

# Welcome to the Jungle...Nursery?

An Entirely Too Niche-y Kinky Story by Terinas Tiger

## Prologue

It all started in a darkened room. The only light coming from a single flat screen monitor. Fetish porn displayed on the LCD in front of him, a young man sighed in bliss. A hand moved to his cock, already slick and drooling. His breathing intensified as he began to beat himself off in the dark. In a matter of minutes, he tossed his head back, and groaned. His relief, his release, spurted out, getting on his shirt, on his underwear, and on the keyboard of this computer. Bathing in the afterglow, he slumped back in a well used computer chair. His eyes unfocused, his breathing heavy. He failed to notice the cum on his keyboard simply vanishing.

A ritual had been performed. A price had been paid. A bargain the young man never even understood he was making, accepted.

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*“Hmmm... a keyboard as an altar? Its unheard of, but I suppose one must change with the times...”*

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The front door took some doing to get opened. The snow had been falling all night, and no one had done the grown up thing and gotten up early to shovel it off.

Then again, Louis had grown accustomed to sleeping in. He worked a night shift job, so even on his days off, getting up before noon was a rarity. But still, he wished his roommates had bothered clearing up the snow before leaving for their jobs. It would have been nice.

At twenty four years of age, Louis was just a hair's breadth out of his college years. Unsurprisingly, no one wanted to pay an English major for what they were qualified for, so he had settled, with some gnashing of teeth, for stocking shelves at Wage-Mart. With a sigh, he pulled the hood of a winter coat over his mess of brown hair. Hadn't even had coffee yet, but he was going to get the mail. After all, someone had to take charge and be responsible, and his roommates had their lives even less together than he did. “Man... how did I ever end up being ‘the responsible one’...” He grumbled, a deep, scratchy voice echoing into the suburban snowfield as he trudged out of the house.

It was a long cold walk to the mailbox, which was on the other side of a snowy, half-plowed street. Snowflakes danced around him as he trudged along the driveway, into the street, and across it to the white-frosted blue mailbox. Opening it, he found it practically jammed with letters, fliers, and packages. Far more than the four people splitting his house ever got. “Ok. Let's see what we got in here.” Louis pulled his bit, puffy black winter glove off and shoved his meaty fist inside the mailbox, grabbing everything. With a tug, he pulled everything out, going through it as he stood in the snow. “Bills, a few christmas cards, a weird package with a note taped to it addressed... to... me?” He picked up a small brown package, with a note taped down firmly onto it. Pulling a knife out from the pocket of his coat, he cut the note free, ripping the brown wrapping paper as he did. So focused was Louis on the note that he didn't notice that the contents hidden underneath the wrapping paper were glowing.

The note was quickly unfolded. Louis read it out loud, mostly just to hear himself talk.

*“Congratulations!*

*The Lord of Lusts has seen the offerings one of those in your house has made on the Altar of Spank, and is well pleased with them!*

*In his infinite graciousness, he has accepted the tribute offered by one of the strapping young men in your household. As per the terms of our ancient ritual, he is willing to bring to life the deepest, darkest, dirtiest desires held in the hearts of the pious one you live with! The Fetish Genies of the mystical lands of Kink and Perv whom serve him have determined that you, his roommate, are one of the closest objects of his desires. And as such, you have been chosen to be the Vessel for the powers needed to grant his lewd wish!*

*Enclosed in this box is everything you will need to bring his fantasies to life!*

*Enjoy, and keep warm out there! We recommend snuggling up against multiple bodies to share body heat. <3*

*Sincerely,*

*Poundem, Harrde, & Fasse, Servants of the Lord of Lusts.”*

Louis raised an eyebrow. “Um. Is this a prank? Some kind of joke? Why would this be addressed to me?” Reaching down, he tore away at the brown wrapping paper concealing the package, tearing it away to reveal the glowing thing underneath. He stared at it, his eyes wide. “What the heck is this?”

And then, tendrils of glowing, shimmering, rainbow light shot out of the glowing package and enveloped him.

Louis fell to the ground, gasping and panting. His body convulsed in the snow, as body hair grew where there was no body hair before. Muscles knitted and a new appendage pushed it’s way out of the back of his body, sliding down along one leg of his pants. Gritting his suddenly sharper teeth, the changing man growled, his voice growing deeper. His body swelled outward, his winter outfit tearing as he grew taller and wider. Fortunately, his body had much more hair to keep it warm now.

And after a few moments, the package was gone. The thing that once was Louis stood up, shredded remains of a winter coat and pajamas falling off of it. He looked at a paw, flexing it. A set of claws shot out. He felt a large muzzle contorting into a hungry, fangy smile. A deep, baritone voice echoed out of his jaws. “I ONCE was a straight man. But now...” He smiled, walking buck naked back towards the building that would become his den.

Strolling back towards the house, he patted his chest. “Oh the weather outside is frightful...” He sang in a deep, bassy voice, as he walked to the front door Snowflakes swirled around him, gripping it. The door was the first thing that needed to be changed. So many things were going to change. He gripped the knob, pushing his new desires into it. Changing it, ever so slightly. Making it better.

This was going to be fun.

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Three cars pulled into the snowy, unplowed driveway. The intensity of the snowing had increased, thick sleet pouring down upon the cars as they parked, windshield wipers slowing to a grudging halt.

Jacob got out of his car first, a steel chain running from a pocket to the hem of his black jeans. “Hey, what gives! My garage door opener isn’t working.” Clutching his arms against the black padding of his winter coat, he tossed his deep black hair and scowled. “We drew straws and agreed, I get the garage spot this week!”

After a few moments, the door of a light green Hyundai convertible opened. Brown haired Marcus pushed a pair of deep blue sunglasses up the brim of his nose as he shook his head. “It’s not a matter of who gets it. Use your brain a bit, Jacob.” He pointed a gloved hand up at the windows of the house. “Look up there. Every window is fogged up. Something odd’s going on.” He shivered in the cold. Marcus was thin, and his orange winter parka wasn’t nearly as thick as the other man’s winter coat. “Mmmm... let me try the keypad and see if we can get the garage door open that way. Maybe the battery just burned out in your opener.” He hurried up the snow-slick driveway towards a small tan pad on the right side of the garage door.

“Hm? Is something wrong, guys?” Daniel climbed out of the front of his minivan, in a sporty blue skiing coat. “My garage door opener wasn’t working.” Unlike Jacob and Marcus, he’d been off on a skiing trip. His gear was still stowed in the back of his van. “Wait, are your garage door openers not working either?” His breath froze as it left his mouth, rising up into the sky.

“Yeah.” Jacob scowled. He loomed over Daniel, easily a foot taller than the thinner, scrawnier man. “Did you bring your key to the front door? I usually leave mine at home.”

“That’s a bad habit, Jacob.” Daniel chuckled. “What if there was an emergency? I’ve got mine. It’s on my keyring with everything else.” Reaching into the pocket of his coat, he pulled out a keyring with a few lego figures dangling from it, as well as a plethora of different metal keys.

“Good. We may end up needing it.” Marcus sighed, shivering as he walked back to join the two other men. “The keypad isn’t working. Whatever’s going on, it’s not just our garage door openers. It would have been strange had all of them stopped working at once. But still a coincidence. But with the windows fogged up? The driveway unshoveled, as if our roommate didn’t bother to do it. And to top it all off, Louis not responding to my calls...” He tilted his head down, looking over the brim of his shades at the other two men. “I think there might actually be an emergency in our home, gentlemen.”

Daniel blinked. “You think so?” His hand darted to his pocket, fondling his cell phone. “Should we call the police?”

This was met with a dismissive head shake from Marcus, his muddy brown bangs bouncing along his head. “We don’t know what’s going on yet. It could just be a hot water pipe burst and short out the electricity or something. Let’s just use your key to get inside and go from there.”

“What, you don’t take your door key with you everywhere too?” Daniel put his hands on his hips. “That’s really immature, guys.”

Marcus snorted. “Well...”

Jacob snarled and stomped a foot into the snow, sending flakes of it scattering in every direction under his black army boot. “Let’s just get inside already! I’m freezing here!”

The walk to the trio’s front door was a brief one, but with the sheer amount of snow on the ground, slightly tricky. Several times Daniel or Marcus almost slipped and fell. Once, Jacob even had to catch Marcus. Fortunately, the slender man was the lightest weight of the three of them. But they made it to the front door, each shivering slightly. Staring at it for a moment as Daniel fussed with the keys on his keyring, they took in an odd sight.

“Uhh... guys? When did our door have a sign hanging on the front of it?” Daniel raised an eyebrow, pointing at a woodblock sign, the letters carved into the material, and painted with shades of emerald, orange, and blue. The letters were carved in an alphabet block font, with flowers and a little wood carved toucan all around them.

“Jungle... Nursery...” Jacob narrowed his eyes. “What the hell even does that mean?” He scowled, kicking at some of the offending snow beneath them on the stoop.

Marcus sighed. “Louis must have put it up. We can ask him why once we get inside. Got the key, Daniel?”

Daniel nodded, some of his ash-blonde hair poking out from under his blue woolen cap. “Right here! Lemme just turn the lock, and...”

As if on cue, the door slowly started to drift open. A wave of hot air and humidity washed over them all as the door drifted ajar. Daniel’s key hadn’t even reached the lock. The three men exchanged a look.

Clearing his throat, Daniel looked between his two comrades. “Ok. Anyone else starting to get a horror movie vibe here? Just me? Anyone? Anyone?”

To his right, Marcus was trembling. His teeth chattered as he looked over at Daniel. “Courage, man! We at least need to look inside. Louis could need our help. What if he had a heart attack or something?”

Jacob nodded. “Yeah. Besides, it’s at least -4 in here. It’s WARM in there.”

Daniel shoved his keys back into his pocket and scowled. “Fine. But the second we see some big fierce monster out to eat our brains, I’m bolting for it.”

The entryway was a small hallway leading off in three different directions. Although the floor was tiled, someone had covered the floor with fuzzy emerald floor mats. None of the tile was visible as the three men walked in. Looking around, the mask of irritation fell from Jacob’s expression. “Guys? Is it me, or are there a lot of potted plants around here?” Around the walls, several tropical ferns, small trees, and even some flowers had been set around. Enough of them to cover the wallpaper: bits and pieces of the design were still visible, but most of it was obscured by shades of green leaves and brown bark. There were even some scattered around the floor. As Marcus walked across the room, eager to get out of the cold, he nearly kicked over a bright pink pastel flower set in a pot along the center of the floor.

He bent down to look at it. “Huh. Some sort of begonia.” Marus slid his orange winter gloves off and

felt one of the petals. “Feels real, too. Curious.”

Daniel shut the door behind them, nearly slamming the red metal door. “Ok, it’s official, our roommate’s lost it. How did he even afford all this?”

A deep, baritone voice roared out through the whole house. “BUT THE FIIIIIRRRRE IS SOOOO DELIGHTFUL!”

The three exchanged looks again. “Was that- Louis?” Jacob kneeled down to take his boots off. “It sounded like him, but that was really deep for him. Maybe he has a sore throat or something?”

Marcus took off his metallic blue sunglasses, tucking them into a pocket in his tan coat. “Something’s definitely wrong here. It’s nearly hot enough to be the tropics in here.” He looked over at Daniel, then moved to gaze at Jacob, his hazel eyes meeting each of theirs. “We need to find Louis and figure out what’s going on. I think he might have a screw loose or something. Let’s split up. Jacob, take the stairs up and hit the second floor. Daniel, look around here and see if you can find the thermostat. If we don’t turn the heat down, we’ll be getting reamed on our next heating bill. I’ll go into the basement and see if any pipes burst. And maybe he’s down there for some inane reason.”

“Right!” Jacob nodded.

“Oh come on! Splitting up?” Daniel looked around the entryway, gritting his teeth. “Isn’t this like the mistake every horror movie group ever does?”

Jacob rolled his eyes. “It’s a two story suburban house, not some big abandoned mansion, dude.”

Marcus nodded. “Just keep your eyes open and your wits about you. If you see anyone strange, or find Louis, just shout.”

Narrowing his eyes, Daniel sighed. “Ugh, fine. If I become a ghost, I’m haunting you both.”

And then the three men went their separate ways, into the steamy, humid house.

### Part 1: Jacob

“Sheesh, Marcus was right. It’s practically like a jungle in here.” Jacob wiped some sweat from his brow as he walked towards the stairs going up. The hallway was lined with more plants, and the green rugs seemed to be even going out of the entryway and into the hall he’d found himself in. Although against his socks, it barely felt like rugs at all. It was almost like soft, dry grass beneath his feet. And the air was as hot and humid as steam. Whenever he took a breath, he almost felt like he was drinking it in. It swirled around in his mind, the almost cloudy air fogging in his mind. Making it hard to think.

He found himself panting. “I’m going to boil myself in this thing.” He grumbled, as he unzipped his winter jacket, tossing it on the ground next to a few of the tropical trees. “I’ll clean it up later.” he grumbled, before sniffing the shoulder of his deep midnight black sweater. Ugh, I stink of sweat.”

“Leaving clothes on the floor?” The deep voice echoed around him, booming quietly. “How very cubbish of you! I apurrrrove!”

Jacob's eyes narrowed. He couldn't quite tell where Louis' voice had come from. But it almost sounded like he'd been saying something from the floor above them. "What the hell man?" He shouted, cupping two sweaty palms in front of his mouth. "Louis!"

He dashed down the hall, pumping his arms back and forth. "LOUIS! This shit isn't funny!" He just had to round a corner to get to the stairs.

"Oooo... naughty words!" The voice was quieter now, almost distant. "Your daddy would wash your mouth out with soap, you naughty kitten!"

Growling, Jacob rounded the corner. His eyes went wide. "This. This isn't possible." The stairs were enormous, nearly the width of a city street. Gray, misshapen stone steps had replaced the gray fuzz of their carpeted staircase. The stone steps went up farther than the human could see, past the cover of various green leaves forming a tree lining. He blinked, before turning away and rubbing his eyes. "The hell?"

From up above, a voice echoed out. "Come and catch me! You're it! Come ooooo!" There was a playful purr to it now, as Jacob heard it echoing from the peak of the stone steps. "Nah nah! Can't catch me, you pottymouth!"

In just a moment moment, Jacob forgot entirely about the impossibility of what he'd just seen. "The fuck? Is this some kind of game to you, you bastard?!?" He snarled, vaulting up the first few steps as he rushed upstairs. The steam in the air thinned as Jacob climbed, but the heat didn't seem to lessen. As he climbed, he found himself sweating. It got worse as he cleared the treeline. The sun hung low in the sky, its rays beating down on him. Beads of sweat formed along his forehead, and he found himself panting. His black shirt and black pants grew moist, clinging to him almost like a second skin. He stared up ahead of him. The stone stairs seemed to climb to some sort of flat mountaintop. Had he been climbing a mountain all this time? Something felt wrong about that, but Jacob couldn't quite put his finger on what. Louis. His mind locked on his goal. He had to find Louis. Figuring out what was wrong could wait.

He started to move again, but the heat was sapping his strength. His shirt was soaked in sweat, and when he sniffed at himself, he reeked of the stuff. "Just need a moment." He mumbled, falling to his hands. The stairs felt cool to the touch.

"Poor weak little kitten! If walking like a big man's so hard, perhaps you'd find it easier to reach the top if you crawled on all fours!"

Louis' voice rang out from the cliffs above him. Taunting him. Jacob panted, snarling up towards the bright blue sky. "You know what?!? FINE! I will crawl! And I'll get there faster than you think!" He growled, baring a pair of long, polished white fangs that glinted in the sun. "I'll run up there on all fours, you bastard!" He growled in spite, new vigor filling him suddenly. He felt ten years younger, at least. In a moment, he took off as fast as his hands and feet could carry him. The scent of his own sweat seeming to grow stronger as he ran, mixing with other scents. He could smell water nearby, and some mold growing on some of the rocks on the mountain, as well as something masculine, and... talcum powder, for some reason? As he climbed, he found how easy it was, moving from a slow plodding crawl to a fast run, a small black tail starting to sprout out of his sweaty, skin tight jeans, swaying back and forth as he ascended.

The peak of the mountain was flat, and the sound of running water hit Jacob's ears as he vaulted up the last few steps. "Hah! Take that! I'm faster than anyone!" He laughed, tail straightening out as he pushed himself to his feet. "You thought I couldn't make it up here, but I sure showed you!" He looked around. "...Louis?" There wasn't much to see from where he was standing: A few rocks that looked like they'd be nice to sun oneself on. Then there were a few other oddly colored rocks that seemed to almost sink into the mountain. And then there was a single rock that seemed almost rectangular, with grooves cut into the sides, almost like the outlines of drawers. It was too deliberate to be random, so he fell to all fours and crawled over to it. It felt more natural to crawl.

Midway towards the object, he caught whiff of water again. Twitching a flattening, darkening nose, he turned and walked towards the edge of the cliff. Gazing over it, he gasped. "Woah..." He found himself looking down at a grotto. A waterfall burst forth from the cliffside, pouring down into a large pond of clear water, surrounded on all sides by sand and plants. In that moment, the realization that something was odd here hit him once more. "Impossible." He said. "This is our house. How the hell is any of this even here?"

"You're right, Jackie." A warm, thick baritone voice rattled through his body, right behind him. His body froze. "You've always been the roughest, toughest cub around, haven't you?" Jacob spun around, on all fours, to find himself standing face-to-crotch with a thick white diaper. In his panic he'd moved so fast his face smacked right into the crotch of it, and then all he could smell was talcum powder. Looking up, Jacob finally saw him.

"L-Louis?"

"It's Louie, now." Standing before him, a wide, hungry smile on his chops, was something best described as a hybrid of a large apex predator and a man. Louis had an almost gleaming bronze mane of fur crowning his neck and head. Golden fur spread along a large feline muzzle, ending in a large set of lips. A pink tongue slid along them, hungrily. He was almost entirely naked, the sunny golden fur spilling down his shoulders, his chest, and his back. Thin fur failed to obscure the outline of sculpted pectorals, of chiseled abdominals, and of bulging biceps. Louis had a body that could only be described as olympian. A tail, tufted at the end with the same bronze fur, swished behind him, making crinkling noises as he looked down at Jacob, a haughty sneer crossing his muzzle. "Prince Louie, as it now were. Welcome to my domain: The Jungle Nursery."

Jacob felt his skin standing on edge, his muscles tensing. He tried to back away from the looming figure, but just a step back told him he didn't have far to go. He was caught between a cliff and a hard body. "W-what the heck..." So many questions and concerns ran through his addled mind at once. He was having trouble deciding where to start. "Isn't the lion supposed to be the KING of the jungle?" He realized only too late that he'd asked the least relevant question he could think of.

"Nonsense." Louis reached down and groped the front of a thick white plastic diaper, as if to emphasize its existence. It was the only garment he wore, and as Jacob stared down at it, almost transfixed, he saw a bulge forming in the front of it. "I am very much a cub, as my diapers show you. I'm not ready yet to join the world of adulthood and its burdens. A cub can't be king, so therefore I must be a prince." He licked his lips again, purring. "And you shall be my vassel, one of my bestest friends." A satisfied chuckle escaped his lips.

"You're... you're crazy." Jacob felt himself trembling. "Louie... Louis... you're not making any sense." He felt his face getting hot as he stared at that tented diaper. He wanted to look elsewhere, the

scent of talcum powder and the bulge were almost hypnotic. He couldn't seem to point his face away. "MAAAARCUUUUS!" He shouted.

Louie smiled. "No, Jackie. I'm simply making our dreams come true. A world free of adult cares, free of worries. Where we can just be happy and free and, nnnngh-" he closed his eyes, and Jacob could smell something new. Something salty and tangy. The diaper started to grow yellow in front, sagging more and more as Jacob watched the lion hosing his padding down. "Aaaaah..." Louie sighed in relief, before continuing. "And play with each other and with our bodies like the happy, healthy, gay little kittens we are."

"That's... that's fucked up." Jacob snarled, feeling his pulse quickening.

"Is it?" Louie's golden eyes shifted to stare down at Jacob's backside. "But on some level, you must have wanted this. Why else would my power have given you that blessing?"

"What the fuck do you mean-" Jacob looked at his backside. He had a tail. A long, black, fuzzy tail. That was thrashing rapidly back and forth, like a rattlesnake's rattle. His eyes went wide. "How the hell did I not notice that?!?"

And then, distracted as he was, he couldn't react in time. Louie lunged forward and shoved him in the center of his mass, sending him, stumbling backwards, over the cliff. With a feral yowl of surprise. Jacob plunged towards the water, terror gripping his mind. "DON'T WORRY!" Louie shouted from the cliffside. "YOU'LL FEEL SO MUCH BETTER AFTER YOUR REBIRTH!"

Jacob hit the water with his eyes closed, plunging downward into the warm pool. Where he'd expected pain, there was none. His body itched all over. His black pants, his black shirt, they were changing, spreading over his body. Growing fuzzier. Growing to be a part of him. As saturated as they were with his flesh, they had already been skin tight. Now, they became his skin: fur grew like moss across his body, as his fingers grew stubbier, black pads forming along his palms. His body swelled in size, muscles growing, body fat being consumed for the change. The sensations were so intense and new, he could barely think of anything else. His cock stiffened and swelled, inches growing out of his shaft as he began to pump his paws, kicking and paddling towards the surface. As he broke to the surface of the water, gasping for air, he heard a splashing sound nearby him. Water splattered against his face. He made for the shore, his fur sending droplets of water everywhere as he pulled himself into the shallows. Fur. He had fur.

Jacob stopped for a moment as he crawled out onto the sandy beach, looking down at his body. Muscles all over. Paws with black, retractable claws. What felt like flexible, curved feline ears. A muzzle. A fully erect, sensitive feline cock swinging between his rear legs. Even the feeling of drops of water trickling down it was sending flashes of pleasure. He moaned. He felt quite good, actually. Right. Like he'd gotten something he never knew he needed, but was slowly dying without. He was a panther. He felt like he'd always been a panther in a human's body, and it was only now that he was realizing how much better he felt now.

A large force slammed into him, pushing him down and rolling him onto his back. Louie, his mane slicked against his head, his body soaked through and through, tried to pin him to the ground. "How do you feel, Jackie?" His smile was obnoxious and his tone meant he was practically begging for a challenge. The new cat was happy to oblige.

Jackie the black panther growled at him. "Like pinning your crinkly bum to the ground!" He growled, mostly in jest, as he pushed Prince Louie off of him, pouncing at him and trying to pin his opponent, just as the other cub had tried to do to him. Cub. That word stuck in his head, making him angry. He knew he was a panther, but he rejected that he was a little kitten like Louie. He didn't need diapers. He was a perfectly big cat, and could go potty in the potty place, just like any big boy. "Kittens like you don't know how to wrestle right! I'll show you!" A fangy grin spread from ear to ear. He loved to challenge himself against the other cats, didn't he? It felt so right. Such a great way to exhibit his physical prowess.

The lion smiled back at him, a playful growl escaping his lips. "Oh yeah?" The two laughed, rolling around, wrestling with each other. Every time Jackie felt like he'd almost got the Prince of the Nursery firmly under his paws, the lion managed to escape him. And as they played, Jackie's worries and concerns melted away from him. He forgot what he'd been doing before he fell into the water. Forgot what he'd needed to do. Nothing mattered but the moment, the now, as his chest rubbed against Louie's, the two felines grunting as muscle tested muscle.

Eventually, Louie pinned him down, pressing firmly against the panther's front paws. His knees held Jackie's legs down into the sand. "Nnngh! Let me go!" Jackie squirmed, his tail thrashing, as he felt Louie's hot breath against his face. It smelled of cream.

The lion smirked up above him. "Do you yield, my vassel?" His wet diaper was rubbing against Jackie's erect cock, and the panther was feeling embarrassed at how good it felt. He could feel Louie's cock through the warm, wet padding. And every slight motion made him moan.

Amidst all that sensation, with no way of getting free, Jackie scowled and snarled, struggling with the inevitability in his head. "FINE! YOU WIN!" He grumbled, looking off at the waterfall. "Maaan, someday I'm gonna pin you, prince."

"Purrhaps." Louie grinned. "But until then, I claim my reward." His limbs moved away, freeing them up. But Jackie's reprieve was short lived. "Tickle tickle!" Louie, the lion Prince of the Jungle Nursery, began to mercilessly tickle the black panther, wiggling his fingers under Jackie's armpits, and tracing his tail along sensitive spots down lower on Jackie's body.

The panther burst out laughing, squirming and wiggling. "S-stoppit!" He managed to gasp out, amidst his laughter. "If you keep (ahahahaha!) doing that-" It didn't take long. Perhaps a minute passed before Jackie felt a warm wetness spreading along his groin, his pee splashing against the plastic outside of Louie's diaper, as he wet himself, leaving a puddle in the sand. "Noooooo!" He whimpered, trying and failing to stop himself as Louie's tickling onslaught ended. His paws both shot to his cock, trying to stop the flow.

"You may challenge me at any time, Jackie. Just remember the penalty for my victory." The lion pinned Louie again, holding his paws against his cock, getting them soggy with his own leaking. The lion held him firmly down, locking his yellow cat's eyes with the newly transformed panther's own set. "I think we need to remind you of a few things here." Louie's eyes started to change color. First to pink, then to red. Then to a deep orange, and then to a pastel green. A rainbow of colors shimmered through his eyes, as he gazed deep into Jackie's soul. "Remind me, Jackie, what species are you?"

"I..." Jackie didn't even think to look away. Those rainbow eyes encompassed his vision, everything else fading to a blur. The fog in his mind was clearing as he stared into Louie's pretty eyes, feeling his

thoughts focusing on a single point. “I’m a black panther.” He said, without the slightest hesitation.

Louie purred. “Indeed. You are a black panther and always have been. Just as I am a lion, and always have been. Now then... what are you?”

The question sounded like the same one. But Jackie knew what Louie was asking. “Your vassal.” he said. And as he said it, it was like a switch flipped in his mind. Of course he was Louie’s vassal. The prince was his bestest friend, and he served him just as he was supposed to. After all, the jungle belonged to lions.

That purr filled his mind, background noise pushing out any conflicting thoughts. “Wonderful. Now then. What did you just do, Jackie?”

In spite of how focused his mind was, Jackie felt his face getting hot. It was hard to admit. “I-I wet myself.”

“Liiiiiiike?”

The last of Jackie’s resistance fought against the lion’s question, but it was a losing battle. After a few seconds of awkward silence, Jackie finally admitted the truth to himself. “Like. Like a cub.” Another switch flicked on in his mind. He was a cub. He had always known he was, but he just got a big cocky. It made sense. Louie was his bestest friend, and Louie was a kitten too. Why would a big adult panther have a princely kitten as his favorite playmate? He blushed, feeling embarrassed at having forgotten how old he was.

“Exactly.” Louie’s grip on his paws tightened, as Jackie felt the lion sliding his soggy panther paws against his cock. “You shamed yourself, revealing to the whole jungle exactly how mature you weren’t. Because that’s what we kittens do, isn’t it? We have accidents. We need our diapers because of it.” The stroking of his paws against his own cock began to quicken. Jackie let out a moan, his body tensing. His eye slammed shut. “But it’s ok, because any kitten knows the secret: It feels so good to just let go and have an accident. It feels nice to use your diapers.” The words echoed in Jackie’s mind as he felt himself reaching the point of no-return. “Doesn’t it? To just feel a warm, wet diaper rubbing against your cock with every step. To not even have to worry about holding it. To just let go and enjoy how freeing and sensual it feels...” Jackie came, a load of bone-white spunk firing up along his chest. His head swung back into the sand of the beach, as he yowled and moaned, his mind soaking in the afterglow.

Louie pulled up off of him, chuckling. “Good cub. It looks like you’ve realized the truth about yourself, haven’t you?”

Jackie’s eyes were rolled back in his head, his tongue lolling out as he sprawled on the sand, his cummy underbelly on full display, showing off to anyone in the jungle watching how much he loved being a cub. After a few moments, Louie cleared his throat. The black panther pulled himself up to his rear legs, smiling. “The truth about myself? You bet! I’m a happy gay black panther kitten! The most rough and tumble cub in the whole jungle! Rwar!”

Louie narrowed his eyes, smirked, and cleared his throat. “Ah-EM.”

The panther folded his paws behind his back. “Er, second to you, my Prince!” He chuckled. “At least

until I finally wrestle you to the ground! Grr!”

Louie chuckled. “Glad to hear it. Now let’s climb back up to the cliffside. There’s a changing table up there, and we both need a fresh diaper.” The lion patted Jackie’s bare fuzzy butt as he started walking them both towards a set of stone stairs.

“Wait, that rocky rectangle is a changing table?!?” Jackie’s eyes were wide, awestruck.

Prince Louie chuckled. “Indeed!” He reached over and took Jackie’s black paw, holding it firmly. The two cats wandered towards another stone staircase leading up into the cliffs.

“Isn’t that uncomfortable?” Jackie felt the lion prince’s tail entwining with his. His face got a bit hot.

The lion tossed his mane as they reached the peak, the brown fur starting to poof back up, as water splattered everywhere. “This place used to be a place the humans called a “bathroom”. Now it’s a much more majestic place to be bathing.” He pointed at one of the discolored rocks lining the cliffs. “Touch that.”

Jackie lifted one of his rear paws and poked at the rock. His paw pushed inside, as the discolored rock squished. It felt like cloth. “A pillow?”

Louie nodded, leading his fellow big kitten to the large stone changing table. “Spongy and soft. A good place to nap cuddled up next to your best friend after some fun swimming and cliff-diving.” He patted the surface of the changing table. “And, like all bathrooms, equipped with a changing table, so that kittens can play without fear of accidents. It’s quite soft and gentle.”

Before he knew it, Jackie was sitting down on the changing table. His body had moved almost on instinct, and he found that the prince of the jungle was right: It felt so soft and soothing. He almost found himself wanting to rest his head and nap right then and there. Stifling a yawn as he laid down, he looked up as Louie towered over him. “This IS comfy.” he squirmed a bit on the changing table, rolling on it to feel the pillowy surface. As he did, he saw the lion pulling something pastel green and white out of a drawer underneath where he lay. “H-hey. Um, do I really need to be put into one of those?” He felt a bit weird, questioning Louie, but for some reason, wearing a diaper like the prince did almost made him feel wrong. Even if he knew with certainty that they were both supposed to be in them.

“What an odd question.” Louie rubbed the front of his diaper in front of Jackie, purring as he lifted the panther’s legs with one strong arm. “I would have to ask you my own question: Why would you want to be out of them?” He slide the diaper under Jackie’s fuzzy bum, threading his tail through the tailhole. As he lowered his friend down, he resumed stroking his cock through his yellowed diaper. “You know just as well as I how good it feels to let go. To just let yourself have an accident, without a worry in the world. Why would you ever want to lose that?”

“And feel how comfortable it is.” Jackie’s bottom pressed down into the diaper as Louie lowered him onto it. “It’s like wearing another pillow around your bottom, isn’t it?” To his surprise, the big panther found himself purring. The diaper had green plastic around each side, but the front and back were a bright white, just like the prince’s had been before he’d wet himself. “They feel so nice and comfy, and they make you look cute. Kittens like us are supposed to look and feel cute, aren’t we?”

As the lion pulled out a bottle of talcum powder and sprinkled it along the panther’s fuzzy bottom,

Jackie couldn't help but find himself giggling. The powder tickled as it hit his skin, and the paw rubbing it in was making his cock stiffen again. The scent of the powder in the air was soothing. Any worries he had about being diapered were vanishing. The whole experience had been quite pleasant so far! Without even looking up, he could feel Louie's paw sliding up his cock, coating it with a fine layer of the sweet smelling dust. Jackie felt a big smile growing along his face. "Mmmm... I'm sorry, Prince. I guess I forgot how nice it felt to be changed into a fresh diaper!" Looking back, his worries suddenly felt silly. After all, cubs like him belonged in diapers!

And then, the lion pulled the front of the diaper over his crotch, taping it firmly shut. As his cock was sealed away behind its plastic, pillowy prison, he felt complete. "Mmm... I'm a big gay cub who loves his diapers!" Jackie said out loud, for no reason other than the fact that he wanted to hear himself say it out loud and accept it.

Louie leaned in to kiss him firmly, pushing his tongue into the panther's muzzle. The two made out hungrily for a moment, before the prince broke the kiss. "I know." He looked into Jackie's eyes and grinned. "They feel so nice, don't they."

"Yeah. I can't imagine life without them now." Jackie giggled. "Thanks for changing me, Prince Louie..." And then he pounced, knocking the lion to the ground, and pinning him quickly. Two pairs of golden cat's eyes locked. "And now it's my turn to change YOU!"

With an indignant huff, Louie folded his arms. "Alright, alright, change my diaper, Jackie." He grumbled. "You play a bit rough for a royal such as myself, but I suppose I can't enjoy being wet forever. Get me into a nice clean diaper quickly, though. I have someplace I need to be..."

***(To Be Continued in Part 2: Marcus)***