

The Cat and The Rat

Written by KZ3

There was going to be a story write-up for this, but I realized a fourth of the way through I could make a better plot and have better artwork, so I'll save it for another time ;)

For now, I can explain that this piece was a little TF fantasy I'd had in my head since the age of 13.

Basically it was about two teens, Kyle and Waldo, undergoing a gradual transformation throughout the course of a day after being exposed to (unknown to them) a mutagen (think TMNT) while playing pranks down a city alleyway. The changes were subtle at first but over the hours the symptoms progressed until, while hanging out with each other that evening, Kyle transformed into an anthro cat (The same kind as T-Bone from SWAT KATS).

Now, you can't really blame the poor guy for getting...frisky. A heightened sense of smell, a sensitivity to touch, along with a flood of newfound werekitty testosterone would dramatically increase anyone's sexdrive, as well as make them contagious. Waldo didn't last long enough to actually process what was happening when he walked in on his new feline friend licking his pads, the smell alone was enough to trigger his own mutation, though a little more slowly.

It was a lot like being drunk for the first time, only the drink wasn't alcohol but a hormonal driven chemical cocktail fueled by the scent of each other. Soon the two were 'curiously' touching, and not shortly after were throwing their clothes to the ground to touch more private areas.

The room was filled with the scent of feet and natural boy musk, so much so that the two were leaking enough to form sizable dark spots at the front of their jeans. Kyle was the first one to free his member from its confines, though it was more of a jailbreak considering how it tore through the button that held the denim together. Waldo followed suit, only much more voluntarily. When they were human they would have outright rejected any notion of being attracted to each other, but now they found each other irresistible and had no shame in openly admitting it - of course, their actions spoke louder than words.



After a thorough 'hands on' examination of each other, the two were cleaning each other's pads and rubbing them against their zealous throbbing cocks that begged for equal attention. It was a whole hour filled with licking, rubbing, sucking, and orgasms, before the two collapsed, exhausted from the changes and the intense climaxes. The two were fast asleep before the morning sun would come and suppress the 'mutations' enough for them to change back- then they'd get into a heated argument about what happened the night before, why they were naked, and what the large white stains everywhere were.