the fabric of the panties. "I-I-I'm..." He stared at his footpaws. His feet. Behind him, his tail swished. He could feel it moving.

He had a tail.

And claws.

"I... I'ma kitten?" His eyes were wide, as he said it out loud. "No no no no no..." turning, he dashed along the edges of the room towards the medicine cabinet again, staring at his face in the mirror. He'd gotten there just in time to watch eggshell-white fur growing over the last patch of skin on a decidedly feline muzzle. "I'ma kitten!" He gasped, a paw to his lower lip, as he took a step back from the mirror. He was infected. It was so obvious now. "I-I'm a... kitten..." he mumbled, his voice higher pitch. How had he been so blind to the changes. He took another step backwards, and his cock throbbed. The shock of the panties, and then the revelation, had been enough to distract Allen from his need, but it was still there. Dribbles of yellow-white precum spattered down onto the stone floor wherever he went. "How-how am I a kitten!?!?" He took another step back from the mirror, unable to look away from it but trying in futile desperation to distance himself from it. He was shorter now. He'd lost at least a foot... he couldn't be taller than four foot five, or so his panicked mind insisted. "I was good! Nyot ever touching the big mean hunky guys!" he huffed, feeling his cock twitch as he thought about muscular males, his left paw drifting down towards his throbbing member. "Nnnngh... Sweaty, big, hunky guys..." Drool was forming at his lips. His throat was really dry, and he could use a big, sweaty, meaty cock down his-

And then he shook his head and jerked away from his member. "No! I'm not like this!" Allen pressed his paws to his forehead, ears flat against his head. "I'm nyot gay! I'm straight! I'm not a kitten! I'm a human!" He repeated those phrases over and over again, trying not to think about big sweaty males with their throbbing, rippling muscles. He was supposed to be thinking about something straight when he got horny, like sucking on big meaty cocks. "M-mewbie I can j-just wait this out. Don't do anything gay, don't do anything horny, and I-I'll go back to normal." He relaxed a bit. From behind him, he heard the mooing of his roommate. Turning around, he put his hands on his hips. Milkstud Brown had his wonderfully big, drippy, moist looking cock pointed at the kitten, panting heavily, dull glassy eyes begging for some relief. "Oh shut up, you big dumb Milkstud!" Allen hissed, and then turned back in a huff, folding his arms against his slender chest. He was pretty scrawny, but then again, he was a stray, wasn't he? Alleycats made do with whatever food they could hunt or scrounge... or suck. "You're not making this any easier on me, being so big and sweaty and horny. You know what? I should punish you! Rub your nose in the fact that you're nothing more than a big dumb horny bull, unlike me!" He snorted and turned his snout up in mocking indignation.

Suddenly the idea of teasing the big dumb moo seemed like an excellent use of his time, at least if he was trapped here anyway. "I bet you'd WANT to go to town on me, huh? Some big dumb bull rutting any cutey-booty you can find." He slapped his paw against his bubble-butt, just to tease the perve-o. "You'd just want to bend me over and rut mew until my tummy's all bloated with milk! Well, I'm nyot your kitten! And I'm not CUTE! I'ma human, I'm just bein' *silly*!" He lifted his tail and bent his body over, giving his as- his bottom another swat. It stung a little, but that just made his cock throb. It actually felt a bit good! "You like this, huh pervey-moo? You wanna little kitten to stuff fulla milkie?" Actually, some milk sounded really good, with how dry his throat was. But he had to stay committed to teasing the pervy bull. Making sure his big musky

sexy roommate was all hot and bothered as punishment for being so obscene with him. He giggled, wiggling his bottom, tail flagged over his head, as he showed the bull his tailhole. "Haha! Silly dumb milkstud can't touch me! Can't touch me!" With every twitch of his booty, he inched a bit closer towards the bull, getting within just a few steps of his roommate. With a wink, Allen stood back up, purring and licking a paw on pure instinct. "That felt really good!" He hadn't even realized his other paw was on his cock until he felt it beginning to stroke the fleshy member. "I didn't know-" he huffed, feeling another wave of heat washing over his body. "-how much I like-" He panted, arching his back with a hungry, feral mew. "-t-teasing guys!" The idea of it almost made him cum right there: Tying someone to a table and then stripping to tease them while they couldn't touch themselves. Pressing his cummy tailhole against a male's face and making them smell his musk and eat him out. Pawing and playing with their cocks until they were nearly ready to burst, then leaving them alone to groan. As Allen began pawing his slick, moist cock, he imagined all sorts of other ways to tease guys: letting his panties slide down his legs as he bent down; or rubbing a guy up and down his chest to make him feel good while picking their pocket; or even just hiding in an empty trash can to pounce out at people. He took another step towards the center of the room, lost in his own lusty thoughts of being the biggest slutty tease he could be, only to have his thoughts interrupted by a burst of static.

"YOU ARE ALLEY WHISKERS, A SILLY KITTY CAT BOI THIRSTY FOR SOME CREAM."

Paws off his cock, the twink kitten glared up at the speakers. "Oh my gawd shut uuuuup!" He huffed and hissed, putting his petite paws to his hips and stomping a foot like an angry toddler. "I was in the middle of something! An' I'm not YOUR silly kitten! I'm not gonna drink-"

SPLAT!

He felt something warm and moist spattering against his bum. "Moooooooooo..." The big bull behind him sounded extra needy. "Moooooolllk... meeooooo" he grunted, his chains rattling as he tried once more to break them.

Allen froze. "D-did you just... oh my gawd, did nyu just spurt all over my butt?" He reached a paw back to feel at his pillowy, furry rump. Pulling his paw back around, he saw yellow-white cum-no, CREAM smeared along his pink pawpads. His adorable button nose twitched. He was so thirsty. And it smelled so very good. "K-Kittens love cream. I'm notta kitten. Kittens love cream, but I'm not- I'm-" He stammered, taking a deep breath and smelling the wonderfully musky scent of the bull's "milk". This close, he couldn't resist. He lifted his paw up and slid his dry, raspy tongue along his paw.

The taste was sublime. Warm and creamy, but also a bit salty.

"I-I-I-I-" His mind felt like it was on fire. He couldn't stop lapping up the cream. When his paw was clean, he just moved it back to lick some more.

He felt his rough, raspy tongue sliding along the golden nectar smeared on his paw, as he worked to lick up every drop of the salty, milky treat. "I a-am-" He mumbled to himself, midway through scooping up a bit more of the Moomoo Milkstud's treat from his bottom.

Allen's paw came back with less this time. He was almost out. His mouth was filling with drool as he stared down at the treat. He knew he was dangling on a precipice. "I am A-All-" He hesitated. For just a moment, he almost felt like he should just wash his hand clean. Something told him once he finished his cream, there was no going back. As he felt his tongue twitching in his mou- his muzzle, he realized exactly how much he'd been perverted from what he once was. It wasn't just that he had been heterosexual and was now homosexual. It wasn't even that he had become some kind of effeminate feline freak.

The furrier version of him had lost any and all maturity or sense of seriousness at all. His behavior had regressed to the sort of cutsey, bubbly femboy twink who made up silly nicknames and flounced around like a child half his age, but with the body of a barely-legal twink built for sin. Alan Whist was losing any and all ability to comport himself like an adult his proper age. He was becoming not just gay, not just furry, but some kind of a stereotype of what a gay femboy would be in some kind of unrealistic porno comic. He wasn't just being robbed of his humanity, but of his ability to be anything other than a little gay cartoon boi.

He was becoming *silly*, and the thought was enough to make his cock throb and his heart feel dread.

"I am Alle-" He caught himself mumbling, as he felt the dryness returning to his throat. His eyes had never left the precum soaking into his paw's fur. Behind him, Milkstud Brown mooed again, pathetically. At this point, his hesitation was becoming as much of a frustration as an imperative. Was this going to be the rest of his life? A struggle against urges to fuck and suck and tease other guys to cling to some last shred of humanity? Forever struggling to resist falling off the wagon that one time? A sudden wash of pleasure struck him. "Mmm... huh?" He looked down. His other paw was rubbing at his right nipple through his shirt. "Naughty paw!" Against Allen's better judgement, he giggled, and swatted at his offending appendage with his sticky paw, as if it was alive. "No making mew horny when I'm trying to think, nya!" He glared at his paw as he imagined it cowering like a fun little mouse, slowly slinking away from his fearsome claws. The thought made him laugh more. And then it struck him: He was laughing. Smiling. Being *silly* was super-duper fun!

It sounded like a heck of a lot more fun than being a stuffy dull middle aged human guy with no friends and no sexy guys to tease!

He turned back to his paw, only to discover he'd wasted his treat. "Aww!" The swat at his

other paw had made him spatter the remaining precum all over the floor. “Hmmmph!” With a huff, he puffed out his cheeks and stomped a foot. “That’s fine! I don’t need to lick up silly droplets off the floor!” The kitten turned around, as he stared at Milkstud Brown, his throbbing bovine cock the center of his entire profile. “Not when the milk is free! After all...” He paused for a giggle, feeling long, twitching whiskers growing in along his body as he let the burst of static fill the room, and repeated what it said.

“I am Alley Whiskers, a *silly* kitty cat boi thirsty for some cream!”

With a swish in his step and a wiggle in his bouncy, juicy booty, he sauntered lazily over towards his roommate, still chained up to the ceiling. Alley Whiskers ran a finger along the big male’s engorged left nipple, watching his roommate groan and moo pathetically as he tried to turn his body to hump at the kitty in a desperate bid for relief. “Nuh-nuh-nuh-uhs! Nyot yets.” Alley shook his head, ears twitching. “You were a naughty moo, making a sticky, ucky, mess all over my white fur! Left a yellow stain on my butt that looks like a heart!” He didn’t actually know if it had left such a stain or not, but he liked the idea. It would show the alllll the boys where to stuff their love into whenever he bent over to rifle through a trash can. “I’m gonna take my time with mew, and mew are gonna LIKE it.” He giggled, eyes glinting, as the kitty boy pressed the pointer finger and thumb of his right paw up against the big dumb bull’s nipple, twisting ever so slightly.

Milkstud Brown convulsed, shuddering and thrusting his cock against the air once more. “M-mooooooooo!!!k mooooo!” The traces of desperation in his voice only continued to increase as his enormous shaft drooled more yellow-white precum all over the length of it.

“Nuh-uh!” Alley Whiskers swished his tail, letting it rise as he sauntered forward. “Not until I’m done buttering my biscuits.” By that, he meant his cheeks. With his tail lifted, he lowered his bubblicious booty downward, stuffing the length of the bigger male’s cock like a hot dog between each of his buns. He could feel the precum smearing against his skin and fur. “Oooo... mew, I’m all buttery now!” With a giggle, he slid down along the length of the cock almost like a kid down a water slide. He could feel every inch of the slick, firm cock rubbing against his pucker. And as he rode down towards the crotch of the big bull, a flash of pleasure flood his mind. “N-nyaaaaah!” He groaned. “S-sooooo good!” A little drool ran down his lower lip as he huffed and panted, his smaller cock grinding into Milkstud Brown’s fur as he pressed their chests against each other. “G-guess I’ve got a lot more sensitivity there nyow, huh?” It made sense. After all, he was a gay little bottom, so his bottom being used for gay things had to feel bestest.

The ride had almost been enough to make him forget what he was trying to do. “Oh yeah! Teasing my big playmate!” With that spark of recognition, he turned back to what he was doing. “Kitty boys have wet, raspy tongues, don’t we?” Bending down, he sniffed at the big sweaty bull’s chest, taking a moment to savor the musky scent of his stud while letting his new whiskers tickle the big beefcake in front of him. Then, he tilted his head up, opened his mouth,

and slid a tongue along the swollen nipple of his playmate. The taste of salt and cream filled his mind. "M-mew!" He let his tail twitch as he began licking along Milkstud Brown's chest, lapping at the salty-sweet taste of a big rack of beef. At the same time, his naughty paw reached down to stroke at his own little dicky, his back arching as he thrust gently into the furry body of the bull. "M-mewwww..." As first times went, being in the embrace of a bigger burly man felt like heaven. Every synapse in his addled mind was telling him he was meant for this. "Y-you're so pent up..." he purred, as he pulled his muzzle away from Milkstud Brown's body. "An' trapped... I could tease you for hours, before letting you finally take out your blue balls on my bumbum." The idea sounded really fun to Alley, though the fire in his own loins needed quenching.

And he was still thirsty. Even as he suckled on the plump nipple of the bull, and heard Milkstud Brown moo in pathetic, nearly-mindless need, it didn't quench the dryness in his throat. The big milkcow didn't leak through his nipples, but from his singular "teat". Alley didn't know why he'd even tried it, except it was a good way to tease his captive audience.

Still, he wasn't ready to let the big bull cum inside him yet. Pushing back, he let himself slide up Milkstud Brown's fat cock. "Golly, it's soooo cool your cock can support someone sitting on it!" He giggled, taking some of the bull's own precum on his paw and smearing it under Mr. Brown's nostrils, so he could only smell his own lust. "You're so hard and firm, beefy boy." Alley Whiskers reached up to rub at the fur on the bull's chest as he ground his ass against the bigger male's rod like a stripper against a pull. He could still feel his own saliva on the cowboy's fuzz.

The sensation of being grinded on made Milkstud Brown shudder, his head tilting back as far as it could go, horns clanking against the chains binding him to the ceiling. "M-moooooooo!" Alley felt his own ride convulse, as another large sloppy emission of opaque yellow-white ooze dribbled out of the head of the big male's cock, splattering against the ground.

"Gosh, I'm gonna have to lick myself clean after playing with mew!" Alley tittered as he looked back. Now his whole bubble-butt was smeared yellow. His pretty white fur would stain if he didn't groom himself eventually. "Wanna watch me do it?" Alley locked eyes with the man he was teasing. "Nya, not yet though! I think it's time to get serious." With a wink and a grin, he slid himself up off the bigger male's shaft and took a step back. "Kitties need our cream to stay healthy and horny." Falling to his knees, his tail curling behind him, Alley felt the puddle of precum on the floor lapping at his thighs. His head was just high enough to see the tip of Milkstud Brown's mighty meaty member, which twitched as the big bull realized what he was doing.

"Moooo-M-milkstuds must give their cream to others. Moooooost be milked... m-milk me? P-p-please?" The big needy stud managed to stammer out, before pushing his cock into Alley's face.

The kittyboy parried it with closed lips, feeling it sliding up along his right cheek. "Geeze,

you're so horny you can't even think straight!" With an indignant hiss, he glared up at his partner of perversion. "I'm milking mew! At least let me take my time with it!" Rolling his eyes, the white kittyboy leaned forward, sniffing at the big bull's balls before opening his jaw and sucking on the flesh of one of them. His paws reached up, each gripping at half the shaft and sliding up and down in slow, lazy jerks. Each pump made a bit more of the bull's "Milk" leak out of his shaft, dribbling along Alley's fuzzy back and slowly forming a river of precum flowing into the valley between cheeks.

The big bull's balls were too fat for Alley to gobble them up and suckle on them. So he just did what he could, while listening to Milkstud Brown groaning, his hooves clicking and tapping and splashing along the puddle and the concrete of the floor. The kitty's tail swished behind him, tip twitching rapidly as his jaw started to ache from his ball-swallowing attempt.

Pulling back, he reared up. "Alright, Milkstud! Time for kitty to get his cream!" Alley Whiskers opened wide, bending down to begin sucking on the tip of the big bull's cream-filled eclair. Loud purrs escaped his frame as he tasted the cum. Salty-creamy-sweet... all the tastes intermingled along his tongue. The taste was delicious. And the more Alley Whiskers suckled on it, the harder it was to ever imagine a life without it again.

He was a slutty, silly kitten boi.

And that was all he ever wanted to be. Closing his eyes, he felt the big bull, already impatient from his teasing, grunt and thrust deeper into Alley's maw. And though the kittyboy worried for just a second that the overeager stud might fuck his cute head in half, he found he could accomidate it. Every sexy act he tried, he found getting easier and easier the more he did it. Like his body was stretchy, or able to take any size of male. It was almost like he was made to fuck and suck anyone he found. He liked that idea, and it only made him purr more as he felt the big bull's phallus invade his throat, spurting precum down into his eager tummy.

At this point his paws had fallen to his sides, rubbing at his own nipples, as he relaxed and let Milkstud Brown do the work of sawing back and forth inside him, thrusting and pulling back. "Mooooooo!" The big bull said, grunting and humping, his swollen balls smacking against Alley's chin. The kitty's face was covered in precum now, and with each sloppy thrust by his bovine lover more of it filled his muzzle and dribbled out down his lower lip. Alley Whiskers was in hog heaven, hearing a big male panting and moaning, needing his tongue and his mouth to get even the slightest bit of relief. The urge resurged itself: The idea of teasing, controlling, and corrupting big beefy males until all they could think of was fucking him was so appealing he found his left paw snaking down to rub and stroke at his own little cock while he let his Moomoo fuck his face.

It was when he felt his bovine sextoy's muscles tense that he was jostled out of his own fantasies. Pulling back off the meaty shaft with a little "pop!" from the speed of it, he whimpered. "No! Mew! Not yet! Not yet!" He huffed, backing away on his knees and hearing Milkstud Brown

grumble and grunt in irritation as he fucked the air feebly. "You don't get to drain your milktanks yet, Mister Moo!" While a tummy full of warm sweet-salty cream appealed, there was another itch he had to sate. A tickling feeling between his cheeks as the bull's precum started to dry. "T-that's right. I want you to fuck me all the way gay!" He giggled at his own nonsensical rhyme, as he turned around, wiggling his booty for his playmate, while getting up on all fours. "Nya, I can't wait!" His tailhole was already slick, as he backed up, pushing his cock against the bull's shaft. "Can you get in? Come ooooooon." He huffed, reaching back to help steer Milkstud Brown's cockhead to kiss his pucker. Just the feeling of it pushed up against him sent a shiver of pleasure into his mind. "There! Now be a good stud and pump a calf into me!" With a giggle, he looked back, eyes glinting, as if daring the bull to say no.

Thankfully, the bull was too addled by need still to resist. "MOO!" Milkstud Brown pushed forward, shoving his marinated cock inside Alley Whiskers without any hesitation or consideration.

It was technically his first time, and Alley Whiskers felt a brief flash of pain as his bottom was stretched by such a fat cock. But it only lasted long enough for him to huff and moan, before the pressure seemed to fade and his mind flooded with bliss. "Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" The sex kitten groaned, his head arching back as his eyes rolled back in his skull. Had the bull just slammed a battering ram against his prostrate in one thrust, or was his twinkie body just conditioned to make a cock in his bum feel amazing? Alley only wondered about that for the moment it took for Milkstud Brown to slide almost fully out of him. And then, the big stud charged forward again, humping against Alley's cheeks and making the boi's body bounce as he stuffed the kitten full of cream. Every thought Alley Whiskers had melted into euphoria. His whole body trembled, the air charged with an odd sort of magic as he lost his anal virginity like a needy teen gay boy on an unsupervised prom night. The bull rutting him started slow, but picked up pace with every thrust, until his fat balls were spanking the naughty kitten with every thrust.

"Fuck me all the way gay" was perhaps the most true statement Alley had said thus far. With every pump of the bovine cock inside him, it was getting harder and harder to ever remember his life before being a kitty-boi twink. He purred, stroking his own cock in time with the thrusts as whatever boring old memories of who he was before eroded away, bit by bit, spattered again and again with the spunk of a big hairy stud fucking his mind into oblivion. He welcomed it. Alley Whiskers didn't ever want to think about "before" ever again. He didn't even want there to be a "before". His life now was prowling streets and alleyways, wiggling his tush and sucking bigger males off, luring men into traps and driving them insane with need before riding them into new heights of gay lust. And he never wanted it to end.

But unfortunately, the moment didn't last. Alley came first, squealing and moaning, feeling his little load spurt down into the big puddle of bull milk underneath him. Groaning and panting, he flexed his ass around his playmate's firm rod, feeling it twitch and tense, as the thrusting stopped. Milkstud Brown groaned, tossing his head back and roaring, as Alley felt a flood of warmth spreading through his bottom and inside him. "Ooooooooooh!" He shuddered and

pushed down as far as he could on the big bull's cock. "D-don't wanna spill a drop!" The warmth inside him felt amazing. A spreading sense of fullness and fulfillment that intermingled with the afterglow of his own spurting to form an addictive high he never wanted to end.

Still impaled on his lover's cock, Alley Whiskers lifted his cummy paw up and licked at it. "Mmmm... you're a fun playmate! We'll hafta do this again and again..." Wiggling his booty against the bigger male, he let a smile play along his face. "Dunno if I'll ever get outta here, anyway." Giggling, Alley slid up and down the cock stuck inside him, mewling in pleasurable bliss as he heard Milkstud Brown groan again. It was mew-sic to his ears.

"So I guess I just gotta get used to teasing you until you beg me to milk you again and again and again!"

"Forever an' ever."

"Or, you know, until the door opens... either way, you're gonna be my kitty-toy until we get outta here! I hope you can keep up! <3"

He smiled hungrily, looking up at the big slab of beef he had as a captive audience.

It was going to be a long, HARD incarceration!

"And that's all I have to report after observing the two subjects."

Dr. Rufus Albion stood, arms folded behind him, before the Advisory Board that had been put together to study the odd transformative disease that had been infecting the citizens of Ringtail City. He looked over towards the man seated at the far end of a rectangular table all by himself, and nodded. "The testing came up positive." The man shook his head, running a hand through slicked-back black hair. "The implications of this are as terrifying as they are impossible, but your hypothesis was right, Dr. Mogrif. It seems that you CAN 'seed' someone's mind with ideas to affect the transformation caused by the disease."

Dr. Mogrif, the scientist all the way on the other side of the room, simply sneered as he reached under the table for something.

The man continued speaking. "I can't even begin to imagine how it works, but we were able to turn a grown man into some pervert's fantasy just by repeating the same phrase to them, over and over again." He shrugged. "At least, the first test played out that way. We'd need to do other tests to be sure it works... and I don't see how knowing this helps us develop a cure"

"It helps-" Dr. Mogrif's voice was rough and course. "Because it informs us more. Gives

us more actionable data to use.”

“At the cost of infecting innocent civilians, though?” The man in front of the Advisory Board sighed and shook his head. “We already confirmed that the pathogen is airborne, and can be spread through the scents and fluids from the infected. Is this going to accomplish anything other than playing around with people’s lives?” Raising an eyebrow, Rufus Albion wiped some sweat from his brow as he stared at the lead doctor in charge of the Quarantine. He’d always believed Dr. Mogrif was brilliant, but he didn’t quite see the reasoning here. Still, being stared down by his superiors was enough to make him sweaty.

Actually... maybe it was just his suit, but the whole room felt like it was growing steamy and musky.

The lead doctor just chuckled. “Isn’t it normal to test something you’ve created, though? Get a feel for the parameters of it?”

Every head turned to stare at Dr. Mogrif. Including the man who had just been addressing him. He raised an eyebrow at his superior. “What?”

Dr. Mogrif cackled. “The Pathogen is artificial in nature. Cultivated and created, not evolved. I’d explain the how and why, but I don’t really think it’ll matter to any of you soon. I’m immune, due to the vaccine I injected myself with.” Everyone watched with growing dread as the doctor held up a remote, and pushed a button. “But as for the rest of you? Pathogen-infested air has been being ventilated throughout the entire building since this meeting began.”

The growing sounds of panic in the room seemed to numb, as Rufus reached down to tug up his shirt and investigate an itchy feeling along his stomach. He was just in time to see growing black hairs spreading like a fungus along his lower torso.

Dr. Mogrif stood up. “The Pathogen will not be contained. It will spread, from Ringtail City to the other islands.”

“To the mainland.”

“To the entire world!”

He pushed a pair of glasses up the bridge of his nose. “And you all are going to serve as it’s heralds, ushering in a new age of perversion for the world. How do I know this?”

Rufus watched as the doctor he long respected lifted up the remote. “Because you just proved it worked yourself, Dr. Albion!” He pushed a button, as a recorded voice played through speakers built into the meeting room.

“You are Lab Rats, and you exist to spread the filth of the Pathogen and develop new strains.”

The End...?