

It had been weeks since Trevor had last checked his mailbox on campus, but he was finally worn down by the nagging of the RA, so he grabbed the six-inch stack of mail on his way back to his room between classes, dropped it onto his desk, and then promptly forgot about it for the rest of the week. He plopped down at his desk and dropped his backpack unceremoniously onto the ground, only remembering the stack of mail as his idle gaze found itself resting on it.

With a shrug, he figured it was probably about time he sorted through it all. Rifling through it, he was unsurprised to find that it was mostly trash. Bills, advertisements, flyers for on-campus events, nothing he actually wanted... He stopped as he found something different among the rubble. It was a dark black envelope, with sprawling purple lettering: You're Invited.

His curiosity now piqued, he abandoned the rest of the pile to open the letter. Inside was a small card, inviting him to a Halloween party at the big, near-mansion of a house well-known among the college town for their lavish, exclusive parties. The party promised free food and drink, which was enough to entice Trevor. Plus, the entire party was being held with the theme of conservation, the owners taking donations towards the conservation of the rare and dwindling amur leopard. This was something Trevor, a vocal conservationist and biology major, could definitely get behind. The only catch was that he had to come dressed in costume, as an animal currently threatened with extinction. There was even a prize for best costume, which would be nice...

Maybe I can convince one of the art or theater students to help make something cool, he thought, skimming back over the letter. He sighed and dropped the letter back onto the scattered pile of papers on his desk - the party was *tomorrow*. There was no way anyone would be able to make an award-winning costume that fast.

Part of him didn't even want to go anymore, especially on such short notice, but it could still be fun. Since starting college, he hadn't really done much for Halloween, but he used to love it as a kid. Plus, they were taking donations for conservation efforts. He would just have to get a cheap animal costume at the mall - enough animals were being threatened with extinction, anyhow, they had to have something.

By the time he left the dorm, the sun was well on its way to setting, but thankfully the mall would still be open for an hour or two more. He walked the few blocks into town (unfortunately, he didn't have a car on campus), shivering a bit in the chilly night air. He was grateful to get inside and warm up, but more importantly, his sights were set on getting a suitable costume to get into that party.

He didn't visit the mall very often, and when he did he usually just followed his friends around, so he wasn't exactly sure where to look. He just walked the mall in the hopes of finding somewhere that sold something he could use as a costume, glancing into store windows as he walked by them.

Trevor almost walked right past *Vexx Hex Costumes and Curios*; the store was set far back in the corner of the mall, and it seemed to get less light than the rest of the shops. Thankfully, the orange and black decorations dangling in front of the entryway got his attention, before he could pass the store by completely, and when he saw the store's name he knew it had to be the best place around to get a costume for the party. Hell, he might even find something good in there!

"Welcome in, can I help you find anything?" Trevor looked up as the woman behind the counter addressed him. She certainly looked the part, he realized - she was dressed up in a sort of costume herself, seemingly some sort of witch or sorceress if her pointy hat was anything to go off of.

"I'm okay for now, thanks," he answered, half out of instinct. He appreciated her need to be helpful, but he wanted a chance to look around on his own, first, without an employee in his ear trying to upsell him on all the priciest products.

It wasn't long before he'd gotten lost in all of the weird and wonderful things in the shop, almost forgetting the reason he was here in the first place. Although there was a whole back corner dedicated to costumes, the front of the store held all kinds of spooky baubles and trinkets. Some of these seemed to be novelties, either as seasonal decorations or personal style he couldn't be sure, but from the looks of things (and their price tags), some of the objects seemed to be authentic pieces for use in pagan or wiccan rituals. It wasn't really his thing, but he at least could appreciate how cool it all looked.

Finally, he made his way towards the costume section at the back, only just realizing how big the place was. He wasn't entirely sure how all of this fit into the storefront, remembering how quaint and small the place had seemed from the outside. That thought was secondary, however, to the impressive costume displays all around him. Any Halloween monster you could imagine was present on these walls - werewolves, vampires, Frankenstein's monster and his bride, zombies, hideous clowns, even sexy maids and nurses. All impressive, but none of these would fit the bill for the party he was going to.

He forgot about his haste as he scoped out the shop's costumes, going aisle by aisle looking at all of them. They all seemed so lifelike and intricate, it had been a long time since he'd seen costumes so good. When he found the animal costumes at last, his eyes lit up. These were no less impressive than the rest of them, and there were all sorts of creatures. Many of them would fit the 'endangered animal' theme - too many, sadly - and the amount of choices was a bit overwhelming. He could be a rhinoceros, or a tortoise, a lizard, even a golden frog... but when his eyes landed on the fluffier section of animal costumes, his mind was quickly made up for him.

There, hanging on display in the middle of a trio of similar species, was *exactly* what he needed to win that competition. It was unmistakably an amur leopard, with its soft yellow pelt, pale greyish-blue eyes, and distinctive black rosettes. The costume was about as lifelike as one could get from a two-legged animal costume, with plenty of careful, intricate details in the face, paws, and tail. It featured a movable mouthpiece that would allow the jaw to move when he spoke, and the tail was bendable so it could be posed however he liked. It was *perfect*.

It wasn't until he was stretching up to hoist the costume off the wall that he thought to look at the price of it, and he nearly recoiled when he did. The costume was \$1200! He couldn't afford a third of that price. Sighing, he put the costume back onto the hook on the wall and shook his head. He'd have to get something cheaper - maybe there would be something left in the Halloween section of Walmart that fit...

Head down with disappointment, he left the store without so much as a word to the cashier, only giving a solemn nod to her sing-songy "Have a good night!" He knew that costume would win him the prize! And maybe it could've even encouraged more people to donate to the conservation funds. It wasn't fair that it was so expensive! He closed the door to the shop, his eyes absently scanning over their operational hours. They were the same as the mall's hours - except for the hand-written sign that said, in curly purple script: *Closed Saturday, 10/18!* That was tomorrow, the day of the party! No one would be at the shop all day, and the party wasn't until that night.

His pulse rushed with his newest idea, a plan that was something he'd never normally consider. But there was something about this whole situation that had him feel like he *needed* that costume, needed to win that contest. And he would do whatever he had to do to do that, including taking that costume. Plus, as long as he brought it back and didn't let anything bad happen to it, it's not like he'd really be stealing it. Just borrowing without permission. That wasn't so bad.

He continued to concoct his plan on the walk back to campus, reveling in the breeze as it chilled him. Everything was coming together perfectly, maybe it was even fate directing him to that costume. All he needed to do was sneak into that store, take the costume, wear it to the party, and then bring it back at the end of the night. The next morning when they opened up the shop, no one would even be the wiser. No harm, no foul. Or so he decided.

Although he tried to sleep when he got back to his room, he struggled to do so for a while after laying down his head, as his plan played over and over in his mind. The more he thought about it, the more impressed he became with himself. He began to fantasize about what the grand prize might be - he'd already decided that he was the only person who could possibly walk away with that prize. Was it cash? A stash of tasty Halloween candy? Ooh, maybe a trip to see the leopards at the local zoo? They didn't have amur leopards, but the leopards they had were still fantastic animals... He dozed off, dreaming of leopards and high-stakes heists.

His alarm blared at 6:00 AM sharp, startling him awake. Groggily, he stared down at his phone in confusion for a moment. He never woke up before 10, let alone on a Saturday.... Then, all at once, he remembered his plan from the night before, and why his alarm was set for so early an hour. He wanted to be at the mall right when it opened, when hardly anyone would be there. He'd wear his mask from last year's Halloween (a simple superhero mask from the dollar store) to hide his face in case anyone saw him or the costume shop had cameras, would pick the lock to the costume shop, change into the costume, and then just wear it out like nothing was wrong. It was close enough to Halloween that nobody would really pay much attention to someone in costume, especially with the college nearby; a handful of fraternities and sororities took Halloween extremely seriously, so the surrounding town was fairly numb to twenty-somethings in strange getups parading around all October.

It took him about half an hour to gather everything he thought he'd need, and then he was off, slinking through the dorm hallways as if worried about anyone seeing him. It wasn't until he actually could see the mall in the distance that he put his mask on. He steeled himself in the parking lot, exhaling his anxiety in one breath, and pushed open the mall doors with as much confidence as he could muster. He stuck to the shadows as best he could, trying to avoid interacting with what few people were also visiting the mall at such an early hour, navigating back to the costume shop by memory.

He cautiously glanced around himself to make sure that no one else was nearby, and then took hold of the shop's door handle. He'd had every intention of

picking the lock, but realized right away that he wouldn't have to. What luck! The door was left unlocked, he assumed either by mistake or simply overconfidence that no one would break into a shop in the middle of a busy mall. Whatever the reason, he was elated - it was practically fate! He easily slipped into the shop, the bells on the door jingling to herald his arrival. Of course, in the empty shop, there was no one to hear it, save for Trevor himself who ignored it completely.

This time, Trevor didn't pause to dawdle and examine all of the neat stuff in the shop - he was on a mission, here, and he couldn't afford to get distracted. He yanked the costume off of the wall and slipped into the store's single-stall changing room, stripping out of his own clothes and shoving his stuff into his backpack. He took great care as he put the costume on, not wanting to do anything that might cause an accidental tear somehow, and gave a sigh of relief when it fit snugly over his boxers.

Steeling himself with a breath, he grabbed his keys and wallet and wrestled with the backpack, trying to get it over the puffy, furry costume. He sighed as he realized it wouldn't fit. Trying to hold it in his hand was awkward, too. He shrugged and left it on the bench in the fitting room - all that was left in it was his clothes, and he'd have to come back here to change and return the costume later, anyway.

With that decided, he gave himself a once-over in the fitting room mirror, grinning beneath his mask as he noted how good he looked in an amur leopard's fur. The costume fit perfectly, accentuating the shape of his chest and shoulders without sacrificing any of the fluffy fur of the inspirational animal. He couldn't have found a better costume for this event if he'd tried! He didn't even feel bad about his unconventional method of obtaining it - it's not like he was going to actually keep it. He was just going to wear it for one night.

Happy with the fit and look of the costume, Trevor flipped off the fitting room lightswitch, shrouding the shop back into darkness, and slinked towards the front of the store as swiftly as he could while still getting used to the added padding of the costume. He peered out the shop's glass doors, making sure the coast was clear before he exited the empty shop. When he could leave without being seen, he did, and strolled towards the exit of the mall as casually as he could. He only got a few strange stares as he did so, which he easily ignored on his way to the doors.

The walk back to the dorm was swift, adrenaline coursing through him at the heist he'd just pulled off. He had the costume, and no one had seen it - no one would even know he'd ever taken it, so long as he put it back once the party was over. He patted himself on the back, thinking about just how clever and talented he was to pull

this off. Still, he wasn't much of a morning person, and he was *exhausted* now; just as soon as he reached his dorm again, he took off the costume and curled up under his comforter for a nap.

It was almost time for the party when his phone's alarm woke him up from his nap. He didn't expect to sleep for so long, but he didn't mind. He'd be up late, anyway, so the extra rest would only let him enjoy himself for longer, and keep his mind unfoggy. He ate his dinner in his boxers to avoid accidentally spilling any food onto the costume, waiting to put it on until he was ready to leave.

Donning the costume was the last step. He looked into his mirror to once again confirm the costume fit properly and that everything was in order, and then went on his way. As he exited the dorms, he couldn't avoid the eyes of his classmates, quite a few of which offered him a thumbs-up or a compliment as he walked past. The attention was great, he had to admit, and he was soaking in it by the time he left campus and started the trek up to the house where the party was being held.

By the time he got there, the party was already in full swing. Trevor entered the festivities easily, mingling with the other partygoers. As expected, everyone there was dressed as an animal, though the intricacy and accuracy of the costumes varied from person to person. Some of them were pretty creative - shimmering butterfly wings, birds with feathers from dull browns to bright blues and greens, a two-person white rhinoceros suit, even a handful of odder animals like fish or snails - but a large percentage of the house was full of big cats. Not just leopards, either - lions and lionesses, tigers, jaguars, pumas, ocelots, snow leopards, just about every cat you could think of was prowling the house's grounds.

Out of all of them, Trevor's costume was the most impressive, and he (along with everyone else) knew it. All around him, people stopped to compliment him on his incredible costume. He could hardly make it to one place without another person ogling the realistic spots, the shape of the face, the cute paw pads, or the delicate whiskers; and the more praise he got, the more it went to his head.

"Where'd you get such a sick costume, dude?" someone finally asked him, a question that stopped him in his tracks for a second.

"I made it myself." The answer just slipped out of his mouth, and once he said it, he decided that was the story he'd have to go with. Besides, he couldn't just admit he'd stolen - er, *borrowed* - it. Might as well say that it was his own handiwork.

Though the lie invoked praise from his lizard-costumed colleague, it instead produced a fit of anger in a nearby partygoer. Dressed in a frilly and stylized but expertly-made crow costume, Violet had her eyes stuck to Trevor from the moment he entered the building. In fact, she'd sensed his presence even before he arrived, since he'd so foolishly entered her closed shop uninvited. She hadn't gone to investigate since she was busy helping with the party, but now she knew exactly who had disturbed her shop - and he'd come right to her. Not only did this kid have the gall to steal from her, but now he was taking credit for *her* hard work! That was the nail in the coffin for Trevor.

It was an easy decision for the witch, how to punish him - she'd had an absolute ball at the last Halloween party she'd thrown. Of course she was still mad about the brazen disrespect that she'd been shown, but she was happy that she got an excuse to sow some more chaos this year. Oh, and this one would be even more fun!

As the witch plotted, an unaware Trevor continued to mingle, basking in the glory the borrowed costume was bringing him at every opportunity. He was normally a fairly average guy, never really getting a lot of attention. Being the center of it was a new, and welcome, change, and the excitement of it was practically intoxicating. He made sure that every last person saw his fabulous costume, even if it meant lingering a bit too long by the punch bowl or greeting people as they came into the house.

As the night drew later and it was assumed that everyone who'd planned on attending had arrived, it was time for the main event - the costume contest, followed by the donation drive for the amur leopard conservation fund. Everyone who planned to enter lined up beside a makeshift stage, waiting their turn to show off their creations or purchases. Trevor, still riding the high from all of the attention he was getting, practically pushed his way towards the front of the line, chest puffed out in pride. There was no way any of the other costumes could possibly win the contest, not with his in the running! He almost expected them to just hand him the first-place prize the second he stepped onto the stage.

They didn't, of course; the judges were nothing if not fair, and made sure that everyone had a chance to show off their costumes before they came to any decisions. The trio of women whispered to each other for a moment, until they finally came to an agreement. They stepped onto the stage together, hushing all of the murmurs in the audience as everyone waited to hear who would be named the winner. The host took the mic first.

“First, I’d like to thank everyone for coming tonight! It means a lot to see everyone here to have fun and support such an important cause. I’ll be starting to accept donations in just a moment, but first, let’s give a hand to Miss Violet Vexx, as she announces the winners of the costume competition!”

Trevor couldn’t quite place it, but he felt that the name Vexx was familiar to him for some reason. He squinted at the black-feathered woman through the eyes of his costume, but he couldn’t remember ever seeing her before. His attention returned to the competition the moment she took the mic from her friend, however, and the thought was abandoned completely. He trembled in anticipation as third and second places were announced; he *needed* to win this competition, after all of this, he just had to win.

“...and the winner of this year’s costume contest is Trevor the amur leopard!”

The entire party erupted into applause as his name was called, and he lit up with excitement. He happily took to the stage again to shake hands with the woman and accept his reward, reeling with pride. When he took her hand, however, he felt a shiver run down his spine, and he suddenly remembered why the name Vexx sounded familiar to him. The name of the costume store - “Vexx Hex.”

“That costume doesn’t belong to you, now does it?” she whispered into his ear, her tone icy despite the friendly show she was displaying to the rest of the room. *“You have until midnight to return that costume, or you’ll regret it. You might find yourself wearing that skin for a long, long time...”*

Despite her hushed threats, Violet smiled widely as she released Trevor’s hand. She offered him a prize, a cute and fluffy stuffed amur leopard, and patted him on the back before he left the stage and returned to the festivities. Her eyes watched him like a hawk, however, tracking his movement until he exited the main room for another altogether.

Trevor was trembling at the realization that he was caught, to the point that he barely heard any of the congratulations offered by the rest of the partygoers. He definitely didn’t notice that his prize, still tucked under one arm, was far less impressive than the cash prize that Violet gave out to the people behind the rhinoceros costume. He couldn’t shake the feeling that all eyes were on him, only it wasn’t a good feeling anymore, now that he knew two of those eyes belonged to someone who had every right to get him into a whole lot of trouble.

He finally felt like he could breathe again once he got into the other room, allowing himself to calm down. Sure, he'd been caught, but it could've been worse, right? She didn't reveal to the whole party that he'd been lying, at least; people were still congratulating him, patting him on the back, asking for pictures, and offering compliments on 'his' handiwork. Despite his fear, his confidence began to seep back in while he was away from those knowing eyes, and soon he'd almost forgotten about the threat she'd whispered to him.

The party took off again after the contest and the donation drive, with music playing loudly, drinks and food served all around the house, and plenty of revelry. Trevor was sucked back into all of the fun, and even took to the dance floor himself. It was somehow easier to dance in the heavy costume, maybe just because he knew how impressed everyone was by it, and he continued to accept every compliment he was given as if he actually deserved them. His unrest slipped away with every minute he spent in the limelight.

Until the clock chimed one time too many. All of a sudden, Trevor remembered Violet's warning - if the costume wasn't returned by midnight, he'd regret it. His head shot up to the nearest clock, and dread caused his heart to grow heavy in his chest. It was already 11:45. His deadline was almost complete.

In a panic, he took off from the party like his tail was on fire, causing confused partygoers to stare after him in shock, but he didn't notice them at all. Nothing mattered to him right then except for somehow getting back to that store before midnight. He didn't quite understand exactly what she'd said, about him "wearing this skin" forever or whatever it was, but he did know that the cops wouldn't consider his "borrowing" of the costume to be as harmless as he did. He couldn't have a criminal record over this! What was he *thinking*?!

By the time he arrived at the mall, he was panting so hard he could barely breathe from running for so long, but he couldn't stop. He pushed the doors open and wandered the nearly-empty halls as fast as he could manage until he found the costume shop again. Frantically, he tugged at the door, but it wouldn't budge.

"I'm here!" he called out, trying to make his voice heard above his raspy breaths as he pounded on the glass door. "Please don't call the cops!"

In a flash, Violet stood on the other side of the door, grinning down at him devilishly. She undid the lock and pushed open the door, but as he practically

collapsed into the shop, she simply pointed to a clock on the wall. The hands were already well past midnight - 12:06, maybe, or 12:07.

“Too late,” she said snidely, hands on her hips.

“Please,” Trevor begged between heavy breaths. “I was going to bring it back, I promise. I-I even left my clothes in the dressing room...”

“Is that so?” she asked, quirking a brow, but when he turned to step towards the dressing room, she just pulled shut the door and locked it behind them. With a clap of her hands and a wag of a finger in Trevor’s direction, she cast her magic. Beaming from ear to ear, she cleared her throat to make sure she had the boy’s complete attention.

“Take that off,” she ordered, “it doesn’t belong to you.”

“I was about to-” he started to answer, but a click of her tongue cut him off. “Right here?”

She nodded, and a flush of embarrassment turned Trevor’s cheeks red. He couldn’t imagine anything more embarrassing than stripping to his undies in front of this lady, but he didn’t really have any choice. Any embarrassment was worse than being tossed into jail for theft or breaking and entering. Swallowing down his shame, he took off the costume and laid it carefully onto the floor in front of him piece by piece; first, the head, then the paws, and then the suit itself.

Violet watched with a gleeful smile on her face, happy for every drop of revenge she would get tonight. But something caught her attention out of the corner of her eye - the plush leopard! She did say that that would be his prize, now didn’t she? With another wiggle of her fingers and a zap of magic, a new piece to her plan fell into place.

Trevor, still standing in his underwear, looked up to the witch guiltily. “I’m so sorry for breaking into your shop and, and-” His thoughts were cut off as he noticed a strange itching coming over him; at first, he’d thought it was just guilt making him feel so awful, fear tickling his skin, but as it grew worse and worse, he finally looked down. In a shock, he realized that his arms were still covered in pale yellow fur. Had it fallen out of the costume?! He couldn’t afford to replace any damages... But when he tried to brush the fur to the ground, it simply ruffled, gently pulling at the skin of his arm. He

watched in disbelief as the fur only continued to grow and spread. It... it was *attached* to him!

Before he could even begin to voice his confusion as to what was happening to him, he yelped as he felt a pinch above his ass. Instinctively, he reached a hand back to feel the spot. Beneath his fingers, he could feel something protruding from the spot, steadily beginning to grow bigger and longer. He tried pushing at it, as if he could force it back into his skin, but he couldn't stop the growing length. Even as he fought with it, the fur continued to spread.

"What's going on?!" he whimpered as the itching of his growing fur continued and he felt the new appendage protruding from his ass grow long and ropy. The fur covered his fingers and the rest of his arms, as well as his legs and feet. It spreaded to cover his body first, completely covering his naked skin and even bristling under his boxers, and then crept up his neck to grow a fine layer of fur over his face.

"Exactly what I said would happen," Violet practically cooed. "You wanted to be a leopard so bad, well, now you're becoming one!"

"I, I don't understand," he cried. "Please, help me." His pleas fell on deaf ears, however; Violet was relishing this, happily watching his changes.

A new sensation suddenly overwhelmed him as he felt his penis begin to harden. He blushed again, although his new coating of fur hid the redness of his cheeks, and tried to cover it with his now-fuzzy hands. Unfortunately for him, his growing tail became snagged in the back of his boxers, and as it thrashed beneath them, they tore with a *riiip* that filled the silence of the shop. Despite his frantic attempts, Trevor couldn't stop them from falling in tatters to the floor, and his embarrassment grew even stronger.

Still, he forced himself to look down at himself as the strange feelings in his member began to feel even worse, and he watched in shock as it seemed to shrink a bit. He watched as a new foreskin began to grow around it, though it was completely covered in a thin layer of fur. Lastly, he stared in horror at his shrunken member as he felt tiny spines push through all around it and then disappear into the furry sheath altogether.

Tears threatening to spill from his eyes, shock probably the only thing stopping them from coming, he looked up at the woman - the witch, he realized - and pleaded once more. "Turn me back, please! I'm sorry!"

She paused, seemingly giving it some thought, although really her eyes were fixed on something behind him. She smothered a grin as she returned her gaze to Trevor, making eye contact once more.

"I'll give you one last chance to save your humanity," she announced. "You have a choice: you can take the prize you so unfairly won, and surrender your humanity forever. Or, you can walk away from your prize, and regain your human form. However, you must never again come near a big cat, or else your transformation will start again." Before Trevor could give her an answer, she disappeared into a puff of smoke, though he could hear her voice faintly. "I'll check on you in the morning to see what you've chosen!"

Of course, Trevor didn't need any time to think over his choices. Who in his right mind would choose a leopard plushie over his entire humanity? *What a strange condition, but at least it was an easy choice*, he thought. Nearly forgetting that he was naked except for his new fur coat, he immediately rushed to the front door. The last thing he wanted was to spend the night in this crazy store. But despite how he pushed or pulled on the door, it wouldn't budge. He flipped the lock any way he could, but no matter what, the door stayed shut. He was definitely trapped.

He cursed under his breath at being stuck in the shop, but at least all he had to do was wait it out until the witch came back the next day. He'd just tell her that his choice was to take back his humanity and leave the prize and the costume with her, and then be on his way. As he told himself that this would all be over soon, urging himself to be calm, he remembered that he was still completely naked. Sure, he had fur, but he still didn't want to be so exposed. His boxers were ruined, but the rest of his clothes were still safe in the dressing room.

He turned away from the door to retrieve them, then stopped in his tracks. Eyes widening in fear, a soft growl overcame his vision. In front of him was the plush leopard, but it had more than quadrupled in size. It was the size of a real leopard, and becoming realer right before his eyes. He watched, dumbfounded, as the plush fur rippled to life and limbs previously filled with plastic beads filled out with muscles instead. Its tail flicked behind it, and sharp claws pressed out of its once-soft paws. Its cutesy face became sharp and realistic, glass eyes transforming to flesh. Its mouth opened and it loosed a loud roar, revealing its sharp and very real fangs.

A rush of what he first thought was fear overtook him as he stared the amur leopard down, but as he took in the scent of the beast, he quickly realized that fear

didn't describe what he was feeling at all. In fact, he felt drawn to the cat. He figured out what the witch had meant when she said he'd have to reject his gift to keep his humanity as his dick grew erect and pushed out of its sheath, giving a soft whimper as he recognized his arousal for what it was. Somehow, he knew that the leopard was a female, and it would take all his willpower to stay away from her... but even as that thought came, she approached him with eager pawsteps, and he found himself stepping forward.

Shaking his head to try and clear it, he stepped backwards, but beneath him he could feel his toes beginning to shift. His foot's shape began to change, and soon new claws were pushing his nails away. The nails littered the floor as the claws pressed out, and then retracted into still-forming paws. He watched as the same thing happened to his hands, his thumbs shrinking and moving up his wrist, his fingers growing shorter and fatter, merging into the paw of a cat. Claws pushed away at his fingertips as well, his fingernails falling to the ground to make room for sharper inhabitants.

I don't want this, he told himself, but even as he thought it, the female leopard's scent washed over him again, and with it washed away all reasoning. Somehow, he could tell: the leopard was in heat. And he wanted her. Something in the back of his mind told him he should be fearful of her, go the opposite way, but his paws kept him walking in her direction almost without his input. Her scent continued to fill his slowly-widening nostrils, a lust rising within him.

She approached him eagerly, even as a moment of clarity once again told him to turn and run. Instead, a confusing jumble of curiosity and need overtook him, and he stayed put, even extending a shifting hand towards her for her to sniff. She pushed the hand aside with her nose and instead moved in closer, her huge nose sniffing excitedly at his hardening cock. He tried to push her away, but the half-hearted movement of his paw - now fully a paw - had no effect on the massive feline. The wet nose against his cock did nothing to help his lust, and again he forgot about his misgivings.

A soft moan escaped his lips as the leopardess's tongue lapped gently at the head of his dick, pre beginning to escape from its tip. His legs began to shift and creak as she did, and he stumbled forward, catching himself awkwardly on the feline's back. When he tried to stand back upright, he found that he wasn't able, and once more panic returned. He tried to scramble back, away from the female, but she was persistent, following right along. He feebly tried to hide his penis with his arms and paws, but she was persistent, pawing at his arms, purring as if this was a game.

As she pressed, Trevor could feel his backside rearranging itself completely, his spine and hips shifting to accommodate for a quadrupedal pose. Despite his efforts, the leopardess soon had her head right back where she wanted it, wedged between his two thickening arms as she continued to nose and lick his feline member. As she did, a warm lust fell over him and he once more stopped resisting. A rumble fell easily from his throat, a sound he recognized as a purr. It was a good sound, good like the feeling of the steady, rhythmic strokes of her tongue on his dick.

He cocked his head in surprise when she stopped, his eyes fluttering open. In front of him, she had turned around completely, crouched down with her rear end up, her tail moved to the side. She was presenting, beckoning him. Her intoxicating scent filled his nostrils and kept him enraptured as he stared at her feline vagina, his own feline dick harder than it had ever been. He leaned himself forward onto his new front paws, attached to broad forelegs - for they were no longer really arms. Though he could feel his shoulders shifting into place, his neck cracking as his skeletal structure shifted, it was only secondary to his lust.

Eagerly, Trevor hoisted himself atop the leopardess, positioning one foreleg on either side of her shoulders. She didn't protest, simply letting out low, rumbling purrs as she allowed him to get situated. His previous misgivings were completely forgotten in his fervor, his old life the farthest thing from his lust-ridden mind. The musk of a female in heat was the only thing in the world he needed in the moment, he needed to mate her, fill her. He thrust forward, frantically at first until he finally met his mark, his cock sliding into her slick pussy.

As he entered her his neck finished widening, and his nose - now flat and dark - began to push away from his face. As his muzzle formed and his gasps and moans became growls and grunts, his ears morphed and shifted, repositioning themselves towards the top of his much-wider head. New fangs pushed out of his lengthy new snout, his old teeth pushed away and clattering to the floor. Finally, his eyes changed in shape and color, brown ovals becoming rounder, lightening to a beautiful blue-grey - and with them went the last of his humanity. Two leopards were all that remained in the shop, though Trevor was too engulfed in his pleasure to realize it yet.

Instinctively, he grabbed at the nape of his mate's neck as he began to find his rhythm, thrusting in and out at a rapid, methodical pace, until finally he came, filling the rare leopardess with his fertile seed. She released a strong roar as she came beneath him, clenching the walls of her cunt around his barbed member. When his seed finally finished, he released his grip on the scruff of her neck and slid himself out of her, panting heavily from exertion.

He laid down beside her, proud of himself for filling his mate. But a split second later his head shot up again, his ears pinned back in fear. His memories all came flooding back to him - the witch, the costume, his entire life - and he realized that he'd sealed his fate. Terror overtook him, blue eyes wide and heart racing. He looked down his snout in realization that he was no longer human, he was, from nose to tail, a perfect specimen of an amur leopard. He tried to speak, hoping he could convince the witch to turn him back anyway, but all that came out were growls and mewling. No one would ever look at him and think there was once a human, no one would know it was him at all.

As the panic set in, he began to pace the store, trying and failing to speak human words or stand up onto hind legs, but his efforts were futile. He couldn't speak, couldn't stand, and, even still, he couldn't get the scent of the leopardess out of his head no matter how hard he tried. He paced for hours until he tired himself out at last, finally collapsing onto the floor in defeat. There was nothing left to do to reverse this curse, not after he'd given in and claimed his 'prize.'

And there she was - as soon as he began to rest she nestled up beside him, nuzzling him gently with her soft nose, looking up at him with gentle eyes. If nothing else, at least he wouldn't be alone as he lived out the rest of his days as a wild animal. That gave him at least a small comfort, comfort enough that he finally fell asleep, letting the purrs of his new mate lull his tired mind to sleep.

Violet was unsurprised when she found two leopards snoozing on her shop's carpet the next morning, and was all too happy to see the results of her revenge. She made some arrangements for the nearest zoo to take in the pair of rare animals - something they were quick to agree to. Such rare animals would not only bring in bountiful revenue for the facility, but the mated pair would be sure to do wonders for worldwide conservation efforts.

Trevor was still dozing when the zoo officials arrived, only waking once he was being prodded into a cage. His eyes widened in fear as he struggled to make sense of what was going on, until he caught sight of Violet, and everything came back to him. The party, the costume, the plushie, and then his own transformation, right up to him sealing his fate as a leopard forever... and of course his new mate, who he was relieved to see was being caged as well, still hopeful that he wouldn't have to be alone in his new life.

“Be good now, kitties,” Violet cooed at the caged cats, making sure to look Trevor directly in the eyes as she did. “You wouldn’t want to be getting into any more trouble, now would you?”

Transitioning into his new life was certainly a challenge at first; getting used to his new body, his new role, his lack of freedom. He was kept under lock and key at the zoo, carefully tended to by the veterinarians and zookeepers. Countless tests were performed to assure that he was physically healthy and genetically a true amur leopard, lots of pokes and prods that he couldn’t help but feel were also a part of the witch’s revenge. Eventually, however, it became his standard, and the more he accepted his new feline role, the easier it became to forget his old life.

Besides, he now was always the center of attention, just like he’d wanted to be, with people coming from all around just to see him. And he wasn’t alone, because he still had his gorgeous mate. He was markedly eager to continue to mate her, which pleased not only him and his mate, but the scientists as well, and in only three months’ time, he was able to witness the birth of a new generation, a pair of cubs that marked the start of a long new breeding program.