

## Catching the S Train

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Beneath the orange haze of the light polluted skies, the city never seemed to sleep even when the streets had emptied and the stores had closed. Steam climbed out of the gutters, drifting lazily towards the rust colored clouds. A clatter came from down one of the alleyways as the overstuffed garbage cans were toppled by nocturnal scavengers that had adapted to the city life as much as its human residents. Casen hadn't heard the sound over the pulsing beats and rapid tones pumping through his wireless headphones.

Shoulder length greasy brown hair stuck out from beneath a gray stocking cap, brown eyes a little irritated from the dust from the warehouse. The knees were blown out of his blue jeans and his shoes had so little tread that one could make out his toes when he wiggled them. A long sleeve black and gray t-shirt peeked out from beneath a looser short sleeve black shirt that had once boasted a band emblem before it had shredded off in repeated washings. The twenty five year old glanced up ahead to see the rusty green guard rails that surrounded the stairs down to the subway, a little relieved that he'd navigated so well on auto-pilot.

Footsteps echoed off the aged cement and the weathered tile of the subway station as Casen descended. The air was a little ripe with the tang of iron, though it was never certain if the aroma was from rust or blood. Casen glanced one way along the station and then the other before he pulled his sleeve up to look at his watch, his lips curling a bit in dismay. They'd gotten a late shipment and hadn't been able to leave until it was done, but it was three in the morning... He sighed a little, reaching up to lift his headphones enough to hear the distant rattling of the S-train as it snaked its way through the underbelly of the city. At least he still had a way home.

The darkness of the tunnel ebbed steadily as the train approached, although one of the rectangular headlights flickered with each bump and the other one had taken on a greenish tinge. A warm, humid air billowed around Casen, whipping through his hair as the subway car rumbled to a stop, the engine passing him by along with a car or two before it lurched to a stationary position. The double doors slid languidly open and Casen stepped forward, crossing the threshold into the car. The air was acrid with hints of sulfur, garlic and ammonia - not itself entirely uncommon on a subway, but the other passengers were far from normal.

Three seats were occupied in full by other males. One wore a spiked leather jacket, one a ragged hoodie and one wore no shirt at all... but none of them were human. Each was covered in thick, luxurious, black and white fur. Tall pointed ears glinted with piercings and their faces projected out into muzzles. Where some might have worn shoes, the passengers had huge clawed feet. The aroma that permeated the subway car no doubt came from somewhere beneath the thick skunk tails that climbed up their backs before dipping down in a signature crest. For a split second Casen thought about taking a step back but the doors shut behind him and the subway lurched forward, nearly knocking him off his feet. A grin crossed the skunk in the leather jacket, his sharp teeth peeking out from behind fur lined lips - fur that graduated into a long, thick braided goatee that hung down across his chest.

"Kit wasn't expecting to bump into us heathens tonight, was he?" he asked.

“He should know better than to be out this late if he doesn’t want to get swept up with the trash.” a deeper voice came from the shirtless skunk. Casen looked up at him, at his huge belly and plump furry pecs as well as the long bushy striped beard that hung down from his face. Even though his head was covered in fur, he was pretty sure that he would have been bald and bearded as a human. The last thug peeked out from under the hood of his sweatshirt, sizing Casen up before giving him little more than a head nod in recognition before he lowered a clawed hand to give himself a grope through his sweatpants. It was only then that Casen realized just how obscenely large his package was, and it only took another moment to realize the other two were equally well endowed.

“Looks like he likes what we’re offering...” The hooded skunk said, “You want a taste, kid?” he offered before tugging down the fly of his pants. The air blossomed with the murky, salty, musky scent of cum as a thermos sized cock sprung out, smacking into his sweatshirt. Casen’s tired bones felt a little more electric, sweat starting to glisten from his forehead, soaking into his already messy hair. The skunk in the jacket’s yellow eyes widened a bit as he reached up to stroke his long goatee braid.

“You’re right... That’s not the normal reaction. Do you like what you see, kid?” he asked. Casen reached up to brush his hair back a little before giving an underwhelming shrug.

“I mean, I had a few furry friends in high school... Not big on the whole daily shower thing, and I could picture myself with a guy in bed. I’m not a kid though, I’m twenty five...” he said. The hooded skunk started to stroke himself off, letting the excess flesh of his dick slide up over the blunt head of his cock before slipping down to reveal the veined meat beneath.

“Any friends like me back in high school?” he asked. Casen gave a little head shake.

“I think I would have had a lot more fun if I did...” he replied. The big bellied skunk let out a big chuckle at that.

“I like this guy.” he said with a grin, moving to grab a beer from his backpack. His claw made short work of the cap, sending the metal lid skittering under the seats before he offered it over. Casen accepted it and tipped it back, although his eyes started watering at once as he coughed and sputtered.

“What is that shit...” he said, his voice a little hoarse.

“Duke, did you give him the forty weight?” The hooded skunk asked. The bellied skunk looked back at his bag.

“We’re out of the weak stuff...” he shrugged. Casen hesitated before sniffing it again. It burned, it was sharper than piss. It had to be alcohol of some kind. After bracing himself, he tipped it back again, taking one gulp, then two. His throat undulated with the swallows, beads of sweat joining the dark stubble across his upper lip.

“Seems he doesn’t need any weak stuff.” The skunk in the jacket said, “I’m Spike. This is Ryder, and that’s Duke.” he said, pointing with a clawed finger..

“Casen.” the human responded, taking a smaller sip of the beer.

“As in Casen’ the joint?” Ryder grinned, still masturbating slowly. Casen smiled at that.

“So, where are you headed?” Duke asked.

“A hundred and twelfth.” Casen replied. Spike let out a whistle.

“You do know we’re on third street, right?” he grinned.

“Plenty of time for him to get to know us better.” Duke said, reaching to tease one of his fat nipples. Casen knew he should have been worried or concerned, but really he was turned on. These guys were big, furry, and they smelled like real men. They weren’t afraid to show it.

“I want to...” Casen said, looking at Ryder, “Why don’t you come over to the bench and I’ll give you a hand.” he offered. Spike and Duke let out simultaneous whoops of excitement at the balls the human had, though they watched with glittering excitement as Ryder rose to his feet and stepped out from the seat. Casen had seen how big his dick was but apparently it was to match the rest of the seven foot tall beast. As he walked, his hood sagged down to reveal a thick white stripe mohawk and disconnected mutton chops sticking out from his cheeks.

Casen started to move over to the bench where he could give the big skunk a handjob, but a clawed paw shot out and grabbed the human by the scruff of the neck, pulling him down. Before he knew what was happening, his lips were pried apart as the biggest cock he’d seen in his life wedged itself into his mouth. In moments his saliva was dissolving old spent cum, the cheesy flavor soaking into his teeth and gums. A slight, deep growl sounded as he squeezed out a drop of pre that nearly evaporated on Casen’s tongue. In that instant the human’s cock and nipples sprung to full erection and his eyes started to glaze over.

Ryder pulled Casen tighter, letting his cock glide over the blunt human teeth around them before he nuzzled the back of his throat. There was no sound other than the rattle-clatter of the train as it rumbled along through the city, the two connected in their lewd act on a method of mass-transit. Ryder tangled his clawed fingers in the human’s long hair and got a good grip before he started to pull him back and forth, wedging a little deeper each time. Casen’s beer toppled to the floor and rolled, the amber liquid spilling out to add its aroma to everything else that had saturated the car. His now free hand reached up to find their way to Ryder’s orange sized balls, sinking into the fur to grope their size.

“I knew I’d like you...” Ryder said, “But I think we gotta put a little more meat on those bones. Duke?” Ryder said. The bellied skunk moved over and reached down, cutting through Casen’s belt with his claws before tugging his jeans down. The pale, bare ass cheeks of the warehouse worker were exposed, the jeans tangling around his ankles. Duke lowered his own pants, bringing a longer and thinner cock to bear. He let it slap across Casen’s back before he dragged it down his ass cheeks like a hot dog finding a bun, drizzling a trail of musky pre. Tiny wispy dark hairs started to sprout from Casen’s exposed skin, fed by the skunk’s seed. Duke moaned softly before he tilted his hips and began prying into Casen’s tight pucker before all of a sudden he managed to get three inches in, then four. With a few more spurts of pre, he started to really slide forward and back, picking up momentum.

“Can I fatten this one up? Make him a big ol’ boy like me?” Duke asked hopefully.

“We have to see what kind of skunk he was meant to be...” Ryder said, fucking Casen’s face faster and harder before giving Spike a distinctive nod of his head. The other skunk knelt down next to Casen and leaned in, giving his neck a lick, then his head before grinning, his black nose twitching.

“You were always meant to be a skunk, weren’t you? Dirty, greasy, foul, horny...” Spike whispered. Casen wanted to moan, he tried, sending vibrations up into Ryder’s huge, fat cock. Casen didn’t feel like a man anymore, he felt like an accessory, a toy. He felt inches of Duke’s cock plunging into his ass, probing around his intestines while Ryder’s cock filled his throat to the breaking point... but as dehumanizing as it was, it felt amazing. He didn’t have to worry

about work or rent or food, he was only here to bring pleasure to the others... and to gain pleasure for himself. "That's it... Oh yeah, I can smell the skunk in you." Spike said, reaching behind himself, bringing his fingers to the glands on either side of his tailhole. He gave them a brush, then a squeeze before he brought his fingers back up and spread the oily residue across Casen's upper lip, letting it soak into the dark fuzz there.

If Casen's eyes hadn't been watering before, they were now. The pungent smell of melted rubber and rotten eggs permeated his brain, making each cell sizzle. The rank juices only seemed to act as fertilizer as Casen's stubble grew out into a mustache, one that crept down the edges of his upper lip to frame his distended mouth. What hair he did have already started to darken and grow longer, giving a bit of friction to Duke's cock as it plunged in and out of his now well stretched hole. The fingers groping Ryder's balls stained, turning from ivory to brown to black as they started to extrude outward, stretching and honing to points.

Spike slid a paw up Casen's double layer of shirts to find that he was in fact growing a patch of chest hair. He cooed and purred happily, raking his claws through it, feeling it get thicker and longer and softer. It was nice, as was the steadily sweeter, more full bodied scent coming from the human, but it wasn't enough. The skunk rose back to his feet and took a few steps away before turning. He looped his claws in the waistband of his pants and tugged them down before he slammed one hand against the side of the subway car, closed his eyes, and bore down.

The punk skunk's tail twitched with a rapid fire series of shakes as the glands further down were compressed. There was a faint humid moisture that blossomed across Casen's exposed skin, the clothing showing a greenish moisture speckling and then soaking in. What had begun as a concentration of essential oils on his upper lip became a fully encompassing cloud in moments. The already despoiled subway car seemed to visibly decay as rust spots worsened, the graffiti got brighter and the seats seemed to wear down. None of that, though, compared to the rapid changes on Casen's body.

Fur was sprouting as fast as a shadow slipped across the prairie at sunset. It swept across his cheeks and chin, spiraling down his throat and neck before blossoming from the collar of his shirt. Patches of hair erupted on the backs of his fingers, all of which were now massaging Ryder's huge balls. Duke felt more at home as the ass he was pounding grew furry and Spike leaned in to give Casen's ears a lick as they stretched into points and grew a dark fuzzy coating. His attention, however, soon drifted lower as he reached down to coil his digits around the human's cock.

"Ohhh, hot as fire..." Spike whispered, starting to jack Casen off, feeling the blood pooling into his member as it grew longer, fatter, thicker and harder. His balls descended lower, swinging forward and back with each thrust that Duke sent into him. Inch by inch, thrust by thrust, Casen was being corrupted. Fur sprouted from his neck and shoulders, his wrists, his legs and thighs. His feet tingled and throbbed as his toes grew longer, his heels broadened and his arches flattened out. A slight scraping sound came as his unkempt toenails grew longer, curving down as they thickened and hardened into the start of claws.

The subway car had been gassed with the skunk spray, soaking every surface. It collected in the ruts of the rubberized traction matting on the floor, soaked the material on the seats and beaded up on the windows. Every drop reinforced Casen's corruption. His greasy brown hair had darkened to a moist black. What had started as a rugged stubble beard and

thicker mustache had spread up around his eyes, across his forehead and over the bridge of his nose. His tall pointed ears twitched as his jaw began to pop and snap, dislocating a little before it began to stretch out over Ryder's huge meat, allowing even more of it to be swallowed up.

Ryder's big paw continued to guide the warehouse worker's head forward and back, feeling the young man practically trying to milk his balls. He murmured happily, hearing the scratch of Casen's new claws against the metal bolts that held the floor panels in place. Duke was grunting with every thrust, shivering with delight as he felt the tickle and the brush of Casen's fledgeling tail starting to creep up along his belly. Long, thick hairs spread out from the flag of flesh that stretched out from above his ass cheeks. It tightened and stiffened, anchored into place at the base, preparing for the heavy mass it would support. While most of Casen's body fur was growing in black, it had started to blanch out in sections. The hair around his aching cock had bleached to an ashen white and so too did a portion of his tail.

Spike had tried to hold back, to act as an intermediary, but his mouth was watering and drool was collecting at his lips. Once more he dropped to the floor of the subway car and slid underneath their newest gang member, rolling onto his back and opening his muzzle wide before he snapped up and took Casen's cock in. Casen's back arched before Duke's manhood forced it back rigid again. The three worked in tandem, operating on some instinctive tempo that Casen had not yet latched onto. It felt like Ryder had made it all the way down his throat to his stomach and like Duke had nearly met the distance coming from his other end.

To say that the skunks made for messy lovers would have been a vast understatement. Despite his desire to last as long as he could, Duke's bellows and groans came as he tipped his head back, his bushy beard stretching out away from him in a plume of masculinity. As he howled, he came, rewarding Casen's empty stomach with a great deposit of scorching hot skunk seed. The feeling built and built, some of the backwash creeping down with the lurid grunting and grinding until hot spurts of semen leaked out into the black fur that now adorned Casen's hind quarters.

Just as the skunk spray had covered every inch of the subway, the last vestiges of Casen's human skin disappeared beneath the new furry coating. His eyelids were dark, his cheeks and nose were different. His nostrils flared as the tip tilted up and grew meatier, taking on a faint moisture. The blunt teeth that had been so casually grazing back and forth along Ryder's huge member began to send chills and tingles into the hooded skunk's body. They were no longer the flat, boring teeth of a human. They were precision tools ready for use against anything. Casen's face continued to stretch out as his new tail reached the small of his back, then the lower edge of his shoulder blades. Inch by inch, it emerged from his body.

Wet slurping sounds smacked and slobbered in the subway car, but not from Casen. Spike was suckling all he was worth, feeling Casen's body push well past the lengths a human could achieve. He reached twelve inches, then thirteen in moments. His balls wobbled, each one plumper than they had ever been before. Hormones and adrenaline surged through his brain as it rewired. The muscle ache of a warehouse job faded away and the weariness of staying up so late evaporated in a hot sizzling. He was a creature of the night and the night was still young.

Casen's stomach gurgled and growled and was soon rewarded with another jet of cum as Ryder let out a deeply satisfied roar. The former human's throat bulged and pulsed with every spurt that Ryder had to give. The growling stomach was silenced by the plentiful cum now filling

it, adding protein and musk to the nutrients coursing through his body. Casen's hearing grew muffled as his ears shifted on his head, popping again even after they had settled when his muzzle finally set and hardened again. His fur brushed back and forth against his shirt as he writhed, making him feel like he was no longer a stranger slithering around in someone else's skin. For the first time in his life, he felt complete.

It had been a miracle that Casen hadn't already cum with the massive overstimulation his new friends provided, though it was likely due to the fact that he hadn't been laying a hand on his own shaft. Still, Spike's tongue and teeth seemed to do the trick when he finally came. Spike gulped greedily, tasting the last of the human's sweet, innocent cum soon replaced by the acrid, sharp, musky seed worthy of his skunk brothers. He savored it, letting it wash over every fang, his tongue undulating, his own cock letting out jet after jet of skunk cum directly onto the floor of the subway.

For a beautiful moment they were united in four orgasms, a nirvana normally hard to obtain or coordinate. Ryder's flow began to ebb and Casen reluctantly pulled back to gasp for air, having surpassed any reasonable limits even his modified body could support. As he pulled back and gasped for air, Ryder moaned, sending robes of cum across his newly formed muzzle. A large, flat tongue lapped at the semen. The sudden movements of the other two was enough to disrupt Duke's rhythm, forcing the bearded skunk to roar out even louder as all of his restraint collapsed and he came hard and deep. With one last powerful thrust, he slammed himself into Casen hard enough to knock him to his hands and knees.

"Fuck, yes, that's it..." Duke moaned, holding onto Casen's hips, eyes squeezed shut in pleasure. Casen's tail twitched and flinched, his new skunk glands managing to squeeze out a little burst of rancid stink. Duke murmured happily at that, proud in his own way. He pet Casen's tail happily, "You may not have turned out a fat fuck like me, but you sure do make a sexy skunk slut." he said happily.

"You say that now... oww..." Casen murmured, reaching up to rub his sore jaw. He still wasn't quite sure how he'd managed to fit Ryder in there, let alone for so long. With great effort he stood up and then gasped, cumming one last time, realizing only then that Spike was still suckling from his groin. He closed his eyes and moaned, body jumping as Ryder leaned in to kiss him. With a tilt of his head, their muzzles interlocked and their tongues danced. Casen hadn't resisted in the slightest. He'd been playful, receptive, and then one of easiest corruptions Ryder had ever seen. When the ringleader pulled back, he slid a paw up under Casen's shirt to pet the thick pelt of white fur rooted in the center of his chest.

"You look good in black and white." Ryder said. Casen puffed out his chest, pushing it into the paw there.

"They say black goes with everything, and I want to go wherever you go." he said defiantly. Ryder raised a furry eyebrow.

"You don't even know where we're going. What about your old life?" he asked.

"Fuck it... Dead end, working a stupid ass job just to be able to afford a place to sleep when you're not working? That's no life... I'm ready to do some partying, some pleasure seeking... God I wish I'd been a skunk all along." he moaned. Spike grinned, licking cum from his lips as he stood back upright.

"You can make up for some lost time now. It's never too late to catch the S-Train." he said, slinging an arm around Casen's furry shoulders. The quartet of skunks felt a slight shifting

of inertia as the subway car began to climb, rising out of the labyrinthine tunnels beneath the city and emerged into the night on the elevated rails. Every mercury lamp contributed to the orange glow that was swaddled with the mix of smog and smoke and steam above the city. Refineries shimmered, empty office complexes sparkled and a kaleidoscope of colored lights shone out from the run down brick and mortar apartment buildings that dotted the edge of the industrial part of the town.

Curious brown eyes peered through the greasy green sheen on the windows at the city beyond. Casen knew he was probably just as much of a bum as before, maybe even worse now that it was unlikely he'd ever go back to work, but it felt so different. He had brothers now, a group to belong to. He was one of the skunks, leaving their mark on the city and seeking out pleasure wherever they could find it. There wasn't any reason not to celebrate that. A grin crossed Casen's new muzzle as he looked back at Duke, tilting his head affectionately.

"Hey, big guy, you got any more of that swill?" he asked hopefully. Duke chuckled at that and moved back over to his bag to fish out four bottles of beer. The night was off to a great start, but all four skunks knew there was a lot more fun and pleasure awaiting them.