

You came upon the stray black cat quite by accident. He was just wandering around the driveway of your apartment one day. At first, you thought he belonged to someone. He was so well-groomed, so friendly. Yet he wore no tag or collar. As the days went on, you began to feed him on occasion, knowing that he would keep coming back, but not letting that deter you. You liked having his company.

Then one night, you saw him nearly get run over by a car as he went about his evening business. That was the last straw. Even if he had owners, they were neglectful of him to leave him outside and in harm's way. They didn't deserve a handsome little man like him. With that, you took him into your home.

You decided to name him Salem, loving the character from the Sabrina TV show you grew up with. He was so well behaved, never clawing, never messing, never meowing for attention. He came to you when you were sad and lonely. He played with you for hours on end. Despite being an outdoor cat, his fur showed no signs of wear, no evidence of parasites.

He was un-fixed and with your job the way it was you couldn't afford to change that. Yet he seemed to suffer none of the behavioral problems that accompanied unneutered male cats. He didn't spray, never cried to go back outside. He ate well, even responded well to being given a bath. All in all, he was the perfect feline companion.

Your life had been far from perfect as of late. A dead-end minimum wage job, no partner, bad relations with family. It was taking every ounce of your willpower to make it to work in the morning. One rainy day, you got the notice that your employment was to be terminated. You walked home, wondering how long your meager savings would allow you to keep your current living situation. In despair, you sat down on your couch as the tears started to flow.

Your cat is on you in an instant. He's always been there for you, even for the short amount of time you'd had him, you realize. He purrs as he rubs your hand to prompt you to pet him. To your surprise, he reaches out with his rough tongue to start grooming your hand. You have no hair to speak of, but you appreciate the gesture nonetheless. His tongue feels warm and loving as he works his way across the flesh of your hand. You feel a tingling as the pleasurable sensations slowly spread across your body.

Suddenly, you have a strong need to reciprocate. You need to show your cat how important he is to you, in a way that a only cat could understand. You start rubbing the top of his head with your own. You love the soft feeling of his fur against your skin, finding yourself wishing you were covered with such soft fur.

Feeling a little more relaxed, you reach your tongue out to touch his head. You thought you'd get his hair in your mouth but to your surprise, your tongue feels rough and can comb your pet's hair rather well. It feels good to groom him, to show him affection as he has shown you. His deep rumbling purrs are all you need to know he feels the same way.

Yet, soon, you start to notice a few things wrong with the room. It is now suddenly warm in here when it had been cold not ten minutes ago. Your clothes feel a bit big on your body and very itchy against your skin. But, even with those discomforts, you don't care. You focus all your attention on your kitty, wanting him to know he's a good kitty. Your tongue feels rough against his fur, but that only makes you want to groom him more. Your tongue is doing such a good job at cleaning his fur as his tongue works over the fur on your arms. Wait, fur? You don't have... but you must, you slowly reason. It feels so nice to have him mutually grooming you that you can hardly question it further.

As you raise your head from your efforts, you notice your kitty gives you a sly look you'd never seen before. It's almost human, like he is teasing you to groom him more. Yet, you can't focus on that now. Lost in his gaze as you are, you barely notice the pinpricks on your face, sneezing a little as sharp hairs poke out of your nose. You ignore the tingling on your ears and the aches from your teeth and gums. Your ears are ringing too, but that only makes his rumbling purrs sound deeper, and elicits a similar sound from your own throat. Nothing matters to you in the moment than the bond you have with this cat.

Blinking a few times, you seem to realize that his head seems larger relative to you, but you don't mind, redoubling your efforts as his licks cause a dull ache in your hands. You're distracted by that sensation, looking down at the luscious black fur on your hand. Yet it still seems dirty somehow. You pull away and start licking your hand, feeling your fingers comfortably shift into your wrist while your nails grow sharp. You spread your shrinking fingers as best you can, cleaning in between the digits, wanting to look good for your cat. Your former fingertips and palms swell out and become rough paw pads and you lick those as well. After a few moments you realize your other hand is also dirty and you begin to lick the still disgusting pink flesh. Soon you can feel the comforting growth of black fur, the shrinking of your digits, and the development of paw pads as your other hand matches your first lovely feline paw.

Finished with your ministrations, you look up to see your cat giving you a look that you could only call seductive. But you don't mind at all. You only want to please him and let him please you. He is clearly more than a cat in mind, and he is certainly more than just a cat to you.

Content in his presence, you allow your cat to work over your shoulders with his tongue, and you hear an audible crunch as they fold into your barreling chest. You can feel your already

small stomach growing firm and thin as an extra set of nipples adorn your chest below your original two. But with your cat's gentle ministrations, you feel no pain. You wonder if you should be alarmed by this, but your cat doesn't seem to worry, so why should you?

Suddenly, you are aware your face feels dirty and you start licking the black fur on your hand to coat it with your saliva. You then rub the top of your head with your paw, and the greasy hairs begin to fall out and dissolve into nothing, allowing a lovely coat of black fur to cover you. Only a dull ache can be felt as your skull shrinks, while more whisker-like hairs grow from your eyebrows.

Next, you rub your eyes and blink a few times as they grow massive in comparison to your shrinking head. The low light in the room becomes so much more clear in your vision. You can feel your mouth tingling as your head shrinks, and you think you can see your nose stretching out in front of you. Only a brief irritation crosses your senses as your cheeks grow puffy while your cleansing paw runs over them. You feel more right with each lick and rub.

A strange scent enters your nose at that moment, something thick and musky. You realize that it's coming from your cat, your...mate? Is that right? Your gaze shifts to him and he seems to grin at the realization of what you are smelling. The spicy scent is so strong and arousing you can feel your still-human cock getting hard and you blush in embarrassment. You can't be getting hard in front of him, can you?

Panic starts to play over your mind. You've been changing this entire time, haven't you? Your clothes are so much smaller on your body, your paws hanging out of them like so many rags. Your face isn't even human anymore. And, worst of all, you just let it happen to you!

"HHEEEEEOOOOOOWWWW!" You try to yell, but an increasingly-disturbed feline sound erupts from you. Yet, your mate is attentive to your needs and begins nuzzling your face in an attempt to calm you down. He looks at you almost lovingly as he rubs your head. His scent wafts into your nostrils as with each contact he leaves more growing fur. It's so strong, so potent. This feels right, your changing mind reasons.

As though his touch is a catalyst, your changes start happening so fast now. A series of pops and snaps erupt from your spine as your new form takes shape. Yet you don't mind. The process is making you look just like your lovely cat and your heart rejoices. You are finally able to show him how much you love him.

Slowly, you realize he is moving deliberately over your form, rubbing the changing areas with his head to coax them into proper shape. Thinning hips are condensing into your stomach as

your mate licks down legs that you've so eagerly pulled out of your pants. You're so much smaller now, almost the size of your mate, and you crawl your way out of the former smelly clothes. Delighted, you can feel his tongue working over your feet and you wince as your heel stretches back while your foot shrinks. Soon, your toes condense into paws, adorned with the same sharp claws as your hands.

A yowl in pleasure escapes your feline lips as your mate's tongue settles on your still-human cock. The tip starts to grow pointed before the entire shaft begins to shrink. But you can't remember the last time you've ever been this hard. Something is erupting around the edges, like a series of spines. You wince for a moment, but your mate's skilled tongue takes away the pain. It begins running down your shaft, and you can feel a furry sheath spreading over the entire surface. His tongue spreads the fur all over your balls and taint as your asshole rotates backward to make more room for your balls. With how aroused you are, your feline cock tip leaks fountains of precum from your arousal.

At last, he begins to tease your asshole and your spine, the only parts of you to remain uncleansed from your humanity. You can feel something erupting out of your tailbone that begins to move without your prompting. It stretches over your mate's face as it becomes covered with the same black fur you've come to love. Within a few minutes, your new tail is batting your mate in the face as he licks your rump. You can feel the pinpricks of fur and other things around your asshole, the beginnings of scent glands that you can use to mark your territory, The smell much like the musk from the ones on your mate's face that he used to mark you as his.

With unparalleled clarity, you realize you need to be mated by the virile male that has treated you so well. You raise your tail, clenching your needy pucker at the thought of being fucked by this randy tom. Your pucker is almost pulsating as your mate carefully laps around the rim of your anus, making you shiver. Then without warning he stops and lifts up on your back, gripping your sides tightly as he lines up his prick with your opening. Within seconds his hot, seeking rod finds your hole and he pushes it all the way in.

A hiss escapes from your lips at the sudden pain of a barbed cock inside you. You can feel every spike piercing your inner walls, making you shiver as your mate works his way in with little regard for your comfort. Yet a part of your mind is in ecstasy from being dominated. You are an object for your mate's pleasure and you want nothing more than to please his needs.

As your mate's cock delves in further and further, the raking spines send shivers through your body that radiate towards your fuzzy balls. Your human thoughts start to fade completely as your mate finds his place inside you. All the traces of resistance you were feeling fall away from the pleasurable sensation of being filled by an experienced tom.

His thrusts start in earnest and you growl from the pain of the barbed phallus against your inner walls like a hot pepper. Yet with it comes a myriad of pleasure that you have never known. They only make you crave more and bring your own feline cock to full attention. Any lingering fear of the changes and concern for your lost humanity is second to the promise of pleasure that your mate's thrusts can bring you.

Lost in rut, your only focus is the male's tiny furry balls slapping against your own as his claws grip your shoulders. The rapid-fire thrusts pounding against your prostate are too much, making you horny beyond belief. You can feel your own furry balls tensing as you prepare to blow your seed. A yowl escapes your lips as you can't hold back and your cock trembles, shooting your tiny load all over the floor.

Your vibrating bowels are enough to bring your mate with you, and he yowls as his tiny prick fills your insides with warm seed. Lost in post-orgasmic bliss, you pant for a few moments, loving the wonderful feeling of release and the scent of your mate on top of you. A sudden growl escapes your lips as your mate's prick painfully pulls out of you. His barbs are scraping your insides, yet at the same time stimulating your prostate to extend the post-orgasmic pleasure you are feeling.

After a few blissful moments, you come down from your amazing release, feeling a connection with your new mate in a way that leaves your fleeting sliver of humanity fulfilled. Yet the feline part of your mind is restless. You feel your mate lapping at the stain leaking from your pucker, making you purr in contentment. You lick your mate's fur and whiskers in gratitude for his affections. But you can tell your mate is as restless as you.

He gives that same seductive look from before but you don't care anymore, beckoned by his smell. He heads out towards the door and you trot behind him, eager to stay by his side. The door before you opens on its own but you don't think anything of it as you follow your mate out into the cool evening. The rain has stopped, and your pink nose can not detect any strong scents. But that is alright with you. The scent of your mate is all you need as you follow him into your new life.

\*\*\*\*\*

The black cat smiled to himself as he led his newest convert back to his mistress's home. She'd be pleased with his efforts to bring another black cat and would reward him greatly. Another magically inclined feline that his mistress could sell to any coven member in need of such a familiar. But if the black cat was lucky, his mistress might not have an immediate need for

such a beast. He could really use a subservient male like this to rut in and to please his own sexual needs. He made such a good fuck, after all, Such a compliant, good kitty...