

Pulling back from his desk and wiping the sweat from his brow, Joel took off his gloves, getting up to wash before taking a long swig from his water bottle. He had been at it for hours in the lab and had many hours left to go with as much work that needed to be done. At least he had Brent to work with him, though the two were the only people his company could spare for the moment. Given the urgency of other studies, it made sense, though he wished his company could hire more staff for research purposes. It didn't make the reality of his work week any less troublesome, however, and he was looking forward to a much-needed rest when it was over.

The sounds of the ape in the room with them broke him from his reverie, the other annoying facet of working in the lab. He hated the poor treatment of the beast, being kept in close quarters, and having his blood taken several times a day. But there was no place to store a live specimen at the facility and the necessity of having this one close by made them have to resort to less humane means. The animal was upset and frantic, and there was every chance he wouldn't be able to return to his captivity, depending on the results of their tests. The disease he was thought to have contracted was a mystery, and it was their job to cultivate, study, and test common means of vaccination and control. If things went well, the disease would prove simple enough to be treated and contained, and there would be no need to keep the ape in the lab with them. But if it proved to be something they had not encountered before, or, worse, something conventional means would not provide a solution for, then things would become far murkier. There was a low chance of that, of course, but every precaution had to be taken.

The ape, save for its irritated and distressed state of captivity, seemed no worse for wear by the illness, as though the virus in his blood had stagnated. The real concern was how easily transmissible it was, not only to other apes but to humans as well. Such zoonotic vectors had been looked at more carefully in recent years, especially in those species more closely related to humans. Every precaution was being taken for them not to become infected as well, including isolation from other people for the duration of the tests. It was tedious, long work, but Joel and Brent were competent, and it was hoped their trials would show favorable results sooner rather than later.

"Time for a fresh sample," Brent called out, and Joel moved to don his PPE, his turn to take a blood sample. Naturally, the ape had been less than cooperative in donating his blood, and this time was no exception to the point that Joel needed help getting his arm out through the gloves in the plexiglass cage. There was a second pair of gloves for Brent's use, and the two of them worked to take the ape's arms, lulling him over with a treat as they did so. In fact, the ape was calm enough that they were able to take his arm, and with a singular prick, their sample was drawn. And then...

With a mighty howl, the ape ripped his arm back and with it, the needle. Shocked by the sudden outburst, Brent was pushed back, the needle tip piercing his skin and having him cry out

in pain. The ape, too, was cut and bleeding, though his pain was hardly the priority when there was every chance Brent had been infected himself. Joel aches quickly, grabbing the first aid kit as Brent flushed out the wound. It was unlikely to stem the chance of infection, but in the immediate present, there was little they could do.

Given the classified nature of their research, calling a doctor was out of the question. Still, the wound was relatively shallow, and Joel was able to help bandage. At the moment, hadn't noticed the blood splashing on his arm, over a forgotten cut that had all but healed over. That was hardly the biggest concern, of course. Making sure that Brent's wound was bound, Joel went to take a blood sample, careful this time as both waited nervously for the results. It would be disastrous if Brent was infected, the implications on humans unknown though likely not appealing. Thankfully, the cross-contamination was minimal, and there was every chance that Brent would come out unscathed...

"Shit..." Joel muttered, and Brent knew he was screwed. It was highly likely whatever was to happen to him would be detrimental, possibly fatal, and with their research in such an early stage, there was no way to understand the results, let alone concoct a cure for them.

Brent sat down hard on his stool, mind racing with possibilities. He was sweating, of course, from the exertion as well as the fear over what might happen, a powerfully frightening prospect. Yet, the longer he sat there, the more he began to attribute the sensations to an onset of illness. He was overheating, clearly, and wanted to take off his lab coat, protocol be damned. Besides, he was already infected with the worst possible virus, something they had no cure for or even fully understood the repercussions of. That was what they were trying to figure out, damnit! If only they had a chance to finish, then...

The heat running over his body seemed to be worsening in intensity, and Brent was left shivering, wanting to remove his shirt as well. The sweat was starting to get to him, clinging to his hair and creating a potent stink, one he was unaccustomed to having over his body. Yet, rather than disgust him, the musky aroma seemed to have another effect on him, one that caused a rather unexpected stirring in his loins. Surely, he couldn't be getting a boner, especially with no discernible source. But the onslaught of his erection was soon insistent, and Brent started rubbing his erection through his pants, not really sure why doing so was ill-advised.

Lost in his desperation, Joel was hardly aware he was starting to sweat as well, the heat making him need to stop and wipe it from his eyes. With the lab set at a comfortable temperature, Joel had trouble placing what might be bothering him. It seemed unlikely he would be infected as well, having not come into contact with it. Right? Yet, he, too, was compelled to take his coat off, a haze of sweat stinging his nose though smelling somewhat pleasant.

Lust quickly rising, Brent could hardly advert his gaze from his lab mate, as though Joel was the source of the pungent yet alluring aroma. The ache in his member was getting insistent, and without thinking, Brent pulled his pants down, cock bobbing up and down and leaking its arousal. Before he could think of why it was ill-advised, Brent stood up, reaching for his lab mate and grabbing his shoulders, turning him around and gazing into his eyes. Seeing his eyes glazing over as well, Brent moved in for a smoldering kiss, needing the contact more than anything he could fathom despite never having felt an attraction to his buddy. Brent couldn't imagine needing anything more, and he made out with his friend with vigor, the rest of the world fading around him.

Joel hardly had a moment to try to resist the advance, though the moment Brent started to kiss him, Joel was enthralled. He didn't even try to struggle against Brent's strong hands, rather getting into it, kissing him back and panting his lust. His own member soon came to a painful erection, though Brent's hands were there to help, moving down and pulling it out, their two shafts bobbing together. Soon, Brent was rubbing their cocks together, both men moaning into each other's lips as they made out with each other as though the horniest men alive. Any shame or embarrassment over the act was soon gone from the pleasure of the others' touch, and Joel found himself eager to see the encounter through to its conclusion.

Frotting their cocks together, Brent was a little shocked when the sensation of the twin pricks in his hand seemed to enlarge somewhat, as though they were growing. Slightly alarmed, Brent started jerking them together frantically, trying to get their erections at full mast. To Brent's delight, the sensitivity seemed to increase ten-fold, making him grunt in a voice that did not seem quite like his own.

Lost in their lip lock with closed eyes, Joel was hardly aware of the alterations to the facial features of his lab mate. A seeking tongue traced over teeth that were sharper, canines starting to lengthen somewhat. Joel had thought to check his own, finding the same changes and feeling a little alarmed. Though from the intensity of their make-out session, Joel couldn't bring himself to tear away, wondering if that was the cause of the bizarre alterations. Opening his eyes, Joel was privy to the sight of Brent's brows furrowing, the skin expanding akin to a prosthetic being attached in real-time. A warmth over his face led credence to the fact his own forehead was shifting, and a panic settled into his mind, not wanting to lose himself to whatever physical changes were happening.

Yet, as the stench of musk burned into his nose, any ability to resist was wiped from his mind. Whatever the virus had done to him, it seemed to limit cognitive thought, lust at the forefront with no specific care about the outlet. While never harboring such thoughts about his labmate, Joel couldn't imagine a sexier sight, or scent as the musk of their sweat and body odor sent a surge through his loins and made his blood pump harder than ever before. Even thoughts

about returning to the microscope or looking for a way to reverse or limit the virus were whited out under the ever-present need to get off and cum. At the moment, it was impossible to place why giving in to their urges was a bad thing at all!

A brief facet in his mind has him struggling against primal instinct, something Brent seemed to be having a more difficult time with. His eyes were fluttering shut, as though fighting a losing battle against his devolving psyche. Joel, too, was left to grasp his head, primal inclinations flooding his thoughts and allowing his logic and reason to be washed away. Having always prided himself on his intellect, such was a terrifying prospect. Though as he grunted in a more bestial baritone than he was used to, Joel felt it frighteningly easy for him to lose it all, his struggle for naught with the temptations of the flesh was so close at hand.

In the end, the two were compelled to take off their clothes, not caring how shredded they became in the process. It was only a brief interruption to their fun as Brent continued to stroke their cocks together, the tension growing to the point of no return. With the arousal over the stink in the air and their changing bodies, there was nothing either man could do to hold out, as they cried out with a more bestial intonation than either thought was possible. Still, it was quickly forgotten with the cascading waves of pleasure pulsing through their penises, twin ropes of rank seed erupting out and coating the hairy skin of their groins. Both men grunted their release, panting and huffing in the heady musk that burned into their beings and gave them a sense of satisfaction that their years of work had never known.

Even after the release, however, neither man felt they were fully done, their cocks coming to arousal once more, bobbing up and down from their groins. They were no worse for wear even after having cum, needing more as intently as any time in their lives. The ache was such that Brent was willing to get down, reaching out and exposing his anus for Joel's inspection. He wanted to fuck this man, changing as he was into some sort of bestial devolution. Though the scents of sex wafting off his body were enough he needed a deeper whiff, and Joel did so, breathing in his friend's stink and growing further erect as he did so.

Curiously, Joel reached out with his tongue, not sure where he had gotten the idea but unable to remove it from his mind the moment it had occurred to him. Licking the puckered skin, a hoot and shiver from his friend was all he needed to know that Brent was into it. All the incentive he needed, Joel reached out to rub his tongue against his friend's rectum, teasing the edge and coating it in a layer of saliva. The texture of the man's pucker was fascinating, and Joel worked to explore it in full, even reaching out with his tongue and inserting it into his friend's flesh. It was never something he would have imagined with any other partner before now, but in his moment of lust, there was no hesitation in his actions. The hoots of approval from Brent's devolved lips were all he needed to hear to keep up his actions.

Yet, given the pleasure his friend was getting left Joel feeling curious, and he eventually pulled back, bending of his own accord and parting his ass cheeks in the hope that Brent would return the favor. Though obviously annoyed, Brent soon got up, the musky scents of sweat and cum were enough to entice him forward, and he, too, reached out with a curious tongue to tease his friend's tender flesh. Joel moaned hotly, small tremors of pleasure burning through to his proaste and teasing his cock from within. The pleasure was intense, though Joel was not inclined to touch himself, not yet. He wanted to prolong their foreplay, revealing his new sexuality and loving every sensation his virile had to grant him.

Of course, it did little to stem their lust, both men getting closer and closer to fucking each other and seeking the final release they so desperately craved. It was harder to think over their lust-clouded minds, almost like their minds were stupified a little, unable to recall what was making them desire contact with another man. Both were a little aggressive toward each other, Joel turning around and smacking his friend before hooting his desire to fuck the other man. In the moment of bestial desire, he couldn't imagine wanting anything more than to fuck his pucker, even willing to take what he wanted by force.

It was impossible to focus on anything else as he shoved his friend aggressively to the ground, loving the sight of hair growth spreading over his body and making him into a beast worthy of his cock. Brent was eager to reach down and expose his pucker, anus open and ready for him. Without hesitation, Joel forced his cock in, grunting from the effort though finding it easier with the added muscle in his legs. The itching over his body was intense, and he wanted to scratch, though the heaviness in his testicles took precedence, and he humped away with vigor, wanting to reach the end and blow his load.

It was impossible to think of much else as his body continued to expand, Joel thankful he had rid himself of his clothing. Wait, had he ever worn it at all? Such was confusing, making more sense for his stupified mind to hump away any errant thoughts. Hooting out through rubbery lips, he felt his cock spasming and shooting a load into his mate's asshole, the other ape-man elated as he began to orgasm as well. The room stank of them and their male musk, though for the moment, their cocks were satisfied and they could focus on the other facets of their developing minds.

Not even bothering to clean up after their romp, Joel found that as his forehead sloped and his hair thickened over his head, thoughts of who he was or what had happened were fleeting at best. He felt aggressive, energetic, and happy to have put the smaller ape in his place by fucking him. The other creature hooted his irritation, but all it took was for Joel to hoot back at him, the other creature cowering in submission. He had power over the other man, who had been... what, exactly? Did he have a name? Surely, it wasn't important now!

A tightening in his shoes soon took precedence, and Joel reached down to rip them off, hooting his annoyance. The rank stench of his feet wafted into his nose, and he felt himself coming to a mild erection despite having already cum twice. But it was not simply lust that drew his attention, but rather the fascinating sensation of his feet expanding, the toes curling in on each other as they widened against the floor. He had no idea how such was happening. He should always have been massive, lovely feet, right? It mattered little in the end when he was in the process of being granted them, and Joel hooted his delight, flexing his toes as the tendons and joints popped and expanded. With his large toe rotating backward as it was, Joel reflected on what wonders it could do for him. With his increased flexibility, he would likely be able to jerk himself off with it!

Yet, there were other more pressing needs, like the hunger in their bellies that came from such a romp. With that, the two of them tore the lab apart, throwing beakers and tubes and anything they could find to try and appease their appetite for destruction. It was fun to trash their equipment, hooting their delight as it broke. A fleeting thought made Joel wonder what he had used them for before, but the joy from watching things fly across the room and shatter was far too great. It became a game of sorts, both changing men tossing things with their hands and feet in an effort to make the most noise.

Feeling the need in their bladders suddenly come to light, Joel felt no hesitation about whipping out his flaccid dick and urinating where he was, a stream of pungent piss spraying like a hose as he did so. Seeing his discarded clothes close by, Joel felt it funny to aim his stream in that direction, urine splattering all over the torn clothing. Seeing his friend doing the same, Brent moved over to piss in an arch as well, hooting as he tried to make his stream larger. The two of them turned it into a game of sorts, emptying their bladders while staining their former humanity with contempt.

Eventually, bladders emptied, their hunger became their focus, and the two of them sniffed with more intensity than they ever recalled doing. There was food in the lab or had been previously, at least, and the two changing men were eager to find it. Behind a fridge door, perhaps, though Joel found himself unable to work the latch, as though his fingers were slightly thicker. Hooting as rage took over him, Joel flipped the fridge over, the door opening and food spilling out, fruits and treats the likes of which he could tell had been fed to the other ape in the room. With vigor, he started feeding, biting chewing, and throwing leftovers away while his friend came to do the same, taking seconds as soon as Joel was finished.

Yet, the moment his belly was full, a foreign sense of understanding came over him, and Joel shivered with fear, looking over his body. He was still itching, still sore all over as though his muscles were starting to burn. His strength, while already having increased, was continuing to rise, and while a more bestial part of him languished such a prospect, the logical part of him

was able to take hold. Brent, whose name he now came to remember, looked around confused as well, as though coming to terms with what he had done. They were still changing, bodies still warping, and if they didn't stop it soon, then there would be every chance they would fall into bestial inclinations, their intellect forever lost.

As quickly as he could, Joel made it over to one of the microscopes, thankful the one he'd used to observe the sample was untouched by their rampage. There was no answer under the screen, and his frustrations nearly let the beast back in, threatening to change them both all the way and leaving them in their forms for perhaps the rest of their lives. Yet, the more he stared at it, the more Joel started to realize the differences in the cell structure between their blood and that of the ape. Where the viral cells within their own bodies were multiplying out of control, within their subject, they were largely dormant, as though it was human cells that were a catalyst. It was a long shot, but perhaps a fresh infusion of ape blood could...

The ape was relaxed in his cage now, and Joel's musk was far more calming than the human scent, and he was easily able to take enough blood for what he hoped would be the cure. There was no way to know, of course, not without further testing, but given the effects within the ape's blood, counteracting the viral agent with an infusion of more blood was the only logical thing he could conceive of in his moment of desperation. Brent came over to him, hooting as though trying to speak but unable with his current vocal cords. Still, he was cognizant enough to hold his arm out, wanting to be the first to be injected directly.

Joel did so, arms trembling but able to insert the needle. Brent grunted a little from discomfort, though pulled back to allow Joel to do the same. His eyes carried a glazed-over look, as though he was trying to fight against the mental influences and failing. Joel knew he had only moments to go before he would be unable to inject himself, yet had to brace himself to make sure he did it properly. His trembling fingers struggled with the effort, but with some focus, the lancet pierced his skin and vein, and he was able to inject the foreign blood directly into him, hoping to all hope the dormant form of the virus would supersede the infection that was changing them.

Not sure what else to do, Joel collapsed, still feeling the itching of hair prickling his skin. Yet, the more he rubbed at the hair, the more sparse it seemed to become, as though it was receding into his skin rather than thickening. Was it working? Sore all over, Joel could not bring himself to stand up and take a sample, though at least the inklings of instinct were not as all-consuming as they had been. He was left to sit there, watching as the black hairs covering him continued to receive, bare skin in their wake as his skull ached and his feet started to reduce as well. It was working!

It was sometime later when Joel was able to get up, taking Brent's hand as they did so. The stink of cum and piss was strong in the lab, and the two averted their eyes, not wanting to admit to each other what they had done. Still, even as the remaining changes retreated, Joel would not be satisfied until he took a blood sample from each. The results were more than he could have hoped for. No trace of the virus remained in their blood, not even the dormant for that persisted in their lab specimen. They were cured!

It took them some time to clean up the lab, relieved at not becoming dim-witted ape creatures, perhaps for the rest of their lives. The two discussed the things they would do that weekend, burgers and beer and movies, a renewed vigor for human, intellectual pursuits that would allow the memories of bestial inclinations to fade from their minds. Of course, their research had reached a breakthrough, and even if the lab results were being recorded, they needed to come forth to their donors what had happened. It was embarrassing beyond belief, but the implications of what their experience meant for their research going forward were innumerable. A far different viral agent than they had first assumed, and one that was potentially more lucrative, as well!

It was late by the time they got out of the lab, looking up at the sky and thankful it was summer, still light out. Both men were ragged, of course, though glad they had a change of clean clothing in their lockers. But it was of little matter, given their elation over the properties of the virus. Having found a cure was the icing on the cake for what the virus could help them achieve. Certainly, becoming mindless, horny beasts was far from ideal, but the possibility to alter the genetic structure of humans on an unprecedented level was far too tempting a prospect for potential investors. Even if they were not taken on as the primary researchers, the funding to purchase their research would be such that they would never have to work again!

Looking up with a grin on his face, Joel turned his head toward the sky, seeing the moon starting to rise. It was rather beautiful, and as a man who kept his nose to the grind, he had often not taken the time to appreciate it. It was full, massive in the sky, and taking more of his attention than he was anticipating. Yet, even with his thoughts lost as they were, Joel couldn't think of a reason to look away, the moon more alluring than even thoughts of what he would do with the research going forward. It was beautiful and seemed to awaken a need in him, something he wasn't aware was familiar from his experience in the afternoon.

A flush of arousal played over his loins, and Joel looked down to see the outline of a cock that did not match the one he'd had even earlier. A part of him was panicked thinking that the change was coming once more, perhaps this time with even more ape DNA to work with. He reflexively knew he needed to get back into the lab, to look at a blood sample and see what had become of the virus. Yet, it was too far away, and the ache in his loins was such that he couldn't help but start to rub at it, moaning deeply as he had in the lab. Brent was inclined to do the same,



getting down on his knees and rubbing the bulge through his pants. They were clearly larger, and becoming more so as the moments passed, the sheer amount of blood required to fuel such cocks was enough to make them dizzy!

It was not only their cocks to change as the tension in their testicles grew past the point of comfort. Swelling further than they had from the previous changes, their underwear was soon to part, and both men had no choice but to pull out their cocks in front of them. Both sets of tackle looked mostly human, though with darkening foreskins, it was clear they were shifting toward something bestial. Flopping in front of them, both cocks elicited a male stink that further clouded the men's minds, seeing no reason for them not to start stroking them right there. The bestial need was once more at the forefront of their beings, so strong that human reasoning was brushed away without a moment for either to resist.

“Broooooent! What’s happoooooning toooooo ooookkk! OOOkkkkk!” Joel tried to call out, but the moment he did so, Brent started to giggle, hooting his own reply as well. As panicked as he was by the changes, Joel couldn’t help but find the situation funny, a sign that his mind was to go as well. Yet, in the moment, there was little he could do to concern himself, feeling the urges coming over them and the sheer bestial joy it seemed to grant.

Moving toward his still-human lips, Brent began to kiss him, and Joel moved into it, closing his eyes and allowing himself to submerge himself in the heady scent of their combined musk. Reaching down with seeking fingers, Joel was quick to find the massive, flopping cock of his lover, rubbing it against his own and grunting his pleasure. Even a repeat of their previous fun did not raise any alarm bells as the two of them reveled in their pleasure. It simply felt too right at the moment that even the threat to their intellect was not a sufficient deterrent!

With the weight in their balls and the promise of oncoming orgasm, neither man was inclined to hold back their lust. Ignoring the tingling over their faces, the two of them fell into release, spraying cum all over their arms and chests and adding to the potent musk. As much as it served to cloud their judgment, Joel was startled to awareness by the sight of Brent's jaw distending, lips turning puffer and rubber as his lips peeled back. He seemed to take joy in playing with his new ability, though with their erections coming back to bear, he knew they didn't have much time before they were overwhelmed by instincts. Taking his hand before Brent could be tempted to jerk off once more, he moved them both back toward the lab. In their cloud of musk, it was becoming increasingly harder to think about why such was so urgent, but Joel was determined, even if his efforts would likely be in vain.

The now familiar pain continued to play over their muscles, swelling against their clothing and starting to pull it tightly against them. It was enough to make them wish to stop and take them off, though Joel knew there was no time. Even more frustrating was the itching of hair

growth, ants crawling over their skin, thickening around their treasure trails and bellies, creeping across their upper arms and legs, and even thickening over their groins below their semi-erect penis. The sound of tearing made Joel's ears twitch, something he was sure he wasn't able to do but finding it hard to worry about with the growth of his body. While not painful, it was powerfully uncomfortable, making it harder for him to walk as he struggled with the changes to his body.

Feeling alterations to his face was bad enough, but Joel made the mistake of looking at Brent's face, a mirror into his own. It was akin to a horror show, watching his friend's brow shift, his skull compressing as his nose bulged out slightly. It was the rubbery muzzle he now possessed that really gave Joel pause, lips pliable and jaw expanding to make room for larger teeth. The ache of his own muzzle took precedence as he looked down to see it protruding, and any attempts to cry out were met with a series of oops, something that his labmate was eager to imitate as though nothing was wrong.

Eventually, the ache of his muscles grew so much that Joel had to stop, panting as Brent put his arm around him as well. The scent of their heavy musk, more intense with larger nostrils and sweat from their exertion burned into their minds and clouded his thoughts. Brent seemed to have already given in, pulling his cock out of his pants with some effect. The outline of his testicles was firm in his pants, and Joel found himself more interested in getting down to sniff them than he was trying to find a cure. A cure for...what? The moment the words passed through his head, they confused him, Joel teetering on the edge of a thought he couldn't quite grasp.

The sound of ripping drew his attention back to the present as Brent's expanding pecs and shoulders started to tear at the back of his shirt. The sleeves of his labcoat were forfeit, muscles looking powerfully out of proportion with the rest of his body. Hooting his irritation, Brent went to tear at them, aiding them along as a whiff of sweat and musk burned into Joel's mind. Without thinking, he pulled out his own cock, stroking it a little before the tension of muscle against his clothing took priority. He, too, was eager to rub his muscles into place as they swelled under the skin and lab coat. His upper arms were massive, out of place with his human body though he was swelling all over in an effort to keep up. His shoulders, too, bulked up, leaving his flexibility in flux for a few moments. Eventually, his chest expanded to more appropriate proportions, and he was eager to play with his flattened pecs, teasing his nipples through his shirt as he hooted his own pleasure.

Lost in rubbing their new muscles, the ache within their shoes becomes too much for them to get them off this time. Still, as a part of him recounted how much he'd enjoyed the former flexibility in his toes, Joel flexed them eagerly, feeling the stronger toes within starting to stretch the material of the shoes. It became a game of sorts, trying to push at the stitching within

as his toes enlarged and their flexibility grew. And it took little time for his twitching toes to work their way out, shoes rendered apart as soon as possible to allow his feet to breathe.

Kicking away his own shoes, Brent and Joel were able to look down at what was to become their feet with excitement. They were flat, massive, larger even than Joel recalled them becoming before, though he hardly had the brain power for reflection. Still, as the toes spaced out and his large toe's joints cracked and popped to allow a similar articulation to his thumbs, Joel could only focus on how flexible it was, playing with it as it grew almost out of proportion with the rest of his body.

Even better was when Brent's own ape foot moved to touch his own, Joel moaning as the sensitivity of his feet became aware to him. It was pleasant to feel their toes intertwining, even more as Joel reached down to stroke the other ape's cock without any further through. Brent was quick to reciprocate, each ape hooting and stroking off with fervor as their feet played with each other. Both even forgot they were in the middle of change, every sensation powerfully visceral and allowing them to revel in their virile bodies.

The heady male stink only rose the more the two of them jerked each other off, chests pulling at their shirts as they tightened over their backs. Forests of fur erupted over their backs and sides, much of their chest bare as the skin turned thick and leathery, accenting their muscles well. The selling within their upper bodies grew so much that a simple flex was all it took for them to burst, exposing black fur and more male stink. The cloudy miasma of male essence made it impossible to think clearly, both beasts hooting their pleasures as one, then the other went over the edge into orgasmic release. Geysers of cum blew from their testicles, coating their hands and groins and leaving them huffing and panting. Yet, with the sheer vitality the changes granted them, both found it hard to find fault in it, even as the release moved to calm their minds.

Brent seemed to furrow his brow just slightly, confused as though something was amiss. It was Joel who was able to snap back to a semblance of reality, the horror of what was happening bringing him into the moment. It took a few shakes of his head to actually think, the implications of what was happening enough to scare him into fighting back. He had to get out of here, perhaps back to the lab, where he could focus and think. Maybe among his research equipment, he could hold onto his sanity, his humanity, enough to...

The sound of urine splashing against the ground gave him pause, looking over at the ape that had been his lab mate holding his dick and pissing all over the remnants of their discarded clothing. He had to admit, even over the pungent stink of piss, the action was rather funny. Of all things they could do in this situation ... Joel started to hoot his excitement, pulling out his own dick and relaxing his bladder until an even longer stream crossed the other ape's. Both hooted

like it was the funniest thing in the world, even as some of the splash got on their legs and caught in the fur. In the moment of stupidity, it was simply too funny!

Dizzied by the heady stench, Joel lost track of what he was doing, rather more interested in what the other ape found so fascinating. He was inclined to reach up with his foot, teasing the surface of his cock with a flexible toe and grunting his lust. With his ass in the air, Joel couldn't help but join in, sniffing his mate's rear and the male essence already stained with his seed. Curious, Joel reached out with his tongue, tasting the puckered flesh and making the other ape moan. In his moment of lust, Joel saw nothing wrong about what he was doing, determined to drink in all this ape was offering. What was there else to do in the moment?

Only a brief hesitation crossed his mind as he continued to rim the other ape. It felt as though something pressing had been on his mind, something he couldn't quite place no matter how much he struggled with the notion. Still, the pleasure he was getting from rimming the beta male was more than enough to keep his attention, and Joel let himself get into the act, feeling his own cock leaking. With surprising flexibility, Joel was able to reach his feet up to jerk himself off, balancing as he ate out the ape's ass, timing and even inserting his tongue as he took pleasure from the other male.

Eagerly, the beta male let out a howl of release as his cock went into orgasm, spraying all over his dirty foot. The pressure against his tongue was sublime, and Joel jerked him off with vigor, wanting to cum as well and joining his mate in bliss. A hoot of excitement left his mouth as what remained of his human mind seemed to ooze out of him like the semen from his testicles. And he was left a quivering mess, awash in the pleasure and filled with the anticipation of the now, body still eager and ready to go with after a moment's reprieve.

The sensation of his face pushing out the rest of the way was barely felt, save for the pleasure of having it in his vision, where it should rightly sit. His heavy nostrils drank in their combined musk, bringing his cock to bear once more. His already pronounced fangs grew even larger, and Joel, or the ape he was becoming, took pride in the fact his own were larger than his mate's, and that he would be the dominant one in their relationship. And as his beard itched and merged with sideburns and the formerly hair atop his head, the alpha ape could only beat his chest in dominance, the other hooting his approval of his place in their troop.

With that, the beta male moved to rim his alpha's asshole, a sensation that pleased him, sending a wave of pleasure through his prostate and making him leak. Experimenting with his new flexibility and loving the sensations of his tongue on puckered flesh, the alpha moved to lick his beta's asshole too, hooting his reverence as he did so. Even as their bodies enlarged and their statures increased, the alpha was easily able to keep up his oral ministrations, his beta doing the

same and bringing them close from the oral stimulation alone. It was certainly enough to erase those pesky stirrings in his mind, ones that confused him but was ultimately able to ignore them.

Still, their eager tongues were not enough to bring either ape to release, and eventually, the alpha pulled back, eager to take what he required. With his beta's pucker moist and relaxed, he was easily able to enter, his mate's rectal muscles clamping on his cock and bringing him close to the edge already. The alpha fucked like the beast he was, hooting and howling under the full moon as his thick testicles slapped against the beta's own. And with his new flexibility, the beta was able to use his feet to stroke off, flexible toes much better than his hands as his release built. Yet, the subservient male was keen to let his alpha finish first, and the alpha in his ass had no inclination to hold back. Reaching down to bite into the male's neck, he felt his release wash over him, filling his beta's bowel with thick spurts of semen. For the beta, it was a good pain, and he hooted in tandem as his own orgasm hit, spraying what felt like one of a dozen loads over his chest and finally falling into a state of contentment as his alpha pulled from his asshole.

The reek of musk and cum burned into the ape man's nose, relaxing him and leaving the fringes of doubt in his mind to float away. He was here with a mate, he had gotten off, and there would be no going back this time, his form and instincts permanent. What that meant to his devolved brain, the ape could hardly comprehend beyond that sense of satisfaction. It mattered little in the end, body was full of energy and needed a way to expel it.

Yet, even with the other ape so close to him to satisfy his needs, a new inclination crossed his mind, one that made him hoot in anticipation. It was a desire to spread his seed, his essence, to find others who were not like him and make them mates as well. Even without understanding such as possible, the compulsion to find, hump, bite or piss on an unsuspecting human was paramount. And under the light of the full moon, they were sure to find many victims to aid with their devolution into beastly pleasures...