

Dawson sighed, content in his dream that had captured his mind and placed him exactly where he wanted to be. He was on the island they'd seen on the horizon, the location of the survivor-type game that they would soon play. Though, naturally, in his version of events, he had already won and was celebrating with champaign and the ladies that were strangely absent on the boat ride out there.

In his dream, Dawson was not only the winner, but he had the attention of twelve gorgeous babes, each more attractive than the last. And they loved him too, despite the awkward discrepancies in his jaw that made him less than conventionally desirable. Dawson had worked out his entire life, and at least had the body to show for it. At 250 lbs, most of it being meticulously sculpted, Dawson did have a little bit of a beer gut that his 30 years couldn't totally hide now. But, he prided himself on his muscles, the gym being the one thing that gave him an in when it came to the opposite sex. Still, with little success as of late, he was hoping that this event would bring him luck in that department. At least, he figured, it would fatten his wallet to win over the women where his looks couldn't quit!

Yet, in the dream, despite the warm beach environment, Dawson felt chilled, as though he wasn't wearing anything. There was a gentle breeze coming off the ship that made his skin prickle and beckoned the woman whose affections he'd won closer to him. Snuggled up to him now, Dawson enjoyed the body heat. She even offered to give him a back massage, getting him to turn over on his stomach while she did her work. Naturally, just her presence and smell gave him a sizable boner, and he was certainly no slouch in that department, either!

Yet, though her ministrations started out more gently, as time went on, she became more forceful, pushing at him insistently. It was more akin to her trying to get his attention rather than keep him feeling peaceful and relaxed. Dawson was about to get up and tell her to be more careful, but he couldn't manage it, his boner as hard as it was. It was as though he didn't want everyone to see it, though it was being painfully confined against the deck of the ship. Though the deck should have been firm under his cock, it was rather more soft, taking his member in a warm embrace. He didn't want to get up, but those hands were becoming insistent...

"Hey, dude! DUDE! Wake up-fuck, I did NOT need to see that! Gross, man!" Came a somewhat familiar voice, though clearly not one from a woman.

Dawson opened his eyes, realizing that he was not on the deck of a ship but rather laying on the beach in the sand, able to feel the grainy sensation all over his body. Worse, the breeze he had been feeling seemed to be running over his naked back, as though he wasn't wearing a shirt or even pants. Though it was warm from the sun beating off him, the breeze seemed to contract that somewhat and leave him chilled.

Dawson wanted to get up and cover himself, but the persistent feeling of a boner in the sand left him to stay there for a minute, thinking it over. Though his ass was on display, and the figure over him was clearly a dude, he had no desire to show off his goods to the man. He couldn't quite recall the guy's name, and he didn't want to necessarily turn around to view him. Was it...Cody? Corey? Surely, it started with a C, as best as he could recall. Why bother learning all the guys' names if he was just going to beat them all and win the contest, right?

Annoyed at the presence of the guy, Dawson looked up to see if the dude was checking him out. Surely, he would have the decency to turn away and give him some privacy. And, C-Cameron, that was it! Wasn't looking at him, thankfully. He seemed fixated on something in the distance. Like Dawson, he was nude, and Dawson didn't have any inclination to check the other guy out. Yet, trying to avoid the guy's groin was quickly impossible at the size of the dude's cock, just as erect as his own. Why the fuck was he hard? Dawson would have been upset, had he not been sporting his own wood. There must have been something in the booze they had the day before. That, or the fact they were naked on a warm beach. Either way, it was fucked up that they'd be sporting intense boners in this kind of situation!

Dawson knew that he should away, give the dude his own privacy. But, the sight of his junk was...not arousing, not exactly. He wasn't gay but...dude was *hung*. Better than Dawson's own, he was sure. Damn, it was making him jealous. And, leaking into the sand a little, if he was sure...

Shaking his head, Dawson, got up, putting his hands over his crotch, not wanting the other guy to see him. It wasn't gay if they didn't look each other in the eyes, even if both of them were packing. It had been a few days out here without any women. Dudes had needs, after all. Any, what was the expression? Any port in a storm...

Nope! Dawson thought, backing up a little bit from the other guy, giving himself space. He didn't turn around, not wanting to show off his ass more than being facedown in the sand had given him a glimpse of. Still not wanting to meet the other guy's gaze, he looked out into the ocean, no sign of the boat that had gotten them there.

"Man, what's the last thing you remember?" Cameron asked, breaking Dawson out of his confused stupor. He wasn't expecting the other guy to talk to him, both of them being buck-naked. But, it was a valid question, after all. Worse, Dawson wasn't sure how to answer, not really. What *was* the last thing he remembered?

Dawson opened his mouth to speak before the sound of a splash caught his attention. Turning his head, he barely caught the view of something swimming in the ocean, the triangular shape that almost looked like a dorsal fin, like one might see on a shark. Still, it was a curiosity rather than fear that had him straining his eyes to spot the shape in the water again. After all, the presence of a shark was hardly a concern while they were on a beach. There were greater concerns at the moment, partially their loss of a ship and their nudity!

Yet, there was something in the air that the two of them seemed to detect, almost like electricity that made their hair stand on end. It almost beckoned to them, making them feel uncomfortable and dry in the salty breeze. It carried a compulsion for them to move towards the surf, as though it would alleviate the minor irritation that was playing over them both. Though such notions were mad, the presence of the shark in the water a clear danger, it did not seem to matter for the two men, who found themselves both stepping closer to the water.

In his efforts to try to clear the homosexual urges from his mind, Dawson had more in mind to try and resist the temptation to do something stupid. He managed to stop himself on the sand, the heat and grainy texture bothering him but not of concern at the moment. He didn't know why he wanted to go for an impromptu swim, but he was certain it was a bad idea. As hard as it was to resist, he was determined!

Cameron, however, seemed not to carry the same reservations as he continued to walk out into the water, feeling the salty fluid washing against his feet and alleviating the gritty sensation of sand under his feet. The water immediately dissipated the annoying tingling in the air, making him walk further out to see what it would grant him. The dorsal fin of the shark had gone unnoticed by him, though he'd heard the splash that signaled something was out there. Still, it was curiosity, rather than fear that compelled him forward. A bizarre desire to see what was out there and to remove the discomfort that was playing over him.

The more he wandered out into the waves, the more a sound started to play over his ears, as though the tingling was a prelude to a voice that he could not otherwise hear. It was like a siren on the rocks, the ones from myths that drew in unfortunate sailors to their depths. Though a part of him knew that such an exploration should be dangerous, the sound was beautiful, entrancing, and Cameron was compelled forwards as though in a dream, one where he could meet the love of his life, perhaps...

Cameron, for his part, had woken up on the beach with a stiffness the likes of which had him close to masturbating before he realized where he was and what he was wearing, which was nothing. It took only a quick peek around to see that he wasn't alone, that another one of the guys, Dawson, was on the beach with him. He noticed the other guy was sporting wood as well,

though was more confused than disgusted, as his buddy was. He wasn't gay, but men were men, and bodies sometimes defined social convention. Why he was hard, he couldn't say, but he couldn't deny that he was erect, even though its obvious source was absent.

But all that was forgotten as he walked out into the water, up to his ankles now as he waded out deeper. Not the strongest swimmer, he nonetheless kept going, as though trying to seek the source that had made the splash. Soon, he was up to his waist, but was determined to keep going if only to hear the enchanting voice up closer. In the moment, nothing seemed more important to him, the deep cadence of the voice male but still stirring something in the previously straight man. He had to see who it was that was singing!

Even had he not been entranced in his current state, Cameron was not expecting to hear the voice stop and a loud splash, followed by the sight of a shark's fin in the distance. Panic overtook him, though he was treading water now and there was no chance of him getting away in time to avoid whatever fate the fin had in store for him. Even through the relatively clear water, it was hard to make out the shape under the fin as it sped toward him. Though there was no mistaking that he belonged to a predator, as best as he understood the ocean and its dangers.

Nothing could have prepared him for the fin to rise, an alien-looking creature showing itself before him. At first, it almost looked human, albeit it one in a wet suit or something similar. Muscled arms, a lean chest with defined pecs and abs, hands with five fingers. Yet the rest of the creature's features were more akin to the shark that he had feared. The thing's skin was gray, though a creamy white shade made up its belly. Its head was that of a shark's, with a wide grin, rows of sharp teeth, nostrils flaring on the end of a pointed muzzle, its head hairless. Its head was as wide as its neck, and gill slits were present on the surface through the being seemed not to be struggling for air with its head above water. Naturally, a massive dorsal fin sat on the creature's back, and it looked like a massive tail sat under the water, keeping him aloft like some sort of mer-creature.

Yet it was the sight of something else just under the surface of the water that soon had Cameron's attention, having not expected to see it. It was the creature's webbed hands that drew his gaze downwards towards the thing's crotch. Though the groin was clean and streamlined, a slit sat where his genitals would be. Slowly, the slit opened up and out extended twin pairs of penises, red and pointed and ridged all the way down to the surface. There was no sign of testicles, though they were likely internal. A pair of things sat to the side of the creature's slit, likely the equivalent of a shark's claspers, though it was impossible to be certain with his lack of the being's hybrid anatomy. The creature was likely treading water, and Cameron did notice there was a muscled set of thighs under the groin area, but his vision was enraptured by the size of the

being's maleness. He had never seen himself as gay before, but something about the creature's cocks made him more powerfully aroused than at any time in his life.

“Like what you see, stud? I can see that you do. Why do you give them a little stroke? I'm right on the edge, I can use a little help...” the shark-man said, moving towards the man and reaching out with a firm grip. The damp sensation of the being's webbed hands on his shoulders made Cameron squirm, though he couldn't get away from the shark's powerful grasp. And, if he was being honest with himself, he didn't want to get away. The presence of the being was a powerful attractant, despite his preconceived notions of heterosexuality. To his embarrassment, his own cock was pounding erect, the cool ocean water no detriment to his ability to keep it up.

Without really thinking about what he was doing, Cameron reached down to caress the tips of the shark man's cocks, making the creature moan in a way that was more human than he had been expecting. He didn't know what to say to such a being, though it excited him deep down to know that he was able to pleasure the creature. The shark man's phalli were so sensitive, the being himself so sexual that even the slightest touch was enough to make his body writhe and squirm with ecstasy.

Feeling more relaxed than he had been thus far, Cameron's fingers began stroking the shark's cocks with more enthusiasm, running down the length though careful of the ridges as he did so. Soon, his efforts started to make the shark-man thrust his body against the ways, making his penises pulsate at Cameron's touch. Cameron, eager to bring his new lover, started to thrust faster, guided by the shark man's ministrations as he felt the speed and tempo start to intensify.

The shark man's body was above the waves now, his cock's pointing somewhat upwards as his legs and tail held him up, and by extension Cameron's body. Cameron was still able to stroke the man's cock from that angle and continued to do so eagerly, making the shark moan in that beautiful cadence that had summoned Cameron out here in the first place. It was heavenly, making the shaking man all the more eager to please this creature that had chosen to give his attention to a mere man like himself.

Lust palpable in the air, it did not take long to make the beautiful shark-man cum, spraying into the air and covering Cameron's chest in a sticky coat. Cameron was remiss to care, focused only on the pleased expression over the shark man's features. It didn't even bother him with some of the semen that got into his mouth, sitting on his tongue as he swallowed reflexively. The salty flavor was actually rather pleasant, and Cameron found himself eager for more, even scoping some off his chest to taste. The notion of what he was tasting and what he had done caused his cock to swell even more, eager for what would happen next.

Before he could reflect on it further, the shark-man was on him, taking Cameron in a tender kiss that he could not have possibly expected from such a beast. Though his mouth was far larger than Cameron's, the sensation was surprisingly focused, prompting Cameron to close his eyes to really get into the moment. The salty, fishy taste of the shark's mouth was more pleasant than he could have expected, causing his cock to pound even further erect. The shark-man was a careful kisser, running his hands through Cameron's hair and holding him closer, one hand keeping him above water as the two made out.

Cameron could scarcely believe what was happening to him, what he was doing. He was not only making out with a man but one that was part-shark at that. Cool water was lapping at his thighs as the shark kept him held up, rubbing his cock against the beast's chest. The shark seemed careful not to rub his newfound obsession's body the wrong way against his skin. Cameron vaguely recalled the composition of sharkskin made it pointy, though he felt no pain even as he rubbed the shark man's upper body and head with one exploring hand. The skin was surprisingly warm, though damp from seawater and coarse as he might have expected from a shark.

But it was the sensation of the shark's muzzle on his mouth that really had Cameron enthralled. It was gentle, and warm, though frightening in that the shark could open his mouth and take Cameron's head inside for a fatal bite. The shark had no real lips and Cameron was left kissing the inside of his gums, though both were careful of the rows of teeth that lay just behind them. The shark's tongue reached out and teased the inside of Cameron's mouth and Cameron extended his own in-kind, enticing them as best he could. His cock was leaking furiously against the shark's chest, and the steady rhythm he was being pulled against the creature was enough that Cameron could nearly cum from that stimulation alone. No make-out session he could have imagined could compare with the pleasure and excitement that this one was giving him.

As lost as he was in the pleasure of their dance, Cameron was remiss for not noticing the building pressure in his cock. It was not only the impending orgasm that was doing it for him, though Cameron was certainly aware of that. It was as though his cock was getting powerfully erect, growing from its human contours into something...*more*. The intensity was getting to be too much, and Cameron felt he was going to blow his load at any moment. He grunted into his lover's mouth, unable to stifle the pleasure that was rapidly washing over him.

"That's good, little minnow. Just let it all out," the shark man whispered, and that was all the prompting Cameron needed to let go and blow his load, coating the shark man's chest in what felt like his entire testicular contents. His cock throbbed and jerked, more semen than what he thought he could produce sending shivers of pleasure through his entire body.

Yet, even such a release did not quell the ache in his cock, still throbbing against the creature's chest. It was still being confined, and Cameron couldn't see it. Though, it was tingling insistently now, evidently eager to go again even after such a powerful release. Though, it was more than that. Though he could not view it, his penis seemed larger than possible, growing against the chest of his lover as though expanding. If he didn't know any better, Cameron would have guessed that it was now twice the size, the persistent tingling sensations sending minute alterations to its shape. The tips seemed pointed, the base thicker as something warm spread from the base towards his balls. They themselves felt like they were deflating somewhat, though not in their testicular contents, those were full once more. Rather, it was as though the whole structure was being pulled inside of him, through what he was starting to realize was a sensual slit forming around his penis. Though, instead of being pulled inside as well, his penis was harder than ever.

Eventually, the hand holding his ass pulled backward, enough that his cock came out from against the shark's chest. The sight of what had replaced his phallus was more than he could have expected. It was bright red, the tip pointed and ridges running down the shaft. Its shape was partly human, though there was no distinct head, no cleft. And his balls, though still visible, were seemingly being sucked into what looked like a slit of sorts, one that had slid around his cock, adorned with fin-like protrusions poking from the sides of the slit. If he wasn't in some sort of dream-like state, he'd swear it looked exactly like the phallus of his benefactor.

Yet it was the next occurrence that secured in his mind what was happening. His cock head started to peel apart at the sides, the flesh tearing as though glue had been holding the two sides. The split was clean, running all the way to the base, though it caused him no damage, no pain. No fluids nor tissues leaked out, the middle sealed perfectly before the flesh started to bubble. It was evident that the two sides were swelling to form their counterparts, though Cameron clearly possessed two separate entities where once he had only a single penis. Now, in its hybrid state, it was clear that Cameron now owned the split penis to match the shark man's!

“You're going to be so handsome, minnow,” the shark said, grinning a wide-toothed grin. “I'm Nathan, by the way. Or, rather, that was my former name. Names don't mean much to us, now. I'll soon be calling you my mate if you'll have me. It's been a long time since I was given the chance to-” Nathan the shark went to say, before Cameron advanced on him, silencing him with a kiss.

Though it was obvious that Cameron was being changed, likely turning all the way into a half-shark like the being before him, Cameron could muster no fear or remorse. Rather, the notion that a shark man's sexy body would soon be his filled him with elation, exciting him in

ways that defied understanding. The body, the life that came with it held so much promise, so much excitement. And, best of all, he had a sexy made to share it with...

Nathan held Cameron's backside tightly, allowing the changing Cameron to kiss him as he grew into the body that would likely be his forever. As he did, Cameron could feel a nub wriggling its way out of his backside, probing against the creature's webbed hands. Nathan readjusted his hold, allowing the tail to grow outward, and continued to move back and forth with its new muscles and joints. Cameron moaned from the strange sensations, hardly believing that he possessed such a thing now, feeling it thrashing of its own accord. The touch of something against it made Cameron jump, Nathan's hand reaching up as though trying to help his friend grow accustomed to it.

Tinglings of growth and change were rolling off his body now, though it was hard to really notice over the electrical sensations of their lip lock. The shark tasted like salt water and fish, though it was a pleasant sensation now, likely due to the infusion of cum or whatever spell he was under. A slight ache arose from his legs, the muscles swelled under the skin that was turning dark gray and white. The areas under his skin were lighter underneath, as befitted the evolutionary adaptations of underwater life, predators, and prey alike. Yet, at the moment, Cameron could hardly care, lost in lust as he was and eager to explore all his changes had to offer.

Stranger still was the sensation of his toes stretching, two on each foot sinking into the firm flesh and growing long points. They still contained some level of joints and flexibility, though they could not pull apart, not with the thin sheen of webbing that they now possessed. They were early three times the size of their human counterparts, which, with his growing tail, would allow him to tread water as ably as his lover. Though, the larger shark man kept him aloft for the moment, allowing him to finish the change that Cameron so welcomed now.

His tail was massive now, almost making him feel the need to part his ass and shift his legs to try and accommodate its size. Still, his cheeks were present, and it took some time to adjust to his new addition. It was half the width of his chest now, which itself was already stretching upward and forming indents as powerful muscle swelled under the skin. The tail could only move to the side, and Cameron could feel the tinglings of growth that had to be fins busting from the backs and the side. Nathan was rubbing it all the while, making Cameron powerfully aware of its presence as it waved back in forth, half an impulse and half in response to the physical attention he was receiving.

His muscles were swelling all the while, proceeded by the waves of silvery grey shark skin that coated every inch of his form. Though Cameron was never the hairiest of men, every

follicle was removed, not needed for his piscine anatomy. Cameron was remiss to care, even when the hair on his head started to fall away for the spread of skin to cover the top of his head. Soon, he was coated head to toe in his new skin, millions of small denticles comprising its surface. Though their presence hardly impacted the sensitively it seemed to possess, or the ability of his lover to send shivers down his spine from his electric contact.

With his new flesh came with it a further swelling of muscle, bulking him up beyond anything that he could manage without aid. It was exciting to be this big, this powerful, and this dominant in his domain. He was easily two or even three times his former size, and still, he was hardly the size of his lover, Nathen clearly the more dominant of the two of them. Cameron felt deep down that disparity in their sizes was right. Being the smaller, subby of the two of them, felt right to his sensibilities. He wanted to take and pleasure this man, serve his needs, and have his own be served in kind by doing so!

All the while, Cameron kept up their lip lock, aware of the ongoing changes but wanting to feel his cocks being rubbed, his skin touched, and the taste of his mate. He loved the feelings of change, more powerfully potent than anything he had ever experienced. His lust was building once more, having just cum but needing it once more. The sexual stamina of his altered form was amazing, holding with it much promise as the rest of his form was soon to be taken from him.

It was as though the shark-man was reading his thoughts. After a few moments, he broke the kiss, staring at the other man with his glassy eyes. "That first orgasm was to release your human seed, minnow. Your balls are being filled with shark cum, now. Once we expel them, then the process will be permanent. I won't force you, minnow. But, I think you know how I feel about it. How about-"

Once more, Cameron pushed his lips against the sharks, silencing him and allowing the changes to overtake him. He could feel a growth in his spine that could only be a dorsal fin. His back swelled, bulking up to match the rest of his frame. Neck thickening, the only thing left of his humanity was his head, which looked comically out of place on his shark body that he was growing into. Yet, at this point, Cameron was only eager to solidify his changes, releasing the building lust in his form and taking on the new life that had been presented to him.

Finally, the last of his changes swept over his head, spreading it out to match his fattening neck. The ache of sudden growth assaulted his mouth, though it was a welcome one. Opening his jaw wide, he continued to kiss his shark-man, easier now that his jaw was wider. The bones within were stretching, pushing his nose out of the front as the nostrils shrank into the tips, large enough to still breathe in the salty scents of his mate. Soon, his muzzle hung out over his neck,

lips pulled tight as his gums thickened, running down the wide expanse of mouth he now possessed.

An irritating itch started to play through his expanding gumline as something started to push through, eliciting a coppery taste to enter his jaw that sent waves of elation through his form. He was bleeding, likely from the sheering of teeth from the flesh gums, as sharklike as their serrated edges were. Though, his altering anatomy didn't allow too much blood to flow, sealing up the wounds as soon as they formed. Thankfully, the process wasn't painful, and, soon, even the minor irritation was removed as the shark teeth grew out to their permanent shapes and positions.

Though already in the throes of change, Cameron was still unprepared to feel the similar sensations of more teeth poking through, just behind the first row though angled slightly off, likely to prevent prey from escaping. He was becoming an apex being now, far superior to even his former species. All that bothered him was the slight irritation of their development, not concerned with what they looked like on his form overall. After all, he found the visage of the other man powerfully attractive as a half-shark creature, and would be remiss for not wanting his own reflection to look the same once he'd finished changing!

Closing his eyes to get into the moment, Cameron could nonetheless feel their sockets expanding, the tingling that signaled they would be altering to live in the underwater world that he longed to explore. The notion that was to be his world now was not an unwelcome one, even given the bizarre nature of the change and the form he was being granted. There was a part of his human life that made him wonder if things were simply passing him by, and he was an observer, rather than a participant in his own life. This man, this beast, wanted to take him and show him a new world, one full of sexual pleasure beyond his wildest dreams. The loss of surface vision for large, multi-lidded black shark eyes was a small price to pay for such a thing!

All the while, his head was growing larger, expanding to match the jaw that he was currently using in an awkward embrace. Shark jaws weren't exactly designed for affection, though Cameron was remiss to care, loving the lip lock they were able to manage. He could still feel the flesh gums of his lover and desired more of the taste of the shark man's salty breath. He only wanted to continue to change, to swell, to become just like this being that take all that he had to offer.

Yet, there was one final alteration needed to persist in a watery world. Human lungs could only bring him so deep, and he would need a hybrid respiratory system to make the most of his new body. Gasping suddenly, several tears formed from the sides of his head, twitching as the muscles altered to allow their proper functioning. Moving in and out in tandem, Nathan

finally relaxed their bodies, sinking into the waves now that his mate could take it. Cameron was stunned for a moment before one of his new eye membranes blinked a few times, finding that the underwater world was as clear as the one above the water line. Though, there was little for him to see at this distance, any fish afraid of the pair of apex predators and leaving them alone to consummate their new relationship.

After allowing him to acclimate for a few moments, Nathan pulled them both up so they could talk like the half human's they were. It was no effort for Cameron to blink away the waves, taking in the sky as well as he had with the water underneath. It seemed that his hybrid form was perfect for both worlds, as much as his anatomy would be allowed to function. It made sense seeing how effortlessly the shark-man seemed to move between mediums, as well as Cameron himself could now.

“Mrrfff, you look perfect, minnow. How about I take you for a ride, and make it nice and permanent? I have a whole world for you to explore if you want. And, a whole world of pleasures, being part shark and horny as hell. What do you say?” Nathan asked, excitement racing over his features.

“Yes. Fuck me!” Cameron said, lifting his tail and exposing his fuck hole to Nathan's seeking fingers. The flesh around his pucker was more elastic than anything he had been expecting. It opened easily and allowed the tips of webbed fingers to prep him for what would eventually be the penetration by thick twin shark cocks. Part of him realized that it would need to be in order to take that male inside of him. The excitement sent shivers through his body, knowing that he was being designed to take shark cocks and wanting to know all the ways that it could pleasure him.

Suddenly, the sensation of being penetrated rushed through his form as both cocks speared his elastic pucker, pushing inside of him as a gasp escaped his massive jaw. They were thick, far more than what he had been expecting. Certainly more than his anatomy should have been able to take, all things considered. Yet, his altered physiology seemed to be just the thing to take such sexual organs inside of him, and the cock's opened him up with only a sense of discomfort, rather than the pain that he had been anticipating. It seemed as though his rectal walls were made of sterner stuff, exactly as he hoped they would be, given the desires in his altered mind!

Kissing him once more as he gripped his ass cheeks and shoved his twin penises inside of him, Nathan took both of them underwater, and Cameron let his body relax, the weight of the water holding them aloft under the waves. It seemed as though his body was sufficient to remain

buoyant, not sinking to the bottom but not forced towards the top either. They sank slowly, staying relatively stationary only but the grace that their tails allowed them to stay still.

Yet, at the moment, the only thing that Cameron could focus on was the penetration of his asshole, opening him up in a way that defied his understanding. The cocks were starting to separate the more that they penetrated him towards their base, sending waves of discomfort through his form. Yet, there was something else, something welling from within his sex, likely his prostate organ, a sensation that was familiar and unique all the same. It sent shivers of ecstasy down through his internal balls and cocks, making them leak into the salt water as his pleasure started to build. No level of pressure to his prostate could have prepared him for the intense build-up of sensation that was starting to assail him. Cameron was in heaven, mouth opening and closing in an expression of ecstasy as Nathan found his place inside of his lover.

Lost in the pleasure of rectal penetration, Cameron barely felt the sensation of a firm hand on his cock, taking both at once and rubbing them sensually together. Yet, with the pressure already building in his prostate, the sensations were barely but a tingle, an outlet for the pounding that his pucker was receiving. It was more pleasurable than the change, more potent than anything his sexuality or even his humanity could prepare for. The pressure built rapidly, sending blasts of pleasure through his being. Even though he had cum not minutes before, there was little holding him back from the release that he so easily craved. And, given the body and the life that was to be his, why was there any reason for him to hold back?

The force of a powerful shark's tail propelled them to reach the surface just as Cameron felt his body going into overdrive. "Ohh...MRRRRFFFF!" Cameron called out, lips still locked with his lover as his twin cocks went into orgasm. Powerful waves washed over him from twin points of pressure, sperm erupting from both penises and coating their chests before floating up into the waves. The force of the release was enough to blow upward like a spout, more so than any orgasm in his life. If this was to be his sex life from now on, then it was something Cameron welcomed eagerly.

Clenching tightly against twin cocks in his bowels as he was filled with shark cum, the warm fluid was a contrast to the ocean water that surrounded them both. It naturally forced his lover to orgasm as well, blowing a load up his ass that made Cameron shake in reverence. The sensation left the slick shark cocks to slide out of him. The pounding pulsating against his rectum, prompting another orgasm to shoot through his dicks, making him moan into his mate.

Eventually, the waves of pleasure subsided, though the pleasant afterglow was such that Cameron couldn't help but smile, grinning with his wide-lipped shark mouth. Nathan, for his part, grinned even wider, glad how much his new mate seemed to revel in their newfound

connection. "Ready to explore the ocean, minnow?" Nathan said, a grin on his sharky features that nearly made Cameron melt.

Yet, instead of answering, Cameron took his new mate into his muzzle, kissing him deeply as the shark man returned the gesture, feeling himself get hard for a third time. Though Cameron wanted to explore the ocean as much as Nathan wanted to show him, there would be the rest of their lives for that. Now, he wanted to explore his sexuality and his mate, to fully empty his shark anatomy as many times as it took with his amazing stamina. So, once more, Cameron climbed into his shark mate's lab, dripping asshole looking for the twin cocks that would push inside of him and fill him with so much pleasure...

Dawson had been watching the entire performance with a mixture of fear and disgust. His own cock was still erect, making him chastise himself for enjoying the erotic display. Still, he found himself staring for far longer than he should have as his former co-contestant embraced a shark man, evidently changing himself before sinking below the waves in a display of sexual ecstasy.

Dawson knew he had to get out of there without hesitation. He had heard the siren song of the shark or something else that had beckoned the other man forward. He did not want to experience the same thing, to be changed and forced to be fucked by another man, especially one that was part beast. It seemed as though the other man had given in without a fight, and it seemed unlikely that anyone would just allow that to happen to them of their own volition. Therefore, with whatever forces were at work, he was not inclined to sit there and let himself be next!

Two paths from the beach led into the jungle, and although Dawson was naked, the trail was lightly sanded enough that it could not hurt his feet. The fact that the trails were so meticulously kept was not lost to him as he chose the one furthest from him, making his way as far from the beach as possible. Dawson only stopped moving when the sight of the beach was behind him, and there were no longer splashing sounds to indicate the intimate activities of the sea creatures behind him. Therefore, he allowed himself a sigh of relief before trekking on, not really sure what he was supposed to be doing.

Ignoring the horrific and strange sights he'd thus far witnessed, Dawson found himself wondering what exactly was going on. The trails were too recent, too well maintained for simple happenstance. Was he perhaps playing the game? That couldn't be right. Why was he naked in the middle of a jungle island, walking along paths whose destination he had no idea of? There was no way that this was the game he was playing, no way it was legal. More to the point, what

was the endgame? Surely, it wasn't for him to hook up with a random animal man as his co-contestant had. Yet, there was no other indication as to the end game other than what he had seen with his own eyes

Soon, another fork in the path prompted him to choose the right option, not really sure where to go given the circumstances. It was as good as the other path, in his opinion. Besides, there was always the chance to backtrack if the need came up, right? Though, Dawson wasn't inclined to play any sort of game presented to him, given his nude state and lack of knowledge of the game at hand. There was a strong part of him, however, that found himself wondering if he had a choice in the matter. He could certainly run out in the jungle, but that was not a prospect he relished. Worse, were there more of those creatures around? Dawson was not inclined to find out, wanting to avoid them if he could.

It was then that another fork in the road contained an interesting-looking white speck on the ground, something that looked like an envelope. Sprinting over to it, Dawson picked it up gingerly, as though it was coated in toxic powder. But there was none of that as he pulled out a fancy-looking better one with only a couple of lines of text, written in cursive.

“Welcome to ‘Ultimate Anthro Survivor!’ To win, you need simply to make it through the forest to our cabin on the other side of the island. You have only your wits about you as you make your way through the jungle to the finish line. But don't worry losers. You might find something more valuable along the way! Best of luck!”

Dawson dropped the letter, feeling a little helpless as he did so. What was the point of giving him so little information? Still, it did confirm two things. There was a chance to win, and he was still competing against eleven other players. *Ten*, he thought grimly, the fate of the man on the beach all too fresh in his mind. Surely, that was the consequence of losing. Dawson was determined not to have that happen to him!

Two paths before him, Dawson once more took the right path, walking as carefully as he could not to draw the attention of the shark man or any other such creature. Not that he knew such beings were all over the island, having only seen the one. And, it was obvious that the shark, at least, wasn't interested in eating any of the contestants. Fucking them and changing them, maybe. Dawson honestly wasn't sure which was worse, being some sort of animal man against his will or losing his life. Both were undesirable, and he wanted to be the one to win and to avoid either fate.

Yet, after about ten more minutes of walking down the path, Dawson was surprised to find that the way was blocked, some bushes and leaves in the way making it impossible to see

past. The scent of salt water, though present everywhere, was stronger here, and he could almost hear the sound of waves crashing against the shore to make him think that he'd simply been led towards the beach once more. Though, part of him wanted to check the bushes, not inclined to head back along the trail he had already passed. There was likely another path that he could backtrack to, but every chance that he was being pursued, any number of beings that might want to have their way with him, whatever that might be.

The sound of something behind him made Dawson turn around quickly, and he almost screamed at the sight. A massive, flying beast was descending upon him, the size of its wings almost blotting the sun. Though, in reality, the size of the thing was no larger than he was, its sudden presence was enough to startle him into running forth, jumping into the bush in an effort to get away. Though branches scratched at his skin, Dawson was remiss to care when getting away with his life, and his humanity intact was at the forefront of his thoughts.

The sounds of water were getting louder, and Dawson could see signs of a cliff coming up, overlooking a small inlet sea on the island. The drop was steep, though not enough to harm him should the water be deep. With no way to know, Dawson hesitated for a moment, before the sound of a screech and the flapping of wings made him nervous enough to try. Running full out, Dawson leapt off the side of the cliff, falling the several-foot drop and hitting the saltwater hard.

The level was indeed enough to support his body as he went under for a moment, almost forgetting to hold his breath and feeling the air leave his lungs as he did so. He knew he had to surface quickly, lest he ran out of air. Though, there was some fear that the bat monster would swoop down and get him, keeping Dawson down in the water as long as he could. Still, he could only stay submerged for so long and eventually had to raise his head, gasping for breath and coughing a little.

Yet, opening his eyes, there was no sign of the bat creature, even in the air or the cliff that he had leapt from. For now, at least, it seemed as though Dawson was in the clear. He wasn't sure why he wasn't being pursued and was sure that he could be attacked at any moment. But, naked and helpless as he was, Dawson figured it was in his best interest to get to shore and try to figure out what his next move was.

Soon, the sight of a fin moving in the salt water made his blood run cold. It was grey, curved, and immediately gave him the image of a shark, like the one that had taken and fucked the other man before he'd been changed. He thought for a moment that might have been the reason the anthro bat didn't pursue him, that he'd stumbled into another creature's habitat and that beast had free reign over his fate. Dawson was to be a shark man like Cameron had been if he couldn't get out of the water in time!

Yet, as the fin circled around him, Dawson felt himself reflexively relax, aware it was not the fin of a shark. Rather, it was too blunt, too shiny in the midday for it to be the protrusion of a shark. The fin seemed more akin to what he might expect on a dolphin, though one by itself and in a cove such as this was unheard of. Still, he would not suffer the same fate as his friend, which immediately made Dawson sigh with relief.

His peace was to be short-lived as the creature rose from the water, glaring at him with eyes that were decidedly human. Part of him saw the dolphin in there and knew it was an intelligent being in its own right. Though, this one had a note of humanity that scared Dawson to the core. It was blinking, staring into him with an expression of interest or curiosity. It was obvious, without looking at the being's body, that it was one of the animal people that had been pursuing him with the intent to fuck and change him.

The being's body would not remain hidden from him much longer as it walked up on a sandbar, legs powerful enough to hold its rather massive weight. Its tail was as long as its legs, even dragging behind it as it struggled to walk out of its ocean home. Unlike the shark, this being's tail was fluked, as befit the cetacean form that the dolphin man possessed, slapping the water as it rose. It possessed two, muscular human arms, though the fingers were webbed to allow it to swim more effectively. Its belly was bulbous, its skin rubbery and shiny in the mid-day sunlight. There was no trace of definition, its form streamlined and almost torpedo-shaped, even with hips, legs, and arms considered.

Strangest of all was the head, however. It had no hair, of course, its head bulged out into a dolphin's melon. But its nose was at the top of its head, slitted and stretched into a bizarre visage between man and dolphin. Its mouth was stretched out into a beak, teeth pegged and pointed, and tongue massive and flicking in its pointed muzzle. And its eyes, a mixture of dolphin and human, stared almost expectantly into Dawson, as though it was waiting for him to make a move.

Uncomfortable staring into the being's gaze, Dawson immediately regretted what he was a slit on the creature's groin, one that parted with the presence of a slimy, pink dick, wriggling out and almost pulsating with need. It was disgusting, leaking fluids already as though aroused by Dawson's presence. He had been thankful not to see the shark man's member from the distance he'd been, though knew what the pair of them had been up to before Cameron had been changed. And, it seemed that the dolphin before him had the same goal in mind, likely the endgame that all the other creatures on the island shared.

"Like what you see?" Said the dolphin man, scaring Dawson out of his reverie. The words were high-pitched and guttural, and it took Dawson a few moments to understand them.

Though, he was terrified, not wanting to give the being the wrong impression but not wanting to be attacked or taken against his will!

Without saying a word, Dawson turned, trying to swim towards the shore in time to get away from the anthropomorphic being that would take him by force. He knew that there was no chance of outrunning such a creature in the water, yet, he had to try, had to hold onto his humanity as much as he could. Even though his fate was inevitable, Dawson was determined to fight to the end as best as he could. That man wouldn't take him without a fight, damnit!

Yet, the moment he started to swim, a sharp "*Eekeekek*" echoed in his ears, likely the call of the creature that wished to have his way with him. Dawson stopped, not wanting the thing to attack him from behind. Yet, as the echo rang in his ears, Dawson found himself stunned, as though frozen in place. Part of him knew that he had to get away, that the being would bear down on him and try to fuck him at any moment. But, it seemed that the call of the creature had him frozen and mesmerized, and despite the panic, Dawson had no ability to escape its literal siren song.

Yet, the more he heard the sound, the more Dawson had a difficult time wondering why that was such a bad thing. The sound was surprisingly beautiful, hauntingly so, and part of Dawson's mind wanted to hear more of it. It almost seemed as though a literal siren song, one that had him enraptured to the point of no return. Hearing it left him stunned for a few moments, unable to run but determined to move enough that he did not turn around and throw himself on the dolphin man that was currently chirping for him to stay. It was a powerful contrast in his feelings, not one that Dawson could fight off no matter how much he struggled.

Before he could reflect on his situation any further, the feeling of warm, slippery hands on his shoulders made the man shudder. It was a shock, though not enough to allow him to finally move and escape. Though, he soon realized that would be impossible with the surprising strength that the being possessed, more than something of that stature should. He tried to struggle but knew instinctively that he was powerfully outmatched by the other being. It soon proved obvious that he was at the mercy of the dolphin man, who likely had an insidious fate in store for him.

Yet, even though he knew what was going to happen, Dawson could not have prepared for the sensation of something wet and slimy rubbing against his leg, moving towards his butt cheeks, and leaking a trail of sticky fluids over the skin. The sensation was warm but damp, and for a moment, Dawson was unsure exactly what was touching him. Given the sight of the dolphin's penis that he slid from a cetacean slit, it was clear not only what was touching his backside but what the dolphin's intention was.

Despite knowing that he should have been disgusted by such a thing, to Dawson's horror, his body responded in a very different manner. An ache in his groin made him look down to see that his cock was pounding erect, faster than he had ever seen it come to light. Be it the sound of the dolphin's siren clicks, the musky, fishy stench of the beast, or the sight of his erection and notion of what the dolphin wanted to do to him, Dawson couldn't deny that it was turning him one more than anything had a right to!

"Mrrfff, that's not a bad package, stud. But by the time I'm done with you, it will be a lot bigger," the dolphin man squeaked as the tip of his cock finally found Dawson's hole. Dawson simply whimpered, though could do naught but feel his body relax in the presence of the powerful male. He wanted to take the dolphin's penis inside of him, to feel himself being opened up, and to quell the burning needs in his loins and prostate that were building to the point of overload.

In desperation, Dawson tried to struggle once more, though could hardly move an inch away from the being. For a moment, the dolphin's phallus left his backside, and Dawson felt a pang of regret, wanting it back against his skin. And, to his delight, it soon returned to him, oozing its fluids over his back and butt cheeks. Like it had a prehensile ability, the seeking cocktip parted his ass cheeks, touching the outer fringes of Dawson's pucker and making the poor man moan.

Though the heady, fishy stench lingered in his nose and made him a little queasy, the presence of the dolphin man's strong grip and his penis seeking Dawson's anus made Dawson placid. It was powerfully erotic to have such a being have his way with him, Dawson unable to resist anymore. And the longer that he stood there, being rubbed now sensually by the dolphin's moist hands, the more than he was allowed to give in to the sensations...

"Well, what do you say now, human? Prepared to feel the pleasures I have in store for you?" the dolphin clicked, reaching out with a thick tongue and licking at Dawson's neck and head. The sensation made Dawson's skin prickle, and he moaned, not entirely sounding like himself as he was overtaken by the anticipation of what was to come.

"Yes...fuck yes...fuck me..." Dawson moaned, truly wanting it now. The part of him that figured he should resist, to hold onto his humanity, his heterosexuality, was fading away at the promise of pleasure that was to come.

Still, even with how relaxed his body was, Dawson was not expecting to be forcefully penetrated by the dolphin's slimy penis, the wriggling tip squeezing through his sphincter

muscles. He moaned, the pain of penetration more than he was expecting. The discomfort made him attempt to expel the cock in his bowels with everything he had. But the muscles within the dolphin's prick were more than his body could manage, and Dawson opened up more than he was expecting, groaning from the ache in his guts that grew worse and worse the further it penetrated.

“Ohhh...fuck...stop...can't...fuck...” Dawson managed to moan, though the dolphin in his bowels seemed not to care about his comfort. He was more concerned with reaching as deep into Dawson's insides as he could, and Dawson was sure that it would enter his own cock, which, despite the pain, seemed to stay as erect as possible.

Yet, the insertion started to build a pressure against what Dawson had to assume was his prostate. The presence of such an organ made him moan the moment it pressed against it, as though it had found what it was looking for. As soon as the tip began stimulating Dawson's prostate, it began squirming intently, almost vibrating against Dawson's internal organs and making the man moan.

“Oh, fuck...can't hold it!” He called out, the stimulation too much. Be it from the male that was pleasuring him, or his handsome visage really doing it for the man, Dawson could hardly resist the prostate stimulation as it sent his cock into orgasm and waves of pleasure to cascade through his being. More semen than he'd ever thought possible exploded from his erection, covering his chest slightly and pooling into the water around them.

Though, in his current state, Dawson found it almost impossible to worry, given the intensity of the release and sheer disbelief for what was happening. He wavered for a moment, held aloft by the dolphin man, and allowed to go limp. There was a part of him, relatively faded by this juncture, that was concerned for his fate and future. But in the midst of carnal delights, it was almost impossible to focus on such things, leaving him reeling yet still eager for him.

It was a tingling in his crotch that brought Dawson from his feelings of post-orgasmic reverie, and he looked down reflexively, not sure what he would find but curious enough in his stupor. Yet the sight of his erection coming to life once more was the furthest thing from this recollection. Nor was he anticipating it to grow beyond his modest 5 inches into something akin to 7 or 8. And the shade was all wrong, lightening to a mottled pink shade and the skin shade he usually possesses. Too much like the penis of the male still squirming against his insides.

Panic began to ride in his gorge, though the tight grip of fishy hands kept him well at bay. He could do naught but watch his penis continuing to grow past 10 inches now and beyond. He was starting to realize that his phallus would soon match the dolphin at his back and part of him

was ready to rejoice. He knew it was inevitable at this stage; Dawson had been with Cameron before he was taken and bred in the same fashion. And this was to be his reality now regardless of his ultimate feelings towards it.

A smell of fish rose from his groin, obviously not just from the dolphin man's breath as he held him tight, muzzle right next to his ear. It was as though the odor was part of him now, as was the altering dolphin's penis that hung from his groin. His member was leaking furiously at this point, drooling in a stream toward the floor and making him moan. Best of all, the dolphin's penis was still within him, as though the act of orgasm was insufficient to bring his erection back within his slit.

As though his awareness of the shade of his partner's altered genitals was the trigger for further change, Dawson could feel a tugging below his balls, making him wince from the sudden discomfort. The sensation soon encompassed his perineum, all the way to the base of his dick. his fleshy human sack, testicles, and all were pulled inside with a force that almost made Dawson feel nauseous. For a moment, Dawson feared he would lose his gender along with his humanity, though quickly recalled the anatomy of his male mate. Plus, the sensations, as best as he could perceive, were more akin to his testicles moving inside of him rather than losing them entirely.

All the while, his penis was continuing to alter, losing its human color and briefly recessing into the cleft that had formed above his anus. His lust could hardly prompt it to return to his slit, however, though slick fluids rubbed it against the inside of the slit and made the changing man moan. In response, his cock started to writhe uncontrolled, as though he somehow gained the ability to flex it like a prehensile limb. It began to pulsate of its own accord, the sensation of slick sucking sounds a prelude to untold pleasures as his sensitive member responded to the renewed pounding against his prostate.

“You're coming along so nicely. How do you like your new penis? You don't need to answer right now. You'll get enough time to use it to the fullest. Even in my tight asshole, if you are so inclined. I'm a switch, after all, preferring the widest plethora of pleasures. And, as I recall, the change is the apex of our new lives. I plan to aid you to enjoy it fully!”

At that point, Dawson was panicking, not really sure what to make of the whole affair. He certainly didn't want to change, to give in. But then the conflict between body and mind seemed to hold him fast. He knew he *shouldn't* want to lose his humanity, his sexuality, and likely his mind. But the infection had ultimately taken over his mind and body, and despite his willingness to resist, there was nothing he could do to escape. Surely, even sheer force of will would not have an effect on a biological infection that was able to change a man into an animal person!

As the moments ticked by, it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to think about why he was panicked, with the pleasure that was radiating from his penis. His cetacean cock was leaking fishy fluids, bringing him closer to the edge of release and stealing away his focus. His benefactor was deeply entrenched into his bowels, rubbing his prostate with its prehensile abilities and making it possible for him to orgasm without any direct stimulation to his cock. A surprisingly high-pitched squeak left his still-human lips as he ejaculated again, ropes of sticky seed spattering on his groin and into the water. The scent was gross, inhuman, and followed by another spurt of dolphin cream within his rectum, so much now that it was dripping out of his backside in a warm, slow flow.

The stench of their combined release was almost offensive to his nose, reeking of sealife and saltwater than anything he had ever scented from his own body. He wanted to retch, though the more he was forced to breathe in the scent of their lust, the more his dolphin cock slid in and out of his slit. The level of stamina he seemed to possess was beyond his understanding, and it was only growing more intense as the moments passed. He needed to cum again, and he needed it badly, more than anything he could recall in recent memory.

An ache in his backside made him moan more intently than the sensation of the dolphin phallus still squirming within his insides. It was as though his spine was stretching, pushing out of the back of the skin and twitching with growth against his will. It was powerfully confusing to feel an additional limb growing out of the back of him, adding inch after inch. All he needed to do was to look back, though he was currently being held in place by his lover. Though sensing that his mate was curious, the dolphin man relaxed his grip and allowed Dawson the flexibility to turn around and watch the process.

He was just in time to see the fleshy bit of skin turn gray, as much as the bare skin of his groin and the rubbery flesh of the dolphin man behind him. It could move a little side to side, though the swelling muscle seemed to be more adept and flexing up and down. With the sight of what had to be a dolphin's tail sticking out of his backside, Dawson was not expecting the sensation of a prehensile penis pulling from his prostate with a rush of semen. It felt almost painful, and left Dawson longing for the presence inside of him, comfortable with it now.

Still, he was able to see the thing growing to the point where it touched the warm water, making him shiver. Though the tip was pointed, it soon started to flatten, two points on either side forming what looked like flukes. It soon resembled the tail that his benefactor wore, a dolphin's appendage that moved of its own accord. Dawson was almost afraid to try moving it, though curiosity eventually won out and he focused on it, making it move and sending waves of discomfort through his spine, unused to owning such a thing.

Though the changes were hardly limited to the growth of his tail, his hips fattening and parting to make space for a thickening butt appendage. Dawson groaned, his anus kissing the air as it moved in position under his tail. Though the tail would keep it hidden, it was easily more accessible for his would-be-mate, especially with the length of the dolphin phallus he had to offer. No sooner had those words moved through his head than the dolphin man did just that, reaching under with a webbed hand and prompting Dawson to yelp, almost jumping out of the water. Though, there was no denying that the contact to such an intimate place had the effect of having his cock sliding from his sheath and leaking its salty precum, not at all inconvenienced by the multiple orgasms already experienced.

Though limited to his groin and ass, rubbery gray skin was spreading across his hips and thighs, running up his belly as well. Muscles seemed to spring up wherever the skin spread, and Dawson was momentarily elated to be gaining so much tone with no effort. Though it came with the inclusion of rubbery dolphin skin, and some extra blubber that made his lean belly bulge out like a middle-aged man, much to his chagrin. He moved to rub it, finding that it was not fat under there, but blubber, which made him a little confused. Still, the flesh was cool, almost enticing to rub over, and Dawson was kept fascinated by its formation, momentarily taken out of the moment and fear for his sexuality and form.

The sensation of cool webbed flesh on his skin was almost shocking as the dolphin behind him started to rub the hairless skin, making the man shiver with excitement. He didn't think the touch of a beast-man would do it for him, but the dolphin's chubby fingers seemed to encourage his skin to spread as though literally rubbing the humanity out of him. It was wonderful, temporarily erasing the fair with a sense of comfort that defied all understanding. It was powerfully disconcerting to feel

Despite the idea of being a dolphin man and with this other being changing against his will, Dawson felt himself come to full erection once more, his penis sliding sensually from his slit and making him leak profusely. It was like the touch of a lover bringing him to full erection, Dawson unable to get that particular image out of his head. No matter how much he might not have wanted it before now, there was no denying what he was feeling in the moment, and Dawson let out a high-pitched moan, his lust getting the better of him. Especially as the webbed hands reached down to stroke his dolphin member...

With that, Dawson felt his muscles swelling all over, muscles stretching under rubbery skin as much as it was coating his former humanity. Already decently build, Dawson felt himself growing beyond that, far larger than anything humanly possible. Looking at the dolphin man behind him, Dawson had to admit there was something impressive about his physique. Covered with blubber, there was something appealing about the form, something more attractive about a

natural body, one that was clearly more powerful than what human forms could possess. That made a sort of sense, given the ability to swim and traverse the oceans around the island. Dawson had to stop himself for a brief moment. Was he actually looking forward to the change and the prowess of the body he would soon possess?

The changes were out of his hands, quite literally as the digits and the spaces between them started to swell with skin and blubber. He wanted to look down, feeling his digits sticking together with a thick webbing much like the hands that were reaching down to rub his own hybrid appendages into existence. The creature's touch was nice, and the cool, slick skin was surprisingly sensitive, the contact welcome. It was impossible to muster fear or disgust towards the man changing him with his close comfort and willingness to welcome him into the change, rather than to take him by force.

As though reading his mind, the dolphin-man turned him around, looking him in the eyes with an expression of curiosity and lust. Before Dawson could move or question it, the dolphin's muzzle was on his own, taking him in a lipless kiss and prompting Dawson to kiss him back, the touch, though awkward, was tender and conforming, and Dawson allowed himself to close his eyes, getting into the moment and accepting his lot in life with some anticipation. Even the man's fishy breath didn't seem to bother him, the scents of dolphin skin and bodies part of aquatic life and something he could get used to if the sensations of lust were any indication.

Though part of his being was focused on the kiss, and thinking about the dolphin man's sexy form as his thoughts started to shift, it was impossible to completely ignore the changes still robbing him of his humanity. At the moment, his teeth were loosening from his sockets, and like a moment out of nightmares, Dawson was prompted to spit them out, breaking the kiss and trying not to cough or choke on the lost dentures. Though his gums were not to be absent for long, given the bloodless poking from them as dolphin's peg-like teeth popped out, more numerous and likely well adapted to his new fishy diet. Despite the moment of body horror, it was hard to lament the loss of human teeth,

Though that was hardly the most drastic change to overtake his face, nose pressing into his skull and siding between his eyes, not painfully so as it moved upward towards his skull. As though parting to make room for it, Dawson could feel his hair start to fall out, sliding down skin that was steadily encroaching over with rubbery dolphin hide. But there was nothing to be done for it now, given that his changes were set in stone and he, for better or for worse, was likely to be locked into this form. It was weird feeling the holes move beyond his skull toward its final resting place on his neck. But there was nothing to be done for it, save the discomfort in breathing Dawson experienced until the changes completed. Soon, he was functionally breathing through a blowhole, far better at taking in oxygen when underwater, as was to be his life now.

Dawson hardly had time to acclimatise himself to the newest changes when a series of cracks and pops resonated through his jaw, pushing his face out into a semblance of a muzzle, it was look and pointed, as the skin around it discolored and his cheeks grew slightly chubby with the developments. It was long and pointed, lips stretched out to the point where they were absent from the anatomy. There was little surface area left for him to kiss, the tips of their beaks touching in a gesture of companionship, though more symbolic than anything else. It was something human, however, relieving fleeting tensions over fear of what his new life might be like now that he was barely fully changed.

As the last bit of change overtook him, Dawson could feel his head swelling out with what he sensed to be oil and blubber, a melon if the old anatomical term held true. There was nothing to be done for it, and by this point, Dawson was more eager to look like the sexy dolphin man than maintain anything human in his own head. Though his brain was likely changing along with the alterations to his skull, Dawson's mentality had already altered by this point, and he was remiss for not caring about what he had lost when he had the kiss of the sexy dolphin man before him.

Much too soon for him, the dolphin broke their messy embrace, grinning in upside down dolphin fashion before turning around, raising his tail, and showing off a rather pink-looking pucker, contracted against the rubbery gray skin. "Why don't you take me, cutie? Make the transformation permanent and be mine. I won't force you, cutie, I just hope that you want it as badly as I do..."

Nothing in Dawson's mind could convince him that fucking this dolphin man was a bad idea. He knew deep down that the change was already set in stone and that he might as well give in to the urges burning into his mind. His cock was aching, sliding in and out of his slit and making his squeak in a more dolphin-like tone as he reached down with a webbed hand to bring his cock to full erection. There was some worry that he might nut right there, and more that he could not work his cock into such a tight space to give his new lover the fucking he deserved. But, the moment that the twitching tip worked its way into the pulsating pucker was the moment that instincts took hold, and he pushed in with little regard for his mate's comfort. There was no resisting and no reason for him to do so as he cried out with lust.

Eagerly, Dawson could feel his penis seeking the inside of his lover's bowels, its contours more maneuverable than anything he could have imagined. It seemed to squeeze within his rectum like a tendril, filling every cravass with its girth as Dawson plundered the dolphin's bowels. It was more than he could bare, and he started to thrust with abandon, eagerly breeding the other man and essentially sealing his fate. Though, at the moment, Dawson could hardly find

fault with that reality, wanting eagerly to breed the other male as much as he was excited to explore all the alterations to his new body.

“Oh yes...take my cock! Make meeeeeekkkk a dolphin!” Dawson cried out, a series of high-pitched squeaks breaking into the notes. Though it didn't matter, the aquatic cadence was something that he relished and welcome if it meant even a modicum of future pleasures as this cetacean body could grant.

Lust for his changes and the excitement felt for male mating, it was a wonder that Dawson was able to hold back as long as he did. Still, his spasming cock could not be held back much longer, and with another series of squeaks, his internal testicles spilled their viscous load into his mate's rectum. Though it was the third such release in as little time, Dawson felt no ills or repercussions from the action, rather excited that he was able to feel his cock being clenched in such a magnificent way. If sex felt this amazing, this good every time, from both the receiving and giving end, then...

There was more to the feelings than just physical lust. Be it through the magic of the change or some latent missing feelings, Dawson was aware that he loved this man, as much as he had any past girlfriends. Though it should have been too soon for such emotions, something about being guided into this new form, this new life and sexuality opened up a world of possibilities about the future. Having a webbed hand guide him towards this new future brought with it a cascade of feelings, ones of grace and gratitude that he would carry with this man going forward. He certainly wanted to stay in the dolphin's presence for as long as the man would have him! And that meant filling his bowels with slick dolphin cream...

With that revolution, there was no chance of holding back the semen within his internal testicles. And it was certainly something his lover welcomed, crying out with an “Oh yes fill me up!” Dawson's cock was twitching violently at this point, and his vision whited out, his entire body awash with sensation. Even though he had cum several times already, the amount of semen bursting from his loins was enough to cause backwash to leak out from his lover's rear. Even as the pulsating cock and vibrating bowels caused him to exit, Dawson remained stunned from the exchange, his entire body tingling in the orgasmic afterglow.

The first thing that brought Dawson out of his post-release reverie was the sensation of a kiss on his muzzle, cool wet hands pulling him in for an embrace. The fact that both were dirty with semen mattered very little when they were aquatic creatures and could swim away the filth. Right now, they could allow themselves to get into the kiss, finding the entire experience far more exciting than he ever might have thought it could be. If he knew it was this good, he wouldn't have tried to run, though maybe towards the dolphin, not knowing what sex with the bat

creature or the shark might have done for him. Surely, Cameron was just as happy with his new mate as Dawson was with the dolphin.

“The perfect start to my new pod. I’ve been waiting so long, and I can’t imagine getting a better human. The next one we get has a high bar to meet!” The dolphin man said with a slyness to his tone and made Dawson a little curious. Not jealous, per say, but wondering what the end goal was. One sexy dolphin man was certainly appealing, but a polyamorous pod of them? His cock slid back out of his slit at the thought!

“The start of? You mean, the rest of the contestants?” Dawson asked, wondering what the end goal was. Surely there were other anthro animals out there to try to change the contestants. Did they need to try to avoid them to win? Was it really winning to get away from such a profoundly life changing experience? Dawson had so many questions...

Flying over the bay, Terry felt a note of disappointment seeing the two new dolphins copulating. Eventually, they parted, talking for a bit before diving into the water to start their new lives together. He sighed, not caring about letting his disappointment be known. The pair of them couldn’t hear him, anyways, not under the water. So, he was free to fly over one more time before making his way back to his cave. Though he was close by, he didn’t want to leave his post now that he knew his prey was lost. Perhaps he would find a mate out of the remaining players...

Like much of the island's inhabitants, he did not yet have a mate. He had been one of the first players of the game, having stepped in the wrong area and masturbated himself into a bat creature. Though he had hated the form at first, the ability to fly, the power, and above all the sexuality shift made him adamant that he would be happy with the form and the eventual mate he would come across.

Not all island inhabitants were turned with the touch of a mate. He, like those in those first few rounds of the 'game show' was infected simply by entering their future domains and masturbating themselves into a bestial fate. Though, even those that greatly detested such an existence were quickly swayed by the power and virility their new bodies gave them. And they were able to spend many nights partaking in pleasures of the flesh with each other...

Still, like Terry, many of the island's inhabitants wanted something more, wanted a mate of their own species. There was a longing within for such, a desire to change and make at least one male their own. Several, if possible. And each time a new round came about, he and his bestial brethren took places in their sanctuaries to prepare should one of them take the proper

path. All it would take was one stumbling just close enough to their new benefactor before the magics would take hold. And though four had been taken already, there were still eight left. Terry, with his advantage of flight, was fit to scare any one of them back to his fate and claim a male for his own...