

## **Retrograde**

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The view of the city would have been beautiful. The sky was a rich, light pink hue while the few stray clouds drifted like streamers of molten red metal. The sun rippled, half hidden by the horizon as it began its climb. Colorful arrays of lights had started to snap on in the skyscrapers to compensate for the diminishing illumination outside. All the while, cars moved through the streets like blood cells traveling from artery to artery. The view went on for miles and miles, but the glass windows had been shifted to a translucent state and covered with an endless moving scrawl of numbers and metrics.

The information was widespread but equally dire. It covered economic pressures, supply chain complications, foodstuff inventory, vital health statistics and long term weather projections. One panel had been blacked out entirely, the doomsday clock that had indicated that society had pushed itself past the point of environmental catastrophe and that extinction was inevitable. All of the other available information pointed to the same conclusion, but none of it in such a precise way. All of it was a heavy burden that weighed on Ellis Gedge's conscience for years. None of that weight compared to the decision he was mulling over at the moment.

A call to arms had come up years prior. Gedge's grandfather's grandfather had worked on replanting deforested areas. The work had shifted from plants to animals to people, trying different tacks to change the course of progress before it was too late... but the time had come and gone. If humanity were to survive, there would have to be a reset on a global level. It wasn't enough to just change one's ways or institute a program anymore... Gedge took a deep breath and returned to his desk, swiping a hand over the glass surface. The windows cleared, removing the information and the translucency, restoring the view of the city.

Looking down at the table before him, Gedge's fingers moved over the glass surface, striking projected keys to enter a series of commands and security protocols. Technology could not be sustained at its current levels, let alone the population. The biosphere had lost genes necessary to deal with the levels of carbon dioxide. A last resort was finally looking like the only resort. With one last moment of hesitation, Ellis brought up a restricted file detailing one of Gedge's top secret programs, RTG-4D, or as those on the project called it, retrograde.

The file was stamped with countless biohazard warnings indicating that it was a severe risk, a controlled substance, and an agent that had no approval. Half of the development cost had been used to keep it a secret from various agencies, another quarter to develop an infrastructure in equal secrecy. Ellis closed his tired, brown eyes. He breathed in and out, breath passing over his lips. It was egoistical to presume he had the right to change the evolution of humanity, let alone the evolution of the entire planet, but humanity had proven it could not learn from its own mistakes.

Resolution began to fill Ellis Gedge's heart. It was the resolution and tenacity that his forefathers and foremothers had held to try and save the planet, to ensure life would continue - even if it would continue in a form no one expected. Ellis closed his lips, his fingers moving faster. Distribution nodes were opened, systems were brought online. A global network of water treatment plants, air filtration systems and agriculture networks came into play. Everything worked exactly as it had been designed until one last button appeared in front of Gedge, the

yellow rectangle slowly pulsing like a heartbeat. The key was projected on glass, a poor substitute for a physical button one might press, but there would likewise be no evidence when he was done.

“To ensure the future... we must return this world to the past.” Gedge whispered, bringing his finger down. The glass registered the tiny intricate peaks and valleys of his fingerprint, measuring them against its own memory before deciding it was a match. The button disappeared and a ripple of light went out through the network. Gedge leaned back in his chair, his shoulders slumping. Once more his tired eyes lifted to the window, looking out across the city as if it was the first time. Somewhere out there, already, in dozens of places in fact, Retrograde was starting to seep into the air and the water and the food... There was nowhere to go but back.

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It felt like it was going to be another hot day, making Keith thankful for how many passages there were through the zoo that went underground or through rock formations. Canopies of trees helped block direct sunlight, but the air could still get stifling. The young man carried the bucket of meat products through the cavernous hall, his khaki uniform hugging well tanned skin. A shag of chestnut brown hair framed a youthful face and a faint smile played across his lips. The faint glint of two gold earrings caught the sun as he emerged into one of the enclosures that was away from the prying eyes of the public.

At nineteen, Keith was one of the zoo's younger employees. He still remembered coming to the zoo as a child and on one or two school field trips. Attendance was declining more and more, though several foundations had stepped in to ensure the animals were taken care of and that the zoo remained open as a public service. Keith didn't seem to mind the lack of people. To a degree, the animals expected the visitors, but expectation didn't always mean enjoyment. Still, Keith could feel something was different today... or rather, he could hear it. The animals were restless. There were roars and growls and honks and screeches that were coming from throughout the exhibits. Keith just hoped that Courage the cougar wasn't going to be too unhappy.

“Hey boy, you hungry? I got your favorite...” Keith called out, moving along the fence line to the feeding slot. He reached into the bucket and pulled out a dead rabbit and tossed it through the slot, sending it toppling into the enclosure. While the public saw a recessed canyon-like exhibit with rocks and plants shade and water, it was accessed through a little hatch that led back to a living space for when Courage didn't feel like being the center of attention. There was a den area, open space, a paddock for applying medical attention and more. Keith waited curiously, hesitating a little when he saw a greenish powder building up by one of the exhaust vents in the paddock.

“One of the filters must have given out, that's a lot of pollen...” Keith murmured, reaching for his radio. His hand stopped when he saw movement in the enclosure, bringing his attention back to Courage.

Fur rippled over sinuous muscle and ligament. Shoulders moved in parallel, a long, thick tail swaying back and forth behind a firm feline posterior. Hot breath panted in and out of a large, predatory maw. Ears twitched and tilted, claws clicked on the rocky ground. All of that

would have been normal for most big cats, but Courage wasn't just big, he was almost double the size he should have been. Keith inhaled, breath catching in his throat. His first instinct was that another animal had gotten into Courage's enclosure and that the cougar might be in danger, but as Keith watched the creature come through the hatch from the outside enclosure, he realized the truth was much stranger.

Despite the fact that the creature's paws were more than double the size a cougar's should have been, one of the claws was discolored, a sign of the synthetic resin used to replace it. Even though the cat's eyes were milky and unfocused, the way they shifted back and forth reminded Keith of Courage's curiosity.

Once more the nostrils flared, taking in breath. The big cat's head turned and it looked right at Keith. Its jaw opened, revealing saber-like fangs that descended down from its upper jaw. The cat chuffed and something wobbled beneath the cat. Keith gasped yet again as he saw the long, fat, pointed, pink spined cock push out of a heavy sheath. The huge cat was unlike anything he'd ever seen in his life, but somewhere deep down, Keith knew it was Courage... He moved up to the edge of the enclosure instead of away, looking in. Courage moved over to the dead rabbit, sniffed it a few times before it gulped it down. A few gnashes of its teeth decimated the meal before it swallowed and continued its casual approach to the fence line.

"Courage, what happened?!" Keith asked in shock. The cougar could not respond in words for obvious reasons, but he came up to the edge of the fence, looking up at Keith. With another chuff, he pounced up, putting two serving plate sized paws on the rails of the fence. Black claws latched over the edge and the big cat was standing taller than the zoo keeper. It looked down, panting through its saber toothed grin. Keith's jaw dropped open as he looked at how big the cougar had gotten, let alone how big his feline cock was.

"Whatever did this, we'll figure it out. I'll get the vet tech, he's got to know a way to help." Keith said, pulling out his radio, "Malcolm, this is Keith in the cat sanctuary, I need you over here. Something really weird has happened to Courage..." Keith said. The radio chirped as he let go of the talk button, but he was met with silence. Keith waited a moment and tried again, "Anyone know who the vet tech on duty is?" he asked. Once more the radio chirped, then fell silent. Keith's brow furrowed with confusion as he double checked the channels. He tried a few more tests, but there was no response on any of the channels. Keith exhaled slowly before he looked back up at the saber toothed cougar, "Sorry buddy, I guess I'm going to have to go find them the-"

Keith's response was cut short as a thick jet of sticky, oily cat cum hit him in the face. It splattered across his mouth and nose, dribbling down his chin, staining his uniform. Keith stumbled back, the radio clattering to the ground. He coughed and splutter, reaching up to wipe the stuff off his face, open bleary eyes. Courage dropped down from the fence line and started circling inside of his enclosure, tail flagging behind him, his eyes looking over at Keith expectantly.

Keith tried to think of a time where such a thing had happened to any of the other zoo keepers but he came up short. There'd be no explaining what had happened in the break room. Keith coughed a little, his senses full of the salty, musky, slightly copper tinged semen. His head swam, nearly leaving him dizzy. His heart was racing, his head was pounding, and his own cock was getting hard fast.

Keith blushed beneath the semen facial. Sure, he was gay, and sure he loved the taste of cum, but not when it came to the animals. That wasn't something he'd ever even thought of before, let alone indulged in. He stood there, face glistening, chest heaving. Every time his chest rose with breath, it didn't come down quite as far. His khaki uniform was getting tighter and tighter. Keith reached up to adjust the buttons on his shirt, finding it harder than it should have been. He looked down to see his fingers seemed longer and thicker than before. Tiny patches of wiry brown hair had sprouted from his knuckles, growing up through the skin and the cum he'd wiped off his face, using the cum as if it was fertilizer on already healthy soil.

With effort, Keith tried to figure out if he'd had hair there and just not noticed it, but thoughts were becoming harder to organize in his head. It felt like so much noise, almost overwhelmingly so. The zookeeper took a step and then groaned suddenly, doubling over, hugging at his stomach. The khaki material over his back stretched and strained, seams being pulled to their limit. A burning heat raced through Keith's body. His nipples felt like they were molten, his ass and thighs throbbed. His pants constricted, showing off the curve of his ass cheeks as they pushed outward, practically inflating.

As the zoo keeper groaned and growled, Courage started to chuff and then roar in sympathy. The feline circled restlessly, pacing faster, looking over at the human. Keith's pants rode up, revealing unusually hairy ankles. When Keith's head snapped back upright, sweat beaded his forehead, a forehead that looked swollen. Keith could feel his skull changing beneath his skin. It felt like a volcano rising up from the crust. The bones over his eyes swelled larger and thicker, pushing outward. His fair eyebrows got thicker, wider and bushier until new hair grew in between. His cheeks tingled and stung as hundreds, then thousands of tiny brown hairs sprouted. They swept down his cheeks and across his chin, pushing out centimeter by centimeter. In a matter of heartbeats it looked as though he hadn't shaved in a week, then a month. The hair kept pushing outward, growing past the point of stubble and soon looking like a short beard, but it wasn't the only hair growing. The shag of chestnut brown hair that framed his face was extruding from his scalp, becoming wavier and more unruly. The long locks brushed his shoulders, then the bottom of his shoulder blades. Strands fell down almost far enough to cover his swollen brow ridge, but not quite.

Without thinking, Keith's lips parted and his tongue slipped out, sampling the cougar cum on his lips. He let out a satisfied growl and used his hairy, larger hands to wipe the rest of it off his face, sucking his fingers clean before licking his palms. The flavor was brilliant, making his cock tingle with need. The extra helping only served to accelerate his metamorphosis. There was a faint clatter as a plastic button went skidding across the floor of the paddock, then another. Buttons popped off and Keith's uniform tore open from the collar, revealing an oddly hairy chest. He reached up unceremoniously, fat fingers getting a grip before he pulled.

The uniform jacket split open down the front before he tossed it aside, hunching forward slightly. A thick coating of brown hair dusted his shoulders and back, the hair coming from his pits stretching down a good three or four inches. His well tanned skin rippled as the muscles beneath began to expand and grow, unrestrained by clothing. His biceps and triceps became better defined, his shoulders rounded and his neck thickened. Once more Courage chuffed and roared, excited by the changes. The large cat bounded over, pouncing at the fence again, smashing at it with his huge paws. The saber toothed beast roared loudly, longingly, claws scraping at the metal.

Keith continued to pant, shoulders rising and falling, face screwing up as his teeth felt strange and hot and wet, reforming in his mouth. His gums felt spongy, moving to accommodate his changing mouth. His lips pushed forward over the exaggerated teeth, his tongue getting a little fatter and wider. Beneath the mane of hair, Keith's ears grew a bit bigger, a little more rounded. The sun that made it down into the enclosure glittered brilliantly over the new, long, thick bushy brown beard that hugged his formerly youthful face. As a human he'd been at the budding edge of his virility, the start of his long journey into adulthood... But now? Now he was already in his prime, becoming as male as a male of his species could be.

A snarl escaped Keith's lips as he fumbled with his pants, prying them open. He roared out with dismay as opening the fly did not relieve the pressure he felt inside. A painfully rented mass of cotton sprung out, straining to keep his manhood at bay. Keith's proto muzzle hissed wordless curses before he got a hold of his underwear, taking the waistband in both hands before he growled and tore. The fabric split and an engorged, erect, shockingly large manhood sprung into the open air, spraying a stream of precum that went through the gaps in the face and splattered onto the ground.

A happy roar left Courage's muzzle as the cougar dropped down and ran over, lapping greedily at the fluid. His own feline monstrosity gushed forth enough cum to form a thick, sticky puddle between his front paws as he tasted the zoo keeper's seed. Keith put one shoe on the other and painfully extracted one foot from it. His sock was nearly translucent, stretched out over too much meat. Rough, sharp toenails worked against the cotton until it frayed, then tore. Plump, fat, inhuman toes burst free, complete with patches of hair on each toe knuckle. Repeating the trick on the other foot, Keith soon freed his other extremity.

Standing there at the edge of the cat sanctuary enclosure, naked from head to toe, Keith no longer looked entirely human. He wiggled his toes as his feet stretched longer and wider, the arches increasing. His legs were more muscular than he could have even fantasized about and his shoulders popped and snapped as they grew wider, giving him an exaggerated v-shaped torso. The most drastic changes had taken root in Keith's head, however. A thick brow bone shadowed his eyes. His ears seemed more simian and his mouth was distended slightly. If it hadn't been for the golden earrings hiding in the shock of wavy brown hair around his head, he could have been mistaken for a living model of a human ancestor.

Keith's growing hands still failed to keep up as they worked over his swollen penis. He could feel his blood pumping into it, nourishing it as it grew and grew and grew. Inch after inch spilled out of his groin, letting it surge well past the normal limits of biology. It was a club, a weapon, a tool... But what could Keith use his club on? Dull, lusty eyes lifted up, meeting with those of Courage as the cougar paced inside the enclosure. Keith was no longer capable of complex thought, but he knew that he had a connection with this animal. Yes, this beast was his friend... Maybe they hunted together? Maybe it was his pet? Either way, there was no cause for them to be apart...

Keith moved over to the gate of the paddock, fumbling with the handle. The computer lock hesitated, struggling with Keith's fingerprint before it begrudgingly accepted. The lock clicked and the gate swung open. Keith let it swing wide before he stepped into the enclosure, moving on huge hairy feet. Courage sniffed and snorted before bounding, pouncing at Keith. Keith grunted as he was knocked onto his broad, hairy back. His veined, pulsing cock wobbled above his groin. For a moment he wondered if he had miscalculated his decision, but the cougar

gave the bearded man's face a few licks before he reared up and brought his massive muzzle down around the caveman's cock.

"Fuck!!!!" Keith howled, his huge hairy back arching. The saber-toothed cougar had one huge paw on each side of Keith's hips as he bounced up and down, a sandpapery rough tongue licking and slurping on the zoo keeper's massive member. It teased the underside of his massive mushroom shaped head, the friction exquisite and borderline painful. Keith's rough fingers helplessly clawed and scraped at the ground in the enclosure, feeling weight shifting as his testicles grew larger, heavier and more complex. The meat sack sunk down as the orbs inside grew larger and larger, matching the growth the rest of the human had endured.

The fact that Keith had only been eaten in the proverbial sense of the word was a miracle given the profound metamorphosis that had affected Courage, indicating the cougar may have physically devolved while mentally it may have progressed. The same could not be said for Keith. He merely writhed and bucked at the assault, feeling his massive meat teased and coaxed. A strong, burly hand grabbed one of the cougar's muscled forepaws and the bearded hairy caveman pulled himself around, rotating beneath the cat before he reached up and grabbed onto its feline phallus with both hands.

The prickly cock head came down to Keith's waiting lips and he began to carefully lick and slurp, teasing the slit, fondling and handling the cougar's member. It was like something out of a fantasy book; the brave hunter and his loyal animal companion, each endowed with masculinity far beyond the realm of any mortal male. The saber-toothed cougar began to shudder and chuff, feeling the human pleasuring it. The affection coming from his rough tongue only intensified until Keith let out a howl and began to cum profusely.

With great enthusiasm, the cougar brought its muzzle down, gulping greedily at the caveman's seed. The powerful, menacing throat undulated as it took in swallow after swallow, the massive body of the beast vibrating with pleasure. All that vibration translated down through its body, into Keith's cock, making his body hum with pleasure. Satisfied like a cat with cream, Courage soon shivered as well, his thick tail twitching as he began to cum as well.

Keith's hairy, bearded cheeks bulged out with cat cum as he gulped his partner's load, though the feline seemed capable of making far more than he could contain. In moments the cum was leaking out of Keith's mouth, soaking his beard with the musky cream that would forever mark him as belonging to the saber-toothed cougar. They were a team, one that could never be parted. They continued to drink from one another, blissfully unaware of the strange sounds of the zoo animals and their keepers devolving.

A slight, copper smelling breeze whipped through the enclosure, blowing the green dust from the air exhaust. It blew across Keith and Courage, settling on some unusually large ferns and conifers with unusual bark that had been growing taller and fuller in the exhibit. Large waxy swiss cheesed leaves spread outward, soaking in carbon dioxide just as they had when the world was far warmer and wetter eons before.

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Ethan had always found it strange how the act of sweating held such a double standard. In many contexts it was considered unseemly, uncultured, unhealthy or even gross. In others it was a sign of prestige, of effort, of achievement and accomplishment. As the slightly warm

beads of moisture ran down his face and stung the corners of his eyes, he knew he was experiencing the latter. The twenty two year old lifted weights, counting into the high double digits in his mind. His dark blond hair was matted with sweat and the tank top he wore had sweat stains down the chest and pits.

Some would say that Ethan was at his peak. Having graduated from college, it was unlikely at this point that he was going to go into professional sports. The years he'd taken to hone and refine his body would have to be used in other areas. Perhaps he'd be useful as a gym trainer, to pass on what he knew to others... Or maybe there'd be use for him as some sort of background extra on various shows that needed hot pieces of meat like him. A slight smile crossed Ethan's lips. Yeah, he was hot... Blond hair, blue eyes, two twenty and made of muscle. What wasn't there to like?

Ethan set the weight down from his right hand, though his left continued to curl. He reached for his hydro flask. A thumb depressed a trigger and the lid popped open, letting him tip it back. The contents flowed into his mouth, but the flask did not contain water. It was a mixture of algae, seaweed, amino acids, acai and a half dozen other items. The nutrient mix was something that Ethan had gotten used to over time, but something about it tasted different today. There was a sort of tang, a sharpness. Maybe it had just started to turn. The heat waves made it harder to keep anything fresh. Ethan shook his head and returned the flask to the small table next to him, picking up the other weight instead.

Each curl, each rep felt rewarding. There was a heat in his muscles, the meat vibrating and pulsing with life. Yeah, he was perfect. He was a star, he could protect his mate from any beast! It took a moment or two before Ethan's brain caught up to how weird that thought had been. His brow curled a little at that. His mate? He didn't have a mate, at least not yet, and he'd never used that word for the thought of the man he wanted to spend the rest of his days with. In fact, he hadn't really thought of mating with a man before... but now? Ethan's eyes lifted up, casually scanning the gym.

There weren't a lot of other patrons this early in the morning, but the ones that were there were as dedicated as he was. They were fit and firm and strong, handsome like he was. Honestly, how had he not considered them before? Men were clearly everything he admired and treasured about himself but in infinite diversity to love and lust after... And when it came to defending oneself against the beasts, he'd need a good strong mate by his side. Ethan growled a little at the thought, or at least the outline of a thought. Little by little, the words and concepts involved in his thinking were becoming simpler and simpler. The reduction in processing capacity had been coupled with another strange sensation - tightness.

The pressure had been ramping up for the last few moments, heartbeat by heartbeat. It had only become detectable when it started to reach a critical level. His shoes felt oddly tight around his feet. He wiggled his toes and realized he had no room to wiggle them. His tank top, the one that had once been loose and airy, was starting to dig into the meat of his shoulders and hug uncomfortable along the sides of his ribs. Even his head felt like a pressure had been building up without him realizing it. His brows furrowed, relieving a little of the pressure, but then they tightened again. They were set in an aggressive, even angry looking position.

Ethan's lips curled a little, bearing his faintly stained teeth. A grunt escaped his lips as he lifted the weights, then a louder grunt as he did it again. His sweat glistened off of his biceps and triceps, catching the gym's lights. His forehead had stopped sweating, though, the flesh looking

waxier and more pliant. Ever so gently, his brow bone seemed to be swelling. As it did, so too did his gums. His teeth seemed to protrude out a little, forcing his lips to mound over them like some sort of faint simian muzzle.

Thoughts came less and less frequently into Ethan's brain, replaced by impulse and instinct. Lifting weights felt good and it made him good. He was a good protector, a good mate. He grunted a little more, resisting the urge to reach up and scratch his chin as it itched. He kept curling his weights up and down, up and down, feeding the growing muscles that wrapped around his shoulders. Flesh that had merely contoured around muscled previously began to be defined by them. Peaks and valleys rose out from the flesh. Two diamond sharp points poked against the fabric of his tank top and the fabric even began to ride up, revealing his fit and trim stomach.

As Ethan's gums and even his teeth began to change, it was hard for him not to leave his mouth agape, breathing through it in and out. His eyes seemed a little duller, focused entirely on his workout. Each pump of his arms made them bigger. Unencumbered by any fabric, his biceps and triceps bulged, even making room for new, unnamed muscle segments to form. Not to be outdone, his shorts were tightening around thickening thighs. Muscles were fed by veins that spider-webbed across them, feeding their spontaneous growth. His calves inflated, his thighs thickened, and soon his shoes seemed to bulge and strain. Even the slightest twitch of his toes pushed them towards their destruction.

Shoelaces cut into cotton weave, stuffing, and then rubber. The laces snapped and the shoe unfurled like a flower blossom, but even that wasn't enough to relieve the pressure enough. The shoe continued to tear and snap, popping and breaking before a large, unruly, unusually wide foot burst forth. Ethan drummed his toes on the floor, flexing the arch of his newly enlarged foot, letting out another grunt of satisfaction. He began to flex his left foot, intending to do the same with it. There was an odd satisfaction with breaking through one's clothes. He flexed, flexed again, and then on the third time his left shoe tore as well. His long, thick, wide foot broke free. Tiny sprouts of hair had started to push out of his toes.

No thoughts came to Ethan about how strange his changes were. The only thing coming close was confusion as to why it wasn't happening faster. He kicked the remains of his shoes aside, putting his feet down on the gym floor. As they braced on the cool wood laminate, his toes stretched longer, his heels broadened and his arch heightened. Cells divided at an amazing rate, fueling the expansion of one ligament and tissue. His toenails seemed thicker, the patches of hair on his toe knuckles were prominent, and the invisible coating of hair on his legs began to take on the same blondish brown hue of his head. The vellus hairs thickened, darkening and lengthening. Likewise, the willowy invisible softness on his arms became a bit more coarse as his forearms were coated. While Ethan had been relatively hairless in most parts of his body, he'd always had ample pit hair. The plumes of thicker blondish hair began to stretch longer, growing wider, taking up more and more of his pit. It was as if it fed off of his sweat, imbued by his scent and aroma.

Ethan's grunts had become rhythmical, his beefy thick arms lifting the weights over and over hypnotically. His heart was racing now, pushing his blood to every extremity. Each pump of his arms made his cock harder, his pecs fuller and his brow bone tucker. A slight shadow had started to cast over his vision, obscuring his upward sight, but the cost was worth it. His eyebrows knit together, creating a bridge that crossed the space.

While it would have seemed like his expanding skull would have made more room for his brain, it was quite the opposite. The bone plates were thickening, not enlarging. Calcium and keratin was coursing through his body, feeding the growth. The pain from the straps on his tank top became too much until one snapped, the tendrils falling down, leaving the cloth draped over one shoulder. A dopey grin crossed Ethan's larger mouth and his thick unibrow did its best approximation of a double arched. Yes, that was good, easier for his mates to see him... but they could not see his best attribute, not like this!

A double thunk-clatter came as Ethan carelessly dropped the weights to the floor, standing up... and up... and up. His spine had stretched and his legs had lengthened. He was at least six foot six now. His cheeks had started to darken with the same willowy stubble that covered his arms and legs. A larger, more calloused hand reached down. A large thumb slipped under the hem of his shorts and he pulled. The fabric resisted which only made Ethan grunt before he tugged harder. Eventually the material gave up and tore, splitting down. Ethan's grip took his underwear with it, revealing a long, thick, veiny, bulging cock. It wobbled with the weight of its own arousal. Ethan eagerly grabbed a hold, curling his fingers around it as he gave it a pump or two, then three, then four. He watched the thick slab of meat ooze out longer, stretching on its own accord. It added several inches, already thicker than a can of pop.

Ethan grunted more as his brow bone continued to extrude from his forehead, his ears growing larger and rounder to match. His muscled shoulders took on a slight hunch and his hips popped and snapped as they shifted orientation slightly, making it easier to lope along. Ethan stood there in the gym, wearing only a tattered half strung up tank top, jerking off a colossal dick and standing atop two of the largest feet any patron had ever had. There were no thoughts of careers or futures, of jobs or destiny. All Ethan knew was that he was big and big was good, and he was alone and alone was bad. His hand slid back and forth over a foot of cock as he started to walk through the gym. Enlarged nostrils sniffed the air, picking up the tang of sweat and musk and stink. Yes, there were other strong males here. They would be his mate. Perhaps they all would.... But regardless of what happened, Ethan knew that he was going to be desirable to everyone. He was a capable hunter, a skilled gatherer, and he would prove it by fucking any competitor into submission.

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Attempts had been made over the years to modernize the clothing industry, but when it came down to it there was just no substitute for getting in there and seeing what fit. There were few reasons for two young men to be trying suits on, let alone so early in the day. The attendant had considered an early jump start on prom or perhaps the younger brothers to a wedding party, but the revelation that Greg and Zack were getting suits as they were newly inducted members of Zeta Theta Theta had resulted in the attendant excusing himself and asking for them to ask for him if they needed any help with anything.

Greg stood in front of the mirror, considering carefully. The navy blue suit jacket looked alright, especially the way it made his amber tie pop. His unruly brown hair and five o'clock shadow seemed out of place, but he'd be able to clean that up with a nice man bun and a barber's artful shave. Greg adjusted his tie and stood back, practicing a few facial expressions

from movies. He would have been more at home on the football field or in the mud, but there was a sweet irony for frat bros to dress up as gentlemen.

“How you doin’ over there bro?” Greg asked, trying to peek over into the other fitting room.

“How about you see for yourself?” The smooth voice of Greg’s friend came. Zack slipped out of the fitting room, adjusting his cufflinks and looking every bit the secret service agent. His short buzzed hair matched his black suit jacket over black undershirt, the high collar hugging his light chocolate neck. The glint of diamond studs sparkled from his ears. If he’d been rich enough to afford a fancy watch, it would have looked like he’d stepped right out of some sort of action movie. Greg let out a low whistle.

“Damn, man, I’m ready for a junior high dance and you out here ready for Hollywood!” Greg said. Zack chuckled and moved over, reaching up to help Greg with his tie.

“Some people go for that rough and tumble sort of look.” Zack said, re-doing Greg’s tie, trying to remember how it was supposed to go. Standing so close, Greg looked at Zack, noticing for the first time how far down the hair went on his cheeks. His sideburns had to be at least an inch and a half lower than his ear.

“Are you going for some chops and you didn’t tell me dude? It isn’t too late for me to go for a mullet.” Greg offered. Zack’s face scrunched up at that.

“I didn’t mean that rough and tumble.” Zack replied, shaking his head, “Sorry dude, I just can’t seem to remember how to tie a tie. I had it and it just went away.” he murmured.

“Relax, you got a lot on your plate.” Greg said, reaching up to do an acceptable job returning his tie around his neck. Zack remained there in close proximity. He’d been close enough to smell Greg as he failed at fixing his tie.. He’d been close enough to smell his woody, musky aroma.... Practically close enough to taste the salt on his skin. Greg was so strong, so honest and decent. He’d always be there for his brothers, but Zack wanted him longer than that. Zack wanted him forever. With a grunt, Zack shoved Greg against the wall of the fitting room.

“Dude, I’m so sorry, I didn’t-” Greg’s apology was broken as Zack lunged in and kissed him. Thick, plump lips worked his, massaging and wrestling them until they opened wide enough. Greg shivered as Zack’s tongue plunged into his mouth, dancing with his.

The two finely dressed fraternity brothers pressed tighter, Zack grinding his groin against Greg’s. At first it was gentle, subtle, but it soon became more insistent as he pushed forward over and over and over. Greg was a bit sloppier, a little less certain. When they finally broke for breath, Greg panted.

“Bro, I had no idea...” he murmured, though his eyes widened in shock as he looked up at Zack. While he had appeared to be a secret agent moments before, Zack now looked like something far different. The skin over his temples had gotten a bit paler as it stretched over a swelling brow bone. His mouth hung open as he panted, his teeth looking blunter and flatter. His nostrils flared, his nose widening a little. As Greg watched, Zack’s sideburns grew out longer and thicker into dark black bushy tufts. A soft mustache formed over his lips and he let out a grunt.

“Grog...” Zack slurred, his voice shockingly deeper. Greg reached out, resting a hand on Zack’s cheek, looking into his eyes.

“Dude, we’ll get you some help, we’ll figure out whatever’s going-” Once again Greg was interrupted by a powerful, demanding kiss, and this time he didn’t fight back. As Zack thrust

against him, Greg thrust back. It seemed shocking to him that he hadn't thought about this possibility before... He and Zack ate together, slept in the same room, partied together and studied together. How was it that he'd been fruitlessly chasing after women when the perfect partner was right there, one lofted bed away?

The sounds of their kissing and humping grew in pitch, the two wrapping arms around each other. The restraint melted away between them as they kissed, pressing tighter and rougher, muscled arms gripping each other as they clung close. The suits strained as the young men grew inside of them, stretching the collars around widening necks, filling out the chests with their swelling pectorals. Zack and Greg were making out passionately, wet and lewd sounds coming from their mouths as their tongue and lips went into overdrive.

To the credit of the store owners, the suits seemed to be holding up to the assault being applied to them. The knee of Zack's pant leg gave out first as the flesh beneath became too thick to contain. A hairy knee poked out, surrounded by a denser forest of dark black hair. Zack snarled, thicker lips curling into some sort of confused sneer of indifference before he grabbed Greg's wonderfully hairy head again.

Thick, calloused fingers sunk into Greg's growing mane. His hair spilled out of his head at a rapid rate, not just from the follicles on his scalp, but also from his face. The kiss they shared was ringed with wiry dense hair, surrounding their mouths and covering their cheeks. Inch by inch unspooled from his jawbone, curving down. Zack grunted and humped and ground, fumbling with his pants before he let them drop - or they would have if it hadn't been for his painfully erect member. It took a lot of focus to get his hand to work the button, but eventually Zack popped the pants loose the old fashioned way, the fly splitting as his engorged monster was revealed. Only a thin layer of boxers managed to contain his python. Greg reached down to remedy that, trying to pull the boxers free.

It seemed that with Zack's rapid growth, his curving ass cheeks and swelling balls had made the boxers cling to him with surprising zeal. Greg let out a low grunt, unable to think of any fitting words before he grabbed a hold of the pants and tugged at them once more.

In an instant Zack had gone from looking as though he could have been prom king to something else entirely. His brow bone had swollen and distended, elongating out over his eyes. A short bushy black beard crowned his face, but it was growing larger by the moment. His suit jacket seemed comical, especially when combined with his tree trunk of a cock and his balloon sized balls. Zack, it seemed, was no longer a man of many words. He grabbed Greg by the waist and turned him around, tearing off his pants in one fell swoop. He slapped the hairy, bubble butt that was revealed before he went in for the kill.

Greg let out a deep, resounding grunt of surprise and satisfaction as his depths were plumbed. Greg had no idea how big Zack was, but he felt stretched around him like a glove. Greg's fingers popped and snapped as they grew longer and thicker, hair sprouting from his knuckles. He slammed his hands against the sides of the fitting room, moving them around, making wild thumps. His face tingled as a thick, bushy, long beard grew out from shadow to forest in nothing flat. Every time that Zack rammed into him, it felt like the last shreds of Greg's humanity disappeared. In moments they had been reduced to hairy brutes with thick foreheads and large feet, their suits hanging off of them like someone had tried to dress an ape in formal wear and given up halfway.

“Is everything alright, we’re hearing unusual noises...” The attendant trailed off as he came around the corner, spotting the beast men. His brain had a hard time wrapping around it, looking at them. They were clearly his customers from before, and yet they weren’t. They didn’t even look human anymore. Part of him thought of the fables of werewolves and bigfoots, but this wasn’t quite that. If anything, they looked like... cavemen. The analysis had taken just a little too long, especially given the fact that the attendant’s brain was starting to slow. The dawdling was enough for Greg to smell another male, look up and spot him. He reached out with a big hand, grabbing the attendant, pulling him in. The squirming young man collapsed to his knees, letting out a surprised grunt as an incredibly fat cock was wedged between his lips, forcing his jaw wide. His eyes shot open as a hot, sticky mess was unleashed voluntarily from Greg’s shaft.

Even as Zack pounded his partner, Greg claimed the attendant. Thousands of citrine hairs glistened as they blossomed from the attendant’s cheeks, his eyes glazing over almost instantly. New hair knit together his two eyebrows as his forehead started to swell, and cum started dribbling out of the corners of his mouth until he took a gulp - and then another - and then another.

As the attendant suckled from his new alpha, he filled out his vest faster and fuller. The fabric strained over his growing body, his shoes groaning audibly as they warped and wiggled themselves off his feet. Greg buffeted between Zack and the attendant, fucking and being sucked at the same time. It felt incredibly right, giving him a purpose unlike any he’d ever known. In moments the attendant had caught up to the others, a shock of reddish brown hair framing his face and a beard tickling his Adam’s apple. The attendant grabbed a hold of Greg’s balls, massaging and fondling them as he drank his food, nourished and enriched by it.

While the designer-wear the larger cavemen wore had stood up to the use and abuse, the sound of tearing came as their newest recruit continued to grow. The shirt underneath his vest split and popped, little diamonds of hairy flesh peeking out until the buttons popped off and toppled to the floor. His sleeves tore out as his shoulders rounded and his loafers nearly ejected from his feet when the pressure grew too great. His black dress socks stretched, split, then tore as large toes emerged, wriggling. The attendant held onto Greg’s shaft with both hands, suckling and drinking with great joy and ease.

Zack grunted and howled, throwing his hairy head back and howling as he came, his huge cock quivering inside of Greg’s ass. The chain reaction started, sending the other fra bro over the edge as he came as well, doubling down the intensity of what he was feeding the attendant. Zack stumbled slightly, his fist punching through the plaster, leaving a powdery ring. He didn’t care. His job was to fuck and be fucked, and that’s all anyone could ask of him. Some dark recess of his mind flickered with the distant memory of their dorm mates. Their brothers would soon know the pleasure they shared, one way or another. Zack drooled happily, dark eyes glistening as he imagined the pleasure their tribe would have when they all awoke as cavemen.

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Seven hours... It had only taken seven hours to topple humanity. Gedge leaned against the back of the elevator as it descended into the bowels of the building, leaving behind the view

of the city. Skyscrapers were on fire, traffic had slowed to a stop. The army had made an attempt to impose order without any idea of what they were walking into. How there were cavemen and women wearing camouflage as well, turning humvees into love shacks. It was the same in countless other cities around the world. Gedge's reach was global, after all.

After what seemed like an eternity, the elevator shuddered and the doors opened up onto a long, sterile hallway. Some of the lights on the other floors had already started to flicker, but this level was independent of the main systems. Gedge's feet echoed as he walked down the hallway, slowing only to press his fingers against one of the hand scanners. The touch pad turned green and the door clicked, granting him access further inside. Gedge soldiered on, feeling the weight of the world pulling down on his body. Perhaps ending mankind as they knew it had exacted a toll, a price on him by proxy, but there was still one thing he had to do...

Near the end of the hallway, a portion of the wall was recessed, revealing a one way mirror. The room on the other side of it had clearly always been part of the office building, but it had been retrofitted as much as it could be to act as a bedroom. There was a twin bed covered with a messy pile of comforters and blankets, a dresser with drawers half opened and mismatched socks and shirts hanging out. Posters had been hastily taped to the walls and in the midst of it was a being that looked no more than eighteen or nineteen, at least if he had been human...

Nimble, agile green fingers manipulated the Playstation controller while glassy, solid black eyes took in the flashing colorful explosions on the screen. A shock of linen white hair spilled around his youthful face, while two long tear drop shaped furry bovine ears sloped downward from the sides of his head. Tiny horn nubs stuck up from his hair, curving innocently. The teenager was fit and lithe for the most part, wearing a tank top over his lime colored torso. His sheer basketball shoes seemed unnecessarily baggy, hiding the complex organ that dominated his lap. Gedge watched him play for a moment before he placed his hand on another scanner, opening the interior door. Clearly distracted, the teenager's attention split between the television and the opening door until he managed to pause his game.

"Father, I didn't expect you so soon..." The green skinned alien said, looking up in surprise. Gedge tried to smile, managing a small one despite feeling so incredibly tired. He moved into the room, opting to lower himself down onto the young man's desk chair.

"I am sorry, Alex. I should have come sooner more often. I am sorry for focusing so much on work." Gedge said. Despite the alien's lack of irises, his green eyelids narrowed over those deep, soulful black eyes, his lips pursing.

"What is it, what happened?" Alex asked, setting the controller down as he turned to look up at his father. Gedge shook his head, closing his eyes.

"It was time, I released it, Retrograde." he murmured softly. Alex's mouth hung open a little at that for a moment before he closed it again.

"I see. I know there was no other choice..." he said softly. Somehow that almost made Gedge feel worse. He looked at the young man he'd helped raise since his discovery in an Iowa cornfield, seeing the man he'd grown into.

"You said you had always wanted to see the world. Before, we couldn't risk what people might do or say if they saw you. They aren't as much of a threat now." Gedge considered. Alex's brows furrowed even more.

“Sure, because their tiny lizard brains will cope so well with a half alien, half cow gaymer.” Alex said sarcastically. This time Gedge actually did smile. He sounded so much like a normal teenage boy.

“Maybe you’re right, but you’re not a prisoner here any longer.” Gedge said earnestly. Alex lowered his head a little.

“I never felt like a prisoner, I knew you kept me here to keep me safe.” Alex said softly. The one thing that had gone unspoken was the fact that if Gedge was to leave the building, he would be just as much at risk from Retrograde as the other humans. All of this was Gedge trying to set him free. Alex weighed what his father had been saying with his own feelings, wrestling them back and forth.

“You’ll need to know what’s happening, especially once the last of the television and radio goes down. I could go on scouting missions for you.” He considered. Gedge looked up at that, feeling the first ember of hope in his heart. He’d been picturing Alex wandering off into the world only to disappear into legends of his own while he slipped into the twilight of his life.

“You think I can be trusted with whatever is left of humanity after this?” Gedge asked. Alex shrugged.

“I have to have someone I can talk with, I don’t think the cavemen are going to be good conversationalists.” Alex said. Despite his weariness, Gedge moved and knelt on the floor, hugging Alex. The green skinned alien blinked his big, dark eyes a few times before he closed them and returned the hug, his green arms holding his father close. Alex felt the weight his father was carrying for releasing Retrograde into the public, but Alex carried his own weight. It was his unique physiology that had made the virulent agent possible. His anatomy, his biochemistry, all of it had been used to make Retrograde what it was. It made him immune to its effects, but it also meant that he was responsible for every human that had devolved. Heading out into the world on scouting missions was the least he could do after he and his father had doomed the human race.