

David looked down at the vial in his hands with trepidation, wondering what it would be like to go through with his plan for real. It was a calculated risk, one that he had been mulling over for some weeks now. But, in the end, he decided to do it, fuck the consequences. There was no other way that Jennifer would give him the time of day, let alone any information he might use in courting her. At least, with this method, he could maybe find something out about her to help him out!

David had watched Jennifer from afar for many years now, ever since he had been in high school classes with her. Since then, they had each separately decided to attend college in the same town, even taking some of the same classes. She was the most beautiful, kindest person that David had ever known. At least, he told himself such. David had never so much talked to her, a fleeting nervousness overcoming him with each attempt. But, with the way she lit up the room with every entry, she had to be as kind as she was lovely, right?

Ever since high school, he had sought a way to get her to notice him, but to no avail. Just talking to her was far too intimate a task for him to try. Therefore, he had taken to watching her from afar, imagining what his life would be like with her in it.

Part of him knew that his fixation was bordering on obsession. But no matter what he tried, he could not get Jennifer out of his mind. His heart ached every time she walked by. He wanted, needed to get closer to her, to at least get her out of his head and move on with his life. Either way, he had to know.

The technology to do so was not cheap, even though the back alley source he'd gone through to acquire it. It had taken the better part of his student loan to purchase, but he hoped it would be worth it. With it, he could find out as much as he wished about her personal life, assuming all went as planned. Any hope he had to get to know her was worth all the money he could muster.

David knew that she loved cats, and had one herself. The cat seemed to be her world, at least as much as he could tell from her socials. He didn't know if she would take another stray, but it was worth a shot. David had a stubborn streak and once an idea was stuck in his head, he couldn't get it out.

For the duration of the next several days, David would feel himself turn into a house cat via the chemical formula he had acquired. He planned to hide around her apartment door, meowing for her attention until she eventually brought him inside. Once there, he was free to explore all of her personal effects, to find out as much as he could about her personal life as he pleased. Such knowledge had several applications, a myriad of ways he could use to strike up a conversation about something he otherwise had no way to know.

Even David had to admit, he did not think his plan through. There were any number of things that could go wrong over the course of the week. He would be subject to the whims of city predators, dogs, humans, hunger, and, in general, the daily trials of an animal living outside of a warm, comfy house. Worse, Jennifer might not even take him in, making the entire effort for naught.

Still, despite the low chance of success, David knew no other way for him to get closer to the obsession of his life without incurring some sort of ramification. Anything else would be akin to being a stalker, and he knew there was every chance his proclivities would lead down that path. It would do neither of them any good in the long run, lest Jennifer get the wrong idea about him and ruin his chances.

David had spent the last several days wondering what his experience would be like as an animal. A small beast, powerful muscles for its size, naked save for the fur. He wasn't keen on eating cat food and eliminating in a litter box, but it was a small price to pay for his eventual goal.

And, besides, the idea of being an animal was not foreign to him. He'd had transformation fantasies ever since he was old enough to consume such media to give him the idea of the possibility. Eventually, he would have sought out the technology to change his body into that of an animal for recreational uses. Once he had the spare funds, of course; such technology was expensive.

A cat was not at the top of his list of animals to be, but that was of little consequence when a cat was the right animal for the task at hand. David was thankful that the change would take several days to complete so he could enjoy the process in full before he set out on his mission. It had been a fantasy, after all, and one that he intended to enjoy to the fullest.

Still, he spent several hours, vial in hand, wondering if he should really proceed. Part of him was excited by the prospect but the other part of him was hesitant, not wanting to rush into his childhood dream. Would it be as good as he'd always imagined? What if it wasn't?

In the end, curiosity won out, and David took the vial and injected himself quickly, not wanting to wait any longer. The tingling of the solution flowed through him, though nothing else happened right away. That wasn't a surprise in and of itself. He figured it would take some time for the process to start since it was supposed to take several days to complete.

Nervous, he went to start playing a game to take his mind off the changes that could overtake him at any moment. Yet, his concentration on the game just wasn't there when any

slight itch or tingle could signal the start of his change. Several lost matches later, David ended up confining himself to the couch, naked and rubbing his body for any signs that the serum was working.

David's patience was soon to be rewarded. The hairs around the area of the injection site were starting to itch a little, as though the follicles were being irritated. Rubbing the skin raw, David was starting to realize that the hairs were actually growing thicker and more numerous. The process was starting!

It was a Herculean effort to not rub that area that was clearly sporting brown and black fur. David now knew that the serum was legit and that he had not been swindled by a false product. He hadn't even thought of that possibility, though transformation technology was still considered black market for personal use. Still, any fears he had harbored were washed away as he watched the growth of a patch of fur over his arm near the injection site. Even after such a short time, it was getting thicker in the small space so much so that it nearly obscured the skin.

Content in the fact that the process was happening, David went back to playing his games. He knew the transformation would progress slowly. That had been how he'd always dreamed the process would occur, anyway. Soon, stiffness in his fingers made it harder for him to react to the game in the way that he was expecting. Trying to work out the numbness made him aware that the joints were indeed restricted, as though they were shifting. David examined his digits not with fear but with excitement. He was going to be bored without the use of his hands in the next several days. But the reality was that he was about to get paws for his trouble!

Deciding it was futile to distract himself any longer, David decided to focus his attention on the impending changes. His fingers felt as though they had been shrinking. A quick use of measuring tape confirmed what he already knew to be true. And the nails seemed sharper, pointed at the tips as though the serum was forcing the keratin to grow. Though he was developing paws, it seemed to be happening much more slowly than he'd been expecting. He might still keep some facsimile of human functionality as the change progressed.

Soon, it was the itching around his arm that distracted David from the alterations to his fingers. He wanted to scratch, but sharpened nails made that a daunting task. He didn't want to hurt himself mid-change if he could help it! So, David was forced to simply watch as the brown and black hairs lanced from his skin. Though it was too early to say for sure, there was every chance that David was to be a tabby cat!

As David spent his afternoon rubbing at the feline fur covering his arm, an ache in his chest seemed to ebb into his awareness. It started as a slight ache but seemed to grow more and more insistent as the minutes ticked by. Giving it some time, David eventually went to the

full-length mirror, noticing that his chest had sunken somewhat, making it more difficult to rotate his shoulders forward. Then again, he would have no need to do so as a cat!

Despite the aches and irritations of the change, David was elated. He always wanted the process to hurt a little, though not as much as it maybe should from the level of alteration it was causing. The change should carry some discomfort in his mind, however. How else would he know that it wasn't a dream and was truly happening to him in the present?

As the afternoon wore on, the itching of hair growth coated the entirety of his arm, though only the patch around his injection site completely obscured the skin. David was sure that his chest was starting to grow its own coat, but it was hard to tell between his own brown hair. Still, the prickling played all over, some of it more than a placebo to indicate he was growing his own feline coat.

Supper was to be fish without any sides, David knowing his soon-to-be feline anatomy would only support that type of diet. David had no inclination to eat cat food, even when he was fully changed. He would have to of course; no one ever fed house cats gourmet! Dry food seemed like it would be bland, though wet food disgusted him to even reflect upon. He would eat as well as he could while it lasted.

As he sat down to his meal, David was startled by a sensation of pain from his backside. Leaping up and rubbing the spot, David's fingers reported what could only be a nub coming from his spine. Was he growing his tail too? Much more carefully, David lowered himself back down. Yet, his dinner was distracted with the desire to rub his new appendage, as though encouraging it to grow as he continued to explore himself with bliss.

David spent most of his evening looking at himself in the mirror and willing himself to change further. He had wanted the process to be slow, there was no doubt of that. But it was almost maddening to have to wait so long to see the fruits of the vial's labor!

Still, David was able to tell that his body hair was growing thicker, more patches completing themselves along his arms. He was indeed becoming a tabby cat from the intricate patterns that were making themselves known. The hairs on his chest were thickening as well, forming their own sparse patches of fur. Some of his own hair was indistinguishable from cat fur now, though David was only elated by the realization.

As he continued to rub the hair that was coating his chest, David became aware of a strange pair of lumps lower down. At first, thinking them to be worrisome or cancerous, he was relieved to find them both symmetrical with each other and the nipples that were already on his chest. Breathing a sigh of relief, David realized that cats had two pairs and he had likely just

developed his own second set. Rubbing the flesh revealed their sensitivity, making him moan a little at playing over the two pairs.

Sleep was nearly impossible with the level of excitement David had for the changes. That, and the itching and aches in his chest made it meddlesome to pass out. But, David managed to sleep in spurts, waking after a few moments here and there to try and take stock of his changes. The wait to full awakesness was maddening!

Waking with far too little sleep, David would have considered consuming coffee if there wasn't a chance of it hurting his new physiology. He honestly didn't know how easy it was to injure his new insides. Such a change to feline anatomy should have been impossible for his physiology. Surely the process of transformation would repair any damage to his feline innards by consuming 'people foods', right? In the end, he decided not to risk it, wanting his feline experience to be as authentic as possible by forgoing human creature comforts.

Getting up and trying to walk forward, David nearly toppled over, as though his balance was somehow off. Looking at the full-length mirror, it was obvious that his hips had thinned out slightly in the night. Worse, he seemed almost a foot shorter than he'd been before. The aches still present in his body were a reminder that he was still shrinking towards his eventual feline size.

That was not the only change the mirror revealed. Several pinpricks along his nose seemed to correlate to the beginnings of whiskers. These hairs were sharper than the hairs that coated his chest and arm. The area around them was puffy, expanding outward to accommodate the new connections. Bringing his shorter fingers to touch them revealed a level of sensitivity that he was not prepared for. David winced a little, making the short wiry hairs grow longer on his features. They were almost as good for detecting his fingers as the former tactile ability of the digits themselves!

Grinning in the mirror slightly, David could tell that his eye teeth, in particular, were sharper, almost poking out of his lips like a pair of fangs. He had to admit, the look was rather fetching. Slightly furred ears and a sunken nose gave him the impression that he now carried feline features. So many alterations had taken place while he had slept. It was honestly more than he could have hoped for!

Walking remained troublesome, but David managed to make it to the living room to throw on some internet videos while he mulled over his changes. There were, of course, many videos that others had taken of themselves transforming as well. David watched them for hours, hoping to get a handle on his own process. Some had even been turning into felines like himself, making him not only excited for what had happened but what was soon to come!

As he watched, the sensation of tickling over his ears gave him pause. His ears seemed to be getting pointed, tapering at the tips as their entire surface became more concave. The source of the tickling was quickly evident as David realized hairs were peppering both the backs and the insides of each canal. The lobes were absorbed into the skull as the canals themselves widened, taking up more space on his head that looked comfortable.

A sudden twitch in reaction to the sounds of something on the video made David wince. He quickly realized that new muscles had formed under the skin, making it possible to willfully move his ears. He delighted in their newfound motility, rotating them this way and that. Yet, it was largely they that flexed of their own accord, responding to sounds in the apartment and outside his window that David otherwise had no awareness of.

By the time they were done, two massive feline ears sat on his features, making David look a little silly. He had expected them to be at the top of his head, befitting feline ears. But instead, they stuck out at odd angles in relation to his skull. David figured that an eventual shift to his cranium would put his ears into a more reasonable place on his anatomy.

Itching on his nose indicated the next likely spot to transform. Unlike the changes thus far, his ears seemed to have altered almost all the way into feline equivalents. And from the tingles in his nose, it seemed it was on the same path to becoming a cat's extremity right away.

The first thing that drew David's attention was the pair of slits forming along the lower sides, drawing up towards his face. It made breathing somewhat easier, and David was slowly becoming more and more aware of scents in the house that had never been present to his human self. There was the familiar scent of food and cleaning products, but there were also intricities of must and bugs and dust and other things that David had no name for.

The changes to his nose were soon to complete, the bridge melding into his face as the tip flattened into the skin. The ridges were so wide that they almost touched his lips, giving him feline features that delighted the changing man.

It was about this time that David's attention was drawn towards his lower half as his hip and pelvic bones started to snap with a steady series of aches. It was getting harder and harder to stand, and David nearly tripped a few times trying to walk across the floor. It was becoming increasingly evident that he would soon be down on all fours for the rest of his change.

It seemed awkward for him to walk that way in his current hybrid state. His ass was still in the air, and his arms had not grown long enough to match his legs. At one point, his hips felt like they were snapping apart, popping back into place rapidly before David was forced to be a

cripple. With his hips the way they were, there was no chance of him getting up and walking on hind legs for long. Therefore, he was forced to manage on hands and knees as best as he could in the interim.

Flattening hips slowly sank into his sides, forming a webbing of skin between his knees and belly. His asscheeks were slowly receding, making it harder to wear his human clothes. Eventually, David figured, what the hell. He was going to be naked for the next week or more, and taking off his clothes was soon going to be awkward when he lost his hands fully. Therefore, he decided to remove his underwear, leaving him nude and a little aroused.

His penis was at half-mast, leaking with the lust he felt from the changes. David wouldn't have thought the process at all arousing, but the needs in his cock were greater than even those times imaging intimacy with Jennifer. He was alone, right? And he was turning into an animal, one that would naturally take care of his needs as he had them.

Lying on his side, David reached down with his shortening fingers to caress the sensitive flesh of his cockhead. It seemed to tighten at his touch, as though the contact was spurring on his changes. David had to look; a tingling along his member seemed to indicate that his penis was starting its alteration to feline form. The pinkish shade across his cock seemed proof enough, the color not belonging to a human.

The more David touched it, the more that his cock started to shrink, the tingling intensifying as he masturbated. He was a little self-conscious about its diminishing size, though knew that a feline prick was much smaller even compared to his soon-to-be body. Losing the scope of his manhood was a small price for him to pay to allow him both the experience of changing and the chance to find out more about his love. Right?

Suddenly, David yelped aloud, as though something had pricked into his hand while masturbating. Looking down, an intense tingling seemed to correlate with the formation of minute spines, several dozen now that replaced the crown of his cock. He wasn't sure why he had them, but they made him wary as he continued to touch himself.

More carefully this time, David's fingers pleased his penis, feeling the pressure slowly build. It would not take much for him to achieve orgasm like this. David couldn't help but think that cats had it hard on that front, being on a hair-trigger down there. Either that or David was simply too excited about being an animal, the fulfillment of his dreams.

With a few grunts of pleasure, David felt his cock spasm and blow a small load of semen onto his hand and the floor. He panted a few moments, the orgasm coming on a little more strongly than he was expecting. Part of his mind was hopeful that he was expelling all the human

seed inside of him, to make room for the feline spunk that he knew would be forming. Another part wondered what it would be like to orgasm as a cat, but he didn't think the prospect was that tempting after further contemplation. With no hands, he would have to suck himself off, or thus find something to hump and rut into.

Too late, David realized that he had no way to get to the sink to wash his hands of the cum. The backs of his hands were covered in hair, and some of his semen had gotten on it. The sticky sensation seemed to irritate him to no end, making it hard to focus on the changes that were still playing over his form. David weighed his options. A real cat would lick his paw, right? But how could David taste his own cum? Then again, wouldn't he have to get used to it, and worse, once he was a cat? Cats cleaned themselves all over with their tongues, even those places that David only just now thought about. Though the idea of being an animal was appealing, the reality was a little grosser than he'd given himself time to reflect on!

Feeling extremely embarrassed, David brought his paw to his lips, preparing to lick his cum-soaked hand to clear it off. The taste was salty and thick, and the texture of fur was foreign to his mouth. Yet, the sensation of cleanliness was instant, and David finally felt himself relax. It wasn't so bad, all things considered. Better than licking his ass as a cat might do!

The afternoon wore on, David's body itching as the aches of change played over his form. His shoulders became even more compressed, making it harder to move his arms. His hips were flattened and shortened on his backside, and his asshole hung exposed in the air, making him a little uncomfortable. On the positive side of things, it was easier to walk on all fours with the decreased length between his thighs and hips. Still, his arms were a little too short to make the motions entirely comfortable, and instead, David relegated himself to sitting by the mirror, checking his body periodically as videos played in the background on his TV.

Eventually, hunger overtook him, and David ended up wanting to slap himself on the forehead when the realization hit him. He was far too low to the ground to get up and cook himself anything. And besides, his body was changing all over, right? Wouldn't he be changing on the inside, too? Maybe he could eat cat food?

David had gotten a couple of patees before initiating the change. He didn't want to try the processed food, but there was little choice with the changes to his body. Lamenting his lack of foresight to make himself human food before now, David walked over to the table where he had placed his purchase. His hands were still sufficient to open a can, and the smell hit him all at once. It wasn't as bad as he recalled it should be, making David thankful that he had gotten a more expensive brand. Still, the mashed food did not elicit hunger as he hoped it would. Maybe he wasn't changed enough to try it?



Teasing out his tongue tentatively, David played it over the food, trying to get a sense of its taste. Yet, as it hit him full force, David nearly puked right there. It was *horrid!* David couldn't imagine anything tasting so raw and rank. It was all he could do not to run to the bathroom and retch his guts.

Able to get up on his haunches, David opened the fridge, where he'd left his stash of fish. He couldn't cook it, not with his stance on all fours. It was hard enough just to get up and grab something in his current state. But, he could at least eat the fish raw, right? It wouldn't hurt him, people ate sushi all the time. Though it might not be sushi-grade, David had little choice lest the hunger in the belly overtake him. The taste wasn't as palpable as he'd preferred, but he was able to keep his dinner down. It would have to do.

An ache in his tailbone brought his stiff arms back to play over the appendage that he had forgotten was present. It seemed to be an inch now and still growing. It had a lot longer to go, of course. To David's delight, it seemed to twitch at his touch, able to react with its own senses and nerves. It was hard to move at his prompting for now, but David knew that wouldn't be the case for long.

His legs had been aching all the while, though David was already aware that his thighs were shrinking, his calves diminishing as his heels started to expand. David was so excited that he wanted to measure the changes in size. Yet, there was little point. The alterations to their length simply made it easier for him to get around on all fours. David hardly had to get down on his knees to walk now, as the musculature altered to a more feline stature.

The aches soon settled into his toes, and David spent the evening frantically rubbing at them to try and alleviate the irritation. David also wanted to feel them shrinking, stiffening as the joints required to move them were removed. Attempting to wriggle them a few times, David was shocked when they no longer responded to his motions.

Yet, the joints were soon to be repurposed as something formed within the base of the toes, save his large one, which was slowly getting shorter as his heel extended. It was like a new nail was developing underneath, pushing almost painfully from the skin as new musculature developed around it. The joints seemed to form in a tensed state, but as they pushed outward, they forced a new nail out of the skin and into the bed of the old one. It actually *hurt* worse than the uncomfortableness that had plagued the rest of the changes.

Soon, the pain against his nail bed was enough to prompt David to use a pair of nail clippers to remove the source of the barrier. Yet, to his surprise, the nail popped off without any pain or blood. It was as if the skin was already dead and easy to remove to make room for the new claws that were poking through.

The new muscles in his shrinking digits were starting to get restless, and David couldn't help but want to flex them in and out. He figured the pain of moving his claws in such a way should have been too much for him to bear. But David soon became aware that the claws had formed some sort of sheaths to protect them as they grew to their proper feline length.

His feet seemed destined for a feline fate as the skin bubbled under each toe, forming a firm callous. The bottoms of his feet grew their own pad towards the entire surface as well. His heel was raised by this point, stretching his stance to compensate for the decrease in length of his thighs and calves. Once more, it made his four-legged stance more awkward, though David knew that all it would take would be the growth of his arms to reach the same conclusion.

Soon, the fatigue from the late hour started to get to him, prompting David to head to his bed. The aches from his shoulders were starting to move into his chest and belly now. It was like his stomach was stretching relative to his body, even though it was clearly smaller than it had been. The bones of his ribs seemed sore as well, signs of his changing internal anatomy. How much was he altering on the inside? The notion made him both excited and frightened in equal measure.

The itching of hair growth returned in spades as David tried to find a comfortable position to lie down in. Though he was naked and the apartment should have been relatively chilly, having a blanket over him was mildly irritating. He had to throw it off a few times just to find a comfortable position. Eventually, he decided that the sensation of the fabric against his fur was too annoying and opted to sleep on top of his blanket like a cat might.

He was awakened several times in the night, the combinations of aches from the changes and the itch of fur growth making it harder to remain asleep. In the later evening, he seemed to want to wake up, as though something was edging at the corners of his mind. David might have attributed it to feline instincts or alterations in circadian rhythms, though he had little energy to contemplate such things. Still, his body pained him as it altered in the night, making him only able to rest off and on as he changed.

Towards the early morning, it was the aches in his hands that were of most prominence to rouse him from slumber. David couldn't see them in the dark, but he could feel the fingers shrinking, the joints to move them becoming stiff and unruly. David wondered if there was anything he needed to take care of before he lost his hands completely. But it was hard to think about it with how tired he was.

Eventually, the early dawn light woke him fully enough that he could take stock of his body. Getting off the bed, it was clearly evident that he had shrunk during the night. He might

have lost up to one-third the mass of his humanity by this point, and David knew he had much further to go.

Using the bathroom was a troublesome affair, though all David could think about was that he was thankful he didn't need to use a litter box. There was an urge in the back of his mind to find some dirt to bury his waste. Yet, even in feline form, he could still work his paws to flush, which provided a modicum of relief. Still, with his decrease in size, it was entirely possible that he would fall into the bowl if he used it the wrong way!

The stiffness in his hands was starting to become alarming as reality sank in. He would no longer have opposable thumbs. Though he was excited to be an animal, there were disadvantages to operating in the human world without thumbs. One such trouble was his exit from his own apartment. He would have to wait for someone to let him out of the main door, which David was already aware of. But if he didn't leave his apartment door open he would have no means of escape!

Opening the door was already a meddlesome affair, making David painfully aware of his decrease in height. It almost reminded him of his tenure as a youth, struggling to get into cupboards for snacks and the like. Still, David managed it, though his size was nearly half that of his human self. Where was all that mass going? The technology within the serum used to change him was fascinating indeed!

David had another day to go before the process would finish with him. He intended to enjoy the sensations as best he could. Though the cracks and aches of his torso were uncomfortable, they were everything that David had hoped for. They indeed signaled that he was changing into an animal, the fulfillment of his childhood dreams.

The aches of his spine seemed to indicate more room for linkages and a rib cage that was being pressed up towards his sternum. David was plagued with the urge to stretch to alleviate the discomforts. To his delight, he found that his ability to do so was greatly enhanced. He could move his entire trunk around if he wanted to, nearly able to touch the tail that had grown longer in the night.

At that, he reached back with shrinking fingers to touch the growth that sat above his ass. It was nearly half the length of his back now, though it might be finished growing if David had to guess. He could move it fully now if he tried. It had raised reflectively when he used the toilet, but this was the first time that he'd tried to move it on his own power. The range of ability it possessed was more than David could have hoped for. Combining several areas of articulation, David played with what seemed like a new arm, delighted that he had one now.

The more he played with his tail, the more excited that he became. It was akin to hunting, the movement of the appendage driving his new instincts to hunt and pounce. Yet David was just able to hold off the urges, knowing how hilarious it would be to try to hunt a part of himself. Besides, he'd seen actual cats trying to do the same thing with little to no effect!

The energy welling in his body was like nothing that David had experienced before. Even with his hybrid state, David found he could run around his apartment with what felt like extreme speed from his smaller perspective. Racing around his furniture became a game in and of itself, burning through more reserves than he figured his tiny body should have.

Though he'd realized it somewhat before, the scents in the apartment were far more potent than anything he had expected. It was not until David allowed himself to give in to the urges to play and hunt that he realized how excited it was to smell things around the apartment. There was little that he was not aware of, and some scents quickly gave him more interest the more he changed. David found himself sniffing about for bugs, hoping that he'd find a mouse but cursing his apartment's cleanliness during this time of being a cat.

At first, his running was awkward, hindering his escapades as he stumbled on the nubs that comprised his fingers. It almost seemed as though his actions were prompting the changes to accelerate, to David's excitement. In reality, his fingers were shrinking as slowly as his toes had, retracting into his palms as the joint within popped out and prepared to reform to a shape akin to his feet.

Like before, David could feel the formation of the sharp, keratin claws that started poking against his former nails. He didn't bother with the clippers this time, though he hardly had the dexterity to use them, anyway. Still, the minor force was enough to make the old nails pop off, the claws becoming spring-loaded within as they pulled back to the third joint within his shrinking digits. David was elated to play with them, moving them in and out in tandem with the ones in his toes, now hind paws.

Unlike his big toes, his thumbs retained their presence in his form, albeit in a different configuration as they were pulled up along with his stretching wrists. He couldn't move them anymore, not really. Though, it was fun to feel his claws poking in and out between the newly-formed sheaths. His other fingers were nearly gone as well as the hours ticked past. It felt off to feel the formation of paw pads under them. Yet, it made his house runs more comfortable, so David decided any minor discomfort was well worth it!

Several times that day, fatigue overcame him to the point where he had to rest his hybrid anatomy. Sleep came in spurts, though not enough that David missed any of the changes to his form. He wanted to catch every moment of the transformation as his humanity was replaced with

his dream of a lifetime. Truth be told, even without his goal of learning more about his love, he would have eventually allowed himself the treat of turning into an animal for a time, the cost be damned!

It was about this time that the aches seemed to center on his jaw as already-puffy cheeks swelled further. It was as though his face was being pressed forward, jaw inching into a feline configuration. It felt awkward, almost akin to being at the dentist. The discomfort was there, though the likely pain was thankfully absent. Still, it was rather uncomfortable to see his pink nose stretch in front of his vision, his puffy cheeks and whiskers hanging there for him to see.

The more David tried to cross his eyes, the more he realized that his field of view was larger than it should have been. It had taken him some time to get used to the dizziness that accompanied his ever-shrinking form. But now, his world was expanding all over again, as though his eyes were widening. He thought that to be the case since a cat's eyes took up much more of his face than the primate that he had been.

Exploring his new perspective, David soon realized that the edges of the room seemed sharper, more defined. It was interesting to focus on certain things for far longer than he was used to, trying to get a handle on his new visual acuity. He was surprised to note that the colors in the room didn't diminish as he thought they might. True, it didn't seem that his eyesight could distinguish as much color as it once had. But it was as though everything was in more focus, and he could see shapes and edges that his humanity missed. The eyes of a predator, he surmised with a feline smile.

His mouth was still shifting all the while, stretching a little longer and expanding the space inside. An ache in his dentures seemed to denote their transition, adding the coppery taste of blood to his mouth as they sheered the gumline. Thinning lips took on a curved configuration as his eye teeth poked through even when his lips were completely closed. He didn't mind the look in the mirror, akin to that of a miniature vampire.

A thought occurred to him then, one that he'd forgotten to try since he was changing alone. There was no one to talk to after all, so it was no surprise that the notion to try and speak had evaded him entirely. Surely, there was nothing left of his human voice by now. Daring to try it, David opened his mouth to let out a convincing "rrrrreeooooowww" that sounded akin to any cat he'd heard before. His ability to talk was gone!

It was equal parts jarring and exciting to know he no longer had his voice. On the one hand, he had no way to ask for help or prove his human identity if something went awry. On the other hand, he was truly an animal in voice, just as he'd always wished for!

The more that his mouth changed, the drier it seemed to be, as though he did not produce as much saliva as before. David wasn't sure why, but his tongue felt rougher, perhaps peppered with tiny spines. Curious, he stuck his tongue out, the hundreds of tiny bumps making him think he'd been plagued by canker sores. But the spines didn't irritate him in the same way that such sores should have. They were more natural on his features than that, it seemed.

Thoughts of his tongue brought his attention to the fur on the back of his hand, which was tingling with irritation. It was as though the hairs were out of place in a way that bothered him to no end. Rubbing his paws against each other seemed ill-effective to alleviate the disdain. In desperation, David reached out with his tongue to try to lick at it.

The moment his rough tongue touched his fur was the moment that David lost himself to the instincts to groom himself. He licked his arm with the gusto of a man starved, trying to reorientate every hair on his body, and in the process eliminate every bit of dirt. He didn't even think it strange until what felt like hours later when his entire body was groomed and cleaned like a cat. He had managed to get every inch of himself covered with drying saliva to cleanse himself as might a cat.

The taste in his mouth was off, which David noticed as he ate his supper. It did allow the raw fish to be less offensive to his senses, so he didn't mind too much in the end. His wider muzzle and expanded nasal canals were likely the culprits, all part of being a cat, he figured. There was even some temptation to try to open a can of cat food, though it had been sitting out too long for his tastes.

Evening was coming, encouraging the resting David to feel slightly playful as his new body dictated. He was nearly the cat he'd wanted to be and allowed himself to act the part within his own house. Running, clawing furniture, hunting, and pouncing on shadows were all par for the course. He didn't mind that he was destroying some of his things as a cat. He had already gotten used to the instincts that came with the change and was even starting to enjoy them. Being an animal, even a house cat, was strangely liberating and made David excited for the choice that he'd made. Goal aside, it was going to be a fun week regardless!

In the end, David decided to go to sleep for the night. The fatigue was taking over him, and his body was nearly that of the feline he wanted to be. There was little left to change than the diminishing stature of his body. The dizzying sensation of shrinking was getting a little old, given how far he had to go. And, he had to sleep sometime, otherwise, he would have a rough time with his morning's mission!

The early dawn light roused David from slumber, and he lifted his small body. His energy levels were higher than at any point in his life, save for perhaps his childhood. It was like he was

a ball of electricity, with all the liquid grace and power of a deadly predator. Though he was little more than 8 pounds, limiting his predatory abilities to mice and birds!

As he got up on all fours and started walking around the apartment, it seemed obvious that the changes were done. At least, the tingling of hair growth and the dizziness of shrinking seemed to have abated. It was more than a little exciting to realize that he was now in the form of an animal, nothing human left of his anatomy other than the cat he had become.

Yet, there was little time to explore his new body in all its glory. David had a job to do, and only one week to do it before the transformation wore off. He would not be able to afford another transformation into feline form if he failed in his function!

Door ajar just slightly, David made his way out into the hall of his complex, knowing that he could get outside by waiting for the mailman that morning. He hadn't considered the consequences of leaving his door open the entire week, but in his current form, there was no way for him to get back inside before changing back. The ideas of potential thieves or someone trying to close the door as a kindness was lost on him as he wandered out into the world in his feline form for the first time.

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The trip to Jennifer's apartment was somewhat more difficult than David had been expecting in animal form. It wasn't the distance of the trip itself; it only took a few hours for him to manage with his smaller stature. It was more as though the world around him was one of constant distractions, both wondrous and frightening. He was small and subject to the whims of larger creatures lest he found himself their prey. Yet, he was also a predator in his own right, and the myriad of scents of smaller creatures nearly drove him to madness as he resisted the urges to explore their presence.

Colors were muted, as though the dial on an old TV had been shifted slightly. Though some colors were brighter, he simply lacked the care to reflect on them, his mind focused more on exploring the sounds and scents of smaller creatures that caught his attention.

Another cause for his delay was the sheer size of the world from the perspective of a much-smaller house cat. It was harder to care about the placement of landmarks with all the instincts that were floating around in his thoughts. It was nearly impossible to see where he was even in the familiar streets around his house. That, in tandem with everything that startled his cat brain, forced him to take far longer to make it there than it should have.

Yet, in the end, determination won out, and David found himself at the familiar apartment of the love of his life. He was forced to stare at the numbers for several minutes, trying to rouse his human intellect to make sure that it was the right address. But, there was no mistake in the number on the sides of the building that he had looked at almost every day passing by.

It took some effort to make it to the lobby, waiting by the locked door for someone to exit. Soon, he was rewarded when a younger man passed by from the inside. Lost in whatever it was they were texting about, it seemed as though the person didn't even notice that David had snuck in! It was no problem to make his way down the hall, looking for the number that he had seen on her mail from the lobby weeks ago. Now, he would play the waiting game!

The scents in the hall seemed to confirm he was in the right place. There was the stench of another cat coming from under the door, and he could even hear the feline inside, going about her business. It was clear to David that she was a female, the scent of heat sending a shiver through his loins several times.

Fighting feline instincts, some familiar odors made David excited, ones that invoked memories of Jennifer's perfume. He sat there at the side of the door, hearing and smelling her inside. She was home! It would take only some waiting to meet his hopefully future love.

After what seemed like an eternity especially to his easily bored cat mind, the sound of the woman moving inside hit his ears. David stood up, waiting for her to leave. Within seconds, the door opened, and two massive legs stepped out into the hall, closing the door quickly, likely to prevent her own cat from leaving.

Yet, it took little time for her to see the eager tabby cat sitting there, thrashing his tail in annoyance to get her attention. "Who are you, little man?" Cooed the familiar voice that David had been longing to hear directed to him for all this time. Jennifer was showering him with attention, and it was everything that the man-turned cat could have wished it to be!

To his dismay, however, the few pets and chin scratches were all he received before Jennifer walked down the hall. David meowed his insistence but was only promised that he would be seen by his owner soon and that she had to go before she could help him look. David wanted to follow but ended up waiting in the hall as Jennifer disappeared.

Still, David was determined, and it only took a few more hours for Jennifer to return, surprised that the cat was still in the hall. A few rubbings and some more meows were enough for Jennifer to finally relent. She opened the door, allowing David to run inside to his goal.



David was almost overwhelmed by the scents in the house, though most of them spoke of the other cat. The place was *rank* with the scents of a female in heat, one that caused his loins to light aflame. To his embarrassment, he could feel his penis slide from its home, eager to mate with the female whose heat seemed to beckon to him.

Yet, before he could make it to the source of the alluring aroma, he was picked up, brought towards an empty room, and placed inside. His insistence to get close to Jennifer was met with a foot to keep him inside before the door was closed. So close, and yet so far!

David should have expected something like this, of course. After all, he wouldn't be expected along with another cat so soon after meeting her. Especially not a female in heat! Jennifer made some sweet talk about making some flyers to help get him to his owner. David was dismayed. He would be forced to stay in this one room, perhaps for the duration of his stay as a cat, before likely being taken to a shelter. How had this possibility not occurred to him?

David spent the next few hours trying to make use of the room that he was placed in. It was nearly impossible to fight through both the embarrassment of being so wrong about how it would go down. Worse were the feline instincts that kept playing over his mind. It was nearly impossible to concentrate on his goals with the scent of a female's heat coming from the other room. That, and his mind kept playing towards any glints of light or movement in the study, far more interesting to his feline psyche than any of his human goals.

There was very little in the study that could give David any indication of what Jennifer was interested in. Though a bookshelf lined one of the walls, most of the words were beyond David's ability to focus on in cat form. What he could determine seemed to indicate that the books were college-level, and it was hard for David to fathom what he would use the knowledge for. He already knew what courses she was in, damnit!

Jennifer came in later with cat food, the scent of which David found repulsive on a fundamental level. It was a decent quality brand as much as his nose could tell. He didn't want to eat that, recalling how he'd nearly vomited before trying it the last time. Yet, the scent wasn't as repulsive as he'd recalled before changing fully. Hunger winning out, David stuck his head in the dish, eating the wet food with gusto. It was very bland, but David figured it was a small price to pay. After all, there was every chance that acting like a cat would get closer to his fixation in the coming days.

Using the litter box, too, was a humiliation that he was not prepared for. The scent of his eliminations hung in his nose, no matter how much his unruly paws tried to cover it. He hated the feeling of the sand on his paws, something that he was compelled to clean with the only thing he had at his disposal. His tongue would remove dirt and mess from his body, at the cost that he

would have to taste everything he cleaned. The implications of disgust were horrible. And David had wanted to transform like this!

With little else to do, David decided he would sleep until he had the chance to see Jennifer once more. His feline body seemed to agree with the fatigue that was slowly overcoming him. Dreams came and went, and David's recollections of them were ones of hunting and play, contentment in his feline form that surpassed what he'd experienced in real life.

The sound of the door opening roused David from slumber, and a bizarre squeaking seemed to alert his attention. David looked up to see a dangling string that all that once enraptured his attention. Springing to life, David's claws extended and he grabbed the string, pulled away only by the stronger hands of the woman he longed for. Sizing up the distance again, David leapt for the target, just missing it by a hair's breadth. He was determined to get it next time, though!

Lost in the thrill of play as he was, David was remiss for not noticing Jennifer's words as she teased him. Without tags or a collar, she couldn't find the cat's owner. She had already inquired to her neighbors, who did not claim ownership of the cat. Her next step was to put up posters, but if that failed, then Jennifer would have no recourse other than to adopt the cat herself!

David felt a little bit of elation at that. He would be with his love, even if she did not know it. Shaking his head, it took him longer than it should have for David to realize that was wrong. No, he would not be with her as a cat. He would use the time he had here to figure out how to approach her in his human form!

His only obstacle was to find a consistent way to escape the room and make sure that he could explore the rest of the house. Not to mention, he needed a way to leave before the serum wore off and he returned to his human body. Having not really thought things through, David quickly realized that when he changed back, he would be entirely naked. Bad enough to be caught in her house as a human but if he did so nude he would be branded a pervert for life and kept away from his love. That would not do!

That fear came with it enough determination to overcome feline fatigue and scour the room for a method of escape. At his current size, getting to the door handle was nearly impossible. He could jump, but the few attempts he made were rather ineffective. Spying a rolling chair in the room, he experimentally pushed at it, soon realizing that he could move it enough to reach the door if he so desired. David was thankful it was on wheels!

It didn't take him too long to have to wait for Jennifer to leave. He figured it was the middle of the week, and knew her schedule well enough that she would be gone the better part of the day. With a way out secure, David was certain he could look around the house with little issue. How he would hide his escape by closing the door behind him was a problem for future David.

Getting out was as easy as he hoped, though it took some struggling on the part of his much-smaller body. His weight was just sufficient enough that he could pull the handle down and allow the door to open. David was only thankful that Jennifer had not bothered to lock the door, or that it was designed with a handle and not a knob he would be unable to turn!

As he headed out into the main room, the familiar scent from before hit his nose all at once, making David a little dizzy. It was a heady odor, thick and musky that spoke to his inner feline desires. David paused, nose desperately sniffing at the alluring aroma. It was hard for him to focus on anything else with such a smell in the air. He needed more!

A "HISSSS" echoed in the room, and the source of the smell finally dawned on David. It was the scent of the other cat, the one that his nose had been allowed to acclimate to during his time here.

Yet, somehow the odor this time was far more pungent than anything he had been expecting. It seemed as though the female had not been spade, and that she went through frequent heat cycles. And it was just David's luck to come across her when she was in the middle of one of those cycles.

The idea of what his body wanted to do was beyond disgusting. He wanted to be with Jennifer, not with her cat! Yet, he couldn't deny the needs that were forcing his body forward, the scents and yowling of the female making his prick stiffen behind him. It was weird to feel that his cock was sliding from its sheath from such depraved thoughts.

The female came up to him, rubbing against his body as he'd seen cats doing to humans, or even how he had been compelled to do to Jennifer when he'd been trying to get her attention in the hallway. Yet, it had the effect of making his prick leak even more as the female's glands were exposed to his sensitive nose. Various points of her body were made known to David's sense of smell, each screaming of her need and her virility to bear kittens.

Never before had David felt such a *primal* need to mate, to fuck. It went far beyond anything that he had known in his human life. Certainly, he felt some degree of lust towards Jennifer but never before had he known the need to impregnate a female, to breed until he was

physically unable to anymore. The feline needs welling in his body was almost more than the human could comprehend, leaving David little more than just along for the ride.

Long before the female presented to him, David had lost the mental battle to resist. Part of the lack of resistance was due to the powerful drives that were playing over his mind, impossible to repel even for the most mentally prepared. The other part had to do with more curiosity than anything. What was the consequence of mating with a cat when he was one himself? It certainly couldn't hurt, could it? What would it feel like? David felt that he had to know.

The reality of the situation did not come over him until he was lapping at the female's cunt lips and getting ready to leap upon her back to spear for her sex. He was about to have sex with a randy female cat as a male himself. It was not something he had ever expected to do as a cat, nor something he had wanted. Even now, doubts came over him as he prepared to rut the female. But, lost in the instincts as he was, it was hard for him to hold onto them.

The eager yowls of the cat sent his body into a heat of its own. She was stretched out, back reared up and tail raised at to the side, her sex on full display. Her hormones were randy and present in his nose, leaving it impossible for the human David to think with such exposure before him.

David was lost in the body that was now his as his penis inserted itself into the female's open folds. His flexible spine hunched, allowing his awkwardly placed penis to insert into his mate successfully. Had he not the physiology of a cat, there was no way he could achieve such an awkward stance. Biting at the nape of the female's neck completed the position as he held her in place and started his conquest.

The sensations were more potent than anything he was expecting, making David thrust with reckless abandon. It took him no time to hit his mark, pumping back and forth rapidly. The yowls of the female spurred him on as she thrust back against him, desperate to fill her with seed. His spines seemed to rub the female's innards, triggering waves of lust from his own body that made it nearly impossible for him to hold back.

Getting close to his own release, David's teeth bit down harder on the female than he had been planning to. She yelped out, the waves of her innards on his penis likely signaling that she was about to undergo her own release. David couldn't have cared less, thrusting impossibly fast as his tiny, furry balls tensed up and he unloaded his small amount of seed into his mate's womb.

Too late, rationality returned to his mind as he pulled out with a small rush of semen. It was almost so shocking that he had little time to get out of the way as the female slapped at him

with her paw, hissing as though in pain. Why had she done that?! She had offered, hadn't she? Women!

David pulled back out of his hormone-induced stupor, blinking a few times to try and come to terms with the situation. In truth, the mating had been simple, barely stimulating his pleasure centers beyond basic needs. It was the psychological implications that really hit home harder than any sexual experiences from his humanity. There was that deep-seated need to fuck, to spill his seed that went beyond human morality. He was an animal taking what he wanted, no, *needed*, and the notion was exhilarating!

Lost in self-reflection as he was, David was remiss for not noticing the female was rubbing against him once more. Purring in her deep rumbling baritone, she seemed eager to rub her scent glands on him, to entice his feline prick from its fuzzy home. David figured such advances were pointless; after all, he'd just cum not minutes ago. Yet, to his surprise and delight, he felt his prick coming to full attention from the female's prompting.

They soon mated again, and David allowed himself to get more into the sensations of breeding. It took him a little longer to cum this second time, but the repetitive orgasms did not seem to have an ill effect on his penis. David meowed into the nape of the female's neck as he came again, spilling his seed and quelling the female's heat.

"Rose? Rose? Ro-oh no! No, stop! Off! OFF!" Came a familiar sound, and David dismounted in time to see that Jennifer had come back to the room, finding them in the midst of their carnal actions.

For a moment, David felt shame coursing through him. After all, he loved Jennifer, and didn't want her to see him in the middle of such a thing, let alone with an animal of all things! Yet, the conflict in his mind was strange. He had needed to mate so desperately, there should be no remorse for that. But he had evidently upset Jennifer so much!

Lost in the internal conflict, David had no chance to resist as Jennifer grabbed him by the nape of the neck and carried him helplessly back to the room. Seeing the chair that had been left by the door, it was quickly removed from the room, leaving David with no way to escape. Yet, lost in his self-deprecation as he was, David had no energy to realize that his one escape from the room when it was time to change back had been robbed from him!

Days passed, David being mostly bored by staying in the room by himself. Occasionally, Jennifer came in with toys and treats and to clean up after him. Those were the best times. Yet, he had no chance of getting out, not to the eager female or to find out more about Jennifer's interests and hobbies. His plan had backfired, and the day was slowly approaching when he was

to start to change back. No matter what he did, he could absolutely not show his half-naked, shifting form in front of Jennifer!

One day, Jennifer came into the room, holding what looked like a massive crate. At least, massive to David's perspective. Setting it on the floor, David hardly had time to contemplate its meaning before he was picked up and placed inside. Even his hiss of alarm or his extended claws were not enough to prevent him from being enclosed. The realization of what it was hit him all over again. It was a cat carrier and he was to be taken to a vet, most likely!

The trip was a little disorientating, with David not really sure where he was going. Clearly, he was riding in a cat but it was of little consequence. Part of him was sure that he should try to use the outing to try and escape. After all, he was going to turn back any day into a human, right? How long had he been in cat form, anyway? The days had been blending together for him within the one room he was allowed to inhabit. Aside from the visits from Jennifer, there was little to divide up his days.

Yet, what remained of his human ability to think quickly realized how ill of an idea that was. Perhaps he could escape a vet's office with his human intelligence and wits. But, if so, he would be lost in the middle of the city, with no way to get to his home. Being a cat alone in the city did not come with many perks. Worse would be if he started to change back and was trapped mid-transformation when someone came across him. David would have to wait till his chance came later.

To his chagrin, being poked and prodded by the vet was more than he thought he could bear. He hated the rough way that he was handled. Worse were the sensations of needles going into his skin. David resisted the urge to claw out lest he be put under and have who knew what done to him during that time. So, he took his lickings, now free of any number of feline diseases that would be of no concern to him once he reverted.

David could understand human speech, of course. He had not lost that ability in animal form. However, the difference between paying attention and not being distracted by feline interests was like night and day. It was impossible to piece together sentences when the scents of other animals were so fresh in his nose that he simply felt compelled to investigate!

Yet, some of the words between Jennifer and the vet did drift towards his ears. David felt that he should have been terrified by the words 'neutered'. He didn't want his precious balls to be removed, after all! That would be the ultimate humiliation.

Yet, it was hard to be concerned with the realization that he only had a few days left in his cat form. He would return to his humanity long before the horrific procedure.

As he assumed, that evening, David was brought back to Jennifer's house and left alone in his spare room where there was little to divert his attention. David knew he had only a short time to find a way out, lest he change back here. But, with things as they were, David realized there were little options for his escape. He had to not only get out of the room but out of Jennifer's apartment as well! That was going to be nearly impossible unless a miracle happened. Not only would his plan to learn more about his interest fail, but he would be exposed as a pervert and a freak, not someone that Jennifer would ever love!

Still, David's feline body was exhausted, the need to sleep more insistent than anything his human self had ever felt. Fatigue was overcoming him, and both the human and feline parts of his mind seemed certain that the answer would come to him once he had gotten some rest. It took no time for the human-turned-cat to fall into a deep sleep, visions of hunting haunting his dreams rather than any human thoughts.

Even the light turning on in the room sometime later was not enough to spur David to wake. It was only the sensation of hands on his sides that prompted him to rouse from sleep, but by then it was too late. David was placed back into the crate, only a yowl of surprise to escape his lips before he was lifted up and taken out to Jennifer's car.

Panic ran through his mind as Jennifer drove them to an unknown destination. He knew she had set an appointment to have him neutered. At least, he thought he did. Why had he not tried to pay better attention to the human's words? Yet, there was no way it was for the morning after his initial assessment. What was going on?

The familiar scents of the vet office confirmed David's worst fears. There was little reason for him to be brought back here, save the visit to have him neutered. He didn't know exactly what the process would entail, but he had no inclination of having any invasive surgery done, let alone *that*.

Yet, to his dismay, no amount of yowling, scratching, or feline struggling was sufficient to allow his escape from his tournamenters. He was given an injection, and for a brief moment, he wondered if he was perhaps being euthanized. That would be a kick in the teeth, wouldn't it? But no, David's period of rest was not met by a brilliant white light, but rather peaceful dreams as he passed out while his body was violated in ways that he had no imagination for.

Thankful for drugs to numb the pain, David roused slowly, not knowing how long it was that he'd been under for. A cone obscuring his side-to-side vision all but confirmed his worst fears. He had been operated on, and likely lost the maleness that he'd only gotten to experience for a brief time.

Why? Why had he been denied his cathood so soon after being taken in? Why had the female cat not been spade? Certainly, the process would be more expensive. Perhaps Jennifer did intend to keep him, but it was impossible to say. Even if he would return to himself once the change was over, David didn't want to spend his remaining time as a cat without his jewels.

How much longer did he have as a cat? He'd been one for several days now, as best as he could tell. It was supposed to be a week, yet...what was the date? How long had he been out? Paying attention to time as a cat was so hard for him to manage!

David was left to lay there, dazed from coming out of his drugged-induced stupor. There was something missing, something important, but it took David a while to realize that the weight on his backside had been lessened somewhat. It was then that his worst fears were confirmed. Yet, it wouldn't matter in a few days when his reversion started. It would all be like a dream...

Feeling bored, David's eyes scanned the room, seeing charts and cages and hearing the other animals that sat within. Their scents were offensive to him, animals that he did not know which made him feel territorial. They each carried their own stories, some sick, some simply here likely for surgeries and check-ups. All were from houses with other animals and people all on their own. It was almost enough to keep David from focusing on the other, more human things on the walls.

It was the date on the calendar that truly frightened him, however. It took him a few moments to make out the circled number. It was March 31...and he had taken the formula to change on...oh, no.

The reality of his situation hit him full force. He was supposed to change back before the procedure, the other day as he was taken. His body was pumped full of feline vaccines the day prior, and then he had been given surgery. He should have been human by now, but something in the vaccines must have interfered with the serum needed to revert the process. Worse, maybe the serum he bought was a dud to start with, never having a chance to change him back. David had no way to know.

Tears ran down his eyes as the scents and sounds of the room hit him full force. This was to be his life now, nothing more than an animal like he had dreamed of once. Though, there was a difference between a temporary stay as a beast and becoming one forever. One, he'd longed for all his life. But the other...the reality that he would be with Jennifer as a pet instead of her human lover...



David had little to do but to sit there, alone in his cage and lamenting his fate. There was every chance the change would happen eventually, and that the process had somehow been delayed. But, without a way to know, David was forced to stay here, awash in the fear and sorrow of the fate that he had brought on himself.

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It had been some weeks since David had been trapped in the body of a cat. Though difficult for him at first, especially when he realized that he would not be reverting to his human form, David had found some level of adaptation. Though he had wanted to try being an animal, even a cat, he had never planned to stay in another body for the rest of his life. The prospect had been jarring at first, to say the least!

Each day, David looked up at the calendar in the room with him, hoping he'd somehow misread the date and he might still have a chance to return to his form. But as the days passed, it was more and more likely that the neutering or the vaccinations had somehow influenced the serum in his veins, preventing him from changing back.

Still, life as a cat, though disgusting by some counts, started to feel more familiar the longer David remained in the form. Cat food was less disgusting, grooming and cleaning himself became a reflexive action. Even the company of the cat in heat was enough to keep him from being lonely. His body even reacted like he still had his testicles, raising over the female and gripping her neck whenever she presented to him. But, without his balls, he could no longer achieve the pleasure of ejaculation the way he had once enjoyed. Still, there was some satisfaction in the actions themselves, especially as the female's belly swelled with the fruits of his seed.

As the days became weeks, and the reality of his permanent tenure as a cat became more and more obvious, one thing stayed at the forefront of David's mind. His goal had been to find out enough about Jennifer to be with her in person. And, although it was in no way the form he wished to do it in, David couldn't deny the effectiveness of the results. He had the chance to be with his love, perhaps for the rest of his life as he had always dreamed of.

Maybe, in some ways, it was better to be her pet rather than her lover. This way, she looked after him, cared for his every need. She cuddled him and cared not for modesty around him. Seeing her nude was one such pleasure that David would never have gotten regardless. She gave him rubs and pets and scratches in all the right places. Nothing David could imagine of his human life could be better than this connection with the woman of his dreams.