

“Dude, this can’t be real,” Keero remarked, looking at the outstretched vial with a mixture of curiosity and disgust on his face. It certainly didn’t look like anything capable of transforming him. But, without the idea of what such a thing might look like, how was he to know?

“Hey, if you don’t think it will work, no harm in trying it, right?” Clark asked, with a bit of a sneer on his face. He was always one to taunt Keero into things that he didn’t really want to do, a smooth talker if there ever was one. Though, if something like this were really possible, Clark could be sure that Keero couldn’t say no when offered the chance.

The pair had been friends for much of their college days, Clark the more dare devilish type. Yet, no matter how many hangovers or upset stomachs Clark inadvertently gave Keero, he always seemed to know the words to prompt Keero to go along with him for their next escapade. Even in their adulthood, Clark was always coming up with crazy ideas, the sort of thing that Keero begrudgingly ended up tagging along with. Besides, he figured, everyone had to have that one friend that always did stupid shit and dared you to join them, the kind that made life worth living.

Though in this case, if the potion in his hand actually worked, Keero would have taken it from any random man off the street. For as long as he could remember, he had been in love with the idea of physical transformation, turning from his human body into that of an animal. Smaller species had been his particular interest, ones that did not meet literature or art as often as others. Squirrels, mice, and, above all, ferrets, had his interest captivated, not common fixations in the transformation enthusiasts community.

Naturally, to his chagrin, Clark knew well of his interest from their many late-night drinking sessions and was one to taunt his buddy about it on multiple occasions. Keero took it in stride, thinking the teasing was at least a sign of acceptance, and was cool with his buddy knowing his deep secret. Though Keero could not have expected that Clark would randomly show up on his doorstep one early morning, claiming to have a potion that would slowly turn him into a ferret!

Still, Keero resisted, not wanting to make a fool of himself by drinking whatever swamp water Clark had prepared for him. “What if it’s poisoned?” Keero asked defensively.

“Do you really think I’d poison you? Not when you don’t have a life insurance policy out with my name on it! HA!” Clark countered, making Keero feel a little silly. There was really no point in not taking it, after all. If Clark was going to get his rise out of Keero, he figured now was the time to bite the bullet.

“Well, no...” Keero said, taking the glass from him and giving it a cautionary sniff. There wasn’t a distinctive odor, at least nothing boozy or the like. At least it didn’t smell like piss!

“Before you take that, I should let you know the conditions as to how it works. Though, if I tell you, then I’m sure you’re going to want to take it even more!” Clark said before pulling up his phone and starting to read.

“Where did you say you got this?” Keero asked before Clark could begin, still obviously skeptical.

“Dude, if I told you, it would ruin the fun! Besides, this is the animal you would pick, right?” Clark said before looking back at his phone to start reading again. “So, basically, the shorter it takes you to transform, the longer it's going to last. The more you act like the animal you want to become, the faster you’ll change. You just got to start acting like a ferret, and then you’ll become one! Should be easy enough, right?” Clark sneered, making Keero blush a little.

“What exactly do you mean, ‘act like the animal’?” Keero questioned, not really sure exactly what parameters the spell or whatever it was defined as such.

“Dude, it’s your fantasy! You should know the answer to that better than I would! Although. I would say like, eat out of a dish, roll around on the floor, that sort of thing. Don’t shit in a litter box though!” Clark said with a laugh, making Keero groan a little. He *did* have some inkling of what he might do to jump-start such a process, but he wasn’t going to tell his friend that. Besides, Clark was probably waiting to see him act like an animal or something stupid before catching him on camera, something Keero would never be able to live down.

“So, basically, you’re telling me that the more I act like an animal, the faster I change into one?” Keero said, eyeing the drink suspiciously once more.

“Isn’t that what you're into? Besides, it ain’t like I have secret cameras all over your place, that would be gross! I ain’t judging, but I don’t need to see it, you know what I mean!” Clark said, not sounding insincere in the slightest. Clark wasn’t much of an actor, making Keero a little excited and nervous all the same. Was there a chance that Clark really did think it would work, and had bought it just for that reason?

“OK, OK, how do I know this is actually the real deal?” Keero said, getting a little annoyed with his buddy.

“Look, do I have to spell it out for you? Shit’s the real deal. And, what's the risk if it isn’t? Stuff isn’t going to kill you. The ingredients are all raw, it’s supposed to be the spell cast

over it that makes it work. I don't understand witchcraft, OK?! If it works, you get your wish, if it doesn't, then nothing lost! Save the money I spent," Clark said, a little annoyed.

With that, Keero really figured there was nothing to lose. He could always kick Clark out and explore on his own on the off chance that it was actually real. Was he starting to think that the potion would actually work? There was no chance, of course. But he could always hope...

Not wanting to give it any more thought, Keero took the glass and downed it, not minding the taste too much, though there was something a little salty, and meaty if that was an appropriate term. But, he didn't care, downing it all in one go and wiping his mouth, seeing the expectant look on his friend's face.

"There you go! It'll work, trust me!" Clark said, smile on his face now that Keero had taken the drink.

"So, what happens now?" Keero asked, not feeling any different and wondering why the hell he was entertaining the idea that he could actually physically change.

"I guess you act like a ferret? Oh, wait, there's a little more here," Clark said, making Keero question what he had actually drunk in the first place.

"So...yeah, the more you act like an animal, the faster you'll change. That's a given. But, let me see here...if you fully change in twenty-four hours, it is permanent. If it's a little more than that...a few months to a year, if it takes over 30 hours, you'll be the animal for a few weeks, and if it takes longer...it will only last a couple of days!"

Keero was a little taken aback by that, not wanting to entertain the idea it was real but wondering how he would go about things besides. Surely no shorter than two days would be ideal lest he need to take unwanted time off work. But then he'd be stuck as some half-human half-ferret monstrosity in the meantime, right? It was a lot of very specific rules for a real-life transformation, was it not?

In the end, Keero just didn't think it would be real. "You've got to be shitting me, dude. I just drank, what? A placebo? Of course, I did. I'm being dumb. You got me, dude! I'm a sucker!"

"Alright, alright. Don't believe me. Just don't act too much like a ferret too quick, unless you want to be my pet! Haha!" Clark said, turning to head out the door. "I'll be by to check on you in a while. Have some fun with it! You've wanted something like this to be real for a while, right? It's your day, man!" Clark said, getting his shoes on and heading out the door.

With that, Keero was left alone with some time to think about his situation. How the hell was a potion supposed to 'know' what an animal was acting like, anyway? The whole thing made zero sense! There was no way it was real, right? Surely Clark was going to get a rise out of him, to make him act like a ferret and get him caught in the act with some embarrassing photos or videos. Hell, the man probably really did set up a camera in the place, letting Keero think he was alone! No, that would be way too much! Clark was many things, but not a creep!

An hour or so later, the compulsion to try to act like an animal became too great. There was no chance of it working, of course. He knew it was embarrassing, that it wasn't anything he could reasonably manage. But he was alone, right? And it wasn't the first time he'd ever tried acting like an animal for his own-ah, fuck it!

Giving it some further reflection, Keero decided to get down on all fours, turning his water bottle upside down and drinking from it. He even got some nuts and such down on a plate and tried to eat with his mouth, without using his hands at all. Feeling insanely silly as he did so, Keero idly scratched at the backs of his hands, not wanting to entertain something so asinine but not really sure how else to react. Yet, the sensation of soft hairs meeting his touch did not go unnoticed, and Keero looked down with a shocked expression to see the backs of his hands were starting to become coated in a fine layer of brown and white hairs. Not something that could possibly exist in his frame, there was only one possibility. The potion had to be working!

Keero scratched the itch with his nails, thinking that scratching would be enough to act like an animal. As though the intention was a catalyst enough, Keero felt the itching of more hair grown, the sparse hairs thickening over the skin until it was harder to see in some places. It was everything he could have wanted and more to be actually undergoing a change in the middle of his apartment, alone and unwatched. The thought made him absolutely elated!

Not wanting to change too fast, Keero took some time to sit with it, excited it was true but worried about the repercussions of overindulgence. Yet, in the end, curiosity won out. Pondering briefly about how much else he could do to make himself change, Keero raised his haunches up, wriggling his butt in the air as though he had a tail. The notion seemed to fit well within the confines of the potion, making his skin unfurl and a protrusion start to tent the back of his pants. Even such a minor action was causing him to grow an actual *tail!*

It seemed as though the effort of scratching had another effect, one that Keero only noticed now that he was still tending to the itch. The thickness of his nails had increased somewhat, and looking down, Keero was shocked to see that, while still translucent, the tips were a little more pointed, thickened, and elongated from the tips of his fingers. Far from being

completed, however, there was no denying in Keero's mind that he was developing the start of claws!

In the moment of not caring he was accelerating the process that he'd secretly wished to experience all of his life, Keero looked around the room for anything he could scratch. It would almost be worth it to claw up his furniture if it would make them grow. Though he didn't really want to leave any lasting damage to his apartment if he could help it. That in mind, Keero's eyes settled upon a potted plant, one that had been a gift but not one that he cared too much about. Placing his fingers into the soil, he started to dig, pulling towards the plant roots underneath. It had the desired effect, causing his nails to lengthen and his fingers to tingle with the possibility that they were shrinking.

With that, he stopped, not wanting to lose his fingers, at least just yet. He would need them to make the preparations for...however long it would take for him to change. What was that chart that Clark had told him about again? He couldn't change too fast, lest he be stuck in the form longer than expected. But, the longer Keero took to change, the longer he would be stuck as a half-and-half, which was undesirable no matter how much Keero looked at it. What was he to do? He needed to know the perfect way to balance the process, or else...

With that, Keero was left to sit there, wondering how to proceed. He wanted to call Clark back, but part of him was embarrassed to have someone see him mid-change. After all, Keero found the notion of changing powerfully arousing, and he didn't want to be caught in a compromising position, even a close friend. But, if it was really happening, save the possibility he was hallucinating, Clark would have to have known and would come over to check on him. He couldn't let himself change any further in the interim, right?

Still, the desire to transform, no matter how much he wanted to hold back, was nearly impossible to fully ignore, repercussions or no. Keero found his mind wandering at every possible moment about what animal actions could impose more changes on him. Getting down on all fours? More eating and digging? Trying to play or hunt? Should he go out and buy some ferret toys or the like to trigger further changes? He would have to do so soon before he was unrecognizable as human!

To his joy, or perhaps detriment, Keero found that the changes were still overcoming him while he contemplated things, albeit at a much slower pace. Heading over to the mirror, Keero found that he was, in fact, a little shorter than what he was used to. Though his torso might have been a little longer to compensate for the decrease in height, ferrets were long and slinky, after all. Keero almost chided himself for not measuring himself first when he discovered the potion was working. There was certainly precedence for that, given that he was to change and wished he

could record it for posterity. But would that make him change faster? How did the whole thing work, anyway?

The sound of his phone going off brought his attention downwards, seeing that Clark was letting him know he was outside. Part of him wanted to avoid responding, not wanting Clark to see him in such a compromising position. That, and Keero wanted to take the time to think it over, perhaps in a more intimate setting. But, then again, maybe Clark would have some needed answers and would be able to help set up his timetable better.

In the end, going down to let his friend in, Keero was suddenly made aware of the alterations to his hands. First of all, slightly stunted fingers made getting them around the knob a little troublesome. The fingers were clearly diminished, hence his struggle. And the hair had continued to grow, though not around his palms and fingertips, areas that he might expect would be expanded with pads before the changes were done with him. Keero found himself enraptured by the sight of them, leaving only the knocking on the door to break him from his reverie.

Eventually, he was able to open the door, Clark waiting patiently on the other side for him. Clark looked down at him, Keero realizing that while he was normally eye level with him but was now just short enough that it was noticeable to the two of them. “What a good boy! I see you’re already getting into being down and slinky,” Clark said, a gleam in his eye that made Keero more than a little shy and embarrassed. Despite everything, he couldn’t quite get his erection down, though was thankful that his slightly looser clothes hid it. Still, there was no hiding the fur on his hands, the slightly thicker sideburns, and the claws on his fingers that signaled the changes to come.

Blushing furiously, Keero brought his friend inside, not really sure what to say. He wanted to ask further questions, but in his shyness, Keero couldn’t bring himself to. Clark kept up his smile and eventually pulled out his bag, producing something that looked suspiciously like a pet collar. Though it was larger than something to be used on an animal, enough that it would likely fit on Keero’s neck. And that was likely the point, as Keero was soon to realize.

“I wonder what would happen if you put this on? Be my pet? Well, just a little, not too much. Don’t want you to change too quickly. I wonder how much it will change you, though?” Clark said, handing it out for Keero’s inspection. Keero took it, blushing furiously once more. He didn’t want to debase himself like that in front of his friend, especially with something that turned him on. Not that he particularly wanted to be a pet or anything, mind. But ferrets were domesticated, and it was something that he had secretly wanted if it meant even a closer chance of being an animal in real life. And with the potion in his veins, this time, it certainly did!

Without saying anything, Keero took the collar, trying to fasten it around his neck. But with his slightly altered fingers, such was a chore. Looking a little pleadingly up at his friend, Clark simply smiled, offering a “Sure, buddy, let’s get that on you!” He then moved to lift it to Keero’s neck and snapped it tightly with a quick movement. Keero couldn’t help but notice, raising his altered fingers, that there was a tag at the front of it, and, pulling it down and shocked to see that it had his name embroidered on it. That was a little much, wasn’t it?

Yet, before he could protest further, Keero felt a little dizzy, as though the contours of the room were altering. Looking up, it did seem as though the ceiling was ever so slightly moving away from him, just enough for Keero to notice. It was as though simply putting the collar on was enough to make him shrink, leaving him a little stunned. The change was coming faster!

It was not just to be a reduction in size that affected Keero, as itching on his chest prompted him to reach down and scratch with nails that were a bit longer than he was prepared for. Still, the digits were able to detect the soft texture of ferret fur, spreading from his own chest hair and running down towards his belly in a treasure trail. Soon, parts of his chest and belly were peppered, happening a little faster than he was comfortable with. Keero would have preferred to take the time to *really* enjoy it, though could hardly do so with his friend watching!

Reaching back to undo the clasp Keero was soon reminded that the whole experience had stunted his fingers just enough that it was impossible with his current state. “Hey, can I get this off?” Keero asked a little nervously. The tingling of shrinking and the itching of fur growth were not abating, in fact, getting worse the longer the collar stayed on. And Keero had to admit it made him feel like an animal, no matter how much he tried to rationalize otherwise. And he wasn’t in a position to change too fast, scared of making this experience and life permanent!

Clark, grinning, did not say anything, but rather came up to his friend and started to tussle his hair. Keero went to protest but was then surprised to find that the sensation of being petted was rather pleasant, and Keero couldn't help but lean into it, the itching of his altering hair largely ignored. Wherever Clark’s eager fingers sought, Keero's hair shifted from its dark brown shade towards a mix of brown, white, and gray to match the form he longed to possess. It was shorter than his human equivalent, though just as thick and covered the skin. The itching of change ran down his sideburns, spreading towards his previously shaved face that was already peppering with the formation of ferret fur. It was patchy, for now, but steadily thickening towards the consistency his chin would soon support.

All the while, Keero's stature was diminishing, and he could feel his clothes were looser, harder to stay up on his body. It took him some subconscious wriggling to manage it, though part of him was moving into the petting he was receiving. Still, Keero could tell that he was smaller,

thinner overall, and still shrinking if the sensations were an indication. But even the fear of being naked in front of his buddy wasn't enough to stop leaning into the petting he was receiving.

It was the sensation of his ears being scratched and their subsequent twitching into the movement that did him in, prompting him to pull back suddenly. In doing so, Keero almost tripped over his pants, stumbling backward and prompting the tail tucked away in his pants to twitch unexpectedly. Looking up at his friend, Keero would swear his face was beat red, though the fine layer of ferret fur likely obscured that presence.

“Haha! Looks like you really got into it! I'm glad! Well, don't get *too* into or, or I'm going to have a pet ferret to look after! Well, I just wanted to get the ball rolling for you, wherever you want to take it! The change is going to happen pretty slowly regardless, but maybe you want it to come on a little faster? Up to you, man!” Clark explained, a hint of mischievousness in his tone that was not lost on Keero.

In the end, shy about it as he was, Keero asked Clark to leave for now, so that he might take the changes on at his own speed. Thankfully, Clark had the wherewithal to take the collar off, though it was looser on Keero's frame and would need to be replaced to fit a ferret-sized Keero. The changes did seem to slow down a little, at least if the tingling was any indication. But there was a more pressing reason, one that Keero didn't want to let Clark in on. Regardless if it was something Clark already knew about or not, Keero was rock-hard!

The moment that Clark left and Keero was given a moment's reprieve, an intense arousal flushed over him, especially from being treated like a pet. It was almost too much for him then and there, thankful that loose clothing covered what would otherwise be an obvious erection. Though he had changed so much already, such an act carried with it much risk. Yet, Keero could hardly hold back against the need to touch himself. And, for him, wasn't giving in the point?

Pulling off his pants, an easy task with his much smaller body, Keero was soon made aware that his fingers, though not by much, were further altered. To his delight, his thumb was still present, something he relished about ferret anatomy. Though it was noticeably smaller in its current state, Keero was somewhat happy that he would still possess five working digits, even if their joints were steadily decreasing into the paws that his ferret form would eventually own.

Though, thankfully, for now, his fingers retained enough mobility to jerk himself off. Unable to slow himself, Keero's fingers were around his dick, which he then noticed was relatively smaller than what he was accustomed. Even in relation to diminished stature, there was no way that his penis could be that minute. Then again, ferrets weren't exactly known for being well-hung. But did that really matter? Changing into an animal was always something he wished would come with an authentic experience. And it looked like he was certainly going to get it!



Finding himself no less sensitive with his current state of arousal, Keero started to stroke, moaning from the contact as he immediately started leaking over the fur on his hand. Though it was uncomfortable, the fluid hardly deterred Keero's masturbatory efforts as he continued to touch himself vigorously. Though he felt his end coming near in short order, Keero was not inclined to hold back, aroused as he was. Mustelids weren't the largest of animals, hardly apex predators, and made vulnerable moments like mating rather brief. And Keero was about to find out just how brief that could be!

“Oohh...uuugghhhh!” Keero called out, unable to stifle his arousal as he came, spurting a small load of cum onto his tingling hand. Keero hardly had the wherewithal to realize that the skin of his hand had raised up slightly, and it wasn't until he came down from the rapid waves of release and raised his hand to clean off the cum did he notice the results of his efforts. The patterns of skin between fur seemed to have swelled slightly, and Keero was made aware that he had formed something over them reminiscent of paw pads.

Of more importance was the discomfort of drying semen against fur. Keero hadn't bothered to grab a tissue or the like to clean himself, and the sticky seed clung cloyingly to his fur. It was powerfully annoying, prompting Keero to reach down with his tongue and lick at it without even thinking. The taste was offensive, though not enough to stop the action altogether as he licked himself clean. Even the itching of fur growth and the swelling of pads into proper paw shapes wasn't enough to deter his efforts, rather exciting him all the more that he was changing.

It wasn't until his chest began itching fiercely and the dizzying sensations returned full force that Keero looked up, realizing that his masturbation had changed him more than he'd thought. Making his way to the bathroom, and judging by the height in the mirror, Keero was soon sure that he couldn't be any taller than 4ft now and was still slowly shrinking as the changes worked their way over him. His hands were still in a mostly human configuration, though covered with ferret fur and distinct paw pads. At least he still had his thumbs, for the moment.

Not wanting to be naked, acting too much the animal, Keero looked around in his drawers for anything that he could use to wear. Not able to go down to the store to buy smaller clothes, Keero felt himself sigh, clothes too large for the being he was becoming. Eventually, his thoughts settled on going into his closets, Keero finding a towel and wrapping it around him in a semblance of modesty that shouldn't trigger the changes any further. He had changed so much already. And he would change faster if he allowed himself to play an animal any further!

Clark's words of caution swam in his head, that changing too fast would make the process last longer, if not permanent. He certainly couldn't afford more than a couple of days off

work, so he couldn't make the process happen too fast. But then again, he had changed so much already that it would be impossible for the changes not to be obvious to anyone watching. It was maddening, the contrast not to want to act the ferret he could be but risk the change lasting far longer than he was prepared for!

Thinking it unwise to practice animalistic actions and change any faster, Keero contemplated going to bed. After all, if he was asleep, he could hardly act like an animal, save for beastly dreams, after all. And it was getting late in the day, having taken the drink early in the morning. Though, it was harder and harder for him to justify sleep, given the fact that he was changing little by little with each passing moment. He did attempt to rest just a little, though, in the end, several hours were wasted with the excitement that he was going to transform. After all, with something akin to a lifelong fantasy at his ferret fingers, how could he not be awake to enjoy every single moment of it?!

Unable to sleep even though the hour was late, Keero decided to grab a beer. Clicking the can open was much easier given his new claw nails. Tipping the can to his lips, he drank deep, finding the flavor offensive to his altered mouth but not enough to deter him from drinking. It was a celebratory act to experience true world transformation once thought beyond his grasp.

As usual for him, Keero downed his brew rather quickly, not thinking about any potential repercussions. It was when he sat the can down and stood he understood his foolishness. His metabolism had altered to fit his changes, Keero was sure. Yet, it was his sheer size that made the alcohol hit him far harder than he was used to. The size of a human barely into his teens, it was quickly obvious Keero could no longer hold his liquor.

It soon seemed to be an understatement, Keero feeling more than a little buzzed from consumption. With that came the impulses he'd harbored previously but had hesitated to act on, not wanting to change further. But, tipsy as he was, it was difficult to find any reason not to give in and give it a try to experiment on what further activities would send him on the way to ferret-dom. The first and most obvious thing was to get down on all fours, ferrets having limited ability on their hind legs. Such was easy enough to do, although Keero's spine had hardly altered by this juncture. Though he wanted to experience life down on the floor, to wriggle and act silly as he'd viewed on so many YouTube videos before. So, he proceeded to do just that, enjoying the slight increase in flexibility as he slid all over the floor with an energy that he hadn't experienced since childhood. Who knew being an animal could be as liberating as he ever hoped it would be?

The tingling in his spine was all Keero needed to know that his efforts were working, that his tail was getting long enough to twitch. The itching of fur growth, which started down his back, soon covered the stub of tail he now possessed, and Keero panted, excited that he

possessed one that he could move now. Best of all, he was able to thump it against the ground, eager and elated that he had one, the fulfillment of a long-held dream.

To his delight, that was hardly the only change he would be blessed with, feeling his torso shrinking and elongating relative to his body in equal measure. Only a series of wet cracks and pops were felt, however, hardly enough to dissuade his continued wriggling efforts. To truly allow the effect to sink in, Keero quickly became well aware that his side-to-side movement was steadily increasing, allowing levels of articulation unfathomable to a human body. He really was turning into an animal, and nothing Keero could fathom could make him more elated!

With his buzzed state, there was little chance of the long-term repercussions hindering his investigations. Naturally, Keero was eager to explore the range of motion that came with being an animal, moving his thinning upper body side to side while leaving his lower body as stationary as possible. At first, it seemed to have little effect, but the more he played with his abilities, the greater the range of motion seemed to be. And, it was increasingly easy to act a ferret as his body shifted towards being one, spurring on further and faster changes...

With that, Keero found himself wondering just *how* flexible he was becoming. Could he finally achieve his dream of sucking himself off? He certainly wanted to try before he became too much an animal, making the changes irreversible for days. He would have this one last act before he regained the common sense that would prevent him from doing something so silly! Pulling off his towel and letting it fall to the floor, it was easy to leave himself standing there naked and prepared for the most exciting act he had performed thus far.

Naturally, his cock was at full erection by this point, still human but much smaller even relative to his body. Though that was soon to change, the tip starting to point and the surface lightening to a pink shade. It was far thinner now, though the ache of its need was more intense than anything Keero had been expecting. Strangest still, however, was how the head started to peel downward, revealing more of the pink flesh as what he realized was his sheath began merging with the base of his groin and pulling it up towards his mouth. It was as close to his mouth as it was going to get!

Reaching down, Keero felt a few pops resonating through his torso to indicate his spine was stretching, the muscles around it giving way to the necessary connectors to form functional ferret flexibility. Keero was made all the more aware as his face lowered itself toward his prick, sticking straight up now and looking him in the eye, leaking fluids. As though his desires a catalyst, an ache in his jaw forced it ahead an extra inch, just enough that his lips could wrap around...yes!

Though his arms seemed a little restrictive, Keero managed to reach down and stabilize his penis, licking at the tip as soon as it slid from his lips. The flavor was a little off-putting, even though he had experience tasting himself in such a way indirectly. Still, the pleasure of sucking himself off was something else, and besides, what guy hadn't thought about going down on himself? Almost halfway transformed into a ferret was the best way Keero could fathom going down on himself!

The more he licked at the tip, the more the flavor seemed to grow on him, though it might simply have been a correlation with the pleasure washing over his penis. Whether it be a consequence of the change or rather his excitement over transformation in general, going down on himself was far better than any blowjob his past lovers had given him. His own lips, though new at the action, knew exactly where and how to pleasure himself in ways that no one else could manage. The feeling of it dangling from its new sheath was almost too much for him to bear, and Keero could feel his end coming too soon. Yet, in the moment, Keero needed it far too much to even consider resisting. Even fears of changing faster and dooming him to a ferret fate were fought against in this onslaught of potential pleasures!

The only thing that could possibly hold him back was the sensation of shrinking, his body losing height and mass at what should have been considered impossible levels. He had to be less than 3.5ft now, though without a ruler had no way to confirm it. Still, there was little concern in the moment with his current start of lust. Not the slight ache of his jaw growing and thinning, his torso becoming lean, and his tail beating against the floor from its gathered length. He was glad he'd had the foresight to take his clothes off; his shirt would have been far too large for his changed stature. And, the more he licked at himself like an animal, the faster the changes seemed to come. Though none of that mattered, Keero needed to cum at the thought of change, repercussions be damned!

It took no time for Keero to reach orgasm, even the distracting changes not enough for him to hold back. The pressure in his diminishing balls was too much, and Keero could feel them pumping his ferret load into his muzzle. The quantity was small and more offensive to his senses than he was prepared to take in. Though, in the end, his sexual elation and excitement over the changes were enough that he swallowed his load, something that he never attempted before but something he was now eager to do all the same. It was a bestial act, one that he partook in excitedly.

Keero was distracted from his post-orgasmic reverie by the sound of his phone beeping. It took him a few minutes to realize that it was ringing and longer to find it, short as he was. And, when he reached up on the counter to grab it, his stiff fingers couldn't work the combination to unlock the phone. He could see that Clark was the one on the other end, though there was nothing to be done for it. He was likely close, and Keero really wanted to see what he had done

to himself. After all, acting the way he did had changed him faster than he would have wanted it, and he was powerfully ashamed to be seen in that state.

Rather than letting his friend in, Keero rushed into the bathroom to look at the damage caused by his drunken escapades. He had to be less than 3ft tall now, barely able to fit into a toddler's clothes. His body was peppered in ferret fur, longer and lanky as it was. Impossibly thin, Keero looked like some hybrid monstrosity out of his wildest nightmares. Or deepest fantasies, but being in mid-change so soon was more damning than not, given the potential repercussions!

Keero found himself wondering when Clark would get here when a ring at the doorbell almost confirmed his presence. Keero could not come up with a good reason not to let him unashamed as he was. With the changes in their halfway state and his penis fully altered into a skin-covered sheath, even having fur covering it, made his nudity a moot point. He could barely even tie up the towel again, fingers lacking the dexterity for it and his waist far too thin at this point.

Reaching up to open the door, Keero was slightly dizzied by the realization that he was so much smaller, with arms that were significantly restricted from compressed shoulders. But, his hands were still in enough of a human-like state that he could work the doorknob, at least. Though the moment he did was the moment that a shiver of shame went through his form. He was hardly the human he had been, more of an animal in the past twenty hours than he could have imagined himself to be.

With his clumsy efforts to open the door, Clark had to help, almost knocking the ferret man over from the force of it. "Man! You're way further along than I thought! You really are into transformation, aren't you? Well, it was worth it to see you enjoying it this much, I guess!" Clark remarked before pulling in something that Keero could not have expected. It seemed to be some sort of large cage, about 4 ft and over his head. It had to mean that Keero was less than that, closer to 3 ft if he had to guess. It seemed as though the entire front facade was openable, in addition to the main door. It contained a tunnel, a wheel, and several areas for him to crawl around a soft bed to sleep on. Hell, it even had a built-in sandpit for his waste, though Keero could hardly imagine the embarrassment of using such a thing.

Keero opened his mouth to speak, though his words were high-pitched, and the sounds embarrassed him. "I caneeeekkkk get in there," he muttered, immediately embarrassed at the sounds coming from his voice. He sounded so much like an animal already, far closer to being one that he should reasonably be given the circumstances. And he had just let it happen!

Obviously, the repercussions of indulging in such an action, though tempting, were not lost on Keero. Clark's words rang in his mind that if he changed too fast, he would be stuck as a ferret for a year, if not forever. Though it had not yet been a day since he'd taken the potion, he was over halfway changed. There was no way to interact with humans on their level, and he could hardly be a pet in his current state. The only way was forward, even though doing so too fast would make this body his for the long haul, if not permanently.

The thought of being more the ferret he longed to be, in tandem with the new home right before him, caused Keero to shrink without realizing it until it was too late. If the cage was a little too snug before, it was steadily becoming more habitable as he approached 3 ft. And the more he shrank, the more tempting it became to enter...

"Go ahead, boy, it's your new home if you want it!" Clark said, though his tone was not taunting. Rather it was like giving a pet a new toy, condescending but in a compassionate manner. If Keero didn't know any better, Clark was looking to take him as a pet, having spent significant funds to procure the necessary supplies for more than just a simple few days. Had he known Keero wouldn't be able to resist? He was certainly correct!

"You can't beeeekkkkk seeekkkkkk!" Kerro tried to say, but those words were muddled with his muzzle and vocal cords in their current state of change.

Before Keero had in mind to try and protest further, Clark had snapped a collar over his neck once more, a much smaller one this time, though still with his name tag. The moment the collar was applied was the moment Keero's still bare skin burst with ferret fur, itching increasingly and making him wish to rub himself over the floor to alleviate the irritation. The sides of his nose erupted with sets of whiskers, twitching as his nose scrunched up and slits slid up the sides of it. It was clear that the changes were coming faster, although there was little he could do in the face of such irritation to stop it.

Without realizing it, Keero had moved into the cage, shrinking body more tube-like at this point and less than 2.5 ft now. Yet, the dizzying sensation of shrinking was easily ignored once he entered the confines of his new temporary home. Any thoughts or fears harbored about changing too fast or dooming himself were lost, a smaller brain having difficulty harboring those thoughts and his excited state being too hyper-focused on exploring these new facets of ferret life. He was all excitement as the relatively small contours of the cage grew around him as he shrank to better make a life there.

"Looks like you couldn't resist after all! I figured that you wouldn't be able to but that magic's the real deal! If I had lost the bet with the shopkeeper...well, let's not talk about that!

This way, at least I get to keep *you* as a pet, ha!” Clark said though Keero was barely aware of the words

A seeking nose at the end of a blunt muzzle poked around the opening of the tunnel, as though wishing to enter. Though Keero was far too large to manage it yet, with the speedier rate of change, it was soon becoming his reality that he could crawl through the plastic tube and lay on the hammock at the end of it. Just being inside such a thing filled Keero with elation, so close to a ferret's fate and living out his dream, both in change and experiencing being an animal from that perspective.

A fleeting thought made him stop for a moment, still not wanting to change too fast lest he damn himself. The implication of Clark's words setting in...he had already fallen so far! Panic trying to well in his mind, Keero was slowly becoming aware that he was changing too fast and might doom himself to stay an animal for upwards of a year or longer if he let it happen on this course.

“ Peeeeekkkk le meeeeekk eeeekkkkk!” Keero tried to vocalize, though there was nothing human in the words as he cried out his terror. In panic, he reached up to try to remove the collar, though there was little he could do with his hands in their current state. He was stuck with it on, like a pet, and knew with despair it was changing him even further.

But even his intense panic was quelled with the reality he was almost changed and had a cage full of ferret delights to entertain his altering mind. The ferret brain had taken hold of him by this point, and it took all Keero had to pause for even a moment to think. He was far too curious, his mind too muddled to focus on trying to get out. Besides, a click of the cage latch locking made him sure that he could not escape, that he was meant to be here. This was his home, his place to explore, and he would do so eagerly with all the curiosity of his soon-to-be species.

Keero was shrinking all the while, 2 ft tall now and almost small enough to wriggle his way into the tube. Though he was too large, a ferret's determination was larger, and he struggled, willing his head to shrink so that he could explore this space to the fullest. Eventually, his head seemed to match his wishes, and he was able to squeeze it in, looking around the tube with excitement. Though, at the moment, his shoulders were far too restrictive and could allow for more of his body to enter, no matter how much his mind wished it in the moment.

It was when he put his hands out to force himself through that the sight of them awoke something within that caused him panic. His thumbs were growing relative to the rest of his form, as long as the digits beside them. Pads had swollen on the tips, a thick webbing at the bases to hold them in place. His blunt claws were fully formed, and the stiffness of the joints in his

palms seemed to prevent the side-to-side motions that his former thumbs craved so readily. With ferret paws like these, he lacked the flexibility that the primate him once relished. Which meant that...

With panic, Keero moved to the door, trying to work his fingers to get them around the latch. Though part of his psyche wanted to be in here, the minute human aspects still aware were terrified. After all, he was in a literal cage of ferret delights, each one driving him toward a total transformation with each passing moment. And there was only so much time for him to remain marginally human before the change was finished and its final duration locked in. And, to his disdain, he'd changed so quickly that he was surely to take an eternity to change back. Perhaps never to, depending on the time on the clock.

Yet, his fears were to come to reality the moment his paws rested against the cage, unable to move in any semblance of fashion to get under the latch. To his horror, even his claws couldn't manage to get through the bars, leaving him effectively trapped in his prison. Keero even tried biting at the wires with teeth that were becoming smaller and pointed, though his efforts were for naught. He was therefore forced to watch the remaining patches of fur covering waning skin, arms diminishing in length and muscle mass as the change carried onwards.

With that, Keero frantically scoured the cage, eyesight poor but nostrils sniffing intently, looking for a way out, though there was nothing to be done for it, only the toys and tunnel to captivate his interest. Part of his mind was drawn back to the tunnel, wanting to look into it and discover where it led. What should have been an obvious answer to his human mind was difficult for his ferret fancies to rationalize, a hole being a hole to him in the end. He, therefore, found himself trying once more to push inside it with more success, shoulders crunching inward this time in tandem with his wishes.

A compressing chest and lengthening torso contributed to his success in wriggling into his goal, giving him more space to make his way inside. His body was becoming more like the tube he wished to enter, without longer arms and shoulders in the way. Though the changes to his upper body were coming faster, Keero couldn't bring himself to care, ferret fixation needing to break through and enter the tunnel. Even his arms and legs were fundamentally non-functional, thin stubs that put him onto all fours, though his smaller body had no inclination to stand erect in his space.

His feet paws took some work to change, having remained largely primate in form until now. Though they possessed their claws, the toes themselves were yet to reduce, to form the webbing and pads that marked them as the ferret equivalent that he was. His large toes, like the front ones, were reduced to the same size as the digits beside them, forming a pointed configuration that prevented him from moving the digits individually. They were good for



scrambling up into the tunnel as his backside managed to squeeze through, and he moved his way to the light at the end. Only instead of reaching the end of his life, it was a sign that he was to losing his humanity, human thoughts straining to hold their place on the surface.

Though his entrance into the tunnel was rather difficult, an increasingly shrinking form made it easier to reach the end goal. He was unaware of how tall he was now, though such mattered little with his elevation from the ground in his quadrupedal stance. The tingling seemed to have subsided, an indication that he was nearly the final size he would be at the end of the change, and making him fully a ferret.

It was then that Keero felt his eyes water and blinked a few times, the black beady orbs barely able to see colors in the way he was accustomed to. Though his twitching nose more than made up for that, sniffing deeply of the scents wafting from newly formed anal glands that marked, to Keero, as *him*. He could smell himself in this space, knowing that he owned it and that relaxed the excitement and nervousness in his mind. In equal measure, his twitching ears, compressed while he crawled his way through the passage to the end, started to move of their own accord, twitching this way and that to locate the source of any interesting stimuli.

The sound of the door opening excited Keero, and he immediately lept out, trying with one last desperate attempt to act human so that he might be changed back. He knew, deep down, that he had changed on the cusp of the twenty-four-hour time period and that he would be a ferret for a least a year, or longer as the potion's terms dictated. There was nothing to be done for it, the tingles of change having abated to the point where he was sure they were finished. He was a ferret in body, and slowly becoming one in mind, though not totally.

It was harder to think at this point, with toys, a cage, and, otherwise so much *fun* before him. It seemed as though the world for a relatively young ferret was a playground, with more elation that the human him could have imagined. And it was much easier to let go of the fear and worry and allow himself to sink into the instincts just as he craved to do.

Clark, or the man that Keero could only identify as his owner, was saying something to him, something about being a pet and a good boy and other things in a comforting tone. His demeanor was non-threatening, his scent familiar, and his presence relaxing. There was no danger here, in this place that smelled of *him*, of home and family. Besides, Keero could hardly focus on the words. Enough of his humanity was present that he recalled his former body and parts of his life. But his budding ferret instincts didn't care about it, not with too many things in the world to call his attention. He was happy to give in, to allow his humanity a front-row seat as he gave in to the body and being of his deepest fantasies.