

“All right, ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for ‘Live in Luxury or Luxurious fur!’ The game show that has two contestants working together to answer questions for a cash prize of a million dollars each! That is if they can hold onto their humanity long enough to get to the end!”

“I’m your host with the keys to a new life for our contestants, Rick Jensen! As Game Master, I’ll be guiding these two through a world of questions, where a right answer gets you closer to a million, and a wrong one gets you closer to the zoo!”

“Here today we have our two contestants, Riley and Samantha, who will be playing for the top prize. Both contestants could walk away with a prize of a million dollars! Or, they might both walk away on all fours if they can’t answer the questions!”

Riley stood at his podium, feeling a mix of fear and trepidation as he gripped his buzzer a little tighter than intended. His other hand was tempted to play over the collar tightly wrapped around his neck, but he knew better. The intro music was playing a mixture of a jungle theme that made his heart race.

The cheers of the audience seemed to eliminate any traces of all the memory training he had done in preparation for this day. Every hour of the last few months memorizing trivia facts, learning about the world, science, math, and history, even watching every episode of this damned show, was almost erased due to his fear. How was he going to compete like this?

Riley resolved himself as best as he could. This was not a game he could afford to lose. Had he not been in such dire straits, applying to be on a show like this would be entirely out of the question. As it was, only the desperate and stupid were to be contestants on this particular program. And, right now, Riley wasn’t sure which of those applied to him!

Of all the game shows that still aired on television, this one was the most popular, for some reason. People really were sadistic, it seemed. It was one thing to watch themselves embarrass themselves on game shows for the amusement of others to win a cash prize. But this show was far more extreme, risking not only his money but his very humanity.

The game was simple enough on paper. Two contestants per episode, ten questions to the million. Yet, every wrong answer carried with it a ‘penalty’ that involved changing one part of the other’s body, totally, completely, into that of another animal. The changes were randomly generated, of course. That, apparently, added to the audience’s excitement. Sometimes someone was unlucky enough to have their heads or vocal cords change first, making it nearly impossible to answer any questions and forcing the other to transform until they were entirely an animal.

Yet, all that was part of the contract they signed to play the game. Why this was legal, Riley had no clue. Overpopulation in recent years had been a major issue for society as a whole. That, combined with the loss of many key species made life on the planet harder and harder as time and climate change carried on. The solution ended up being something that most could not have anticipated, much less fathom. Through manipulation of the stored DNA from thousands of species, it was discovered that the right nanite catalyst could transfer the genetic code of some species to others, thereby changing them into that animal. Completely, totally a different species from the one they had been born as.

At first, all of the tests were performed on animal subjects, to turn one common species into another rare or otherwise more useful one. The work carried with it so much promise. The ability to propagate any important species from those that were not functional for human purposes was more than the scientific community could have ever dreamed of. Morals, evidently, be damned. If they were all just animals, in the end, it didn't matter what species they started with and which they ended up as. Right?

Yet, there was an unexpected side effect of the change on non-human species. The mind, the last part to fully change, could not function within the instincts of another species. The animal either died instantly or suffered in agony against new, alien impulses along with its own. Hundreds of animals were killed for the purposes of further experimentation, wasted lives in an effort to make the world more suitable for humans alone.

However, when the process was used on a person, to change them into a non-human animal, the effects were not that severe at all. The human mind could, in fact, survive the shock of being exposed to new instincts and mentalities. Though they were largely dominated by their new drives, it was the human mind that kept the new body from going insane. Humans-turned animals were deemed fit for happy, high functioning lives, enough that further experimentation was not condemned outright.

At first, the application of this technology was very limited. It was usually those sentenced to crimes for life, those who would normally rot in the judicial system, who would be used as subjects. After all, those prisoners would make better use of their sentences in breeding programs or physiological experiments than taking up prison cells and taxpayer dollars. Hell, some even liked the new, carefree lives they were given, exchanging one humiliating prison for one that was objectively better.

The changes were apparently painless, thankfully. They could be controlled at the cellular level, made to target specific areas of the body, or sped up as the process required. Soon, there was major demand within the fashion industry for people who wished to sport real leopard skin coats. Eyes, teeth, fingernails, tails, and all sorts of body parts were modified to make people

more like animals. It might have only been for the super-rich, but was still something that some in society envied. People could even become hybrids between human and animal in some instances, though why anyone would choose to escaped Riley's imaginings. Still, if the change stopped at a certain point, it was totally reversible.

The only real downside was that a full transformation, one totally to a non-human animal, could not be reversed, not without major psychological damage to the victim. Most, if not all, who underwent a reversion to human form went mad from the loss of their instincts that had once melded seamlessly with their minds. Therefore, it was illegal to change someone back who had undergone a complete transformation, the result always requiring their eventual regression back to animal form.

Surprisingly, there were some people that decided to live as total animals, to willingly submit themselves for a new life. Those that were poor, destitute, diseased, or had lost all their family and friends would generally be among those to sign up. There was also the odd person who had always wanted to be a particular animal, for whatever sick reason. Why anyone with a happy life would choose to spend the rest of it as an animal in a cage was beyond Riley.

And then, there was the damned game show. 'Live in Luxury or Luxurious Fur'. People were fascinated with the displays of transformation technology, after all. It was all the rage, people deciding that some poor sods turning into animals would make good entertainment. They evidently got their pleasure watching the 'contestants' not knowing what animal they would become until they literally had tails sticking out of their backsides!

That was the real fear that almost kept Riley from applying in the first place. If he got to choose the animal, maybe it wouldn't be so bad. But to be turned into some random animal, to be forced into a cage with some changed woman he didn't know, and be forced to mate and bear offspring? What kind of life was that? It almost wasn't worth the risk, if he had any other option to escape his dire situation.

There was a wide variety of species that people had been turned into on the program. Not that life as any animal was preferable to his humanity. What if he ended up as a bird, or a fish, or a snake? He'd seen all of those animals as possibilities. Yet, if he had some other choice, then he wouldn't be on some godforsaken game show, with an all-or-nothing scenario that was rigged against him. He had no desire to risk a permanent transformation and lose his humanity. And yet...

In truth, Riley had very few options available to him. He was literally days away from being evicted from his apartment, with no family or friends to take him in. He no longer qualified for welfare services, having used up his allotment while trying in vain to obtain a new

job. On the verge of homelessness and despair, the only way to financially recover was to win the million from the show. That, or end up on the streets and wanting an animal life regardless, thinking it would be preferable to the conditions of squalor he would have to endure. It was a gamble, but with little other option, that was what he had.

“All right, let’s get to know our contestants a little. Samantha, if you had to be any animal, what would it be? Of course, you could very well end up as one by the end of the night!” Laughed Rick, along with the rest of the audience.

Riley really hated this part of the show. That pretentious asshole, Rick, always tried to spur on the guests with his poisonous rhetoric. Get them to chat it up, make things more personal to the audience members. As if he wasn’t destroying lives and careers with the distant promise of a quick cash grab!

Samantha, for her part, seemed rather nervous at the prospect of answering. Riley couldn’t ask her. Talking to each other was forbidden, after all. They couldn’t well be given the chance to come up with a strategy to win, after all! That would take the fun out of it for the audience, Riley figured. He had no idea who that woman was or why she was desperate enough to try. So few people actually won that Riley could count them on one hand. The odds were not in the favor of anyone desperate enough to try to play.

“Ummm, well, I’m vegan, and I spent a lot of my childhood at riding lesions, so, maybe a horse?” She asked, hopefully. It wasn’t too far out of the question, given the usual string of animals that people became on the show.

Samantha, for her part, had no desire to be here either. The idea of being an animal, almost any animal, was beyond her ability to conceptualize. But, she, too, was on the verge of losing it all. Her cheating boyfriend had kicked her out, he being the sole renter on the lease to the apartment they had shared. And now, flusey in his arm, there was no place for her in her old apartment. Living on the streets wasn’t a preferable option. And she had always been good at retaining random trivia facts. So, risking life as an animal seemed like a small price to pay for the chance to potentially turn her life around. Hopefully, she stayed human, or at the very least became an obligate herbivore!

“Well, let’s hope that either way, you’ll get to stay vegan!” Rick bantered, eliciting a slight smirk from the woman, seemingly relaxing her. He was skilled at that, Riley had noticed from watching rerun after rerun. He always chatted it up with the contestants until they started to change. Then, he really played into mocking them, teasing the new body parts that they were given until they were too animal to give in.

“Now, Riley, let’s ask you a question. Just between you and I. You see Samantha over there, right? What do you think? How do you feel about sharing a cage with her for the rest of your life, huh?” He said, making some members of the audience laugh.

Riley himself was disgusted. What a masochistic piece of shit to be asking a question like that! Riley wasn’t going to degrade himself in such a manner. He wouldn’t play any games other than the one with the chance for him to get a million!

“Well, I don’t have to worry about that if we win the game, now, will I?” He retorted, eliciting a chuckle from the Game Master and the audience in kind.

Samantha, hearing the words, felt herself relax a little. This guy, whoever he was, apparently wasn’t an asshole, like her ex. He had the decency to view her as more than a sexual object. If she had to spend life as an animal with any one, it was better to be with a decent human being!

“Well, now that we know a little bit more about our contestants, let’s explain the rules. If any of you are new, the contestants have to answer ten trivia questions consecutively to make it to a million. Each right answer lets you bank some dough, though you won’t see any of it with your hands until you reach the million!” The Game Master started with his usual lines.

“It’s all single answer trivia questions, with one right answer. Get it right, you move on to another question. Get it wrong, well, you all know what happens! The collars you’ve been given will activate, and a random part of the other person’s body will change over into an animal! Like the correct answers, ten wrong ones will fully convert your partner into an animal. What animal that will be...well, that’s a surprise! And you can’t win until both of you answer ten questions right, so I would think twice before changing your partner if I were you!”

“You’ve got thirty seconds to give me a correct answer before the collar activates and starts a change! After that, well, you know what happens! The more your partner changes, the less likely they’ll be able to answer, and the more likely that the two of you will walk away on all fours! And, as an added bonus, if you get the answer right but fail to answer in the allotted time, you’ll incur a minor penalty to yourself. Don’t worry too much, though! It will be something aesthetic, not counting towards your ten changes but enough to keep you on your toes, so long as you still have them!”

“Now in case some of your body parts to change don’t allow you to answer easily, we do take answers in other forms. You can write it out, shout it out, or try and growl it out, so long as it’s the right answer we will accept it! Just so long as we can tell what it is!”

Riley nodded, wondering how accurately he could give the answers if he lost his hands or vocal cords. Once those things changed, then it would likely be impossible for him to answer and thus would lose every round until their changes were complete. He'd seen it happen to many a contestant from watching reruns of the show. Some lost their voice first and were literally unable to answer a single question, being forced into an animal form without a chance to fight back!

“And there's one more catch, of course, that makes it so that kiddies at home shouldn't watch! If you lose, you'll be going into a breeding program, which means you're going to have to be amicable to each other to make sure you make some babies. Therefore, the female, in this case, Samantha, is going to go into heat as soon as the sex changes start. And Riley, you're naturally going to be inclined to want to make her a mother as soon as possible!”

“You're allowed to pause the game at any time and take some 'me time' with yourself or your new mate. Of course, when you do, you show us that you want to be in one of our state's many breeding programs, so that will trigger a change!”

“Now, you think it might be easy to resist, but you'll find that being an animal comes with urges that are nearly impossible to avoid! So, don't be afraid to give in to that wild side, or else you might not be able to think to answer any questions! A little breeding to clear the head, as it were. But not too much, unless you're looking for a lifetime stay at one of the country's premier wildlife breeding programs!”

Riley knew, of course, that the man's words were right. Most of the contestants did end up losing the game, succumbing to their new instincts, fucking and forcing the changes before they could focus on the right answers. It was nearly impossible to resist the animal instincts to mate once the changes had reached a certain point, triggering more changes and the eventual downfall of their humanity. A few were even literally so close to the edge after winning the game that they agreed to be brought to the zoo and have the changes finish so they could allow themselves to live in the new instincts that they had acquired. Riley was foolish to think that he would be the one person who could resist animalistic drives once they set in and not act like whatever animal he was becoming. But a desperate man would walk through hell barefoot for the necessary dollars to bring his next fix, as it were. And Riley was in desperate need of the funds.

“And, of course, any bad behavior or inappropriate conduct will also trigger a change! So, no swearing, shouting, or trying to take a swing at me or any of the audience! Also, no trying to remove your collars, or else! Not to worry though, they won't come off until I let them and you've won, or you get sent to your new lives as breeding animals! And, above all, no cheating! If you two so much try to use sign language towards each other then that counts as a penalty and you'll both change a little.”

“And if you really want to try and get rowdy, and some contestants do, I keep some former contestants of my own that I use as insurance. And also, of course, because they are so adorable! Everyone say hello to Eric and Jasmin!” He said, as two fully-formed adult cougars walked out on stage.

Both of the beasts roared for the attention of the crowd, to the excitement of the audience. Riley recalled seeing them both many times on the reruns he had watched in preparation for the show. He even watched the episode where they had been contestants. One of the earlier episodes, if he recalled correctly. If not the very first one.

That had been a frightening affair to watch. They barely lasted a round or two after the changes to their genitals. Worse, they seemed to enjoy the mating and changes enough that they agreed to be the game master’s personal pets, showing up in each episode thereafter. Their transition had been somewhat of an amorous affair, with them giving in and allowing themselves to change fully into cats as they fucked themselves into the new position. However they felt about the process before, they seemed to be a willing couple now!

With their presence on stage, it was unlikely that anyone would be able to get close to the Game Master if that was something they considered trying. There was more than one changing contestant to try it, and the cats kept them at bay with simple posturing that allowed the transformation to overtake them and then to be a zoo’s next inhabitant.

Rick Jensen continued his usual speech, once the oohs and awws for his cougar pets died down. “And, naturally, you’re not just playing for yourselves! Any money that you do win is yours, even if you end up in ‘luxurious fur’! Should you ‘lose’ your winnings will be donated to the breeding program that you’ll partake in, be it the zoo, farm, or sanctuary!”

Riley gave those last words some careful reflection. He didn’t want to be a fucking animal. Living in filth, being on display, and a slave to his base urges was the most depraved thing he could imagine. Yet, how was that much different than being homeless? Trying to beg for scraps, a pariah for all that came across him. In some ways, the idea of having a home in a zoo was preferable. At least he didn’t need to worry about dignity; animals had none, at least in human terms!

But that was not the desired outcome. Riley would do everything in his power not to live that kind of life. It was a slim chance, he knew. But there were no other options available. He sworn to himself to leave here on two legs, come hell or high water!

The crowd cheered again, making Riley’s ears burn. He was literally playing by putting his life, his humanity on the line for their amusement. Hadn’t they even the decency to act

shocked? No, of course, they didn't. The whole fucking lot of them likely got their jollies with shit like this. It was literally his fate on the line, but, to them, it was another day of mindless dribble, a break from boring, useless lives. What person could watch this show with a clean conscience? Even he had felt dirty watching reruns for the types of trivia questions asked and the moments that the contestants lost themselves to animal instincts. Though he had only been doing so in a bid to avoid that fate himself, he was nonetheless disgusted by it.

“Alright, with that all out of the way, we can get things started! Are both contestants ready?” Rick announced, more for the audience's benefit than their own. The game would start, whether the guests were ready for it or not.

Riley simply nodded, as did Samantha from the other side. They were separated only by a podium, perfect if they decided to cross over to become intimate with each other. The showrunners might as well have filled the spot with rose petals and clean bedsheets and serenaded them with romantic music! It was sick, depraved! But it was the game Riley had chosen to play. And he would do so against the wishes of the Game Master with the last of his humanity if need be.

“Y-yes!” Samantha answered, seemingly nervous. Riley couldn't blame her, after all. He was nervous as fuck as well. How could anyone feel calm in this situation?

“Well, I'm sure you're both excited to learn what animals you might become! But, as you likely already know, that's our little secret! Though, if you start to lose, I bet it will quickly become pretty obvious!” The Game Master laughed, along with the audience.

“Let's start things off with my new buddy Riley, here,” the Game Master said, looking down from his high stand at Riley, his two cats at either side of him. “Tell me, Riley, do you like trivia games?” He asked, in that child-like tone that made Riley want to vomit. This man was about to toy with his life and he was into idle chit-chat?!

“I like beating them,” Riley responded without missing a beat. If he was going to lose his humanity tonight, he wanted to go out with his comeback game on point!

“Well, then, Riley, let's see how you do with this first question,” the Game Master started, without missing a beat of his own. “Tell me, Riley, for \$50, where would you find the Sea of Tranquility?” He asked as the question came up on the screen with a thirty-second timer.

Riley went to open his mouth when he found the words didn't come out. It was an easy one, right? He knew it. It was...why couldn't he think!? The damn clock was ticking!



His mind raced all over the known oceans, trying to come up with the one place that would prevent him from changing. He had studied geography extensively, hadn't he? He knew the damn answer. He had the know the damn answer. If he couldn't even get this one right, how was he going to do the harder ones that he knew were coming?

The countdown was on, only fifteen seconds until the buzzer would go off and part of him would change into an animal. Helplessly, his gaze turned towards Samantha, hoping she might know the answer. But, that would be cheating, after all, a penalty that would get them both changed. He couldn't risk it!

Try as he might, Riley could not place where on Earth that sea was placed. Wait...sea...that didn't have to be one on earth, right? There were other seas in the solar system, weren't there? Like the one on the... moon!

"Moon!" He yelled out, almost forgetting to press his buzzer. He beeped it in, saying moon once more, calmly this time. He was sure that was the right answer, standing there confidently.

"The moon! That's the answer I have here! But..." Rick said, turning his gaze towards the clock. Riley had said the right answer but hadn't buzzed in under thirty seconds. He was slightly over the time limit to incur a penalty!

"I'm guessing by the look on your face, you know what that means! But don't worry though, just a little change to get you started!" Rick said, before pulling out a remote and pressing one of the buttons.

Riley felt a slight tingling on his neck from where a transformative solution was being pumped into his body. He wanted to tug at the collar, to prevent any change to his form. But, the moment he did that, then he would incur yet another penalty, and lose more of his human form. So, he was forced to allow the solution to enter his system, hoping to all hope it was not any changes to his hands or voice.

To his determinant, Riley could feel the skin around his nose starting to prickle, as though something was threatening to pierce the surface. Several dozen pinpricks seemed to erupt from the area all at once, making him sneeze from the sudden pressure. It was as though minute needles were piercing the skin, irritating as might be a bug bite. Yet, they didn't seem to stop as more and more started to make their way through!

Riley raised his hands to check, wondering if he was perhaps growing fur. Yet, the hairs were far longer than anything he would have expected. They had extended so much already that

he could see them in his periphery if he moved his eyes enough. They seemed to stick out straight, leaving plenty of skin between them as they continued to spread forth like the world's fastest-growing weeds.

At last, the tingling seemed to cease, and Riley reached up to touch the tips, wincing as he did so. Whatever they were, they were sensitive as hell! Could Riley have grown...whiskers? Was this what having whiskers felt like?

“Well, now, those do look fetching on your face, Riley! Why don't we use one of the cameras to let you have a closer look!” Rick said, drawing their attention to one of the screens in the large room. Riley looked up, wincing at the sight of his slightly chubby body on screen in view of everyone. Worse, it seemed that several dozen sharp whiskers had erupted on his face, spreading outwards almost to his cheeks. He had the whickers of an animal!

Riley resisted the urge to reach up and touch them, not wanting to feel them once more. It was hard to tell what exactly species they were from. Lots of animals had them, after all. But, it was likely a mammal of some kind. Something with hair that he would soon be covered with if he didn't get it together!

Yet, messing up the first question titled him in a way that he wasn't sure was possible to recover from. It felt as though the idea of trying to answer any question, no matter what kind, would make him ill to his stomach. He didn't want to be here, didn't want to be turning into a fucking animal!

The announcer's word's jarred him out of his stupor as he looked over towards Samantha, who was hovering over her buzzer with trepidation. It seemed that, in the face of seeing a change to her counterpart, the reality of her situation was not lost. Still, she had a look of determination on her features that Riley could not help but find admirable. He sincerely hoped she would get it right and not be the cause of additional changes!

“Well, Sam-can I call you Sam? Are you ready for your first question? For \$50, can you tell me what fissures, vents, and plugs are all associated with? I'm looking for the geological feature!”

“Umm...it's...volcanos?” Samantha asked, ignoring the question about her name. The nickname 'Sam' was always one she loathed, and the notion of being called that for the last time she would be human did not sit well.

She knew the answer, of course. It was fairly simplistic. But to actually try to piece it together in the time frame was a daunting prospect. How was she going to make it through ten of these successfully, possibly while dealing with animal instincts all the while?

“TTTHHAAATTT’S right! Good job! Though, I bet Riley’s a little disappointed, wanting to know what animal his new whiskers belong to!” Rick declared, and Riley felt himself sinking down behind his podium. Part of the man’s words, twisted as they were, rang true. He did have a morbid fascination with what would be his fate.

“ALLLRight Riley, it’s time for your next question! Which African country was formerly known as Abyssinia?”

Riley looked down at the buzzer, dumbfounded. The words raced through his mind over and over, but no answer came to his mind. Had he ever known the answer to that? Was the answer deep in his psyche?

“ANNNNDDD time’s up! The answer was Ethiopia! So sorry Sam! Well, on the plus side, you’ll get an idea of where in the zoo you might end up if you lose!” Rick said, without any hint of sympathy for what he was doing to their lives.

The sensation of the collar buzzing flowed over her, and Samantha felt a prickling over her back, making her want to scratch. What started as a slight tingling soon erupted into an intense irritation, as though her skin were crawling with insects. It centered in her shoulders but soon moved backward, running down her skin all the way to her coccyx.

Even without taking off her shirt, Samantha knew what was happening. She tried her best not to squirm, not wanting to show the audience the transformation plaguing her back. She was clearly growing her own coat of fur, though it was impossible to say where it would end. She had watched the show several times, and the changes, though ten in all, were largely unpredictable in terms of intensity.

The itching continued to run down her back, prickling more intently as the seconds ticked by. It was as though every inch of her skin was being covered with the meddlesome fur. The urge to scratch was almost irresistible, but Samantha put her hands on the board to try to force them to stay still. She couldn’t imagine debasing herself in such a manner, not this early in the game!

“What’s wrong, Sam? You can go ahead and scratch that itch. It might not be the only itch for you to scratch today!” Rick said, bringing with him audience cheers.

Samantha shuddered at that, not wanting to give an inch. The hair was a little on the long side, though that was all she could tell through her shirt. The temptation to pull off her shirt and see what kind of fur was growing was almost maddening. But she dare not. It would be best if they could get through the rest of the questions without any unnecessary distractions. Besides, there was no need to debase herself in front of everyone in the audience, not when she could avoid it!

“I’m...good. No need,” Samantha eventually replied, keeping her hands on the board despite the maddening need to scratch at her growing fur. Maybe she could get away without tipping her hand and showing that she’d changed at all. It was foolish, she knew. They had to be able to see the pepperings of fur under her shirt on her back. But, she did carry a stubborn streak.

“Well, I’m sorry you can’t get a full view audience, but I’m sure that if Riley isn’t on the mark with his answers you’ll see her fur coat in full before the night’s out!” Rick said, sounding a little disappointed for the crowd, it seemed.

“It’s time for your next question, Sam! For \$100, can you tell me the name of the animal that makes pearls! Come on, don't be shy! But, I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to give Riley his own coat of hair!”

Samantha was starting to get more than a little annoyed at this point. Didn’t this asshole know that only destitute people played the game? People whose homes were bought up by private corporations to be turned into luxury housing for the super-rich? The government did nothing about it, of course. People like Samantha were left by the wayside all the time, forced to spend every meager cent of their wages on housing lest they become homeless. And that was the irony of it, wasn’t it? They needed houses to keep working the jobs that allowed them to barely keep a roof over their heads.

No. Of course, Rick knew what he was doing. That was the point, wasn’t it? To prey on the desperate and draw them in for the crowds to watch. Nothing more than entertainment, no different from the gladiators of old, fighting for their very lives to simply be a spectacle. Though, instead of being eaten by a lion, these people were just as likely to be turned into one!

Still, it would not be this question that would be her undoing. As much as she loathed the fur on her back, she knew it was not Riley’s fault, not really. The two of them were in this together, after all.

With plenty of time on the clock, she answered quickly. “Oysters,” knowing for sure it was the right answer. For her, and any other trivia buffs, that was an easy one. Many of the questions were of that caliber, she knew from watching reruns. It wasn’t the difficulty that got

you, though there were plenty of oddball questions thrown in at random intervals. The idea was to get the contestants changing so that they would have a hard time answering even easy questions. That was how they damned so many to bestial fates, after all.

“That’s absolutely correct! You’ve been watching the show in your spare time, haven’t you? Be honest. Do I look as good on camera as in person?” Rick asked though Samantha did not smile.

“That’s alright, I know how handsome I am!” Rick said, with another laugh from the audience. This man’s showmanship was on point, even if it was sickeningly self-indulgent.

“Well, so far that’s a great showing from Samantha! Just eight more to the million! Riley, you’ll have to keep up if you don’t want to spread that fur over her and then yourself!” Rick said, turning back to the mostly-fully human man.

Riley felt himself sweat, knowing that he was doomed to force Samantha to lose more of herself if his rotten luck held up. Though he watched the show on multiple occasions, there were too many categories for him to have studied all the knowledge. True, the questions did tend to swerve towards things related to animals. But, even then, there were millions of things the man could ask him. And, there were always the more oddball questions, ones even a trained mind would have no way of easily knowing.

Taking a deep breath, Riley prepared himself as best as he could for the next words to come out of the man’s mouth. There was every chance that he’d end up giving Samantha more fur, or worse, in the next few minutes. But, he was in too deep now to escape. Quitting was not permitted, lest they forfeit their humanity on the spot.

“Alright Riley, for \$100, can you tell me what part of the atom has no electric charge?” Said the Game Master, as though waiting with bated breath for the answer.

Riley breathed a sigh of relief at that. Finally, an easy one! Something his high school chemistry could easily solve, let alone from all the months of researching trivia over the internet. Without hesitation, Riley opened his mouth to speak. He couldn’t afford to second guess himself, lest he said the wrong thing and damn Samantha to more animal fur or worse!

“Neutrons!” Riley blurted out, as though his life depended on it. In some ways, it did. Or, at least his humanity did!

“That’s right! Riley’s back in the game! It’s a shame though. I think Samantha would look good with more fur, don’t you all?” The Game Master said with a chuckle that spurred the rest of the crowd to start cheering.

Riley felt his face flush with anger at that. How dare they mock her in such a way!? He barely knew Samantha but assumed she was likely going through something similar to end up in this situation. It pissed him off to see either of them mocked for their desperation.

But, there was no point in showing his anger, at least not in the way he wished to. Any such outburst would result in a penalty of change. He couldn’t even get near the Game Master with those cougars around him. Fuck, if Riley didn’t step up his game he was going to end up an animal just like them!

Turning back to Samantha, Rick the Game Master smirked before opening his mouth to speak. “Well, Sam, looks like it’s back to you! Will you keep up that winning streak? Or would you like to give your new friend a lovely new pelt of his own! Let’s find out with this question!”

“For \$1000 can you tell me the largest organ in the human body?” He asked, leaning over the podium with arms crossed, waiting for the answer.

Samantha froze for a moment, needing to think it over. What was the largest organ in the human body? The heart? Lungs? Did he mean in weight or in surface area? Sadly, there was no option to ask for clarification on the questions before she answered them.

The clock ticking, Samanta knew that she had to make a decision. It wouldn’t do to let the clock count down like that, damning them both anyway. There was no extra penalty to get the wrong answer, after all. A guess was better than nothing. Just as she went to open her mouth, an old anatomy quiz came to the forefront of her thoughts. It had been a trick question of sorts, but it was the same, if not similar, to the one that she had just been asked. There was one organ that was both largest in surface area and volume. Duh. How could she have forgotten?

“Skin!” She blurted out, perhaps louder than she had intended. Still, she wanted nothing more than to get this damn game over, and her nervous reaction would surely be the least embarrassing thing that would happen to her tonight if either of them changed more.

“Skin! Is right!” Said the Game Master, mocking her quickness and tone. Samantha was embarrassed beyond belief at that. She wanted to start crying for being humiliated in such a way. But, it wouldn’t do to fall victim to the man’s games. She had to keep her composure, lest he used that as a weapon against her.

“Alright, with that we are on the fourth round! Samantha is in the lead with \$1000 and Riley is still *mostly* completely human, but the game could go either way! It could even be both of your games, depending on whether you want to live in luxury or luxurious fur!” The man said, making both contestants groan internally. Bad enough they had to risk turning into animals for the rest of their lives. But did they really have to deal with the terrible puns?

“With that, let’s turn things back to Riley! For \$1000, can you tell me which two countries share the longest international border?” The Game Master put forth, as though a teacher asking the class a question. Riley was even a little tempted to raise his hand!

He knew the answer to this one, of course. It wasn’t a hard one, something he’d had to know for grade school. “The Canada-US border,” Riley replied, quickly. He was confident enough to get back on track, not worried that it was a common trope for the game to be a little easier before getting more difficult and ensuring some of the changes went through. He would have to be on his toes if he didn’t want to punish Samantha any more than he already had.

“That’s...absolutely correct!” The Game Master said, to the boos of the crowd. Though they did make Riley angry, he wasn’t ready to respond. This was par for the course in the game show, after all. Everyone came here to see him fall from humanity. The biggest spite he could give them would be to stay human!

“Well, that’s Riley’s fourth question answered, let’s see how Sam fares with hers! Alright, Sam, for a whopping \$4000, can you tell me what animal is part of the Porsche logo?”

Samantha’s heart skipped a beat as the man’s words left his lips. A Porsche was a type of car, but she knew next to nothing about vehicles. She’d never even driven before, cars being the luxury as they were. Such things were above her station, and she’d had no automotive interests besides. How was she supposed to answer the question? And if she got it wrong...

Wracking her brain while trying not to pay attention to the clock, Sam found herself wondering how to answer. She needed to take a guess. Saying nothing would damn them anyway. She had to think! What animals were on car logos?

“A jaguar?” She asked, hopefully.

“Ah, I’m sorry, but the answer we were looking for was horse! Jaguar was its own automotive company, I’m afraid. Let’s see how the wrong answer will affect your partner going forward!” The Game Master said, to a chorus of applause.

Riley's blood went cold at that. Lost in fear, Riley barely noticed an intense itch that started playing over the backs of his hands. Reaching down to scratch at it, Riley was met with a startling sight as black hairs rose from the backs of them like fast-growing weeds. They continued to slowly pierce the skin, peppering his flesh all over until it was harder to see his humanity in some places. Riley stared in horror at the time-lapse display of fur slowly moving up his arms and over his shoulders. Riley was growing hair like an animal!

The black hairs quickly obscured his human skin, leaving little left visible. Riley was scared to touch them as they slid over his arms, itching fiercely as they soon made up the underlayer of a coat of fur. There was every chance that his attempts to touch them might result in spreading the changes over more of his body, giving him two sets of changes and damning him further into a bestial existence. Therefore he was forced to suffer the irritation as his arms were coated in a fine layer of fur.

It was impossible for Riley not to ponder the kind of animal that the hairs belonged to as they slowly obscured the rest of the skin. Black hair and whiskers could be any number of animals, though it did narrow it down significantly. Some sort of cat, maybe? A weasel? Why didn't he do his research on animals when trying to memorize trivia facts? It didn't seem important when he was focused only on the possibility that he wouldn't be changing at all!

Eventually, he gave in to the temptation and slowly caressed the coat of fur his arms now possessed. The hairs were short, and soft, though Riley felt a little uncomfortable touching them. The idea of hands on his skin made him uneasy. It was like it would make it real. And as much as he didn't want it, there was no denying the warmth and prickling of hair growth as it steadily covered the skin all over her arms.

"Well, folks, I hope that narrows it down for you all! But if it doesn't, well, we will have to wait and see what happens when the next person gets a question wrong! Let's not keep the audience in suspense, shall we?!" The Game Master declared.

"Now, Riley, don't mess this up for Samantha because she gave you some lovely fur! I personally think it goes wonderfully with your whiskers!" Rick said, pissing off Riley more. Still, he knew he had to keep his composure lest he incurred one of the game's penalties. The later the game went on, the more likely Rick was to call them out on something on a whim just to spark a change!

"Alright Riley, for \$1000, can you tell me what author became famous for his six-volume biography of Lincoln?"



Riley felt his blood run cold at those words. He hadn't even heard of that series of books, let alone who would have authored it! Most of the literature trivia questions in the past episodes had been relatively obvious. How had he gotten asked something like this?!

"Now, now, Riley, the clock is ticking! Don't take too long, or else Sam will have a tail to tell!" The Game Master said, looking down at his screen. "Oops! Spoilers! Though, I don't think you have long to wait. Let's see, three, two, one! Time's up!" Rick declared, looking over at Samantha as he pressed the button to activate the next of her changes.

"By the way, the answer we were looking for was Carl Sandburg! But that doesn't matter now, since you didn't get it right and you've set your friend on her path to becoming an animal!"

At that, Samantha felt the familiar tingling running through her with more fear than she'd ever experienced. It was one thing to grow fur, something that remained hidden under her shirt. But if she was really about to grow a tail, like Rick suggested...

A tingling sensation similar to the fur growth started to focus itself on her backside, where she perceived to be her tailbone. Samantha immediately reached back to touch it, not concerned that she was being watched by millions of people. Raising her shirt up, her fingers braced against something unfamiliar. Where her tailbone should be was a nub, sticking out of her spine! The warmth of the growth ran through her body as the bones in her spine twitched against the skin, rubbing them in a way that almost made her feel ill. It was almost as though the bones underneath the skin had popped apart, their fragments creating an ever-thickening bump that worked to force its way from her backside.

Samantha gasped as the bones started to restructure, the fragments multiplying and filling in with calcium as they shoved her new appendage outward another inch. Trembling hands could not keep from rubbing it as the aches of its growth made her moan. It didn't hurt, not really. But she couldn't help but hold on to the growth, needing to work out the kinks that were powerfully discomforting.

The growth was about an inch now and still extending, as much as Samantha wished she could push it back into her spine. Part of her wondered why it didn't force its way out faster. It had to be her own perception of the change, she was sure. Yet, the nature of the show could also explain its slow but steady development. The program would only last about ten minutes for all the questions to be answered. The slow, drawn-out changes made it the two-hour spectacle that drew so much audience attention!

At three inches now, an intense itching started playing over the flesh, tickling her fingers as she ran them over it. The sensation was familiar now after having experienced the fur that had

covered her back. Prickling continued to play over the base, spreading from her back and teasing the fringes of the growth, the texture soft as she rubbed at it. Yet, it was impossible to admire it at all with the knowledge that it was to be a part of her now!

Riley watched the formation of Samantha's tail with a queer sort of interest. He was shocked when the color of the fur seemed not the same as his own but much lighter, a yellow or orange. Why would the colors be different if they were both to be the same species? It didn't make any sense! Unlike his own black fur, the orange shade was very familiar, though, in his panic, Riley couldn't quite place the species. It was a mammal to be sure, and few had such a coat color, but...

“Alright ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the first commercial break! And you know what that means! Cast your bet about what species our lovely contestants will become, and win a special prize. A weekend with our two lovely fancy felines here!” He said, pointing to the two cats, who roared in response.

Samantha had a hard time hearing the man's words as her tail continued to slip out of her spine, thickening from the base as it did so. The tip was moving now of its own accord, sending sharp electrical tingles up her spine that threatened to make her moan. She wanted more than anything for it to stop but seemed to currently have little control of the unruly thing as it inched its way through her hands. More bone shoved its way through the appendage as it began to articulate in several places, making her prickle with disgust. The more she felt its development, the more she realized that the thing was attached to her now, as much as her arms and legs.

Riley, meanwhile, was fixated on the two cougars and the 'prize' that the lucky audience member would win for correctly guessing their species. He had always found that a little weird. Was that actually a prize? Presumably, to spend a weekend with his cats, the winner would have to be turned into a cat themselves. For what? Sex? Riley shuddered at that possibility. No new pets ever showed up on stage, but still...

The brief reprieve from the TV camera was little consolidation. Samantha was still growing her tail, orange and yellow fur covering it to the tip as it stretched out to one meter in length. It was the blossoming of shades of black in rings at the tip of the tail that gave away their species. The already orange fur started to turn black in some places, forming what looked like hollow rosettes all the way towards the tip. Few species had such a distinctive coat. It was obvious that Samantha was turning into a jaguar or a leopard, though he wasn't sure which!

Riley could barely hear the words of the Game Master telling them to get ready for showtime once more, lost in thoughts as he was. A big cat? Surely, there were worse animals than they could be. But the idea of being a cat, even one as lovely as either of those options, was

beyond his ability to fathom. He didn't want to be any animal, damnit! And he had already suffered through two changes while subjecting Samantha to two herself. Starting the game at such a disadvantage almost always led to loss on the unfortunate victim, if any of the reruns he had watched were an indication!

But then, what was *he* becoming? Some other kind of cat? He had to be. But what cat had a black coat like this? A panther? Why were they becoming different species? This hadn't happened on the show before!

“And welcome back! You're just in time to see Sam's new tail in full! Well, would you look at that! The cat's out of the bag now!” The Game Master said, with a barking laugh that stirred up the audience but made Riley's blood boil. How dare they treat her life, her humanity like some sort of game?!

“I think it's obvious to our lovely contestants that they'll be turning into big cats. Of course, sometimes it's easier to tell earlier on what one will end up as!”

“Well, it's time to ask Samantha her next question. But before I do that, Sam, what do you think about turning into a big cat? Is that something that appeals to your feline fancy? Or do you want to try and go for that million?” The Game Master asked with no hint of remorse.

Samantha, for her part, said nothing. The idea of turning into an animal was not something she relished. She had always admired the big cats from afar, loving their beauty, as many did. But to be one? It wasn't a bad animal, all things considered. But she would be remiss for letting herself lose focus, no matter what animal she risked becoming.

“And you said you were a vegan before now! Oh well. I'm sure that the taste of meat will be more appealing the more questions Riley gets wrong!”

Samantha was left speechless at that. It hadn't even occurred to her before now. As a cat, an obligate carnivore, she would be forced to eat only meat that had been killed specifically for her. The thought made the nearly lifelong vegan nearly vomit right there. How could she not have foreseen this as a possibility? It took everything she had not to let tears fall from her face.

“Nothing to say? Well, that happens sometimes! Maybe she's thinking it over, audience! Well, we'll soon see one way or the other! Here's your next question! Which is the only American Football team to go a whole season undefeated, including the Super Bowl, and what year was it?”

Samantha froze once more at that. First cars, and now sports? These were not her areas of expertise. A name came to mind, though part of it had to do with the answers generally being animal-related. Still, it was better than nothing, and if she didn't answer at all, she was just as likely to give Riley his own tail!

"The dolphins?" She asked, hopefully. The answer seemed to sit right, as best as she could tell.

"Is that your final answer?" Rick asked, to which Samantha only nodded her head. She didn't know enough to give another answer, not without cheating, at any rate.

"Well...that's...partially right! We were looking for the Miami Dolphins, and we would have given it to you...but you didn't give us the year, which was 1972! Sorry!" He declared, turning to Riley with a smug expression on his face. "And your loss is Riley's gain, assuming he wants to be a cat of course!"

Riley froze as the now-familiar shock of the collar went through his body, centering on his tailbone and making him reach back reflexively. To his shock, his fingers soon met a protrusion of skin, a warm bump that felt as though it was swelling with the broken fragments of bone reforming under his touch. The realization hit Riley like a ton of bricks. He was about to grow his own tail!

Unlike Samantha, Riley was unable to stifle his own moan as his new appendage continued to poke its way out of its backside. He could feel the nerves running through it, making Riley certain that it was to be a part of him now. A light peppering of hairs started to play over his back, coating it in what he believed to be the same short, black fur that adorned his arms. He really was growing the tail of some sort of animal. A big cat, if the pattern held true.

A shiver went through Riley's spine as the tip of the two-inch tail started to twitch of its own accord, as though excited to be growing. Its tip was rounded, swaying this way and that as soon as the joints and muscles swelled within to make such a motion possible. The tickling of hair growth ran all the way to the rounded tip, almost making Riley nauseous.

Soon, his new butt appendage was long enough for Riley to look back and see it. It hung off his backside like a fifth limb, curving reflexively as more of it shoved its way out of his spine. He could feel the weight of it on his back, now sure that it was no dream. His black-furred tail seemed to be a little longer than Samantha's, though it was impossible to say.

What was he becoming? The tails seemed to belong to a cat of some kind, though the color pattern was so far removed from Samantha's own. Besides, Riley lacked the signature spots. So then why...?

Realization slowly began to dawn on him as Riley reached down to inspect the black shades of the fur on his arm. He hadn't noticed it before, more concerned about the fur's growth than its actual composition. It took him a few moments of running his hands through it to realize that there was a slightly darker shade in certain places, seemingly patterned in a series of rosettes if Riley looked hard enough. Was he maybe imagining things, trying to envision what he expected was there? Or did he really have the same spots that were so visible on Samantha's coat?

A dim memory came back to his mind just then, one from a nature show he'd indulged in his youth. He was turning into a panther, he was now certain. But then, panthers weren't really a species of cat on their own, were they? They were simply a mutation in color pattern and melanin production, one that happened in nature from time to time. A panther was just a jaguar with an all-black coat!

"Oh, it seems like Riley has it all figured out! What do you think you're changing into, Riley?" The Game Master asked as the audience all quieted down, as though waiting for the answer.

Riley wanted to stay silent, not willing to debase himself by guessing. But it seemed that he had no choice but to respond, lest the Game Master invoked some kind of penalty for him not following along.

"Umm... a panther? Jaguar, rather?" He replied, trying to keep the nervousness out of his voice. In truth, he was scared as hell. A big cat wasn't that bad of an option if he had to pick. But it was still not a life he wanted if he could help it!

"A jaguar, eh? Well, that's right! You know, a lot of people get them mixed up with leopards. For those who don't know, jaguars have small spots inside of the rosettes, like what you can see on Samantha's tail if you look really closely. Also, jaguars have rings at the tip of the tail, whereas leopards have spots. Both cats can have differences in melanin production, giving those special few an all-black coat like the one Riley has the start of! Either he knows his cats, or took a lucky guess!"

"If anyone guessed jaguar, you can have a weekend with my feline friends at the end of the next commercial break!" But for now, let's focus on poor Riley, here. What do you think about jaguars, Riley? They are beautiful cats, though not as beautiful as my cougars! Though, I

might be a little biased,” Rick said, motioning to his cats. They seemed to share the sentiment, rubbing against his legs and nearly knocking him over with their powerful muscles. Though, it seemed they knew exactly how much to push their master without hurting him.

“It doesn’t matter how I think about any animal if I leave here human,” Riley said, in defiance. If he was going to lose his humanity, he was going to do so on his own terms. Riley had struggled with having almost nothing for all of his life. All he had to hold onto was his determination, his will to keep pushing on. And even though this damned game show was a last resort of sorts, he was still determined to keep up his fighting spirit as best he could. The alternative was too much for him to bear!

“Hoho! Well, I like your spirit! But let’s see if you can put your money where your mouth is and answer this question for \$4000! Who invented the bidet?” The Game Master asked, not missing a beat with his repartee. He really was a master of wit, the perfect sadistic personality for this kind of depraved show.

As determined as Riley was, this was another one of those hardball questions. He barely even knew the word, let alone who made it. It was hard to fathom the inventor of every piece of technology that ended up only being used by the rich or the privileged in their current society.

Riley had little choice but to stand there, silent, wracking his brains and trying to come up with the answer. He had thought himself a trivia buff, but in such a situation, how was it possible for him to know every answer to each question that came his way? That reality was maddening, making him fear for his future more than anything he could recall.

Saying nothing, the counter eventually hit zero, leaving Rick to mock concern. “Oh, I’m sorry! Maybe with just a few more seconds, hmm? Well, the answer, in case you wanted to know, is Christophe Des Rosiers! Such an important invention. But not one Samantha is ever going to be able to use if Riley fails to answer a few more questions! Let’s see what this next change will do to Samantha!”

Samantha looked over at her teammate with a look of contempt and disappointment. She knew it was hard to get the questions right, she had been there herself. But she didn’t want another change so soon after growing a tail. True, it was a relatively benign change, especially since it didn’t interfere with the process of answering questions or even her human thoughts. Still, she didn’t want any more reminders that by the end of the night, she might turn into an animal, a cat, a predator.

It was a mixture of fear and relief when the prickling started playing over the upper arms, teasing the skin through the fabric of her sweater. It was already powerfully hot from the fur that

had covered her back, and it was getting even worse as the minutes ticked on. The same feeling was playing over her shoulders, down her arms, and teasing the backs of her hands. Clearly, it was the continued growth of a coat of fur, similar to the one that Riley possessed.

Samantha did her best to keep her sweater on, not wanting to succumb to the heat that was playing over her body. It was powerfully tempting to rip off right there and alleviate the discomfort of spotted jaguar fur poking between the follicles of her already-present arm hair. The tickling was spreading lower now, the patch of fur on her back racing downward across her shoulders, blossoming into a shorter pelt that likely soon eliminated visible traces of the skin. The peppering of orange hairs on the backs of her hands made her freeze for a moment as they soon gave the skin its own soft coating.

Though it was terrifying that each instance of changes was random, worse was that the degree that each wrong answer would alter them was uneven. Even though she was just growing fur, for now, there was every chance that next, her chest could compress, her shoulders could flatten, or, worst of all, her fingers could shrink into the beginnings of paws! There was no way to know, and that truly scared her deep down.

All the while, black rosettes blossomed across the skin before forming black-furred spots that seemed to accent her fur in random patterns. She was likely growing those damn black speckles inside of them, but she refused to pull up her sleeves and look. However, like Riley, she needn't have worried, at least for now. Though every inch of the backs of her hands soon had a light dusting, the itching didn't seem to be spreading any further down her chest.

Yet, the prickling against the fabric of her sweater was almost maddening, reminding her of the heat that the fur along her back had caused as well. She was sweating profusely, creating stains on the underarms of her shirt and breasts. It was surely an uncomfortable sight, though, sporting a tail as she was, it hardly seemed fair for onlookers to judge the way her body was responding. Still, Samantha felt shame that she was not in her best way as the irritation of growth finally subsided somewhat.

Stubborn as she was, Samantha had no intention of taking off her shirt, even though her bra was still on to cover her womanly assets. The notion of stripping down to expose the animalistic elements was appalling. She would suffer as long as needed, the discomfort reminding her that she wanted, needed, to remain human and win the cash prize to get her life back on track!

“Well, Sam, it looks like you have more of your lovely jaguar pelt! Still don't want to show off the fur on your body? That's OK. If Riley can't answer his next question we might be seeing it soon!” Rick declared before pulling out his next question for her. “Let's move right

along, shall we? For \$4000, Sam, can you tell me what term for an institution of higher learning comes from a Latin word meaning ‘the whole?’”

Samantha did have to think about it for a moment, much to her chagrin. Still, it seemed like it would be an easy one. It was about time that one of the questions was. There were only so many institutions of higher learning that it could be, and she was familiar with this one from her studies.

“A university!” Samantha declared, perhaps a little more proudly than she’d intended. Still, when faced with such a scenario, taking pride in herself was the human thing to do. It distanced her from the inevitable fate of being an animal if she allowed herself or Riley to slip up!

“That’s correct! An easy one there, for you. Don’t want you to put Riley on all fours too soon, well, unless that’s what he’s looking for! We don’t judge, here, do we?” The Game Master asked his pets, who responded by rubbing up against him. For their part, they had been eager to act like cats once they were fated to be so, it seemed.

“Well, that being the case, let’s move right along back to Riley and keep this game interesting! Riley, for \$4000, can you tell me who the inventor of the vaccine is? I won’t give you a hint, but I’ll give them a big shout-out for making the technology in our serums possible so that we could be here today having so much fun!” Rick declared, to cheers from the audience.

Riley breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that answer with great confidence. “Louis Pasteur,” he said, confidently. Now was the time to get back in the game, and to trust his intuition and go for it.

“That’s absolutely right! Good job! One of my personal heroes! Wouldn’t even be in the show business without him,” Rick said with a wink. The audience got a good chuckle out of that one.

“Alright, Sam, let’s keep the ball rolling! For \$16,000, can you tell me the only mammal that has no vocal cords? If you didn’t already know you were turning into jaguars, then it might be an animal you were becoming! Whoops! That’s one species that’s out of the running!”

Samantha thought about it for a moment. It seemed more the answer to a memorized trivia question rather than something to think about. She just needed to recall that answer...



“A giraffe!” She blurted out, not bothering to think it over any further. She was sure she had learned that answer somewhere down the line and didn’t think it prudent to reflect on it anymore. That was death in any game of trivia. Or, the death of her humanity, in this case.

“Giraffe is right!” The Game Master said, to the boos of the audience. Samantha felt her blood boil at that. Those assholes all wanted her to lose, it seemed!

“Well, if you didn’t want to be mute, consider yourself thankful you’re not becoming a giraffe! Though they have other ways to communicate, such as vibrations from the sounds they-whoops, better not spoil anything in case those questions come up in a future episode. I do tend to talk too much!”

Samantha repressed a sigh at that. He did talk far too much, almost enough to drive Samantha mad. Of course, she knew better than to antagonize the host that could force another change upon her at a whim. Which was worse, threatened with being transformed into an animal or forced to do so for a psychopath?

“Well, with that out of the way let's talk about our next question, yes? How are you feeling about everything, Riley? All going according to plan at the \$16000 mark? You’re still a little behind your teammate here, so let’s see if you can catch up! For \$16000, can you tell me what is the birth name of Yugoslavia's President Tito?”

“You’re not fucking serious!” Riley blurted out, dumbfounded. He had no idea that man’s given name, let alone with it was at birth! There was no way the questions could possibly be this hard. It was insane to think that he was expected to know this! The questions weren’t this obscure in any of the recordings he’d seen prior to this, were they?

“I can, I am, and if you talk back to me like that one more time you’re going to have a nice set of sharp teeth to go to those whiskers of yours!” Snapped the Game Master, unamused. Riley was not surprised, given what he’d seen of the man on TV. Rick was quick to anger and throw around random changes at the slight provocation. Riley was lucky he was being let off with only a threat for his outburst!

“I’m not going to penalize you but you can consider your question forfeit. The answer we were looking for was Josip Broz, if you want to know. Well, Sam’s likely going to wish you knew, but it’s too late for that now! So sorry Sam, but it’s time to see what Riley’s cat-tastrophe does to you!” Rick said, making some of the audience groan from the pun.

Yet, Samantha knew deep down that most, if not all of them, wanted to see her change. And, with the press of the button and the tingling from her collar, that was about to be the case.

Samantha moaned, the itching returning in spades this time on her chest and belly. It was almost unmistakably the sensation of further fur growth over the rest of her!

This time Samantha moaned loudly, unable to repress the intense irritation of fur growth. She wanted nothing more than to have her skin void of the fur that she already had. But it seemed as though more of her was to be covered as jaguar hairs lanced up from her follicles. The tingling started at the separation of the skin and fur at her back and shoulders. But it soon moved to cover the rest of her chest, the maddening itching making her squirm and writhe as she stood there, forced to suffer through the horrific transformation.

Samantha could take it no longer. The prickling was like burning embers racing over her skin, each individual hair altering while dozens more grew around each one. It was almost like she could feel them all in sequence, racing up like weeds to form a covering thick enough to obscure the skin. Worse, she could feel every hair touching the fabric of her shirt, making the sensation too much to bear.

With a suddenness that denoted no further thought, Samantha ripped off her sweater, hating how it seemed to rub against every single hair on the way out. Panting, Samantha stood there, letting the warm air of the studio haze around her fur like she was in a hot bath. Her skin was soaked in sweat from the exertion of change and fur growth. It stained the fur and stank somewhat to her sensibilities. Yet, it did seem as though the fur growth and changing skin would not permit any more sweat formation. Still, Samantha was left soaking and uncomfortable, clad in only a bra as the rest of her changes took place.

Samantha was just in time to allow white-spotted fur to poke through, growing longer and coating her entire chest. Soon, it was impossible to see the skin as her fur coat took hold, leaving her less ashamed of her lack of dress but more for the exposure of the fur. It was longer over her chest and back as it ran down her navel, stopping just about her groin. Though the fur remained mostly white at first, fading from the orange across her back and shoulders, the familiar patterns of black spots sprang forth in intricate patterns, different from the spot-filled rosettes that had formed over her back and arms already.

Despite the shame she felt, Samantha couldn't deny the relief she felt not to feel her fur against fabric. It still itched and prickled, of course, making her desperate to debase herself further and scratch. But she still maintained the resolve not to, instead focusing more on her breathing and temperament than the changes themselves. As she well knew from watching so many reruns, it was very easy to get lost in the changes and what they did to one's psyche!

Soon, though far too long for Samantha's liking, the tinglings of change seemed to finally disperse, leaving her panting through the process. Only her legs, her face, her breasts, and her

groin were spared from the torrent of jaguar fur that had sprung forth from her skin. It would make a sizable rug if someone were inclined to!

“Well, would you look at that! A fur coat the envy of any jaguar! The male cats are going to love you!” Rick said, making Samantha fume to herself. She dared not say anything, lest she brought down the man’s ire upon her.

Still, nothing, not even the prospect of being homeless, had ever felt more humiliating than standing there, soaked in sweat and covered with jaguar fur. She wanted to growl at him, but such was beneath her, and, besides, growl? She was only covered in fur and had a tail at this point. Was she already starting to think more like a cat?

Yet, there was no more time to reflect on it. “Well, after this commercial break, we are going to get right back on with the show. But first, let’s hear it from Samantha! Isn’t your new coat lovely? You’ve been hiding all that from us! For shame!” Rick said, looking over at Samantha with a look of disapproval. Samantha again had to bite her tongue, though not for long as she was being asked a question. Silence was not an option, lest Rick press the button again and give her a cat’s tongue or worse!

“I-I wanted to wait till it was done to show it off,” she replied, which seemed to prompt the audience to erupt into a chorus of applause.

“Well, that’s very considerate of you! You’ve got to show off when you look that stunning! Work it, girl!” Rick said, to more audience applause.

Samantha blushed furiously for that, almost wishing that she had fur covering her chin and cheeks to prevent the red from showing. It was painful to be exposed in such a manner, yet it was not something that Samantha had a choice to avoid. She was thus forced to stand there, shirt discarded on the floor, and revel in her jaguar self.

The minutes ticked painfully by as the cameras took their two-minute reprieve before filming resumed. It felt like each moment was counting down her fall from humanity. And if Riley continued to screw up in the manner he had been, that would inevitably be the case! Any previous sympathy towards him was quickly replaced by rage that he had let her be exposed in such a primal manner.

“And we’re back! We have a winner! Simon, you get a chance to spend a weekend with my pets, in whatever form you choose! Don’t worry! They don’t bite in any ways you don’t want!” Rick declared as the camera made its way towards the ‘lucky’ winner. Samantha supposed it was fair in some sense of the word. It was rather expensive to employ transformation

technology for recreational purposes. If someone really wanted to have some ‘fun’ the reward would be worth a decent sum of money. Still, the idea of spending ‘quality’ time with actual animals, even ones that were once human...Samantha didn’t want to think about what that might entail.

“Alright! Now that we are back, let’s dive right into the next question, shall we! Sam, for \$64000, can you tell me, on average, how many taste buds does the human tongue have. Ballpark it, and you’ll get the answer right! It would be super unfair to ask you to count them!”

This was one that Samantha had at least some idea of. It had come up in her trivia studies, she was sure of it. The number wouldn’t be exact, but if the answers lined up, then she wouldn’t condemn Riley to a change as she had been.

It was a twisted nature of the game to have the other person change for getting a question wrong, Samantha was starting to realize. The more she was changed, the harder it would be to focus on the answers. And then she would change Riley in kind until the two of them were big cats. It was perverted, more so than she had even been expecting upon signing up for this nightmare scenario.

Still, it was not the time to focus on such things. “About 10000?” She said, recalling that bit of trivia knowledge. It was all she could do not to yell out the answer then and there.

“That’s...about what we have here! That will do swimmingly, Sam!” Rick said, eliciting a series of boos from the gathered audience. Samantha’s thoughts went once again towards her hatred of the people that would watch him do this to her, but there was little to be done for it now. All she could do was hope that Riley did his part and kept the game going with their humanity intact.

A strange irritation played over her backside, and Samantha was immediately horrified. Was she changing more? Afraid to look, Samantha felt something brushing at the back of her thigh, making her gasp audibly. It took a few more moments of the growth poking her skin to realize that it was her tail, moving of its own accord! Though impossible to tell, Samantha presumed the sensation was from her tail moving reflexively while she was agitated. It seemed that her newest appendage was following her mental state, whether Samantha wanted it to be or not.

“I see that Sam is having some trouble with her new tail! She’ll have to get used to it if Riley doesn’t answer the next question right!” Rick said, making Riley flush with anger.

“Alright, it’s Riley’s turn again! I bet you find Samantha attractive with all that jaguar fur if you keep giving her some!” The Game Master said with a laugh, leaving Riley only to blush. He didn’t want to change Samantha, but he didn’t know the answer to any of the questions that were given him. How were all the questions possibly that insane?!

Alright, for your next question, what is the most common cause of power outages in the US?” Rick asked, causing Riley to think for a moment. He hadn’t come across that particular bit of trivia before either, he was certain. What had he been studying to not get any of these questions right?! Still, he had to try his best lest he failed Samantha and himself again.

It should have been an easy answer to rationalize, and, with one eye on the clock, Riley took the time to think it over. Before twenty seconds had passed, he answered “Fallen trees.” Riley was sure that had to be the answer and that anything else would have been too obscure, even for this show.

“Well, Riley, that’s...incorrect! Looks like the actual answer is squirrels! Those pesky buggers are always chewing on things they shouldn’t. Be thankful that’s not going to be you, or else you’d be in for a shock!” Rick said, before pressing the button to trigger Samantha’s collar.

“You...” Samantha tried to call out but was all at once overcome with that now-familiar itch, this time assailing her thighs and calves. Knowing it was futile, and there was every chance that her hips would soon change and that she would need to remove them anyway, Samantha undid her belt and tugged her pants off. There was no use trying to struggle to keep them on when she knew from experience how much fur growth itched when under clothes.

Looking down, she was prepared for the sight of orange fur and spreading rosettes to cover her. But Samantha wanted to see it happen this time, to try and remember what she looked like while she had human skin. With every wrong answer that passed through Riley’s lips, it seemed more and more likely that she would find herself covered with fur and worse!

In a matter of minutes, the fur had stopped spreading over her legs in its wave. Only her groin and the bottoms of her feet were spared the onslaught of jaguar fur. Worse, she was only able to be clad in her bra and panties at this juncture. Her coat was the envy of any jungle cat, but not something Samantha wanted to see on herself.

“We’re glad that you’re so proud of your coat, Sam! It looks rather good on you, I’d have to say. I bet Riley over here thinks so too if he was so eager to give you one! Maybe you’d like him to have one, too? Let’s see! For \$125000, would you be able to tell me one compound contained in the skin of a grape?”

Samantha tried to wrack her brains, but the question had come for her too fast. She was still reeling from the itching of a full coat of jaguar fur. It almost felt like it was still growing, getting thicker like ants were crawling over it. She was certain it was a phantom sensation but with everything happening all at once, Samantha found it impossible to know. Was this how contestants felt when they changed, too distracted to answer questions that they might otherwise have been able to guess?

“It’s...ah...FUCK!” Samantha cried out, the feeling of her tail touching her back legs and spooking her. The damn thing was thrashing more frantically now, clearly in response to her current state of mind. The sensations were almost enough to drive her mad!

Before her mind could come up with any answer, the jarring sound of the buzzer did her in. “Oh, so sorry Sam! New tails can be so distracting as we’ve seen on the show so many times! But don’t feel bad! Now maybe you and Riley will have more in common when he grows even more of his fur coat!” Rick said, with not a care for the torture that he was helping to instill.

Riley felt his blood run cold even before the pricking of hairs started down his neck and continued to rush down his shoulders and back. He was truly getting a coat of fur like Samantha’s, only his jaguar fur was a midnight black to hide his spots. It was running down his back now, akin to donning a sweater. The maddening sensation of fur against his tee-shirt was more than he could bear.

Following Samantha’s example, Riley pulled off his tee, feeling it itch against the fur on his back as he did so. He could clearly see why she had been so bothered by the prior sensations of fur against fabric. It would have been better for his own morale to leave it on, but seeing Samantha give in and strip made it too much for him to try and resist. He knew he would have to relent anyway and didn’t desire to be more of a spectacle than he would be already!

This time, Riley was quick enough to notice his skin turning black in several places, as though bruised. He wanted to rub at it, but before he could the itching of fur growth hit him full force. Black lines in the form of rosettes soon patterned the skin, before being covered with a wave of feline fur. From each of the patterns rose a small swath of fur that was quickly filled in by the rest of the follicles. Riley, in his naivete, had no idea that cats had patterned skin in that way. Perhaps he should have, Riley lamented. There was every chance of his change going further as more and more questions were answered incorrectly.

“Welp, look at that! Riley is looking lovely in his black coat! He really will be ‘living in luxurious fur’ if this keeps up! I love putting the show title to truth when our contestants start to get all furry!” Rick exclaimed in that maddening callous way he cared not for their lives.

Riley found himself growing hot at that. He didn't want a coat of fur covering his back, damnit! But, recent experience told him that he needed to hold his tongue, lest that be the next thing to lose if he pissed off their host. And, hadn't he really known what he was getting into when he'd started this damnable game? As much as he loathed the notion of playing such a depraved game, what choice did he really have?

"Alright Riley, it's time for your \$16,000 question! I hope, for Sam's sake, you know your stuff. But, I think you're starting to like the sight of her with fur, right? Well if you don't know, I bet you will soon!" Rick declared, making both contestants shudder in anger. It was enough that each could tell it in the other, but hopefully not the damn Game Master, which was the biggest fear for them both.

"Riley, can you tell me what's the fastest fish in the sea?" Rick asked, in that fucking tone that made it seem as though he was actually curious as to the answer. Riley hated that voice, but couldn't allow himself to be distracted, not with so much on the line for him!

Fortunately, it did not take much recollection for him to come to the answer. He had focused his studies more on the animal-related questions since those ones came up more often than not. And this one was relatively easy.

"A sailfish," Riley responded, not missing a beat, wanting the damn game to be over. It was starting to get unbearable with all this fur, though part of him should have been thankful that was all he lost thus far. It seemed that, more often than not, the Game Master wanted them to change in more superficial ways at first to prolong the game. Random transformation be damned.

"That's right! Looks like the future cat knows his fish! HA! Well, I better not assume, unless I want my contestants to get catty with me!" Rick said, to the cheers of the audience. Samantha suppressed a groan at the horrible pun, especially when Rick's gaze turned on her to be asked the next question.

"Hey, Sam! Know the freezing point in Fahrenheit? Why don't you tell all the fine folks in the audience?" Rick asked, pretending to wait with bated breath.

Taking a deep breath, Samantha did her best to calm herself and make sure that the number she was to give was the right one. "32 degrees," she replied, eliciting a clap from the Game Master.

"Of course, you could! I should have known better. That gets you to the \$125,000 mark! Good job!" Rick said, as though he was legitimately proud of his victim. For, willing or no, it

was obvious to Samantha that she was a victim, playing this deranged game to her own detriment.

“Let's take it back to Riley! We are rolling right along now, and I want to make it before the next commercial break! Let's see...want to give you a good one...for \$64,000...ah, this one should be perfect! Which is the only edible food that never goes bad?” Asked the Game Master, that same curious expression plastered on his face that made Riley's blood boil.

He had to think about this one, for the few seconds that he was given. It didn't take too long, this, too, being a common trivia fact. “Honey,” he replied to the question, with only five seconds to spare. Much to his detriment, Riley found the perceived interval between the question and the clock to decrease. Fatigue from all the questions was starting to get to him, especially with the additional stress of the changes happening to his body.

“That's right! If you find some honey, don't worry about it going bad! Though, I don't think cats like you will be will have much of a sweet tooth. Wait, sorry, *might* be cats! One can't make assumptions even halfway through the game!” Declared the Game Master, to internal groans from both contestants.

“Alright, let's take a commercial break, and then let's get right back to it!” The Game Master decided, leaving both contestants a painfully long time for them to contemplate their potential fates. What would it be like for them to actually be cats? To be down on all fours, eating only raw meat, and sleeping most of the day? To be naked, to use a litterbox, to mate with the only other person in their cage without even having that choice any longer? It was a disgusting prospect. Yet, they had both been so close to being on the streets, homeless even with their meager jobs. How much different was it being an animal in a cage than being out in the elements out of one's home?

“ALLL right, we're back! Let's get right into the game and turn things over to Sam! Well, maybe I shouldn't use the term ‘turn things over’, unless she wants to bring Riley down to her level!” Rick declared, before pulling out the next cue card.

“Let's see, what do we have for Sam now...for \$250,000, can you tell me what is the unit of currency in Laos?” Rick asked while Riley waited with bated breath. He didn't know the answer to that one, upon reflection, but did Samantha?

Samantha, as it turned out, didn't know, either. She stared, dumbfounded at the bizarre nature of the question, modern currency not an area that she had studied well. What the hell were these questions, anyway? Worse, it was getting maddening trying to resist the urge to scratch all this fur that Riley had given her. Why didn't he get any of his answers right? How would he like



it if he was covered with itchy fur, making him almost overcome with the urge to scratch and groom like the cat he soon would be? Even shaving would not take from the reality that her skin was meant to support it now!

“Ah, your silence speaks volumes! Well, that’s time up, but you know that! I bet you want to see what Riley will look like with his next change. More of the handsome jaguar to get you knocked up, eh?” Rick made a gesture of nudging his elbow in the air as the audience laughed.

Yet, Samantha could only blush furiously at the implication. She had no intention of losing, of being a cat, and of letting this changing man fuck her! How dare the man imply otherwise?! But, she had refused to answer, right? It was a show of defiance, though one that would have the opposite effect on her goal.

“If you’re curious, the answer we were looking for was ‘Kip’. But, that will likely matter little for the cats you’re becoming! Jaguars don’t have any need for money, and all your needs will be taken care of, especially if you win all that money for your zoo and habitat!” Declared the Game Master, to the cheers of the audience. Those assholes wanted them to change and change faster, it seemed!

“Well, Riley, let's see how much more lovely you’ll be to Sam with your next change!” Rick said, before pressing the button that would initiate his further fall from his humanity.

Riley shivered, bracing himself for whatever would come. He could feel his tail twitching in irritation, not wanting to lose more of himself. He had already grown so much fur already. It was getting more and more likely he would lose more of himself, something essential that it would be impossible to play the game without. Would he lose his hands, his feet, his voice?

Yet, the familiar itching of fur growth was all he felt, springing up along his thin thighs and spreading outward. He could feel it against his pants, the itching maddening as he tried to grit his teeth to resist it. But, soon, it became so much that Riley was panting, an intense heat rising from his legs. Looking to Samantha for a reprieve, she had her head turned, not wanting to see what was happening and refusing to look him in the eyes for what she had done to him.

It was the sight of her mostly naked body that gave him the final permission to take off his pants. He didn’t want to strip bare in front of all of those people, but Samantha had already taken the initiative to alleviate the itch of fur against the fabric. And so, Riley saw no other recourse than to undo his belt and let his jeans fall, kicking them off and allowing the audience to see the rest of the black fur encroaching over his thighs. Riley was forced to rub the skin, irritating the fur and making him race to rub his hands over it all over again. It soon ran down to

his calves, coating his knees, and all the way down to his feet, which, like the backs of his hands, soon sported their own black coat.

“Well well, those are two lovely matching coats! I bet you’ll be proud of the kids once they come! Whoops, only if you lose, of course. I’m under network oath not to sway you one way or the other! But, I think those coats will translate to some cute cubs if you want my opinion!” Rick said, before pulling out the next card and turning to Riley. It seemed as though he wanted to keep them on their toes before they had a chance to really come to terms with each change and brace themselves for the next question.

“So Riley, for \$125,000, can you tell me what is the romanized Arabic word for ‘moon’? Don’t be shy like Sam was unless you want to make her *catty!*” Rick said, making Riley legitimately wonder if it was possible for him to run out of cat puns. For the few times that he had watched victims being turned into cats, large or small, the Game Master didn’t seem to reuse the same tired rhetoric.

Riley didn’t have much time to think about it, however, not when he was forced to focus on the answer to a question he had no way to know the answer to. It wasn’t a word he was familiar with, forgetting anything he had recalled on Arabic words or languages. He was sure something had come up in his trivia research on the matter, it had to have. But, in the moment, there was no way he could answer with something that even remotely resembled the language.

Riley let his silence hang heavily in the air as he tried to muster something, anything that might get him and Samantha out of this mutual hell they were in. But nothing came to mind in time to answer before the buzzer went off.

“I’m sorry to say your time is up, Riley! The answer you weren’t able to provide was ‘Qamar!’ But don’t worry about it now!” Declared Rick with that sadistic smirk that was far more irritating in person than it ever had been on the dozens of times he had watched reruns of the show.

“But, before I change Samantha anymore, do you have anything you want to say to the audience? Anything while you still have words to use? Don’t worry, you can say anything you want without penalty. At least, for this time! Go ahead, Sam! Are you excited to be a cat? Still hoping for a financial win? Or playing the game for some extra funds for your new life in the zoo? Don’t be embarrassed, Sam! Lots of different people play for lots of different reasons!”

Samantha had half a mind to tell them all to go fuck themselves. And, she almost did, given that those could be her last words. But, it would not shame those so disillusioned with money and power and status to see someone they already thought of as inferior debase herself

further. So, instead, she said nothing. There was no point if these were to be her last words, how she'd be remembered. She wouldn't be, as much as any of those past contestants were forgotten by an audience that clamored for the next pair of victims to debase themselves in a similar fashion.

“Nothing? Well, that's OK too, isn't it! Maybe she just hopes that she roars instead of hearing her human voice! Well, let's see how the next changes turn out, then!” Declared Rick as he pressed the button to seal her fate.

Figuring the changes weren't really random and Rick was really setting her up to lose her voice, Samantha almost spoke out, truly afraid of losing that ability. But, the tingling of change did not see it fit to play over her throat or mouth. Rather, it was her hands that ached just slightly, and not just from the fur that covered them. They started to pain her, a soft pop echoing in her ears as one of the joints snapped. Oh, no. Not that. Not her hands!

Samantha tried to rationalize the horror of her situation as not one, but both hands started to ache in tandem, the skin rippling under the fur as they began to mutate. This was much more than she could bear. It was one thing to grow a tail and some fur. But to be losing both hands with one change was more than she could tolerate. Would she even be able to use the buzzer with feline paws?

The aches were getting more persistent now, making her hold back her tears lest she lost the last bits of dignity she had. Still, no amount of reserve on her part could stop the changes, even if she tried to avoid seeing them firsthand. There was no point looking away from the process, nothing she could do to stop it as the aches started to intensify with the onset of the transformation.

It started with her fingers, the snapping of the joints denoting a decrease in their length. They were vibrating now, shaking against her will as if she was struck with some degenerative disease. In some ways, the changes were just that, an illness robbing her of her humanity. It was a symptom of a world where poverty was rampant enough for people to debase themselves not just for their lives, but for their very humanity. For some it was the ultimate degradation, a choice they did not have lest they join the hoards of homeless that were in many ways treated worse than the animals in zoos.

The fingers themselves soon stiffened, the joints for their movement being repurposed to something else as the overall length of the digits continued to diminish. Soon, all ability to move them was taken from her, leaving Samantha to despair over their loss. A brief bit of side-to-side motion was all that remained present as they shrank down into what she assumed were the size of a jaguar's digits.

Though her thumbs had been temporarily spared, that was not to last as her wrists started to stretch, pulling further up her anatomy as they, too, began to stiffen and shrink. She was forced to stare, helpless, as all that remained was a nub atop her wrists that was only slightly more mobile than her fingers. She tried in vain to stretch it out, to make her thumb whole again. Yet, it was all she could do to stop herself from crying at the realization that she no longer had the primate hands that she once cherished.

It was about to become much worse. The pain started to play over in the insides of each digit, as though something was forming under the surface and pressing against the cuticle. It was as though they were becoming loose on the skin, threatening to burst out at a moment's juncture. And, with a series of light pops, each nail did just that, falling to the ground now that they were free of those confines.

Yet, the skin was not to remain without nails for long as sharp points burst bloodlessly forth, poking out into thick, translucent curved crescents that soon grew the circumference of her fingers. They were almost heavy on her anatomy, the curved claws soon longer than the digits she now possessed. The ache of their development seemed to quell with the advance of a fleshy bit of skin from the base, spreading up halfway to each claw. They appeared to be sheaths of some sort, their presence making the growth of the claws more tolerable as they slid out of the skin like they were meant to.

The cracks of change soon started to resonate through her hands, making her want to curve her fingers inward to alleviate the sensation. Yet, trying to do so left a shocking discovery. The nails soon started to pull back in a resting position as they slipped inside of her paws, almost invisible against the fur. It felt surprisingly relaxed to have them inside, as though they were meant to be that way. Clenching the muscles pushed the claws outward, creating a certain pleasurable sensation that made her moan, despite the bizarre nature of the changes.

Now, all that remained of her former hands were her palms, though the skin was starting to bubble outward as she turned them around to see what was to become of them. Skin nearly black, it was soon far rougher than before, swelling with meat and padding that would allow her to walk through the jungles comfortably when she was on all fours. If she went on all fours, Samantha reminded herself. There was still a chance to reverse the changes if they won the game. Even as the patterns of paw pads blossomed on her fingertips and former palms, little remaining than the front paws of the cat she was becoming, there was still hope.

With that, the changes were done. With the hair that she already possessed covering their backs, there was little to distinguish her former hands from that of an actual jaguar's paws. Samantha was convinced that they were a little small for their final form, but that was of little

consequence. Her arms lacked the dimensions of a jaguar's as well, but she imagined they soon would if the changes were allowed to conclude.

“Well, would you look at that! It was a nice little ‘paws’ to watch Sam’s latest changes, wasn’t it?!” The Game Master declared.

Samantha knew that she no longer had the ability to confidently press the buzzer as the questions came to her. But, she could still speak. She could at least do that. The questions did get easier as the game went on, but that was mostly to compensate for the diminishing intellect of the contestants as they fell into bestial despair.

“Don’t worry, Sam! Those paws are pretty dexterous when you get the hang of them! But, you are going to have to push the buzzer before giving the answers, so make sure that you can get to it fast enough. It's going to be tough, but on the plus side, you're making such a lovely jaguar! I bet the male cats will be drooling over you! But Riley is going to have you all to himself if he gets the next few questions wrong!”

Samantha hardly had the chance to retort before the next question was asked. But then, that was the point, wasn't it? To distract the contestants with pointless rhetoric and make them forget the answers so they could further fall from humanity for the amusement of the audience.

“Well, let's have you try out those paws Sam, or give Riley a set of his own! Let's see if you can answer this for \$250,000! Theocracy is a government recognizing whom as the supreme civil ruler?” Rick asked, as though he didn't have the damn answers in front of him.

Samantha had two challenges to overcome as she stared down with her paws. She couldn't just buzz in with the answer if she didn't have it right away. She would automatically lose it if she buzzed in to give a wrong response. She not only had to come up with the right answer first but then buzz in with her paws within the time allotted!

First things first. Theocracy sound like Theology. Was that it? Did she remember that from her studies, or was it something she assumed? If she got it wrong, would she change Riley more, make him lose his hands too? Worse, his speech, forcing him to change her all the way while he lacked the ability to answer the questions?

She had to go for it. Silence and indecision would surely damn her. Sure, her efforts were almost equally likely to condemn her if they failed, but it was the only chance she had to act.

Yet, to her dismay, her paws were having a terrible time trying to get to the button. It was maddening to attempt to press a button with fingers on wrists that did not work. What should

have been a simple task of pressing her weight on the buzzer ended up being a struggle as they careened off of it, not making the distinct sound needed to let her know she could call out her answer. What if she failed to push it in time?

Not wanting to look up at the timer, knowing it was almost there, Samantha still struggled, doing her best not to cave in to pressure. She had already gone through all of that embarrassment. She didn't want to lose it here to a simple technicality!

The shock of the buzzer going off almost made her forget to say her answer, and she was sure she saw Rick go to open his mouth to forbid her and call time from the corner of her eye. But, before he could declare the round lost to her, she yelled out "God!"

"That's...just in time! You really struggled with those paws there! Looks like they don't quite fit you yet! Or, maybe you just want to show them off for a few more rounds before you give Riley his own? Either way, you've got it right and you've banked the \$250,000! Just two more right answers and you'll be done! But don't forget, Riley has to win as well, and he seems to have it in for a feline femme!"

Riley glared daggers at Rick for that remark. He didn't want to be a damn cat, and he certainly didn't want to condemn anyone else to the same fate. But, it wasn't his choice, damnit! The questions weren't what he studied! He'd tried his best, and he was still failing!

So lost in his thoughts, Riley barely heard the question being asked. "-funambulist walk on? Don't take too long to 'paws' for Sam's sake!" Came Rick's voice, before Riley could even respond.

"Wha-could you repeat the question?" Riley asked, dumbly. Surely, he could have the question asked again. He wasn't even sure what the word was, let alone how it was used in the sentence asked.

"Sorry Riley, better listen carefully! That, or ask Sam to get her next one wrong so that she gives you a pair of jaguar ears! Now, you can still make a guess, but you've only got one chance to do so! Better make it quick!" Rick supplied, a smug smirk on his face. It read of 'I have you right where I want you', making Riley's blood boil.

Riley had to say something or else lose it for sure. Buzzing in, Riley yelled out "The circus?" Not sure what the question was but recognizing the term 'funambulist' as one originating from that location.

“That’s...incorrect! The answer we were looking for was ‘Tight Rope’. Should have listened more closely! Well, maybe you’ll help Sam hear better with her next change! Let’s see what it will be, shall we!” Rick said before mercilessly pressing the button to activate her collar.

Samantha’s blood went cold at that. She had lost so much already, having just had to deal with the reality of not having her hands anymore. She couldn’t afford to lose one more aspect of her humanity! Why hadn’t that idiot-

Samantha’s thoughts soon shifted towards a tingling that was centering in her loins. It started as an itch, spreading over her sex and up above her navel. It was all too reminiscent of the sensation of fur growth, one that she was now rather accustomed to. She couldn’t be altering down there. Not yet. Samantha knew what the implication of the change was, of course. It always happened to the contestants eventually. The change to their sex, and, with it, the animalistic need to rut and mate. With the mating would come more changes as a penalty of allowing themselves to act like the beasts they were to become. She had been lucky, all things considered, to not have felt it by now.

Of course, there was no such luck for her any longer. The tingling was turning inward now, pressing against her sex and making her moan. She wanted to grip the stand, but of course, had no ability to. Too late, Samantha’s paws missed the mark and she was prompted to slowly slide to the floor, the ache in her loins too much for her to bear.

Though she dared not pull down her panties to look at what was happening, she was all too aware of the sensations playing over her sex. Her slit was thinning, its contours changing and melting into an inhuman shape. She wasn’t sure what a feline’s sex looked like, though was thankful the bare, shaved skin of her groin was being covered with the soft coat of jaguar fur she had come to be accustomed to on her body. It wouldn’t hide everything but was certainly better than being fully exposed.

Perhaps the most bizarre change was that the entire crevasse started to move, as the distinction between her taint and anus shortened. She realized that the latter was left on full display, the edges kissing the edge of her panties and making her shiver with disgust. She was only thankful that the damned program didn’t make her strip her underwear and shine a magnifying glass on her so that she would be on display like the animal they were making her.

It soon seemed as though the physical changes were over, at least for now. Samantha wanted to try standing to save herself the embarrassment of what had happened. But, as sudden as the changes had stopped, an intense heat started to assault her loins. It was like a fire had been lit, a spark that started from her insides and played tantalizing over the entire inner surface of her

vagina all the way to her uterus. It was a burning need to have all her anatomy stimulated at once. She needed penetration. She needed *sex*.

“Well, I think we can all guess what part changed next! This one is going to excite Riley if he wants to be a big cat himself! I think our little Sammy has gone into heat! I’m sure that our long-time viewers know how hard it is for some of the contestants to resist the struggles of animalistic lust! If you’ve got any kiddys watching, now is the time to send them to bed!”

Samantha could only let out a moan as the heat radiated through her loins. It took every ounce of willpower she could muster not to touch herself then and there. And, in part, the only reason she was able to avoid doing so was that instinctively she knew it wouldn’t be enough. The notion of masturbation paled in comparison to the desire to be fucked, penetrated by a penis that could stimulate all of her insides at once. A feline penis, if the changes to her body were any indication.

“I’m sorry to say Sam, but unless you want Riley down there with you to quell that heat, you’ve got another question to answer! So, for \$500,000, can you tell me what animal, in Roman mythology, were Romulus and Remus were raised by?”

To the delight of Samantha’s ears, the question did spark an air of familiarity. It was something that she had known, or at least had heard about. Romulus and Remus... Remus Lupin? Wolves?

Yet, before she could stand to hit the buzzer, Samantha’s body was wracked with another wave of heat that she could not deny. It made her sink to the floor, reflexively raising her tail up and to the side, as though presenting to a potential mate. Samantha wanted to stand up and answer and prevent her partner from developing the corresponding genitals to mate her with. But, in the moment, her body’s actions seemed to be dictated by the heat in her loins, and Samantha could not manage to raise her body up in time to get to the buzzer. It was maddening to be in the throes of such a change and be unable to do anything about it!

Before she could even understand what was happening, the buzzer went off and she was left to weep her despair. “Aww, that’s OK Sam! We’ve all seen the older episodes, I’m sure. Feline heat is nothing to scoff at. And no one here would blame you for wanting the chance to mate and take care of those feelings! By the way, we were looking for ‘wolf’, but I’m sure you’ve only got cats on the brain! Well, maybe just one part of the cat,” Rick said with a wink and a nod to the audience. “Let’s see what part you just gave Riley!”

Riley couldn’t be angry, not really. He had seen enough episodes to know that a female’s heat was often enough to do the contestants in. He lamented the fact, of course. He didn’t want it



to come to this. Hell, he'd been lucky that they'd come this far without a change to their genitals. But, now that they were approaching the endgame, it seemed more likely that was to be their fate.

Riley already knew what part of him would change next even before the tingling started to play over his loins. It was all too obvious that the changes were not random, and that it would now be time for his own genitals to alter to match the ones he had unwittingly given to Samantha. And, judging from the intense sensations that were plaguing his loins, his suspicions were confirmed.

It started as an ache of his cock head, as though something was swelling from the skin. It felt like the flesh of his glans was puffing up, covering his member with something akin to a warm cocoon. Riley could scarcely fathom what was going on, though was remiss for not pulling down his pants. He was left trying to figure out what was happening to his junk, the sensations bizarre enough they kept Riley from rational thought. Was it some sort of sheath? Riley was cut before, and it made a queer sort of sense that he would be forming it once more to match the cat that he was to become. Would that be all that would alter this time?

Riley would not be so lucky. Soon, an ache started in his newly-grown foreskin, feeling as though it was being literally peeling back towards the base like a zipper, melding into his groin and forcing his cock backward. A moan escaped his lips; it felt like his member was being sucked inward, the flesh warping even as it was fully concealed by what he vaguely understood to be a furry sheath.

Riley knew his black pelt was now coating his groin, replacing his own pubes and itching fiercely as it covered every inch of him. His groin, ass, and worst of all, his modest ball sack was now adorned with the unwanted black jaguar pelt. Hell, even his sheath seemed to itch with the development of jaguar fur, making his unwillingness to strip off his pants and scratch maddening!

Yet, worse were the changes to his cock, ones that Riley was only vaguely aware of, not wanting it to see them first hand and thus show off to the audience. Still, he was aware that his dick was shrinking, almost pencil-thin and not as long as his human member had been. Even his balls seemed to be contracting slightly, relatively large for the species he would be, but less needing to be visible than the primate form that Riley once possessed. The tip tingled, minute backward-facing spines forming on the surface, though it was only through a passive perception that Riley was aware of this.

At last, the tingling stopped, but not before Riley was christened with the genitals of the feline that he was slowly becoming. He was panting from the exertion of the changes, though

was only now just becoming aware of the deafening silence in the room. It was as though everyone was waiting for him to make a noise, a gesture, anything to give them the truth of what had happened to him. Though his changes weren't as extreme as Samantha's own, lacking the aspect of heat, it was still obvious that something under his underwear had altered, the change that they had all likely been anticipating.

Samantha was still struggling to stand, though she was becoming aware that Riley was coming under the same sort of changes that she was. The wincing expression on his face as he hunched over was a sure indication, as was the side view of his backward-facing balls outlined in his underwear. They were impressive, Samantha had to admit. They could only be possessed by the most virile of males. Just like the one she wished to have inside of her...

Though her face was hardly changed, Samantha could detect the scent of something in the air, something musky and pungent that made her wrinkle her nose. It was an offensive smell, though it seemed to cause a tingling in her nethers that did not abate. It was like her nostrils were flaring, flattening just slightly before forming creases up the sides. Samantha was hardly aware of the changes, however, focused on her ragged breathing as she took in more and more of the repugnant odor. She couldn't seem to stop herself, no matter how much her mind told her otherwise.

The scent made her powerfully uncomfortable, awakening the need in her loins and eliciting a moan from her quivering lips. She needed sex, desired it more than anything that she could ever imagine. The siren song in her loins made it impossible to focus on anything else. Even the stink of her sex no longer bothered her, the pungent odor a sign of her virility. In fact, part of her wanted more. Her mind reasoned that the more her odor was in the air, the more than a male might find her...

Before she knew what she was doing, Samantha's panties were down and both she and Riley were hit with a heady wave of musk that made both nearly topple over. Samantha, for her part, did just that, getting down on all fours and raising her tail. There, on full display was her sopping cunt lips, open and closing with need.

Riley couldn't believe what he was seeing. Though he knew that animal instincts were often so strong that contestants couldn't help but give in to them, he could hardly believe what he was experiencing firsthand. Samantha looked exactly like a cat in heat, tail raised and off to the side, sex exposed. She was presenting just like Rick's cougar companion had been before she allowed herself to be taken by her now permanent mate.

Riley knew that he should look away. After all, Samantha was naked, high on feline instincts, and not of her own volition. To gaze at her changes was likely to have an adverse effect

on his own anatomy, as well. Yet, the more he tried to turn his head, the more that Riley found himself staring. He couldn't get his mind off the contours of her jaguar cunt on display, waiting and ready for a willing mate. Waiting for *him*, Riley was slowly starting to realize.

Though he was unaware of it, his nose had flared, sniffing the air heavily as though trying to detect more of that particular scent. It was powerfully potent and offensive to his human awareness. Yet, the more than he sniffed, the more that he seemed to crave. It was like his changed sensibilities simply couldn't get enough.

Riley blushed fiercely as a sensation from his loins suddenly brushed against the insides of his underwear. His penis seemed to be poking further back on his anatomy than perhaps it should have been. It was as though his erection was being pulled up towards his abdomen, making him shiver as it rubbed across his underwear. The tip started to leak fiercely, making Riley moan from the lust that was overcoming him. The more that the scent seemed to stream into his nose, the more that his mind started to drift towards jaguar pursuits. And the one thing that pervaded his mind was the jaguar cunt that was on display before him...

Riley did his best to shake his head, trying to resist the alien impulses invading his psyche. It was powerfully arousing to be in the presence of a willing female, one in heat and presenting to him. He had felt interested in women and bedroom pursuits in the past, of course. But never before did he *need* a mate so powerfully that he was compelled to strip off his pants and mate her in front of a live television audience!

"Looks like Sam's heat has Riley's interest! Let's see what happens with the new lovers, if that's the direction they take things. And we all know what the past has said about cats in heat!" Rick declared, walking over to pet his two cougars.

Riley could only stand there stunned, waving back and forth as though teetering on the edge of desire and depravity. Logically, he knew two things. It had been impossible for all of the past contestants, felines especially, to resist the urges to mate once the chance came up. Almost all that had transformed to this degree needed sex and had given in and changed all the way to their loss on the show. Even the handful of those who gave in and still won had to give in to the lusts several times to crawl out from their bestial needs to answer those last few precious questions.

Two, Riley was sure that they were on the lower percentile of questions answered per transformations endured. Though he had not changed much, not really, the later changes would likely be more damning. Giving in and fucking, even once, would be the nail in the coffin for their eventual descent into animalistic life. They were only a few changes away from being

unable to answer questions entirely, losing their hands, voice, or even their ability to think about the questions being asked!

Yet, damned if he didn't need to take his pants off and fuck the jaguar woman that was clearly presenting to him. She was already grinding against the podium, gyrating her hips as though trying to use the air to stimulate her sex. A few times, she tried to reach down with her paw, although little could be done in her current posture on her hands and knees. A few flicks of her new claws made both her and all the onlookers certain that masturbating with feline paws was out of the question, anyway.

Lost in lust, Riley was already on the floor, crawling towards the willing female before he even realized what had happened. Vision blurred, his eyes only cleared to the sight of the sopping, wet feline vagina before him. It was a little like being blackout drunk, passing out at one point, and waking up somewhere else. Damn the instincts that were already so attuned to the feline pheromones swirling in the air around him. It was almost impossible to make it away from the object of such desire!

Rational thought told him he needed to get up, to get back to the podium and answer the next question. But, given his current activities, the game had been paused so that the audience could be greeted to the sight of feline mating. Riley wanted desperately not to give them the show they were so desperate to view!

But, Samantha seemed to have no such compunctions about holding onto her modesty. She was fully into the feline need to rut. Even rational thought was starting to convince Riley that fucking her was the right thing to do. After all, with her heat as bad as it was, there was little chance of her answering any more questions in her current state. At least a fucking session might quell the heat long enough to play the rest of the game. They would have to answer all the remaining questions right, of course. But any chance, no matter how slim, was better than none, right...?

"Fuck me! I need it! Please!" Begged Samantha, as she tried desperately to resist pawing at herself. It was the first time that she actually relished the fact that her hands were paws. Without the flexibility that had not yet been provided her from a changing sternum, she had no way to masturbate her sex to another change. It was a slim thread by which she could hold onto her humanity.

But, the longer she tried to hold out, the more obvious it became that such was a fleeting hope. The heat was gnawing at her loins, burning her up inside with the need to have a feline phallus filling her up. The idea of being fucked, though something that she had once only allowed close boyfriends to attempt, was getting more and more tempting. Letting herself go was

exactly what her body was craving, and it was more than she could bear not to have her cunt filled and her heat quelled. Was this what her life would be like every time she needed sex? To be nearly physically pained to the point of demanding any cock that she could find? No, not any cock. The small, thin, barbed cock of a feline to rub her in all the right ways...

Lost in lustful thoughts, Samantha was remiss for not noticing the still-human tongue that was licking at her backside, a thick *slurp* that teased the ache in her loins. Samantha growled; though her vocal cords were still human, the sound was more decidedly feline as she called out her desire to her would-be-mate. Though the tonguing was nice, she needed *cock*.

Raising her hips and tail to give her mate better access and show off her insistence, Samantha barely registered that the Game Master was speaking, though his words were hushed. "Now, let's be very quiet, everyone. Felines like jaguars prefer to have their privacy, even if they are the apex predators in their environment. Not that too much applause will deter them, by the looks of things!"

It was the Game Master's words, if nothing else, that made Samantha want to stand up, put her panties on, and answer the next question in defiance. But, no sooner had those thoughts played over her mind than the pointed tip of a feline cock touched her nethers, and she hissed, thrusting back with everything she had in order to take it inside her. Never before had she required something so desperately inside her. It was almost like there was no chance of a reprieve until the act was over!

At first, the sensations of penetration met her mind with open arms. It was everything she wanted and more to feel her lips and vagina being teased by a cock that was the perfect size to not only fill her up but give her the pleasure that she craved. It was as though the cock had been molded specifically for her to ease the aches that were overcoming her insides. Riley was taking her doggy style, and although their hips were not sufficiently altered to allow such penetration, he was still able to enter her enough that she was aware of his presence.

Yet, as Riley began to thrust, a sharp shooting pain started to resonate through her backside, as though dozens of pinpricks were poking into her sensitive sex. She yelped out, pulling forward and away from the cock that was tearing at her insides. It hurt like nothing that she had experienced sexually before, the exact opposite of what Samantha had wanted.

Of course, the Game Master was there to lecture them. "Well, looks like Samantha got her first taste of feline mating! You all likely know this, but cats have barbs on their penis that are designed to send their mates into ovulation. The barbs can be a little painful if the female isn't ready for it! Sorry Sam, but you just aren't quite catty enough for Riley. Let's see if we can fix that, shall we?" He finished, with the audience naturally cheering her demise from humanity.

Samantha wanted to protest but her loins were suddenly lit aflame from Riley's thrusts. He was determined to find his place in her, though every backward pull sent shockwaves of pain through her body. It was as though she was being stabbed with a dozen red-hot poker, irritating the sensitive skin and making her want to cry out.

But there was another layer to the pain that made Samantha hesitate in her attempt to get away from the male that was hurting her in such a fashion. For each wave of pain, a dull ache persisted in her loins, vibrating her insides just slightly. They sent ripples of stimulation into her cervix, making her moan as the tension built up. For the first time, she felt the fringes of her heat start to peel away, as though the bits of pain were exactly what she needed.

Yet, any pleasure she was to have was quickly removed from her with the tingling of change that started to play over her feet. It started with a dull ache in her toes, as though the bones within were sore and the muscles swollen. Yet, with a painless series of snaps and pops, Samantha was quickly aware that her toes were changing in much the same way as her hands had. The reality hit her all at once. It was a punishment for having sex that another change would be inflicted upon the contestants. And it seemed that she was in too deep now to try and avoid it!

In desperation, Samantha tried to pull back to save her body from the changes that would make her more the cat that she detested. Yet, the more she tried to remove herself, the more that her body craved that painful pleasure that Riley's body was providing. He was on top of her now, holding on with hands that seemed to retain their humanity for at least the time being. His hips seemed hunched, and it was hard for him to get more than a few shallow thrusts with the change to his junk's dimensions. It seemed as though jaguar mating was not in the cards for the two of them, not with their anatomy still so human.

Still, even the briefest bit was enough to ease the pressure that her feline heat was giving her. Samantha found that her body was reflexively moving back into position to take her co-player's cock. Though it was a struggle for each of them, it provided that brief light against the darkness of need that Samantha craved. For what else could give her even a modicum of relief from the feline need that had been steadily growing worse the longer it went on?

Even the tingling in her feet was not sufficient a deterrent to dissuade her from sex as her toes continued to mutate, decreasing in mass and dimensions as they relentlessly crawled into widening feet. The heels were stretched, leaving the balls of her feet to expand, swelling into the configuration of a jaguar's paws, wider and thicker as they bunched up with muscle. Fur was quick to cover the space between the growing heel and swelling foot, as though to hide away any glint of humanity that might shine through.

Like her fingernails before, pinpricks of pain tore at the nails above as the skin receded and nothing remained to hold them on her form. They fell forgotten on the floor, to be swept away with the detritus between each and every show. The claws that replaced them came from further back in the joints of what remained of her toes. Forming sheaths to keep them sharp, they slid in and out without her prompting, as though eager to show their development in her form. Shrunken toes still flexed their abilities, moving back and forth to expose the flesh between them. Yet, only four remained; her large toe had painstakingly been pulled up her heel to be sucked into the skin, and left nothing but a nub in its place, unlike her front paws. Even that was soon removed, leaving no trace of its presence on her anatomy as her feet finished their configuration.

Riley, for his part, could not bring himself to do anything but rut into his co-player with the fever of a man starved of sex. Though the stimulation to his cock wasn't much, given the disparity between their desired and current anatomies, it was enough to keep him thrusting forth. All the motivation he needed to keep fucking her was the heady scent of feline musk that had burned into his nostrils, making him horny as hell with the need to cum. Even Riley's humanity did not find fault in the actions. It had been some time since he'd felt the touch of a woman, and although it was not his ideal circumstances he had to admit even the human side of him was getting off on the sex that Samantha was willingly offering him.

Lost in rut as he was, it was hard for Riley to realize that he, too, was changing, the itching over his belly no longer coming from the sensation of rubbing skin against fur. His skin was once more erupting with luscious jaguar fur, black with even blacker spots. It started with his treasure trail thickening, the hairs changing into their longer jaguar equivalents. Then new hairs began peppering the skin, spreading away from his back, his legs, and arms, running over any bare spaces until there was little left of former human skin. He could not see its formation, given his position atop his mate. In fact, Riley was left thinking he had somehow evaded a punishment at all, though the thoughts were fleeting as he grew ever closer to inevitable climax.

"Well folks, it's almost time for a commercial break but...let's have the new couple consummate things on camera, eh? EH!?" He called out to encourage the audience to cheer for their bestial damnation.

Yet, there was no chance of even the greatest distractions taking him away from his mate or the promise of orgasm that was coming closer and closer to fruition. It was getting harder and harder to hold back, even for him to want to do so as the crowd cheered them on. But, given the circumstance, Riley thought he could be forgiven for cumming inside of her. And besides, every time that he tried to pull out, Samantha's skilled inner walls tugged him tightly back in, making it impossible to escape even if he desired to.

It started with Samantha's orgasm, the barbs raking her cavities and sending shockwaves into her cervix that were more exquisite than anything she could recall in memory. It was more intense, more rapid-fire than its human equivalent. But, given the heat in her loins, it was the perfect balm for what currently ailed her. A yowl escaped her lips, one not suited for human vocal cords, as she *came*, waves of immediate relief washing over her, making her body shake in contentment. It was almost more than she could bear, the animalistic relief all-consuming, and nearly enough to make her forget that her feet had been turned into paws!

It took no time for Riley to join her, the pressure of his balls being stimulating and his tiny prick squeezed more than enough to make him blow his load. It was a quick release, only a small quality of sperm deposited into Samantha's willing womb. Only proving him a modicum of relief, however, he was left feeling largely unfulfilled, as though he could cum again, and soon.

Though confused by the limited satisfaction, Riley nonetheless pulled out, trying to stand up and not bothering to look at the remnants of his fluids on Samantha's backside. He wasn't in a position to be a caring lover, even though his date had paws instead of hands and couldn't clean herself. Besides, the two of them would be suffering more than just some errant sperm if the changes kept up their steady, relentless pace.

"Well with that, ladies and gentlemen, let's take another break! I'm sure the new lovers want to catch their breath before we get back to the fun!" The Game Master declared, and both contestants were, for the moment, thankful for the reprieve.

The damp sensations on his own penis were annoying, though Riley refused to rub his dick, thankful that it slid back inside his sheath without being visible and saving him that shame. Samantha, having her tail to slide over her backside, did the same and trying to get back onto her feet. But, given the state of them, it quickly proved impossible.

Not wanting her lack of humanity to hinder either of their chances at winning the game, Riley walked over, trying to get his hand under her paws without saying a word. He wasn't sure if such interactions were illegal, and would result in a further change for the two of them. But, then again, if she wasn't able to hit the buzzer, then they would be doomed regardless. So, repercussions be damned.

Samantha, not wanting the insolent male close to her, was shocked to feel the touch of his hand on her furry paw. Whether it was from some sort of feline instinct or her own aversion to the procedure, the presence of the other cat-person was too much for her to bear. Yet, as he raised her paw, and tried to wordlessly lift her upward, Samantha started to calm down, realizing what he was trying to do. Trying to stand on her hind paws was a struggle but she was still smaller



than her co-player, and he was able to help her balance against the podium, all off camera to save them the shame. Though it was hard to remain that way on her precarious paws, Samantha managed to do it, perhaps a final act of defiance against the perceived humiliation.

“And we're back! Just a little bit longer for these contestants, either way. I hope you're all watching on the edge of your seats. I know I am, and I'm standing!” The Game Master declared, and Riley and Samantha braced themselves for the next round of questions.

For now, they'd managed to keep enough distance from each other, scents of their respective sexes out of each other's noses so as not to tempt the other. Though, both knew from previously viewing the show that a misplaced fan embedded in the wall or floor could accidentally blow the scent of the other towards them, making it impossible to resist the heat that would tempt them into another change. It was a futile effort on their part though they were determined to take whatever advantage they could possibly get.

“Alright, I think it's Riley's turn, though it seemed like so much has happened between the two of you that I can hardly keep it all straight. Thankfully we have our producers for that!” The Game Master said with a laugh as he pulled out the next card. “Now, Riley, while you still have a human voice, can you tell me what the Mexican phrase ‘Dia de los Muertos’ means in English? Though, maybe I should be asking you what it means in ‘jaguar’!” He said, earning a laugh from the audience.

Riley's face flushed at that. Yet, not to be deterred at this point in the game, Riley looked at the Game Master before replying with “Day of the Dead,” and nothing else.

“That's right! That is Mexico's day of the dead! Such an important milestone for such an important part in the game!” Rick declared, almost as though he was excited that Riley had gotten it right, for no other reason than to prolong the game and their suffering for the enjoyment of the audience.

“Alright, that's \$125,000 for you, Riley! But Sam's in a much better place at \$500,000! Let's see if she can get her next one right, or if she ends up giving Riley a pair of paws of his own!” Rick declared, making Riley shudder. If both of them had paws...Riley didn't want to think about the effect that would have on their chances of winning.

“OK, Sam, can you tell me the gestation period of an elephant? Don't worry, you won't have that long to bring the cubs to term if Riley knocks you up. Oops, spoilers!” Rick said, to Samantha's chagrin. She didn't want to be a mother any more than she wanted to be forced to mate with the changing man across the stage from her!

Still, it would not happen yet. It was an easy trivia question, one that she had read up on again and again. “22 months,” she told the gathered crowd, as though it was the most common trivia fact in the world. Though part of her was thankful that specific animal wasn’t to be her fate, she couldn’t imagine being any animal, even the cat that she was becoming!

“That’s right! You sure do know your animal pregnancy facts! One has to wonder if there’s an ulterior motive to your studies, huh?” Rick prodded, making Samantha blush. She didn’t want to be pregnant, damnit! Being a mother was the last thing she wanted!

Yet, she couldn’t help but imagine the possibility of Riley changing her further, intentional or no. It was a possibility that she had been inseminated by the one mating, though it would have no consequence to her if she changed back. Thus, she had to hope that he would get the next question right to save both of their humanities.

“Shy, are we? Well, we will see what happens after this next question, won’t we, audience!” Rick said, as a way of moving on.

“Riley, can you tell me the number on a dartboard that is directly opposite No. 1?” Rick asked, a slight smirk on his features. It was almost as though he knew that Riley wouldn’t know the answer, or, at least, hoped so.

To Riley’s disdain, it turned out that the Game Master was right. Riley knew next to nothing about darts, save some common trivia on the side about the names of some champions. He stared forward, trying not to look at Samantha and the ire that he had likely invoked. Of course, he didn’t want to change her anymore, lest she be too inhuman to answer the next questions. But, he had no choice in the matter, not knowing the answer, and was likely doomed to condemn both of them at once.

“Sorry, sad silence isn’t the answer we were looking for! If you were wondering, the answer is 19. Just think, either way, luck is on your side! Regardless of the outcome, you’ll receive new lives, though one comes with money, while the other gives you fur! Still not bad options, given the economy. Am I right?” The Game Master posed, eliciting annoyed boos from the audience. It almost left Riley wondering how many of them found themselves in similar straits, so close to being forced to make the choice between being out on the streets and being in a cage in some zoo or sanctuary.

Still, his time of reflection was short-lived as Samantha called out, a cry of shock rather than of pain he was sure. The changes were, thankfully, not agonizing. But the next series of Samantha’s alterations would certainly be the most uncomfortable that she’d experienced thus far.

It started in her chest, the sensation of her breasts deflating causing her to reach up to rub them reflexively. The flesh seemed to have lost its sensitivity, the fat receding into her chest as she rubbed in desperation. Though not really having thought about it much before, she found it very distressing that she was to lose those assets. It was a case of 'not knowing how good she had it until they were gone', though Samantha hardly had time to mourn their loss with the rest of the changes soon to come.

She was soon aware of a bizarre prickling among the thick white spotted fur of her belly that made her reach down reflexively. Ignoring the loose straps on her bra as it slid away, Sam allowed her nipples to be exposed. Though she figured that without the fat they once had and now covered in fur, there was nothing left for her to feel modest about. It seemed that the source of the irritation on her skin now formed protrusions, likely the start of her feline nipples. To her shock, the skin of her chest started to stretch taut, pulling her former human mounds down towards the new pair, where they would be suited for nursing cubs if the changes were to complete.

After that, Samantha breathed a sigh of relief, thinking her punishment would end there and that she could answer the next question unhindered. Yet, that was not to be the case as an ache started to sink into her shoulders, forcing them to flatten and push into her flanks. Her sternum altered as scapulas widened, forcing their new position to run perpendicular to their former placement. The whole affair prompted her shoulders to hunch forward, restricting their side-to-side motion. It was infuriating, as Samantha tried to move them in the fashion she was used to, feeling uncomfortable as she did so by their lack of motion.

"It seems that a jaguar's torso isn't the most comfortable thing to have when you're standing on two legs. But, it will soon be perfect when you end up on all fours, if Riley doesn't get the next few right, that is!" The Game Master said with a laugh. It made Samantha infuriated as she tried to fumble for the buzzer. She dared not press it immediately and face the consequences of breaking a rule but was hopeful that she still could when needed to answer the final question.

Still, the ache in her loins, ever-present, seemed to grow worse while she adjusted herself, as though the change was a catalyst. It caused a deep-seated desire worse than anything she'd ever known, as though having quelled it once made her crave it more, knowing what it could feel like yet currently being empty. She was randy as hell, and it was only made worse by the proximity of the male, knowing that he was ready and able to itch that maddening scratch!

Yet, she couldn't, Samantha knew. It would be too detrimental at this stage of the game, knowing that she only had one more question to answer before she could escape further

punishment. Even if the satisfying the itch would clear her mind long enough that she could respond properly. But, if she couldn't think, couldn't answer, she would just make it worse for Riley, who was already lax in getting the questions right. Why couldn't she just be over this damn *heat!*? Damned if she did, damned if she didn't, as the saying went.

The issue was soon to be taken out of her paws. Unbeknownst to both contestants, a slow-moving fan had been turned on to aim at Samantha's exposed nethers, light enough that she barely felt it over the lust assailing her loins and the ambient heat of being in a studio full of people. Yet, it was just sufficient enough to draw the attention of Riley's altered nose. The scent was musky, familiar, and arousing all the same.

Riley hadn't noticed it at first, waiting for the Game Master to ask his next question of Samantha. Yet, the increment of time seemed longer than it should have been, as though Rick had been waiting for something. Riley had no mind to question it aloud, knowing how easily his ire could be brought down upon contestants that broke any rule. But, the more he stood there, the more the strange feelings crept over him, as though waiting for something to happen. Why was he...?

It wasn't until he felt his cock sliding from its new home that the realization dawned on him. The pungent scent of Samantha's heat was causing his focus to wane. Somehow, it was being blown towards him, as though through a slight breeze. Recalling the fan system he deduced about from prior episodes, Riley figured it was the cause of his sudden awareness. But, given the state of things, it mattered little. He was horny as hell, and needed to mate!

Yet, for now, at least, he could resist, given the circumstances. Samantha was so far changed already that any further sexual interaction could force both of them unable to finish the game. Certainly, their sexual desire would make answering the next question difficult. But it was Samantha's turn, anyway. And he could manage to hold out, he was sure. No matter how good sex felt, no matter how satisfying...

Samantha, it seemed, could not. The damn heat was making it impossible to think straight, prompting her to moan with the need to be penetrated. She could not masturbate in her current state, though was certain that it would be insufficient to quell the lust that was overtaking her. She needed the penetration of a jaguar penis against her sex to make things better. She'd then be in a better mindset to answer the next question, right? And the heat was so maddening...

Without thinking, Samantha fell from the podium, landing easily on her forepaws and turning around so that her hindquarters were on full display. Her tail up and to the side, the effort looked a little awkward, her backside not quite adjusted for it. But her intent was obvious. She needed to beckon her potential suitor forward, to have him mount and ease the damn aches so

she could answer the last question. It was a gamble, but one she had no other choice but to take. And, either way, her lusts would be finally satisfied...

Samantha hardly had the time to look behind her when the sensation of Riley licking at her sex made her moan. Her voice, at least, was still human, though the tingling of change would settle on her any moment. Still, she had little focus for such things as Riley climbed on her back, spearing for her sex as he prepared for the mating that she so desperately craved. He quickly went to work, trying to line up his phallus with a vagina that was not in the right position.

That was soon to change, to the detriment of them both. Samantha could feel a tingling start to play over her backside, her spine stretching painlessly under the skin, even longer than what was required for her tail. It created extra space for her expanded ribs, pulling her stomach taut and thin. Yet, it was the uncomfortable sensation of her hips compressing, a snap between her pelvis to allow its rearrangement that really made Samantha worry. It was akin to her previous change, only lower down, in some ways, more peculiar. Tremors radiated all the way to her aching sex, making her readjust her stance several times.

The tingling was not to settle there, however, as her calves started to thin over stretched heels, fat and meat pulled into thin air as the remaining muscle stretched tautly. It left little remaining up to her knees, which were cracking wetly from the force of shifting bone. They were made wider by the shifting of her hips, readjusting the structure parallel to her torso in much the same way as her shoulders had been. Though Samantha hardly had the ability to realize it, she had been permanently sat on all fours, if they continued down their bestial path.

Yet, a passing thought relished the changes twofold. For one, she was not yet losing her face, her voice. Though it was deeper in her current state, she could still articulate an answer. That, and the repositioning of her pelvis made her sex easier for her mate to access. Not only would she get the sexual relief she craved, but she still had a chance to answer the last question and avoid a feline finality, and, even better, receiving the funds to get her life on track!

Finally was felt the internal irritation of her plumbing being pulled along with a rotating backside, moving up to be just below her pink pucker. The fat on her hips had been pulled away, leaving little to the imagination as she lifted her tail even higher and to the side, calling forth her mate. With that, the tingling of the changes seemed to be done, at least for now. Though, Samantha could only be elated that her backside was in the proper configuration to take a jaguar male, no longer concerned about how far she had fallen.

Riley was not the jaguar she needed, however, at least, not yet. Not bothering to prepare her backside or give her a little tease first, Riley reached down to grab his smaller dick, lining it

up with his mate's vagina, its position in the right place for easier access. It took no effort for him to plunge in, sinking that tight space as he started to thrust.

But something was wrong. His cock kept sliding out, unlike the first time, and it was harder and harder to find his place inside of her. The growls of insistence from his mate made him eager to do his part in quelling her lusts. But no matter how much Riley struggled, their anatomies were too different to make the proper effects to fuck as his instincts dictated.

That was soon to change, however, as a tingling came over his own groin. It started with a sudden ache in his pelvis, as though the bone was separating to alter the dimensions of his pelvic girdle. His hips, too, started to adjust their shape, free to rotate forward to sink into his thighs, allowing flattened flanks over a still-human stomach. It did force his cock into a different position, further back across his perineum but more in line with the feline cunt lips that he craved to fuck.

Lost in the scent of the female's vagina as he was, however, Riley could hardly focus on the alterations to his hips as he finally found his purchase inside of his female. There was still some strain from the shrinking of his calves, the widening of his tights, and the gaps of skin between his leg and knees. But, in rut as he was, they went largely unnoticed, the feelings in his prick more than he could bear.

It took no time for him to cum once he'd found his rhythm, closing his eyes and opening his mouth as wide as it could go. Some instinct prompted him to lower his body towards her neck, though he was unable to do so with his upper body in its current state. Therefore, he was forced to sit with the instincts, a minor distraction from the pleasure of the small quantity of semen he deposited in his co-contestant's womb.

Samantha growled, voice a little deeper as Riley's spines raked her insides, sending waves of stimulation through her cervix along with his semen. It wasn't much; she could barely feel it entering her as Riley pulled out, penile spines sending wracking waves of agony through her body. She wanted to reach back, to swipe at him. The pain was significant; couldn't he at least *try* to be gentle if he was going to fuck her like an animal?!

Part of Samantha's mind was horrified at the realization that this was to be her sex life if the changes finished. She hated the sensation of a jaguar's cock inside of her. It *hurt*; though it quelled the pain of heat that bothered her so much, Samantha couldn't stand being in heat in the first place. It was maddening, not pleasant at all like her human arousal. She needed the cock of the male inside of her when in season, not just once but apparently many times if what she knew about felines and their mating practices were to be believed.

Worse was the likelihood that she was only an alteration or two away from what might be her eventual fate. The Game Master could decide to change all of her at once or spread the facial changes over several more failed questions. Though, given her proximity to the end of the game, it would be likely that her entire head might change in one go to end the game. And once she was fully a cat, it was permanent.

Worse was the reality that they had been put on all fours, though something that was only just now settling in. She needed to get back to the podium to answer the next question, but how she was to do so with only her haunches and paws was a puzzle. Even though she could still speak, there was no winning if she couldn't manage to get up to push the buzzer. Specific rules be damned!

“And for your last question, Sam, well, if you get it right, that is, can you tell me what animal the Egyptian god of death, Anubis, wears on his head? You've only got 30 seconds!” Rick declared, making Samantha's heart sink. Of course, he was under no obligation to allow her time to get back to the podium. And if she didn't, she would be a jaguar for the rest of her life!

Samantha looked up at her salvation with a look of despair. She knew that cats could get up on their back legs, of course. But how she was to manage it with hybrid anatomy she wasn't sure. The normal act of making herself stand only served to cause her to fall over, her back legs not working the way she was accustomed. She was going to lose the game before she had a chance to answer such an obvious question!

In a last-ditch effort, Samantha managed to leap up, claws extended to catch her balance. As they did, one sank into the button, the familiar ding ringing in her ears before she knew what had happened. She had only seconds to say the answer to the question, almost forgetting what it was she was supposed to say!

“Anbu-Jackal!” She called out, dreading the sound of the buzzer cutting her off. But, to her delight, she indeed had the needed seconds to answer the question. And she was sure it was the proper answer, an easy one for her trivia knowledge...

“That's...absolutely right! Sam, you've won the \$1,000,000! Either way, when you leave here on all fours, or two, you're be living in luxury in your crib or cage! That last part will be up to Riley here!” Rick declared, turning back to Riley.

Fixated on whether or not Samantha was going to get the question right, Riley totally forgot that he, too, was on all fours, and needed to get up onto his haunches to try and reach the buzzer himself. He would have to be ready to answer his own questions lest he was changed even more. The rest of the game, and their fates, were literally riding on him!

“Well, with just one contestant left, I’m sure you all know what that means! This time he’s playing for his own humanity! Riley still has to get three right answers himself in order to keep it! We’ll soon see how much he wants to stay down on all fours or get up on two! But, that will come after this commercial break!” Rick said, the lights playing over the studio before fading, the commercial sign coming on to show that they had taken the break.

At first, Riley was elated, thinking that he had more time to get used to his new anatomy. After all, Samantha had barely gotten up in time to answer her question before she changed Riley, possibly giving him his own paws, or worse. He would likely doom himself if he didn’t get to the buzzer in time.

But, the ache in his cock, the one that was now familiar, was starting to come back in full force, as though he had not mated in days, maybe weeks or months. Apparently having forgotten the relief that he had experienced just moments before, the desire to rut and cum was back tenfold, making it almost impossible for Riley to resist it. Whether it be some influence from the serum in his veins, or that jaguars just needed to fuck more often, did not matter. It was like Samantha was right beside him, shoving her ass in his nose and forcing him to breathe in her heady scent. Though he was not aware of it, the fans were blowing her aroma into his nose again, the siren song of lust singing into his ears and persuading him to give in to carnal desires.

Thinking that Samantha would willingly submit to him, Riley started to saunter over, figuring they had time for a quick fuck before the commercial break was over. Jaguar mating was so brief after all, and he wasn’t going to get through the last questions without a fuck, his lust-glazed mind reasoned. But, from her demeanor, it seemed that Samantha would be having none of it. Though she lacked a muzzle, she was still about to hiss at his presence, making Riley pull back as she turned around, claws extended.

Given the situation, Riley had no reprieve for his lusts other than to masturbate himself. Though certain it was a cursed act, he nonetheless reached down to stroke his tiny jaguar prick, knowing that any hesitancy might risk him doing it after the break was done, and thus disallowing him from answering the next question when it was asked of him. Though he wasn’t sure if he was telling himself that as an excuse to let himself give in. Regardless, there was no reprieve but to tend to his cock.

Yet, the moment that his fingers brushed the contours of his penis, they started to pull back into his hands with a series of cracks, as though they were shrinking from the mere contact with his member. He could feel the muscles pulling inward, the tendons reconfiguring into another shape. With that came the formation of something within, stretching forth as though meeting the retracting digits. With a painful yowl, Riley felt the things pierce his fingertips,



popping them off as though they had already loosened. They fell to the floor, revealing the pointed edges of sharp feline claws that were to replace them. Riley felt the pain of their presence before the sheaths moved to cover them, providing a modicum of relief as his fingers continued to retract.

Yet, at the moment, Riley's only concern was getting off, his one hand in the midst of transformation and preventing his relief. Reaching down with the other, it was as yet unchanged enough to hold the cock tip as he stroked himself off rapidly, as best as he could. He was ever aware of the ache of his paw pads forming, the compressing of his remaining fingers, the stretching of palms, and the reduction of his thumbs. Hell, he could even feel the growth of the nub from his wrists for added protection when he was on all fours.

With the scent of jaguar musk in his nose getting worse as his balls throbbed and the pressure built up, there was no chance of holding back. Mating, and by extension, masturbation, were rapid affairs for cats, and there was an urgency in his efforts to try to get off before his other hand changed besides. Phantom tingles played over his prick, making him sure that he didn't have much time. But, allowing his thoughts to shift to the potent female aroma, Riley felt himself go, feeling the orgasm wash over him with a potency of release, of purpose that previous masturbatory experiences could not hope to achieve.

Fur on the back of his hand soaked in jaguar cream, it seemed to be the catalyst of further changes as his other fingers started to crack and snap, pulling back into his hands and robbing him of human tactile sensation. The pads that formed over fingertips and palms were depleted of the sensitivity he had once enjoyed, now useful only for stalking across a jungle floor rather than manipulating the environment like he was used to all his human life. Though, the claws that he possessed, deadly weapons in their own right, were fun to explore, retracting and extending with the formation of new joints within them.

It took Riley a few moments to come to terms with the fact that he now had a pair of jaguar paws, the same as the ones that adorned Samantha's arms that she was barely able to function with to work the buzzer. It would be a determinant for them both if Riley failed and they lost out on their humanity and became zoo animals.

Still, feeling some relief from the brief release of his seed, and not hearing Rick's announcement that the show was live again, Riley had some time to work with the newest changes. Working his backside up to a sitting position, he raised himself up, trying to balance with his paws and claws. It was a struggle, causing pain in his backside as he did so. No wonder cats could only manage it for a brief time! Though, Riley's determination to remain human allowed him to ignore the unnatural aches from his altered body. He would stand up and at least try to answer the questions, only having three remaining to get right before the two of them

reverted to humans. He could do this! Assuming, of course, Samantha didn't need to be mated again...

“And we're back! Well, viewers at home, you've missed it! Samantha rejected Riley's advances so he had to tend to things by himself. In the process, he gave himself a lovely pair of paws! I hope he enjoys them because he's only a few wrong answers from keeping them for the rest of his life! Let's see what happens with this next question!”

“Well, Riley, it's been amazing getting to know you but now let's get to know the feline you! Can you tell me, for \$250,000, what Cynophobia is the fear of? I could give you a hint, but that would be cheating! If you don't get the answer, then it might make more sense to the new you!”

Riley looked at the screen in despair. What was the man on about? Surely, there was something in that last bit to give him a clue. Then again, what *would* he be afraid of as a cat? There was surely nothing an apex predator had to fear. Worse, the word itself didn't really give him a sense of what the term meant, not able to break it down phonetically. Still, he had to try to answer. There was no penalty not to, save the one that would still happen with his silence.

“Cats? Big cats? Any cat?” Riley answered, not sure what else he might be afraid of than what he was becoming himself.

“Nope, not quite! So sorry! I guess you've never heard of the old adage of 'fighting like cats and dogs! Because Cynophobia is the fear of dogs! Not that cats fear dogs, necessarily. It's just that...oh, screw it! Not everyone can appreciate my puns! But, surely, everyone in the audience will appreciate your next change!”

Riley didn't even have a chance to respond before the Game Master pressed the button and the tingling of transformation started over his feet. Already furred, the stretching of his heels made him try his best to grip the podium to balance himself as his stance was extended. It was a Herculean task to try and stay standing while not knowing how his feet would shape in comparison with the rest of his anatomy. They seemed to be wider, the heel making up the rest of the length as they slid seamlessly into his altered anatomy.

Riley was not enthused about the process as his toes splayed out, retracing into his widening hind paws. Though the digits could still move, just slightly, there was little to distinguish them from the tiny nubs of a feline. Riley felt a rush of familiar sensation as claws sprang out of the digits, spurred on by the piston-like structure forming within the altered tarsal bones of their formerly primate structure. Relief washed over him as thin sheaths of skin formed to project his claws and the structures within.

His awkward stance promoted the extension of his claws to try to grasp for any bit of purchase. Not wanting to move a muscle for fear of falling over with no chance of getting near the buzzer, Riley did his best to hold fast, though the strain was getting worse. He was able to hunch over the podium a little more easily, though it was the only reprieve in an otherwise dire situation.

Breathing heavily, Riley looked out to his tormenter, who only grinned devilishly before pulling out his next cue card. “Welp, Riley now has a matching set of paws, how nice for him! Though paws aren’t the best at standing up on back legs, that’s for sure! Let’s not keep him in suspense for the next question! After all, we don’t want to keep Sam waiting one way or the other! Here’s your question! What was the soft drink Pepsi originally introduced as?” Rick asked rather rapid-fire.

Riley’s precarious balance made it impossible to focus fully on the words before his mouth opened to speak. The answer was in there, rattling around in his brain from somewhere in his notes of study. Yet, for the life of him, Riley found it nearly impossible with the mental efforts required to maintain his stance. Recalling the answer suddenly, Riley called out “Brad’s Drink!” before falling down, the buzzer out of reach.

Hoping against all hope that his answer would be accepted, Riley’s heart sank when the words came from Rick’s mouth and the timer went off. “So sorry, Riley, you knew the answer but you have to buzz it in! Such a shame! It’s so hard dealing with hybrid anatomy, isn’t it! But there’s one advantage to your next change. It might let you move with more of that beauty and grace of a big cat! Best of luck!” Rick said, words oozing sarcasm in a way that made Riley’s blood boil.

The tingling started playing into Riley’s chest, forcing it to barrel out and push his arms to the sides. There was a severe discomfort with his ribs expanding, shoulders rotating to the sides, sternum popping, and all the internal alterations that allowed his organs to persist as a jaguar as opposed to their former primate physiology. A barreled chest atop a taut stomach forced his arms to reconfigure into jaguar forearms, limiting him further to the beast he was well on his way to becoming. Barely noticed was the tingling of newly formed nipples, his former pair more sensitive though he hardly had the anatomy to properly explore their new abilities.

Yet, the only thing on his mind was getting back to that podium, knowing he was likely only one change away from losing and still needing to answer three more questions right. The odds were ever stacked against him, so far away from his goal now that he’d incurred two changes in as much as a matter of minutes. There was little hope at this juncture, even though Riley was hardly willing to give up. If he did, everything he had strived for would be for naught.

“Look at that determination! It’s really admirable, certainly for any future contestants. You always need to fight till the end to win, as all of our winners can surely attest! But, enough about them, they’ve made their million and now you have a chance to make yours too! Riley, can you tell me which show is the highest-grossing production on Broadway ever? I’d give you a hint, but that would be letting the cat out of the bag!” Rick said, Riley’s brain zeroing in on the words with the answer coming to mind immediately.

Yet, the buzzer was so far away from him that getting to it seemed to be impossible. In his panic, Riley nearly fell over, knowing that one failed question would likely be his last, that his head would shift that final push into a jaguar, and take Samantha with him. Yet, frustratingly failing to try to get up would do neither of them any good. He had to take his time, not worry about the countdown if he was to do it. It was all about focusing on the goal to make sure that he hit the mark in time...

Rearing up with outstretched claws, Riley felt the sink of the buzzer and called out his answer. “The Lion King!” “That’s right! Still hanging in there at \$250,000, with two more right answers to go. I’m sure everyone is waiting speechless to see how this will all go down. I’ve never seen one down to the wire like this in some time! Congrats to you! But, let’s not keep everything waiting! Here’s your next question! What color is the Ex in the ‘FedEx Ground’ logo?” Rick asked, without giving Riley a chance to think.

Though difficult, Riley’s body was still in a position to get to the buzzer quickly enough, if he knew the answer. He tried to picture the label in his mind, something that he was sure he’d seen dozens of times in his life. Though he wasn’t sure exactly, he had to answer, knowing that his body was in the same state as Samantha’s and that the two of them were only one or two changes away from completion. So, given the circumstances, he had no other option than to guess and hope that his intuition was correct.

“Green!” He yelled out, not really thinking it over any further.

“TTTTTTHHAAATTT’SSS...RIGHT! Wow, I was on the edge of my seat with that answer, weren’t you all?” Rick asked before the rest of the audience chimed with applause. Riley found himself momentarily relieved. There was a chance that he would be saved from his fate after all!

Still, the scents of Samantha’s heat were heavy in his slightly altered nostrils. He knew that giving in to them would be a foolish endeavor, being possibly one change away from his fate and with only one more question to answer correctly. Even if the fire in his loins was reignited with an intensity that made it hard to think...

Lost in his confusion as he was, Riley was remiss for not noticing that Samantha had come up to him, looking up at her similarly-changed male companion with an expression of need on still human features. She had been waiting patiently the entire time, knowing that she could not give in to the heat. Even masturbating had come to her thoughts, but such acts would provide no relief for the sensations that were causing her so much alarm. It was one thing not to drag her partner down with her, but what was the point if she simply masturbated and doomed them anyway? She needed jaguar cock!

It would have been fine had she not been exposed to a fan that was gently wafting her scent in Riley's direction, drawing him towards her pungent perfume. He had been OK for the moment, having just masturbated. But the scent of the needy female brought him all the way to the edge again, making him growl and whine with his need to rut. He was steadily becoming aware of why cats in the wild mated so often. A female's heat was maddening to the point where the male was prompted to rut her as many times as he was physically able. Though it was not a prospect that he relished, there was no denying the urges present in his mind!

Riley was barely aware of what he was doing as he got down off the podium, walking towards the object of his lust with a look in his features that was more feral than human. Feline fancies were crawling into his mind at this point, making it hard to rationalize why it was a bad thing that he was giving in. Though, in truth, he had no ability left to resist and answer the next question, even if he was inclined to do so. Especially not when Samantha turned around and raised her tail for him, sex on display!

This time, much to her embarrassment, Samantha felt a small squirt of urine leave her sex, a reflexive action that she had no control over. Still, it did little to deter Riley's advance, even going so far as to lick the spot on her sex to allow himself to taste her flavors. It seemed that her hormones were having the desired effect, making him more eager to mate than Riley ever thought possible.

As with their previous pairing, Riley managed to get on top of his prospective mate with relative ease, pushing in with his minute prick and starting his thrusts right away. There was no hesitation in his actions with the instincts playing over his mind. Drunk as he was on feline pheromones, it took him no time to reach his end, eliciting growls and snarls from Samantha as his spines raked her insides and sent her into ovulation. The release came quickly as it had for both of them, as though their bodies had not been spent from previous masturbatory and sexual sessions and they were as fresh and ready as that first time.

Still, with their combined release came with it a rush of shame, knowing what their canal lusts had caused them. Surely there was no chance of Rick not punishing them with another change. How much did they have left to lose?

“Well, looks like our new couple just couldn’t resist each other! It’s times like these that usually make the audience go ‘awwww!’” Rick said, eliciting just that reaction from those gathered. “You know what we always say! Even if you didn’t come in to be turned into animals, if you like it enough, then we are more than happy to give you that chance!”

It started with Samantha’s nose, pricks bursting forth from the skin just at the base and irritating her greatly. Not thinking, Samantha reached up with her paw to try and rub the spot, the soft hairs doing little to alleviate the irritation. After a few moments, Samantha was in possession of a series of dozens of whickers, like the ones that already adorned Riley’s face. The presence of her paw against them made her sneeze. Pulling back from the sensitivity of the new growths, Samantha was surprised by what it felt to actually wear them herself. It was unnerving, to say the least!

Having already undergone that alteration as a punishment, Riley instead felt an ache in his canine teeth as they started to extend, falling past his gums as though something was pressing painlessly against them from underneath. He was a little confused as he spat them out, the sockets healing over to prevent any blood from spilling over the floor. The same sensation pushed at the rest of his teeth, and he slowly spat them out while he still had the ability. Recalling some trivia fact about cats being unable to do so made him thankful his head had not thus far changed!

Looking over at Samantha, he could see the same thing happening to her jaw, canines, incisors, and molars all tumbling forth and giving her a frightful appearance. He was sure he looked the same in the interim before his own feline fangs grew in to take the place of his lost humanity. Yet, he did not have to wait long.

Riley winced as his three sets of premolars and a single set of molars grew in, shearing the flesh with their edges before the wounds could heal. Incisors were soon to follow, not too different from their human shape but far more numerous, two more sets than their human equivalents. Eyes on Samantha, he could tell that her fangs were growing in, coming down over lips that were not quite ready to handle them. A wince crossed his features as his own canines pierced his gums and hung pointedly down to meet their mates from below.

Expecting the changes to end there, Riley was shocked to see that Samantha’s eyes were starting to water, expanding into an ovular shape as the irises changed from their former brown to a brighter amber, then lightening to yellow as she blinked a few times, getting used to a new

layer of vision. Riley hardly had time to think before his own eyes ached, and he blinked them a few times, noticing that the colors in the room seemed washed out. His acuity was enhanced, details sharper, but colors were duller, hues and saturations depleted from their former humanity.

“And there go their eyes! You might not know this if you haven’t watched some past episodes, but cats can see color, though the spectrum is a lot different than human eyes! I hope reds and pinks weren’t your favorite colors!” Rick declared, though Riley and Samantha were too busy to care, lamenting the loss of human vision. They had the eyes of predators, it seemed, ones more attuned to movement and shapes than color as primates enjoyed.

More changes were in store for the pair as the flesh around their noses started to puff out, accenting the whiskers that both of them now sported. Their noses continued to flatten, the skin turning pink and finishing the minute alterations that allowed them both to fully detect Samantha’s heat. Slits moved up the sides, making both soon-to-be-cats sniff expectantly, drinking in the intricacies of the stage in a way that humans couldn’t. Though, much to Riley’s chagrin, the primary smells that came to the forefront of his notice were the ones of Samantha’s sex and their frequent mating sessions!

Only the sensation of his ears twitching, new muscles making them move against his will was enough to take his mind off the heat that was driving the two of them insane. Veins flowed into them as their contours expanded, taking over a more ovular shape. Hairs erupted from their insides, twitching minutely as they became better attuned to sound vibrations. The level of auditory stimuli was astounding, though, to their disdain, all they detected presently were the mutters of the audience, wishing they would hurry up and change, telling them to fuck, and betting there was no chance of them winning at this point. Both contestants were infuriated that they could be viewed in such a manner, but there was nothing for it now.

Samantha finally realized that the tinglings of change stopped just shy of taking the rest of her head away. It was a small reprieve that a little of her humanity remained at this point, though it was something. She was all too aware that no contestants had won at this point of being so changed, and that their own fates were effectively sealed. It was almost tempting to give in, the lust in her loins be satisfied by the male that was present and willing. After all, if it was to be their future anyway...

Still, before she could present to him further, Riley was moving away from her, pacing around his podium as though trying to angle his way to jump up and prepare to answer his final question. Samantha didn’t even know if he could still speak, and was afraid to try herself given the state of their faces. Riley’s jaguar features looked comically out of place in a head that was mostly human and sat itself on a body that was purely cat. But, either way, that state of being was not to last long.

It took Riley every ounce of strength he had to pull himself away from his mate and towards the podium to answer the last question. He was sure that the producers and the Game Master would use the opportunity to ask the final question before he was in a position to answer it. But, for whatever reason, he saw fit to let them mate, perhaps to dangle a last string of hope before it was taken from them.

It was getting harder and harder to recollect why it was such a bad thing not to just give in to the urges that were playing over his mind in droves. His human life was so unfulfilling, full of struggle and hardship. Though he imagined the life of an animal would be no better, it was hard to deny the urges in his mind and how much fulfillment they gave him in the face of such pleasure. Still, be it stubbornness or determination for a better future, Riley kept himself pacing around the podium, trying to get in a position to jump up before the question was asked and he lost his window.

“Well, looks like Riley’s disappointed with Sam in bed! At least if he doesn’t get this last question right, then the two of them will have all the time in the world to figure things out!” Rick declared, as a way of segway into the next question.

Riley knew he didn’t have the time to waste, given the state of things. His ability to operate his body was lacking, given that his mind was still mostly human, save the jaguar instincts to mate that pervaded him. Though the scent of musk was strong in his nose, his need for a brief refractory period would be his boon, hopefully giving him enough time to answer the question, should he even know the answer.

The seconds ticked by like hours as Riley found a position that he was sure would allow him enough leverage to jump up enough to reach the buzzer. His first attempt went too quickly, making him fall down and land harmlessly on his paws. His body was so unwieldy with human control that he thought it prudent to allow his jaguar mind to take over for the one task. Yet, whenever he allowed himself to sink into the instincts that were welling in his psyche, there was the ever-present chance that he would simply go for the female that was currently staring at him, as though deciding whether or not she was ready to request another mating...

Something in Samantha’s demeanor had changed by this juncture, as though any thoughts of resistance had faded from her psyche. Though painful as it was, the mating had felt too good, too *right* for her to even consider resisting anymore. And, why should she? It couldn’t hurt, just to have it happen one more time, to take the male’s cock and the life-giving semen that he could provide her...



Some instinct in her mind knew that she was far from being satisfied from sex. She was not yet pregnant as she truly wanted to be. *No, how the damn jaguar instincts wanted her to be*, she tried to rationalize with herself. It wasn't her, shouldn't be something that she wanted. But by this point, the jaguar urges and wants had sunk into her mind where she could hardly face the possibility of not giving into them. It was getting so hard to think, so hard to hold onto herself when her mind was literally *screaming* at her to take this male once more. The urge to have sex once more was maddening, the scents of their previous lust burning into her nose and making resistance impossible even if she had a last thread to grasp onto.

That was why she found herself pacing the male, who was still struggling to get up on his hind legs to reach the buzzer before the next question was asked. Rubbing against his flanks, her aim was to make sure that her pungent pheromones were etched into his fur so that he would have no choice but to be overcome with the urge to rut her. She continued to rub, though a feline hiss escaped his lips as she did so. Yet, his acts of aggression were largely ignored with the need to convince him of the advantages of mating.

Riley, for his part, was doing everything in his power to focus only on his goal of getting up to the podium. He needed desperately to maintain his humanity as much as was in his power, consequences of otherwise be damned. He didn't want to be a damn cat, even if his co-contestant seemed to have already given in, whether it be her own will or the hormones surging through her body.

“Well, looks like the two lovebirds are contemplating consummating their honeymoon! It's hard to say, teetering on the edge like that which way it will go! As much as I'm sure we would all like to let them sort things out, all good things must come to an end, as it were. So, it's time to ask the final question!”

Riley's feline ears perked up at that, and he reflexively reached out with his paw to bat away the insolent female. He had to get her off of him, or else she would damn them both! Even if it was his fault that she had been changed so much, he still had to fight for the two of them to retain as much of their humanity as possible. Even if something of that magnitude seemed impossible for the two of them to manage!

“Ok Riley, for your last question and for the game, can you tell me what language does not use gender as part of its grammar? Thirty seconds on the clock!” The Game Master declared, and Riley felt his blood run cold.

Riley was sure he knew the answer from somewhere before, but where? What was it? With only thirty seconds to think and all the distractions in the world keeping him from answering, it was a maddening task to try and rationalize how he would answer. But even

knowing the correct response would do him little good if he couldn't even reach up and press the buzzer to ring in his answer. It was already a Herculean task to try to get up on his hind legs. But the female was not having the lack of attention. Riley worried that she was too far gone into the cat she had become to turn back now, and that was truly a shame. But he had no intention of joining her if he could help it!

The seconds ticking by, Riley felt that there was little other recourse than to go for what he felt was the necessary step to maintain his humanity. If he did not do so, then he would lose his only window at getting back to his own body and rejecting these accursed jaguar traits he loathed so much. All he had to do was think of a simple answer...

Ignoring the ache of his penis sliding out of its sheath, Riley managed to get up on hind legs, excited to finally be in a position to reach the buzzer. All he had to do was to think about the answer in the few seconds that he had left. It was on the tip of his tongue, even though his tongue was coarse with backward-facing keratin barbs. All he had to do was think...

His paw was on the buzzer seconds before the timer went off, a claw sticking out to push the button. His memory of the word still escaped him, the scent of the female pervading his mind as it was. It was getting harder and harder for him to think of why he needed to struggle so fervently the longer things went on the way they were. But with just a little more effort... a few more inches....he could do it....Turkish!

“Turrrrrkkissss!!” He called out, claw pressing down the buzzer. The fact that his voice was horribly warped mattered little to the end result. He was going to make it, he had made it! He would be made human again, and get his million for a new life!

Yet, the words escaped his lips before he pushed the button, and he had to struggle to get back into position. He was almost there. It was maddening to be so close from his salvation and yet so far. It was literally down to the wire, closer than any contestant that had ever been on the show, most likely.

Yet, the female had not forgotten her own desperation and she butted against his loins, pushing him down into a position where he could easily mate her. The force against his cock was enough to pull him back and knock him down over to the floor and to their doom. He wanted to cry out, to berate her for the decision to damn them both. But at that point, the timer had gone off and the tingling of change was already starting to play over his head, likely the final one to make him into a jaguar forever. There would be no going back once that happened, even if the Game Master was inclined to allow them the opportunity to revert.

“Well, what a turn, folks! Looks like Sam couldn’t let it go! And that was the right answer, too! Well, the temptation to be an animal, especially as a cat in heat, can be too much for contestants to bear! But don’t take my word for it! It looks like my feline companions are feeling the mood as well!” The Game Master said, and the cameras focused on his two cougars that were assuming their mating position. As Samantha wanted to have Riley do to her...

Samantha, for her part, felt a loathing in her heart for what she had done, and so willingly, as well. Yet, there was little she could have done in the moment, as much as she needed to have Riley fill her. Not thinking there was a chance for her to return to humanity, she had given in to her jaguar instincts. And with their salvation so close at hand, it had been her actions that had ultimately ruined the chance for the both of them.

But, there was nothing to do for it now. There were no separate futures for them, and no possibility of returning to humanity. Samantha had made the choice for the two of them, one that would leave them on all fours for the rest of their lives. And there was no reason not to live with the repercussions at this juncture.

The tingling of change played over Samantha first, as though a punishment on her soul, or perhaps a prelude to her choice. The first thing to happen was for her short-cropped hair to fall from her head, pooling on the floor around her. There was no pain; no aspect of the change had been particularly agonizing. But somehow this alteration seemed slower, perhaps via perception or perhaps a show for the audience to see the last moments of her humanity being taken from her.

The itching of her scalp did not alleviate even after all the hair was loose. The fur that had stopped at her neck started to raise up towards her skull, filling in the areas of skin that were thus far bare. It spread in a wave, the spots smaller along her head as shorter hairs peppered her scalp, running down her cheeks like sideburns as she panted, the itching almost unbearable. Soon, her entire scalp was encompassed by the hairs, and itching down her cheeks and proto-muzzle signaled that they would not stop until they encompassed her form completely.

The aches came soon after, not painful but carrying some discomfort in her jawbones as the maxilla and mandibles pushed out in equal measure. Her muzzle was relatively blunt, though thicker on her still-human skull and looking comically out of place on her features. It allowed her jaw to fully meet her new teeth as they spread in her gums, finally feeling comfortable on her features.

Finally, her primate skull started to compress on her brain, shrinking its mass as the frontal bone extended to match her expanded jawline. It created a sloped shape that allowed the awkward positioning of her skull to appear natural and symmetrical. The ache on her brain made Samantha think that she should lose her intelligence, which in some ways would be a blessing.

But, save the instincts in her mind that cried of heat and lust, there were few tinglings in her brain to denote that she was to lose any more of her humanity.

Still, the instincts in her mind were strong, and Samantha was not inclined to resist them any longer. It was her reward, albeit a hollow one, to take the jaguar that had become of Riely, in hopes that this time would finally relieve her of the persistent ache in her loins. She lowered her body downward reflexively, sticking her backside up in the air and rising her tail off and to the side, the lordosis position that felines and many other animals took to signal their willingness and desire to mate.

Riley looked at the sight with equal parts lust and horror. There was nothing left in her actions that could denote a human will or intelligence. Whether it be due to that final change or simply the lust that she felt in the moment, Samantha was all jaguar in her response, as though showing no remorse for her lost humanity. Riley was sure that, like the cougars, changed individuals did not lose themselves into the animals that they had been turned into. But given the current climate, he had no way to know whether or not he would be spared that potential fate.

At this juncture, there was little point of resisting the urges in his body. He had not answered the question in time, and the tinglings of his own final change would soon start to play over him. He wanted, *needed* the female desperately, no matter how much his self-rationalization told him otherwise. The sheer number of times that he had cum already were a drop in the bucket to the current needs to respond to the female's heat. And it was his duty to satisfy her biological urges, for the rest of their natural lives.

The tinglings of change started in his scalp as his own hair fell away, sliding to the floor and pooling with the rest of his discarded humanity, clothing, hair, nails, and teeth. Riley wanted to take a moment to mourn their loss. But, the irritation replacing it with jaguar fur spreading from his skull kept his focus on the female, wanting to do whatever he could to escape the reality of the changes. So, he simply moved to the female's backside, tasting their combined juices for only a moment before hunching over and taking the feline mating position.

This time, Riley had the proper fangs to satisfy his urge to bite the female and keep her in place as she took his seed inside of her. Though his jaw was not up to the task, the aches in the bones of his mandible and maxillae were pushing it outward, making proper space for his jaguar dentures as he lined up his fangs with her neck. A still lingering human bit of anger did not care if he hurt her, though, in reality, she was as much a slave as he was, and Riley was equal in his faults of bringing them both to this conclusion. Therefore, he simply allowed himself to do as his instincts dedicated, and not to think about things any further as would a full-blooded jaguar.

Still, his jaw was not quite in the proper configuration to make his mark on the female's neck, much to his disappointment. It would take the extension of his frontal bone, the splitting of his cranium, and the sloping of his skull for Riley to be able to properly reach his mate, fangs piercing the sturdy flesh of her nape. They wouldn't really be causing her pain, though Riley was remiss to care in the heat of passion that they found themselves in. The sensation of his twitching ears being forced upward and the repositioning of his eyes was largely ignored. Even fears of his compressing cranium were forgotten with the tempo of his thrusts and his proximity to his first orgasm as a total animal.

The moment that his teeth sunk into the fleshy nape of her neck was the moment that Riley felt his end near, and he allowed the orgasmic sensations to wash over him without regret. The tremors of pleasure were brief, just enough to keep him coming back as his cock spasmed and deposited another teaspoon's worth of semen in the female's womb. The usual growls of protest came with it, enough that Riley had the wherewithal to pull back in time before he was unfortunately swatted, Samantha's claws extended this time.

Even as he pulled back from the jaguaress, the real fear of what the change would do to him washed over Riley like a cold shower. Riley closed his eyes, waiting for the inevitable change to his mind that would seal his fate as a cat. The instincts were there, certainly, screaming at him to mate and rut and rest afterward. But the end of his humanity never came. At least, not in the way that he had been expecting. As the seconds, then minutes ticked by, it was becoming increasingly clear that was not to be the case.

As the two of them lay there, equal parts sexually satisfied and despairing about their animalistic fates, the Game Master walked over to them, kneeling down and whispering in a voice that only they could hear. "You two made it so close! Unlike those more unfortunate souls, you'll keep all your human intelligence. Most people retain something of their former selves, of course. But since you made it to the last question, resisting all the way, then you'll likely retain all your memories and awareness. You could have answered the question and had a different future had you not given in at the last minute. But there aren't any and this is the life you'll have from now on. Do try to enjoy it."

With that, the Game Master stood up, speaking loud enough for the rest of the crowd to hear. "Looks like it's official, folks! These two are another in a line of contestants to 'live in luxurious fur!' They'll be taken to a lovely zoo, all ready to house a mated pair of jaguars with a new life with its own luxuries! Tune in next time to see if our contestants choose to 'Live in Luxury or Luxurious fur!'"

## **Epilogue**

The sun just coming over the sky, Samantha rose slowly, opening her mouth in that distinctive big cat yawn. She was only briefly roused from slumber and considered going back to sleep, but an irritation on her belly fur seemed to take precedence and she raised her chest to lick at the fur. Even though her cubs had grown enough to open their eyes, they still relied on her for sustenance, not quite ready to eat solid foods. And she was happy for the connection with them while it lasted.

Samantha took the moment to reflect on her past, not something she typically did in her new life. It seemed the Game Master's word rang true to some degree. As a result of their answers on the game show, both of them were allowed to keep much of their humanity intact. Though instincts were par for the course, naturally, all memories of their past and the experiences that had led them here were fresh in their minds. Samantha was not sure this was a boon or a curse, but for better or for worse, this was her life now.

Samantha didn't know how long she and Riley had lived at the zoo, save for the distention of her belly and the eventual birth of her cubs. It must have been at least a couple of months by now, assuming her gestation period was that of a normal cat, between 95 and 111 days. With the process of change, it was impossible to say whether she was pregnant as long as a cat would be in the wild. Though she was aware of time passing, the changes in seasons were minute, and she had long since forgone the need to keep track of how many days had transpired.

After that last mating, they had been guided to a transport box to be taken to their new home. Neither had the energy to resist, the punishment already being the loss of their human bodies. With their human intelligence, they were able to respond to commands better than any cat, of course. They were given a decent size habitat, all things considered. Nothing compared to the lives they would live as free cats, though larger than even their combined one-bedroom apartments, at least. Still, with all their food provided, they did not need much space. There was sufficient room to climb and hunt and scratch and scent mark, which took up much of those first few days as cats. That was when they weren't sleeping or mating, of course.

Much of that first week was occupied by mating, much to Samantha's chagrin. Samantha needed it as many times as Riley could provide it. And, with his feline physiology, it seemed to be several times in one go, before they eventually had to rest for their next encounter. Samantha desired as much semen in her body as it could take, not really understanding how diluted Riley's seed was but her body requiring it all the same. Still, the pain of the frequent sessions took a toll on Samantha's physical and mental well-being. It hurt each and every time she was forced to take cock, though in the same tenure she needed it. The powerful conflict between feline mating instincts and physical agony was nearly maddening.

Once her heat had subsided, Samantha finally had the cognizance to grow accustomed to her new life. At first, she was rather bored, not at all entertained with only the standard feline enrichment activities that were provided. Naturally, the zookeepers took notice of this and found some human ways to bring them enrichment. They even had provided a portable TV, though their ability to change channels, was lacking without hands. Still, it was better than nothing, even if their altered vision found the images hard to focus on after a time.

She hated being naked all the time, though save for her backside with her tail raised, there was very little for her to show off. Eventually, she cared so little for her modesty that she did not bother to make sure her tail was down and found that it tended to move of its own violation when she wasn't focused on it. That, and the coat of fur she possessed kept her warm and comfortable and soon the notion of no longer wearing clothes became a nonissue.

Initially, Samantha found the needs of her body to be distasteful. Having been vegan before now, she hated eating raw meat, often disregarding the offered meals at first. Though with the energy that she required for her frequent mating sessions, she had no recourse but to eat the offered food, raw as it was. The taste was largely absent, though her changed sensibilities hardly cared about that. It was better than being fed some gross combination of cat food or something else akin to it that her domestic cousins were forced to consume.

Worse was relieving herself, something that she had no privacy over much to her distaste. Urinating in a squatting position was uncomfortable at first, and even worse when relieving her bowels. Still, she was thankful for having a scented sandbox to relieve themselves in, reducing the smell in their habit. Cleaning herself with her tongue was another matter, something disgusting to have to conceive of doing but uncomfortable to leave unattended. Even though her humanity was revolted by action, it had to be performed enough that it was largely routine after several weeks of life as a jaguar.

Riley seemed to adapt to life as a cat more readily than she had, though, at least, he did not have to deal with the prospect of pregnancy. He slept most of the time, though was still wanting to fuck her even after her heat was done. Typical male, she figured. At first, he was annoyed by her subjugation to their instincts, and her action to damn them both to this living nightmare of being animals in a zoo. But, it did not take long after adapting to jaguar life that he decided to forgive her, no longer to think that he had been robbed of the win.

Eventually, Samantha started to find things that were appealing about her new life. Beyond the stress of mating, her pregnancy passed with little discomfort. It was certainly more stress-free than any primate aspects of pregnancy that she had been told of. Best of all, she had no periods, cramps, or anything else that made being female and pregnant powerfully

uncomfortable. Even the birth was relatively painless, her three cubs hungry and healthy and eager to help her with the aches in her swollen nipples.

The cubs themselves were rather cute, even by her human standards. Two of the cubs, a male and female, sported the typical jaguar coat, though one male was black like his father. Though their birth was easy, their care was not something that Samantha enjoyed, having to lick clean their coats from the placenta fluids. Worse was cleaning their leavings, something that she would have to do until they reached a few months old, eyes open and instincts present that they could use the sandbox as did the older cats. Still, there was a sense of pride in having them, though she had never wanted to become a mother prior. It gave her enrichment beyond anything that she had been expecting, and was glad for their presence in the enclosure, despite the circumstances of their conception.

Riley, too, came to love his offspring in a very much non-feline way. Though in the wild, jaguar males did not partake in the joys of cub raising, Riley was rather attentive, helping Samantha out with some of the cleaning tasks. He was willing to play with them as they grew, and the newly eye'd kittens would often chase his tail or bite at his feet, leaving Riley thankful that his skin was slightly thicker to prevent harm.

Naturally, the zookeepers were even present, talking to the pair as though they were human, spilling secrets of world affairs and discussing their personal lives. Though they could not communicate directly, the pair were often coaxed into offerings of treats and toys, both for feline and human enjoyment. It was a nice reprieve from the monotony of living in a simple area, far preferable to being in the wild or some other fate. They were eager to come in to play with the cubs as well, aiding in the care and safe in the knowledge that their charges were not wild animals and would thus be unharmed by being in the cage directly with them.

And so it was that the two newest residents of the zoo found some solace in their new lives and the fates that they had once thought so unfortunate. They wanted for very little even in their captivity, and even some of the more distasteful aspects of feline life were soon as accustomed to as the trials of human existence. With no bills to pay, a free roof over their heads, and all the creature comforts for their species, the two could live in relative bliss. The fear of expulsion was absent, and their safety and comfort were all but assured. Even their dignity, something that was denied so many low-income people was intact, being treated better by their caretakers than many landlords or governments viewed their human charges!

To the surprise of the zookeepers, one of their favorite programs to watch when offered TV was 'Live in Luxury or Luxurious Fur', despite it being the game show that had brought them here. Yet, both former humans enjoyed it enough to see what animals the contestants would become, and what new lives they might live should they lose. Now they could watch with the



conviction that many were truly escaping lives of poverty and strife regardless if they won or lost. Even way, there were brighter futures ahead for the contestants, and hope from the trials that led them to apply to play the game in the first place!