

“And the three of you are allowed to pick out your new personas, any animal you want! Just can’t be the same one, of course. Scott’s got it in mind to be a tiger, not sure what Kelly’s going for yet!” Drew’s manager reported while Drew looked on with curiosity.

Having simply played background roles or otherwise villainous personas for most of his wrestling career, Drew was really looking to make his mark as his own character, someone that audiences would find memorable. His manager had come to him and a few other friends in the circuit, thinking that he had the perfect idea for them to make a name for themselves. Animal costumes were all the rage right now, and his manager wanted him to pick one, along with an appropriate stage name for a new series of shows that they would be participating in.

“We just need one more for the show, and you can be the ‘Fur Horsemen’! It’ll be great, trust me!” Drew’s manager proclaimed, finding the pun to be far more hilarious than it probably was.

It didn’t take Drew long to pick the animal that he wished to personify. Personally finding them a beautiful, mysterious animal, and partly because his friend Scott had picked tiger for his own use, Drew decided on a snow leopard. He figured it was OK to be another cat and didn’t think it a likely pick for anyone else in the wrestling circuit.

As for the name, Drew took a few days to mull it over. In the end, he decided on ‘Sarian Soft Paws,’ a play on Kitty Soft Paws from Puss in Boots. Putting the idea forward, he was told that all he had to do was wait for the gear to be custom-prepared. He had to admit, the chance to finally get his own wrestler’s persona made him more than a little excited!

Soon, their debut night was upon them, and Drew went into the dressing room, greeting his friend Kelly with a smile. For the most part, the community and his coworkers were really friendly with one another, as much as their bravados on stage would have the audience believe otherwise. It was good that he would be competing with someone on equal footing, a chance for them both to put on a good show, and, hopefully, the beginning of something that caught on!

Stripping down in front of the mirror, Drew regarded his 5’10, 210-pound frame before pulling out the gear that had been specially made for him. He was a little chubby, though it was hardly out of place for someone in the wrestling circuit. Having a little trouble Drew managed to get his singlet on, noticing that the name ‘Sarian’ had been stamped in black and gold writing on the groin area. A gold paw print adorned the front, while purple claw marks patterned the back. Armbands sporting snow leopard patterns were next, along with black knee pads and black wrestling boots. To round out the attire, a stuffed snow leopard tail swung lazily from the back, not too weighty but making Drew rather excited to own.

Drew also took a moment to admire the gear of his wrestling partner for the evening. Kelly had chosen to be a grey wolf, a little cliché though matching the leaner man rather fetchingly. Kelly was smaller than himself, 5'10 and 170 lbs, in really good shape with lean muscle tone. He did not have a singlet, choosing to go bare-chested to show off his physique. Like Drew, he sported his wrestler name, Kaden, in gold and purple lettering on his trunks, along with purple armbands adorned with grey fur patterns. White wrist and hand tape, black knee pads, black kick pads, and black wrestling boots rounded out the attire. And, of course, he had a small wolf's tail dangling off the back of his gear.

“Good choice, man,” Drew said, admiring the costume that matched his own. Kelly pulled off the look rather well and given his nerd side, was not surprised when Kelly informed him that his name was Kaden Talbain, a play on the character from ‘Darkstalkers’. It really worked for him!

Chatting it up for a few moments, Drew found out their other buddy, Scott, wasn't scheduled to be on tonight, though they were equally excited to see how the three of them would present on-stage. They wondered if they would be the only three to don animal themes, though were happy with the initial result. At least, they hoped it would make them more recognizable to the audience.

To both of their surprise, there was no script for the show tonight. Asking about it, they were only told that they would be led by the announcer, a scenario easy to improvise. They would be asked to ‘act like animals’ before pretending to fight each other, as a way of introduction to their new personas. Though both men seemed a little skeptical at first, they naturally agreed to it, hoping that it wouldn't be too embarrassing and that their show would be well received.

Walking through the curtain from either side, Drew was surprised with the size of the crowd for just the two of them. It seemed as though part of the lead-up to their personas had been a decent promotional campaign. Needless to say, Drew was even more excited for the event, regardless of what it ended up entailing!

“How's everyone doing tonight! We have a special, *wild* show for you tonight! These two beasts come from the deepest forests and the highest mountains to put on tonight's show! Let's give it up for Sarian Soft Paws and Kaden Talbain!” Said the announcer excitedly, to the surprisingly exuberant cheers of the audience.

Drew had to admit, he liked the attention. He was all showman, walking in with hands raised and hands encouraging the audience to cheer louder. Kelly, too, walked in with the

bravado of an experienced wrestler, encouraging cheers and hoots for their presence. It was everything he could have hoped for and more, to be the center of attention and the star of this outing.

“In this corner, we have the beautiful beast from the northern forests. The majestic, the mysterious, Sarian Soft Paws! Just look at his marvelous fur. Imagine it radiating off the freshly fallen snow, red only where he’s made a skillful kill!”

Had he not been accustomed to the spotlight, Drew might have blushed from the words about him being the animal his persona was based on. But, he seldom had input on the producer's decisions at his level. If this went well, then he would have more cred in the business, allowed to dictate more of his terms. And, besides, as usual, the producers and writers were spot-on. Whatever was to happen, the crowd seemed to love it!

“And, in this corner, we have the deadliest hunter in the night, the real stalker in the dark, Kaden Talbain!” Declared the announcer, and Kelly walked out into the spotlight, raising his hands for the crowd. The crowd popped big at that, making both men visibility elated. If this went well, then the two of them could be on the way to a more stable career and the salary to match it!

“Let’s get to know these majestic beasts a little bit before they fight just for all of you gathered here. Sarian comes from the mountains of Southeast Asia, a frozen land where only the toughest survive! And as you’ll soon see, Sarian is one of the toughest around! Don’t let that lovely exterior fool you! Underneath that soft, fluffy pelt is a vicious beast doing what he needs to survive!”

Drew let the announcer carry on, not really sure what the end goal was, though continued to work the crowd all the same. He wasn’t really sure what the announcer was going for, but he at least tried rubbing the armbands with the fur patterns of them, as though he was showing off. Yet, to his surprise, the skin underneath started itching, as though the fabric was irritating him. Drew was confused; he normally had no such aversion to wearing such things, especially this kind of material. Maybe it was something it had been washed in?

He tried not to scratch it too much, lest he damage a part of his suit so soon. But, the itching was getting intense, and Drew couldn’t help but rub at it insistently. He even tried to reach under the bands, though there was no way he could get under them without breaking character. So, he was forced to awkwardly stand there, feeling the pricking on his skin making it impossible for him not to scratch. Drew blushed somewhat, not wanting to be put on the spot but unable to stop running his nails under the bands.

The only thing that was able to distract Drew from the itching in his arms was an intense prickling under the singlet, especially under the groin. He didn't dare rub the flesh there, not in front of an audience. It left him hopping from foot to foot, trying not to make it look like he was struggling but unable to bring him relief from his hair irritating him insistently.

Worried that the audience would laugh him out of the ring, Drew was thankful when the announcer brought him back into the moment, laughing it off as part of the character. "That winter coat can sure be uncomfortable! But once it's down growing in, he'll be warm and comfortable and happy to make it the best, cleanest coat it can be!" The announcer declared, bringing a modicum of relief to the poor man.

He smiled sheepishly, rubbing the skin around his arm again. To his shock, the sensation of something soft and warm hit his touch, as though he was touching actual fur. Thinking it to be the fur on the armbands, Drew didn't pay it too much mind. Still, the words of praise from the announcer made him rub the fur with reverence, loving the relief it gave him from the sensations.

"Well, it looks like Sarian is really getting into his pelt! Now, let's take a good look at Kaden's fur! A wolf's pelt makes him a natural predator in the forests, protecting from not just the elements but also from the thick branches and brambles that might hinder his hunt! Let's let him enjoy his own hair, shall we? Wolves aren't as particular about their pelts like leopards are, but I still think it's worth a look!"

Kelly looked a little confused at the words before an itching under his armbands overcame him, as well. Having been unsure what to think about Drew's own display, he was stunned to feel the same intense level of itching that had distracted his buddy so much. It started under his armbands, as though the hair that adorned them was really lancing from his skin. Kelly didn't bother to resist the urges to scratch, seeing how much that Drew couldn't, either.

Kelly began rubbing the skin just above his gear, not wanting to touch his groin but finding the temptation almost too much for him to bear. Yet, to his surprise, there was something different about the texture that greeted his fingers. It was soft, thick, almost like...fur? His wrestling trunks didn't have any fur on them, right? Still, he didn't want to look down, lest he shamed himself on his debut night as Kaden Talbain!

"What lovely pelts each of them have! Go on, boys! Show off those coats for the audience!" The announcer declared, leaving both Drew and Kelly feeling a little more relieved. They desperately needed to scratch, and they were being given permission!

To their delight, the sounds of the crowd popping once more hit their ears, as though scratching themselves on stage was the most normal thing in the world. Both walked around the

ring, showing off their coats and scratching wherever they itched. Drew, in particular, felt that the soft coat from his arms was clearly higher than it should have been from the armbands. And he was sure that there was no faux fur on his singlet, even though running his hands over the area reported that now-familiar texture. Still, it was hard to feel worried about it with how loud the crowd was roaring for the display. He didn't exactly know what was going on, but Drew couldn't deny the results!

Kelly, too, mostly ignored the itching that was now covering his chest and belly, running up from his shorts and spilling over. Part of him knew that he should be bare there, that he hardly had any body hair. But, the more than he scratched, the more that now-familiar coarse texture greeted his fingers. Yet, it was hard to be alarmed by its presence, not with the cheers of the crowds ringing in his ears. And, he was a wolf-man, right? Like John Talbain. Wolves needed a nice pelt, and the extra body hair was certainly welcome!

It was the tingling in his ears, however, along with the itching that made him a little curious. He wanted to reach up and feel them, though it was harder to do so with the compulsion to scratch his chest and arms. Still, the louder the ringing in his ears, the more pride that he took in the show. Regardless of what he thought, if the crowd loved it, then that was all that mattered. He was, first and foremost, a showman, after all.

“Well, look at that! Kaden's really getting into it! Look at all that lovely fur! But, I bet he's hungry after showing off to you all! Hungry like the wolf, haha! Why don't we get him a snack!” Cried the announcer, causing Kelly to turn around, confused. What was that about?

The scent of something succulent wafted into his nose just then, making Kelly turn around to see that a stagehand was walking towards him, plate in hand. To Kelly's delight, there was a steak there, the obvious source of the alluring aroma. Kelly enjoyed a good steak, naturally, but he wasn't inclined to eat something so heavy in the middle of a show. And why did they want him to eat in front of an audience, anyway? Was it to show off how wolfish he was?

Curious, Kelly stepped forward, nostrils taking in the meat once more and drawing him towards the plate. A growling in his stomach made his mouth water slightly, and the idea of eating the steak started to seem more and more appealing. His mouth was almost salivating now at the notion of eating the offered meal. In fact, the grumbling in his gullet was starting to get so intense, that Kelly had a hard time remembering when the last time was that he was this hungry. In fact, ravenous was a more apt term!

Moreso than the hunger was the fact that the steak simply *smelled* so good. Never before had something smelled so vibrant that he could taste it just by scent alone. With that in mind, what would the flavor be like?

Kelly could barely contain himself as he walked towards the offered food, not seeing any cutlery on the plate. But, that didn't matter. He grabbed the steak with his bare hands, not caring that the juices were leaking down his hands to gather in the hairs under his wristbands. Too eager to hold back, he bit into the meat with reckless abandon. The flavor was far better than anything he had ever sampled, and he took another bite, hardly chewing before swallowing and taking another still. Sharper teeth made his efforts easier, and he hardly cared for any embarrassment from eating as the crowd continued to cheer on his efforts.

Control only returned when the entire steak had been devoured, drool and fluids dripping from his mouth and onto the hairs of a light beard that hadn't been there before. Kelly was confused for a moment, reaching with a hairy hand to wipe his mouth. Frowning, he could tell that his eye teeth were sharper, scraping one on the back of his hand. Further examination revealed a series of short, stiff hairs on his cheeks, like the start of his own whiskers. But, it was hard to focus on what felt wrong with his body with the crowd so seemingly enamored with the sight of him eating for them. He really was hungry like a wolf, and the audience loved it!

“Well, that's a wolfish appetite if I've ever seen one! Wolves sure can be messy, though! Cats are a lot cleaner and meticulous about those lovely coats. And our good friend Sarian is growing a lovely pelt of his own. He'll need to keep it nice and groomed between each match so he looks his best!” The announcer said, looking back at Drew.

Drew, for his part, was distracted by the sensations of hair covering him, the itching almost maddening. It was hard to think of why he'd have so much body hair, having a bit before but never this thick, this...soft. It was particularly fluffy around his armbands and the singlet, but it was starting to get worse around his arms and even the backs of his hands.

The color, too, was all wrong, making Drew a little nervous. Thick, silvery hairs were taking the place of his human ones, making it hard to see the skin in some places. Worse, some of the hairs seemed black, as though patterned into rosettes that peppered various patches of hair. It looked more like he growing his own pelt of leopard fur under his gear, coating every inch of skin to make him like the cat he had chosen to represent him!

Yet, even with that realization, Drew had a hard time ignoring the man's words. It was taking him every effort not to stare at the state of his hands. It was not the bizarre presence of the fur that bothered him, no, that had to be part of the attire for the show, right? It was the disorganized nature of the hairs that attracted his attention. He needed to put them right, to lick them into place...

Before he knew what he was doing, Drew's tongue was out, lapping at the spot with practiced precision. Almost at once, the irritation of the hair's growth and its out-of-place presence on his arm started to abate, relaxing the man as he continued to work his tongue over the spot. Drew was completed unaware of it, but minute spines had formed over his tongue's surface, making it easier to get in and stroke all the individual hairs. They also kept the irritation out of his mouth as he cleaned his hand, running all over the surface and even up his arm, teasing under the armbands as best as he could where the hair was thickest.

Drew's oral ministrations had the now-welcome effect of numbing the itching that was causing his skin to irritate so much. He was somehow aware that the more he licked, the more hair seemed to grow in those places and spread to cover the skin in a thickening pelt. Yet, best of all was that his tongue removed the irritation of itching as his fur continued to cover the skin.

There were other subtle itches that almost distracted Drew from his attention to his arms. The exposed flesh of his chest and arms were prickling fiercely, making Drew wish he could reach with his tongue to provide the same relief. But wait, wasn't there another way? The saliva-soaked fur on his hand could be used to rub other areas of his skin, right?

Drew went to town, licking his hand and rubbing his spit all over his upper arms and chest and relieving the itch of fur growth. Even tending to his bare upper thighs and calves, Drew wasn't through until the itching had ended and every inch of bare skin was coated in drying saliva and sprouting fur. A relaxed part of him made him satisfied that he was being covered with such a lovely silvery coat. Best was the blossoming of rosettes that soon covered his pelt, random patterns that made him distinct from other...what?

A prickling above his lips promoted Drew to lick the back of his hand once more, reaching up to rub the skin. A sharp prick met his touch, as though from shorter, thicker hairs. Drew sneezed for a few moments, the new hairs seemingly far more sensitive than anything Drew had been expecting. It was almost as though he had...whiskers? Was that right?

The moment of confusion was enough for Drew to come out of the contentment of being covered with a fur coat. Looking down at his work, Drew couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed. It was a powerful contrast to feel pride over the lovely coat yet shame that he had...licked himself? Why had he done that? Didn't he always have this coat he needed to groom? And the crowd was cheering him on, right?

"Well, it looks like our new cat-man needs some time to come to terms with that lovely coat of his! While we let him get sorted out, let's go back to our other 'good boy' over here!" The announcer declared, prompting Kelly's ears to turn slightly to the sound.

Before that, he had been content with licking his lips, the juices of the steak still dripping from them. It was the term ‘good boy’ that had brought his attention forth. The words were...directed at him, right? Why did they make him feel...almost happy?

“Awww, look at that, folks! Do we all think that Kaden’s a ‘good boy’? Show him with a round of applause!”

The crowd popped big at that, a roar of applause that made Kelly wag his ass a little. It was as though something should have been there like he was missing an arm or a leg. All he could do was shake his ass a little, the feeling not quite the same but enough for the moment. He didn’t know why the words ‘good boy’ made him feel such...elation. But there was no denying the positive feelings that came with the phrase!

An ache in his spine prompted him to reach down and start rubbing the flesh, trying to alleviate it. A bump met his touch, one that felt warm and continued to grow longer as he played with it. It was bizarre to feel it start to twitch from the contact, as though he was growing another part of himself, something to help accentuate the warm feelings of bliss washing over him.

Kelly craned his neck to see what was happening back there. There was no mistaking the now three-inch growth protruding from his backside, itching from the familiar hair growth like the rest of him. The tip was pointed as the entire structure filled in with meat and muscle, the tendons allowing its twitches to start more rapidly. It pressed annoyingly against the faux tail that hung from his waistband, until knocking it off with the force of its wagging. It was as though the new appendage had a mind of its own!

To Kelly’s surprise, the tail, because there was no denying that was what now hung from his spine, started wagging in tempo to the cheers that were still ringing in his ears. They were getting louder now, though partially due to the swirling in his ears that drew in their sounds from all around. It was like the more they cheered ‘good boy’, the more that Kelly wanted to wag his tail. Like he was some sort of dog, or...?

It was then that enough fear had crept through the elation of the words that Kelly looked over his lean body, noticing, really, for the first time that something was wrong. The thick carpet of coarse hairs did not belong on his human belly. His ears did not twitch, his nose did not sniff, and he certainly didn’t have teeth as sharp as the ones he currently possessed. Worst of all, Kelly was sure that he’d never possessed a *tail* before now!

It was clear, even to Kelly’s limited awareness, that he was changing into a wolf. “Damnit, I like wolves, but I don’t want to *be* one!” He whined, a canine inflection in his tone that made him shudder. He wasn’t sure if anyone could hear him, scared as he was. Especially



over the audience chants of ‘Who’s a Good Boy?’ followed by a series of claps. Damn, his tail was wagging still from the praise against his will!

Drew, however, could hear him, surprisingly flexible ears twitching in that direction and making him raise his hands to touch them. The now-familiar soft texture of fur greeted his fingers, making him shudder for a moment. They had moved of their own accord, almost like Drew had owned motile ears all his life. But. Drew was certain his ears never twitched before, much less moved in the direction of a stimulus!

Looking down at his body, the admiration of the fur he once held started to turn to surprise, then shock, and, finally, terror. How had he not realized that he’d grown an entire furry pelt where his human skin was!? More to the point, he had a set of whiskers piecing the sensitive flesh of his lips, and his ears were altered. Without a mirror, he could scarcely comprehend what else had changed, and he almost didn’t want to know!

To his chagrin. Drew couldn’t help but look at the lupine tail that Kelly was sporting, as he ran his hands over it, likely in an effort to determine its presence was real. It made Drew’s own spine ache slightly, as though his own was starting to grow. At first thinking it was a phantom sensation, Drew quickly reached back to discover that there was, in fact, a nub there that was starting to poke out, twitching at his touch. Drew was growing a tail of his own!

Straining to turn to look at it, the weight of the thing was soon enough that he could see it even without craning his neck. It was getting impossibly long, filling with fat as it curled slightly of its own accord. It easily surpassed the length and thickness of the small fake one on his gear, making it seem comically out of place. The itching was maddening, making it impossible for him to resist scratching. Thankfully he could make it move enough to scratch at the lovely silvery, black rosette spotted fur that bloomed beautifully. At over three feet long, Drew was evidently in possession of a snow leopard’s tail, one that bobbed uncomfortably against the faux one that still hung from his belt.

In lieu of the lovely appendage sticking out from above his ass, Drew couldn’t help but feel the urge to run and hide. The crowd was silent at the moment, as though waiting for the two of them to grow their tails. The looks of expectation, rather than terror, made him more concerned than anything else. Why were they not surprised to see two wrestlers developing animal parts? Did they know something the pair didn’t? How had they all known about this? Why weren’t they *helping*?!

Drew wanted to run off stage, all notions of professionalism be damned. He didn’t want to look like a snow leopard, no matter how much he admired them! This wasn’t what he had signed up for, damnit!

Wanting to call out to Kelly, he instead decided to book it, hoping his friend would get the hint and join him. Maybe leaving the stage would stop the changes? There seemed to be no other options, as far as he knew!

Yet, the moment that he turned to leave, the announcer called out, as though it was the most normal thing in the world to be turning his wrestlers into animals. “You’re both eager to put on a show, aren’t you? Go out into the crowd and let them pet those nice coats, I bet! But, I think they’d be too scared to get too close to such *dangerous* animals! Besides, don’t you love showing off to the crowd? They’d *love* to see more of you!”

Drew knew he had to get out of there, consequences be damned. But the man’s words stopped him, made him confused. He knew he didn’t want to be a cat, but, yet the cheers did excite him a little. Wasn’t that his life to be out on the stage to put on a good show to the audience? But then, why did he have to be turned into an animal to do it?

“Hey, you can’t dooooo...rooooo...rrris...rrroooo...rrroooooo!” Kelly tried to speak, coughing several times and rubbing his furry throat. Yet, no matter how much he tried, he couldn’t elicit any English, simply growling and wailing like the wolf whose visage he had taken on!

“Listen to Kaden show off his howl! It might look like he can’t talk, but he’s just getting into character. Besides, it takes some time to learn to talk with that muzzle, I’m sure!”

Kelly breathed a sigh of relief at that. His voice hadn’t been taken from him, not permanently, at least. But, the more he tried to call out, the more that lupine whines escaped his lips. He eventually stopped, embarrassed to sound more like the wolf that he was steadily turning into.

Kelly couldn’t help but feel overheated in his panic. It was as though the ring was stifling, and he wasn’t coated with sweat as he usually was. Feeling compelled to open his mouth, Kelly was shocked when a blessed cooling sensation ran over his body, alleviating the discomfort. Still, the sight of his longer, canine tongue gave him greater fear, the fact that he possessed such an appendage now and was panting like a dog!

Though he didn’t have a mirror, Kelly couldn’t help but feel that his beard was thickening, the skin prickling as though becoming like the fur that coated his body. His ears were certainly larger by this juncture if not quite the size they would be. His canines were lengthened, a flat tongue running over them as he played with his new anatomy. It was scary that so many

changes were happening to his form without even his barest awareness. How much longer would he have before he changed fully? Would he be an animal, down on all fours and unable to think?

Drew, looking at his friend's expression of horror, wanted to yell out as well. But, his action only revealed the horrible truth that his own voice was altered. "RROOOWWW RRRAAANN'TTT...STOP...DON'T RRRWWWAANNN BEEE A RRRRROOOWWW!" He tried to yell, rubbing his throat as well, trying to elicit human words without that damnable feline cadence.

Yet, the more that he worked over his fur, the more uncomfortable he felt, as though ruffling the pelt was offensive to his senses. He had to stop, lest he be compelled to groom it again. But that die had already been cast, after all. And it was getting more and more irritating to stand there with some of his fur out of place...

Before he knew what he was doing or had any inclination to try stopping himself, Drew was licking his hands again. Puffy cheeks allowed room for his more flexible tongue, but Drew was hardly aware of that as he continued his high-priority work. He took a few minutes, really making sure that his hands were ready for the work of getting his neck ruff in order.

This time, however, the licks had the effect of altering his hands with an annoying prick under his nails. The cuticles popped out, bloodlessly as he continued to lap at the backs of his hands. Soon, sharp curved crescents slid out of fingers that were a little shorter and stiffer than he was used to. Still, they retained their relatively human level of flexibility, denoting a change that was not entirely bestial.

Drew's eager tongue seemed ignorant of the changes it was causing to one hand, and then the other as the skin of his fingertips and palms started to bubble and harden into coarse pads. Flexing his new claws in and out of their sheaths as though trying to play with the new muscles, Drew eventually retracted them, rubbing his neck finally now that his paw hands were complete. It took no time for him to alleviate the irritation over his neck, finally feeling satisfied with the work that he had done.

Kelly wanted to call out to his friend, to tell him to stop but figured that he would only be able to whine and not get his friend's attention. Besides, an itching in his ears compelled him to reach up and start to scratch, no matter how much he thought ill of the action. Scratching had every chance of changing him just the same way as Drew had. But, the itching was so damn *maddening* that he couldn't stop his hands from moving to his furry pointed ears no matter how much he tried.

To Kelly's chagrin, the actions seemed to accelerate the changes twofold. His hybrid ears seemed to stretch even further, even more over his hair as they continued to twitch to the sounds of the audience. Curved in on themselves, sounds were suddenly sharper than anything Kelly had ever detected before. It was almost overwhelming, drowning out the other sensations of change that were taking over his hands.

Kelly was vaguely aware that his nails were thickened, forming blunt claws that stuck out of fingertips and turned a few shades darker. The fingers themselves were a little shorter, but still primate in their overall shape. But, the black pads over fingertips and palms, a thicker thumb, and the grey fur covering them left there no doubt of their lupine heritage.

Still, even though all those changes, Kelly couldn't stop scratching at his ears, especially at the expanded spot behind them. It felt so damn good against his skin, especially with his blunt claws digging in and really giving him a good scratch!

Drew, meanwhile, hair finally in its proper place, felt a familiar need to empty his bladder, one that came on suddenly as he'd finished up his last changes. Always able to hold it those few times he had to go on stage, Drew felt that he was going to wet himself if he didn't relieve himself soon. Yet, there was something else in the need that came to the forefront of his thoughts that went beyond the simple desire for relief. There was a lack of a certain odor in the air, one reminiscent of his own scent glands, his leopard musk. He wanted more of that smell, like a desire to claim the place for himself. After all, he belonged in the ring, didn't he? This was *his* space, and everyone needed to know it!

At this point, it was getting a little tight in his singlet, especially with his coat of leopard fur in place underneath. He struggled to take it off, hating that he was ruffling up his fur again to do so. Why had he put on the damn thing in the first place? It was far too small for him to be wearing it, especially over his fur!

"There he goes, ladies and gentleman! Sarian is ready to show off that lovely leopard coat! Don't be shy about stripping down! You're not going to need that gear anymore! We'll get you something custom eventually, but for now, just enjoy your lovely fur!"

Drew barely paid attention to the words, however, with the needs in his bladder taking precedence. Reaching down to grab his cock, not caring that he had whipped it out in front of a crowd of hundreds of people, Drew was surprised to see that it had shrunk a little, even in its flaccid state. About to panic, Drew was instead drawn to the sight of his foreskin pulling down, itching fiercely as the skin became peppered with minute white hairs. The foreskin itself slid up over his cock again as the base of it peeled away to become part of the skin of his groin. The

whole thing started to tingle slightly, pulling backward over his groin and pushing at his hanging balls. Drew had to hunch over just to see it!

Once finished, it seemed as though his smaller penis had shrunk to be inside some sort of furry sheath, like that of an animal. The tingling running over it made him tempted to reach down and peel it back to see what was becoming of his cock. Yet, the need to pee soon took that necessity out of his hands as a much thinner, tapered cock slid almost sensually out of his sheath. It was pink, the surface tingling with the development of what looked like minute spines. Though Drew hardly had a reference for it, it seemed that he had the penis like the cat he was becoming.

Still, there was little time to contemplate its shape with the need to piss at the forefront of his thoughts. Member pointed downward instead of up, Drew decided it was best to lean over, raising his tail to aim towards the railing. He let go, the relief immediate as he urinated towards the edge of the stage and hit the rails and the sides. The scent of his pee wafted into his nose, and, with it, a sense of relief. It smelled more of *him* now. It was his ring, after all, and it should carry with it his scent to let the rest of the world know that as well!

Kelly watched the display with a sense of horror and disgust. How much had Drew changed mentally to piss like an animal would without regard for his surroundings? Worse was that it was likely a prelude to his own fate. Would he piss like that too, without a care? How was it they were changing so easily mentality, completely at the whims of the announcer and the audience that would see them lose their humanity with roaring applause?

The more Kelly tried to focus on something else, anything else, the more the scent of urine wafted into his nose. It was far more pungent than anything he had scented in bathrooms before, without the artificial scents of cleaners. Yet, instead of eliciting a feeling of disgust or revulsion, Kelly felt differently towards the odors as they played over his nose. There was something...else in the pee, other qualities that carried with them notes of curiosity rather than the previous fear. It was almost like he needed to smell it closer...

Before he could stop himself, Kelly had walked over to the spot, sniffing audibly at the source of the odor. To his delight, scents of the power, the health, and even the virility of his feline companion entered his knowledge. It made him lower his head, wanting to breathe in the aroma more closely, even if the fragrant notes were offensive to his human sensibilities,

Kelly was barely aware of it, but his nose was black at this point, the space between his nostrils and his upper lip nearly erased. Slits had formed up the sides, giving him more space to drink in the odors of pee that had him so fascinated. The last needed change to enhance his smell was a pulsating of the muscle and bone under the skin as his face started to press out even more, increasing the space for nasal receptors that wolves used to determine the intricacies of smell.

Kelly was a little surprised to see that his nose was pushing out over his lip, visible in front of his face now as it widened into its lupine equivalent.

The odor of urine, though fascinating in its own right, sparked another urge in Kelly's mind, one that would have made him disgusted a few moments ago. But, now, the urge in his bladder was starting to become insistent, as though he wanted to add his own odors to the mix. As much as the scent told him about the leopard-man's dominance, he, too, was an alpha beast, and needed to let the world know it!

Taking off his own gear, Kelly was unabashed by the sight of his still-human penis out for all to see. But it was not to last that way as the itching of fur growth proceeded the formation of a thickening foreskin, pulling up over his cockhead and spreading down across his groin and his lean belly. His cock was forced upward, fur coating the entire sheath until there was little presence of his junk still visible, save some fuzzy, hanging balls.

Yet, his need to urinate soon pulled a red-tapered cockhead out of its own, enough that he would not make a mess. Though, given the positioning of his cock, Kelly was prompted to bend down as well, hanging off the side of the railing as though he was going to do a performance move. But, instead, raising his leg, he proceeded to urinate over the spots that Drew had, covering the cat's pee with his own to assert his presence in the ring as well!

Drew, however, was remiss to care at the moment, instead of reaching down to take off his boots and rub his feet, the toes of which were stiff and unruly. Rubbing some of his saliva over the digits to try and alleviate the sensation instead had the opposite effect. Curling on in themselves, the toes were barely mobile, stubs with nails that were popped away by retractable claws. Any pains that he felt for losing his toes to feline paws were erased by the delight that he had new claws to play with, loving the sensation of them extending out of their sheaths. Though he was somewhat inconvenienced by the stretching heels that left him off balance, the alterations to his mind adjusted his equilibrium so that he could stabilize on a digitigrade stance.

Kelly, too, was undergoing the same changes to his feet, the formation of lupine claws prompting him to take off his boots own before it was too late to do so comfortably. He was greeted to the sight of shortened toes, even more inflexible than Drew's. Stretched heels made him pitch over, trying to wag his tail to stabilize himself as he got used to the stance. It was not helped by the formation of paw pads over the bottoms or the fact that his already lean calves were pulled even thinner, his legs powerful though much leaner than his former humanity could manage.

It was then that Kelly's sensibilities returned enough to realize what was happening to him, to them. He was nearly entirely a wolf-man, and he had just let it happen! And, perhaps

worse of all was the fact that the audience simply watched with bated breath, as though the embarrassment of viewing two animal men pee and sniff around was the most normal thing in the world.

Another smell wafted into his nose just then, one that distracted him from the pervasive thoughts. Kelly's new nose was fascinated by the scent, one that he couldn't quite ignore no matter how afraid he was of the changes that were soon coming to their climax if his current visage was any indication.

It took very little time for him to realize that the alluring odors were coming from his friend. Drew was currently in the process of cleaning himself, covering every inch of his legs and feet with luscious snow leopard fur. As his tail lifted and played over his backside, it was as though scents were wafting from newly formed glands were beckoning Kelly forward. Before he knew what he was doing, Kelly had lowered himself, moving towards his friend with more balance than he'd ever managed in his human form.

"Look's like Kaden's curious about his changing teammate! It's perfectly normal for our boys to give each other a sniff before the show! After all, animals learn much another each other by smell! Enjoy, boys!" The announcer declared, as though giving Kelly permission.

Without worry of embarrassment, Kelly moved down below Drew's tail, inhaling deeply of his buddy's stench. There was little human remaining in the odors, the smells coming out of forming feline anal glands near his anus. The odors, though offensive to his human sensibilities, were fascinating to his wolf nose, prompting his muzzle to push out even further to best drink them in.

Drew, busying himself with a newfound feline grooming ritual, was not expecting to be goosed in the ass by the eager canine nose of his formerly human friend. A growl escaped his lips before the pungent stench of wolf hit his nose, and with it, a sense of feeling curiosity. The wolf-man was eagerly sniffing him, leaning what he could from developed scent glands. The combination of curiosity and odor made him wonder if he could do the same...

Allowing Kelly the courtesy of giving him a greeting sniff, Drew continued to sample the air for wolfish perfume, intrigued by the increased olfactory capabilities of his new nose. It had already begun to flatten, creases up the sides that drank in the lupine scents that Kelly's tail was perforating into the air. Once Kelly came up from a breath, Drew was prompted to get down on all fours, not caring that his face was pushing out a little, cheeks puffing out as teeth sharpened and whiskers twitched with continued development.

Not expecting the smells to be so intriguing, Drew stuck his nose up Kelly's ass, learning all he could with his newfound olfactory abilities. Any of the fears that he was acting like an animal, was changing against his will and losing his humanity, were forgotten when he breathed in his buddy, cementing a bond as friends.

"Looks like our two wild beasts are getting to know each other! They've been friends for a long time, but there are certain things that only smell can tell you. Best to know everything about your teammates before you put on a really *wild* ringside show!" The announcer declared though neither animal minded, lost in each other's scents as they were.

It was getting harder and harder for both changed men to remember why it was they had been bothered by acting the way they were. Though both were certain that fear had been at the forefront of their thoughts, those concerns seemed distant now. After all, this place smelled of them, of their camaraderie. And they had each other's scents firmly in nose now, comfortable in the presence of the other and their male essence.

Though either man was hardly aware of it, given their lack of access to a mirror, their skulls were sloping, forcing their muzzles to extend outward to their proper hybrid length. Though their human intellects remained mostly intact, it was harder to remember that they had been anything but the beautiful beasts they now were. They had always been Sarian and Kaden, always had their luscious fur, their elegant tails, their claws and teeth, and muzzles. Everything felt *right* with the world when only moments ago everything seemed like a mess!

The announcer's next words all but confirmed everything they now believed to be true, eliminating any stray thoughts. "Sarian and Kaden are going to be putting on a show with another special guest tonight. But first, let's give them a round of applause for their first beastly appearance on stage!"

Both men, though wolf and leopard thoughts pervaded them, knew to stand up, showing off their naked bodies for the crowd, who cheered on their presence. It was impossible to feel any fear or apprehension about their stage presence with such a warm welcome, after all!

A scent entered both of their noses at the same time just then, one that they both readily recognized. Though it should have been impossible for the two of them to distinguish a human that they had never scented with animalistic noses, the mental image of their friend and coworker came to the forefront of their thoughts. Scott, a fellow wrestler, was coming on the stage. What would he look like in fur? Then again, hadn't they both always been animal-men? Thinking was hard, damnit! Better just to listen to their announcer...



“Ladies and gentlemen, get ready for the next attraction this evening, another forest feline! Give it up for ‘Big Cat’!” The announcer declared, and both changed men looked in the direction of the curtain.

There, before them, was their friend, clad in similar garb to their own former attire. A purple singlet, the words ‘Big Cat’ embroidered on it, the same black boots and armbands as the formerly human pair. But, best of all, was the orange and black tiger stripes that covered his armbands, a sign of things to come for Scott’s future in the wrestling ring...