

Animal Specialists

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

“Hey, John! Check this out!”

I walk over to Bill’s computer, and on the screen is an advertisement for a job.

“Huh,” I say, reading it, and my face slowly lights up as I realizes the opportunity that is laid out before us both on the monitor. “Two individuals needed for in depth contact with the kangaroo population. No experience necessary, only an enthusiasm for animals. Contact Mesker Park Zoo at 555-1234 to set up interview.”

“Well?” asks Bill. “Wanna try for it?”

“Hell yes! Call ‘em up now!”

It didn’t take long for the woman on the other phone to pick up, and when she did, she seemed eager to set up the interview. In fact, the interview was going to be in an hour, leaving Bill and me just enough time to shower and get dressed before they drove over to the zoo. The woman insisted that we dress casual, and that we might be put to work immediately if we are hired. Therefore, in no time at all, we’re at the zoo’s gates. A woman is there to greet us, wearing carpenter jeans, a dirty long-sleeved shirt, and hiking boots caked with mud. Her shirt has the zoo’s logo on it, but the color was faded from dirt and dust.

“You John and Bill?”

“Yes maam,” we both chorus.

“You two brothers?”

“No maam,” we both say again.

“Right. Well, follow me. My name’s Trina, and I’m the head zoo-keeper around here.”

Trina leads us past the turnstile and into a large shed. Once inside, we find ourselves in a what appears to be a lab, and there are two more staff members waiting for us, both in white lab coats.

“Okay, so here’s the interview. It’s short and sweet, but important. Do you both like kangaroos?”

“Yes,” we both answer, grinning. It looks like we’re going to get the job.

“Are either of you living with your parents, or have a family of your own?”

“No,” again, we both answer, our grins hovering for a second. What a weird question.

“Exactly how old are you both?”

“We’re both 18,” answers John.

“Great! You’re both perfect, and the first ones to apply too! Just one last question. We have flyers and boomers in our habitat, which I am proud to say is the largest artificial kangaroo habitat in the world, so we would like to split you two between them. So which one of you would like to focus on the flyers, and who wants to do the boomers?”

“Uh, what are boomers and flyers?” asks Bill.

“Boomers and boys, flyers are girls,” I answer in a semi-whisper.

“Oh. In that case I got dibs on boomers,” says Bill with a smile.

“I got flyers then, I guess.”

“Alrighty then, shall we get you two ready for your first day of work?”

“Just like that?” I ask, incredulous.

“Well, not *quite* just like that. First you need to sign a contract, waiving all liability. Then we need to give you your shots so you can work with the animals, and then you’ll be briefed over what your job will be in more specific terms.”

“What’s the pay?” asks Bill.

“I’m sure we can work something out, both of you sign here.”

Trina hefts a large pile of paper onto the tabletop in the middle of the room, then flips the heavy pile to the last page, where we sign our names in a scrawl. Trina picks up the contract, and nods to the two medical personnel.

“You’re the flyer, right?” asks one of the vets. In his hands is a very large needle, and it’s labeled in large, bold letters “FLYER”.

“Uh, yea,” I say hesitantly. “But what kind of vaccination is that? Why’s it labeled flyer?”

“You said you’d rather focus on working with flyers, right? This is the one you need. Please sit down on the stool right here. You too Bill.”

Bill sits right down and pulls up his sleeve. I hesitate for a second, something’s nagging at the back of my brain, but ever since I graduated high school I wanted to be a zoologist, and I don’t dwell on the man’s odd behavior, nor the fact that *vets* are administering shots, nor the fact that to the best extent of my knowledge vaccinations are not gender specific, especially when you’ll end up near or around both genders anyway. I push aside my misconceptions and sit down on a stool by Bill.

“Alright...” I say, lifting up my own sleeve, already imagining about what it will be like to work with kangaroos.

The vets each slap on gloves, find a vein, sterilize our arms with alcohol, and press the needle into our skin. They push down on the plungers, and send the entire load of cold, clear liquid into our bodies. We both immediately notice something is wrong.

“Woah,” shouts Bill, standing straight up and out of his chair, only to be hit by a wave a severe dizziness. “My arms on fire. Is it supposed to do that?”

“Yes,” answers Trina.

“Oh man, I feel it too,” I cry, about to panic. “It’s spreading up my arm! I think I might be allergic to the shot or something!”

“You are both doing fine, it’s a normal reaction to the shot. Nothing to worry about.” Bill stumbles. “Please sit back down.”

Bill is too distracted to hear her, and instead falls down on his butt. His entire body feels like it’s glowing, and the heat is unbearably uncomfortable.

I feel the heat too, but notice something very strange happening as well. My hips feel like they’re swelling in size. Already, my jeans which were loose only a few seconds ago are now cutting into my skin.

“Holy crap what is happening!” I practically scream. “Call 911! Somebody help!”

I’m still thinking it’s an allergic reaction, but what happens next makes it clear that what is happening is anything but. Both Bill and I stare amazed as extremely thick tan fur races across our arms, and then the rest of our bodies like a flood, spreading across our skin. Bill’s fur is a light tan, with a red

tint across his back, which he discovers as he pulls his shirt off, and mine was similarly colored, but with a slightly bluish grey hue rather than the strong rusty red that patterns Bill. That's when I get the sudden shock of feeling my penis shoot up inside of my body and disappear. I grab at my crotch in disbelief, horror writing itself across my face, while Bill sits dumbly on the floor.

Then both of our jeans rip open as our hips widen and our legs stretch and thicken with muscle. Bill starts yelling as our arms shorten, our hands turn into clawed paws, and we both feel a thick, muscled tail explode from the base of our spines, tearing out what was left of the seat of our pants. Our feet elongate, demolishing our shoes, our legs and feet deforming all the way, and our toes now ending in sharp, black claws. Our entire body structures changes, our bones grind and stretch into new shapes, while some disappear and other, new bones form out of nothing. Our internal organs completely rearrange. Our ears stretch, and migrate to the top of their heads, and finally our faces bulge out and our skulls reshape. Bill has become a six-foot tall, 200 pound red kangaroo in the space of about two minutes, and I'm a five foot 150 pound blue flier.

"What in the hell!" I shout, falling off the stool to my feet. I'm no longer anatomically capable of sitting in such a position. I'm also mildly surprised to find that I can still speak. "What'd you do to us?"

"Gave you your shots," answers Trina. "Now you're a flyer, and he's a boomer, and you two can now walk freely among the kangaroos and study them. It's a zoologist's dream, you two should be honored!"

"I'm a flyer!?! A *female* kangaroo!?! Why the hell would you do that?"

"Well, part of the study is mating, courtship, pregnancy, etc. You two will have a unique perspective on all that, and it should tell us a lot more about kangaroos."

"What?!?!?" I shout again, now nearly incoherent and waving my arms around. Bill tries to stand up off the ground.

"Man," he groans. "Am I a kangaroo? No way."

Bill manages to stand up, and blinks at the Trina and the two vets.

"Let me explain," says Trina, raising her hands to calm me down, since I'm beginning to hyperventilate. "We couldn't simply ask anyone, since this is *technically* illegal, and we couldn't let anyone tell the police, not that they'd be believed but...anyway. We'll turn you back if you just go into the exhibit and do what comes natural for the next few seasons. Just report everything to us, and then we'll turn change you back. It's all laid out in the contract. Two years, and you're through."

"Two years!" I sputter. "And you expect me to...", I swallow. "Mate, and have a joey?"

"Actually, your contract is for two joeys."

"No way. I'm not doing it."

As I say it though, I feel an extremely odd sensation. It's very distracting, almost like an itch, or an ache, or a throbbing, but it's coming from...

"Oh..." I say as I realize what the strange feeling is. Bill is following the back and forth between Trina and me with bemusement, as if he were in a dream.

"I think," I begin, then stop. Embarrassment washes over me, and only intensifies the alien sensations. If I were still human I know I'd be blushing, but I don't think kangaroos can blush. "Am I in heat?" I ask Trina pathetically.

"I don't know, you'd probably be the best judge of that, but I would hope so. The sooner you get started the less time we'll have to wait for a new joey!"

"I'm not going to have a joey! What are you people, crazy? Change me back!"

But even as I say that, I am being slowly distracted by the feelings being generated inside of my body. Intense desire is trying to overcome me, and I realize with a shock that Bill smells really *really* good. If I still had a cock, it probably would be rock hard right now, but I don't and it's the strangest sensation in the world. Bill however, does have a cock. It becomes apparent very quickly that Bill has a cock, as he also at that moment is developing a boner, (which for a kangaroo is shaped like a long spike.)

"Woah! Bill! Get control of yourself." I shout at Bill even as a tremor runs through my own body. A dull throb hits me below the waist. I fight it venomously. Bill, on the other hand...

"Woah, dude, are you really a girl kangaroo right now?"

"No!" I shout.

But Trina happily nods yes to Bill.

"So... We could totally do it right now."

"NO!" I shout, bounding in a single leap across the room, and slamming over several stools in the process. My tail sweeps out behind me as I turn to face Bill, and knock a bunch of stuff off a counter. Another painfully needy throb hits me below the waist. I am most definitely in heat. Trina and the two vets are watching me in excitement.

Bill walks awkwardly across the room, and I stare transfixed at his penis. It would be so easy to give in, and it would feel soo good too, I just know it. I shake myself mentally, forcing such images from my mind.

"C'mon John," coos Bill. "It can't be that bad, and think about how good it will feel! Haven't you ever wondered what it'd feel like to be a woman?"

"No, No, NO! You can say that, cause you're not on the receiving end! I'm a fucking flyer! FE-MALE. I am not letting my best friend fuck me, especially not if I'll end up with a joey!"

"But Trina said we have to..." Bill pleaded. His penis has become rock hard, and is bouncing slightly in time with his pulse.

"Bill! I'm still a virgin! You want my virginity taken like this?!? Getting fucked by my best friend? Get a grip on yourself!"

"I won't tell if you don't tell."

I feel like I could cry. I'm insanely horny right now, and resisting is only making it worse. I had no idea that it was like this to go through heat. All I wanted at that moment was for the humiliation to stop, for the feelings inside my body to stop, for my...pussy to stop aching and demanding satisfaction. It bordered on actual pain, this nature-enforced desire for Bill's penis. I wanted him inside me, if only to make the heat stop. I couldn't stand it, and I broke.

"Will it hurt?" I nearly whimpered, addressing Trina.

"We were hoping you would tell us. In fact, later on we'd like it if you'd tell us everything you're going through. You too Bill."

I grimace as a spasm rocks my body. I'm beginning to accept the fact that these uncontrollable feelings and sensations are emanating from the kangaroo's pussy, though I can't even begin to think of this body as mine. I just want it to end, so after a little hesitation I turn around, and bend over. Bill needs no second invitation.

He immediately jumps up behind me, and I can feel his disgusting, hot dick brush up against my tail. I suppress a shudder. His penis jumps up and down, slapping at my skin, as Bill positions himself.

The tip starts sliding up and down my skin and fur, seeking for my pulsating, vibrating organ. I want him in me so bad, and he's so close! I can feel the lips of my pussy parting in anticipation! I can feel my virgin hole become slick and wet, lubricating itself to ease my own penetration. The tip of his dick touches my pussy, then slides away. I shiver as chills chase through my body. So close! He pushes up against me too far, and now his dick lies on top of my waiting entrance. Frustrated, he humps me a few times, but quickly stops, and tries to realign. He draws back slowly, his dick sliding against my labia, until the very tip is lined up with my virginity like a lance. He backs up ever so much, and the tip of his penis falls into my waiting hole, and he is now, technically, inside me.

I stand there quivering, bent over, anticipating him thrusting quick and hard into me, but he doesn't. Instead he seems to hesitate for a moment, then with infinite self-control he pushes into me.

Oh the bliss! The heat! The intense pleasure of feeling such sensitive skin being stretched over the one object perfectly designed to fit inside me! My body was electric! My pussy was in ecstasy! I almost couldn't stand it, it was infinitely more intense than any of the urges I had been experiencing before, more sensual than anything I had ever felt as a man. Then...

Pain! Oh OW! It hurts! It feels like my pussy is being torn open, the skin is stretching far beyond what I would have comfortably allowed if I had been in control! His dick is growing wider and thicker the more he pushes in, and he's barely even started!!! It won't fit! It can't fit! The pain is excruciating!

He's three inches into me now, but I remember from looking at Bill that he has a foot long tapered dick, shaped like a carrot. I have only the skinniest, tinniest bit of him inside me now, and I know without a doubt that Bill will make me take all of him.

I wanted to run! To make him get out of me! But Bill seemed to have anticipated this, since he had placed his huge feet over mine and pinned them to the floor. He's so much bigger than me! I can't get away, and he holds me there and forces me to stay bent over, as he pushes more of himself into me.

I cry out, and he stops, but not because of me. He has hit something inside my vagina, a tight ring of tissue that won't stretch, and he can't squeeze past. We are both breathing very hard, but I breathe a deep sigh of relief, relaxing even more when I feel Bill begin to back out of me. I'm glad, this was a very bad idea. I shouldn't have given in to the animal, shouldn't have wanted it so much, should have resisted, and this time I will. I definitely won't make this mistake agAHHHHHHH-!!!

The pain! It was beyond anything I had experience thus far! Bill had backed up half an inch, then using the weight of his hips like a pendulum of momentum he pushed back into me ever so gently, and tore that ring of unyielding tissue in half. The pain is unspeakable, unbearable, so bad that I can't even form a scream. Then, as quickly as it came, it begins to fade. My pussy is on fire, the heat doubling, then tripling, but the pain's receding. It's feeling good again, despite the abuse I've so far taken. Bill waits for me to calm down, and for my breathing to stabilize, before he starts pushing into me again, and the pain returns immediately.

But as painful as the stretching of my flesh is, especially in such stupefying sensitive areas (and nothing is more sensitive than the vagina), I started to feel that original pleasure, and it's growing in intensity as he pushes slowly into me, stretching my already taut vaginal walls even farther with each gentle, excruciating thrust deeper into my body.

Then, even as the pain is escalating rapidly back towards becoming unbearable agony, he bottoms out in me, his flesh hitting flush with mine. He's very deep inside of me, and it feels like I'm impaled on a small tree. Our most intimate of parts, doubly intimate for me for more than one reason,

touch and rub and throb in time. The pain is gone, the pain is in the past, and all that's left is an intense feeling of satisfaction, so intense in fact that it causes me to orgasm on the spot.

It wasn't like anything I could have expected or anticipated. My entire body is part of the orgasm, my pussy sending out shockwaves throughout my body as it spasms and clutches and goes haywire for several seconds. I sort of black out, but it isn't really a black out. My thinking brain just shuts down for a few seconds and I revel in my own sea of pleasure for what seem like an eternity, until slowly it trickles away, and Bill hadn't even moved yet!

Bill didn't waste time, and even before I'm able to stop shaking he starts fucking me with long strokes of his enormous dick. I lose all semblance of control, it feels so good and I want more! I stop resisting and move with him as he fucks me, I give short squeals of pleasure as he forces himself into me, and gasp as he withdraws. It's insane! This is impossible! I had no idea that I could feel such things, and before I know it I'm orgasming again, but this time it doesn't last mere seconds. It lasts minutes on end, my body uncontrollably shuddering from the power of it as waves of intense sensation blot out all things from my mind, and it's only getting more and more intense as Bill continues to stoically fuck me. It quickly became unbearable. How was I, a guy, supposed to cope with something as powerful as this? I shut my eyes and try to calm down, try to stop the increasingly violent flutters exploding from my pussy, and am unable to do anything. My heart feels like it would explode, my lungs can't get enough air, and Bill continues fucking me. At some point I actually hit a second climax while still orgasming, and I begin to cry. I want to stop, and Bill won't let me. He continues to fuck me faster and faster as my body attacks my mind with greater and greater ferocity. Then it happened.

Bill finally came. It seemed so long in coming that I didn't even realize it was happening at first, but the growing warmth in my belly soon reveals to me what's happening. I give an enormous sigh of relief, still getting fucked, thinking it was almost over, but Bill continues to speed up even as he empties his seed into me. It had started as a steady trickle, but now it's picking up pace, and moreover showing no signs of stopping. I scream as a third orgasm wracks my body. I can't physically take any more. Bill's seed is filling me up, and even leaking back out of me, and I can't stop myself from shaking and crying out as an enormous orgasm grips my body, my body in turn gripping Bill.

Bill and I stand there orgasming for half an hour, him fucking me and me wanting to die. I can't possibly be expected to bear this! How can Bill?!? He's still fucking me even as he spurts hot seed deep into my belly. He's a fucking machine, and it's all I can do to maintain as my pussy won't stop with it's own perpetual fucking orgasm! My entire body is vibrating, my skin is hyper-sensitive, and my pussy continues to spasm and buzz and cramp as if it had a mind of its own. My own body is completely beyond my control, and has been for quite a while now. I'm only along for the ride in this hellish rollercoaster, and it has no end in site.

Then, miracles of miracles, Bill slows down bit by bit. It's like watching a train try to stop, and ever so slowly his pace slows down until finally, blissfully, we're both motionless. He continues to pump seed into me, and my pussy continues to spasm and grasp at his member, but we just stand there, him laying on my back and me supporting him. Despite myself I'm actually proud of him. I can only imagine what he went through, and I find myself curious. I'll have to ask him later I guess. An eternity since we began, our panting has finally subsided and with a last quirk Bill's penis stops filling me, and my own organ lies still. We stay like that for another short while, content to simply breath in each other's smell

and enjoy the feel of our bodies pressed together, and as we stand there Bill slowly shrinks inside of me, and eventually we separate.

I squat down and sit back on my tail, resting my tiny hands on my enormous knees. I hear a steady drip, then realize that it's my pussy leaking onto the tile below me. Once again able to think clearly, I sit in silence for a good while, as does Bill. The men and women in lab coats are still there, and they watch us in silence. Finally, I trust myself enough to speak.

"Good news, I've decided not to kill you all," I manage to say, weak from my experience.

"That's good to hear," whispers Trina. I look over at Bill, and he glances at me, then looks away. I hop over to him with a single, effortless leap, and put my hand on his shoulder.

"You okay big guy?" I ask.

"I should be asking you that," he manages to say with a forced grin.

"Don't worry about it. I think I liked it, to tell you the truth."

"That...was intense," he agrees, and he looks a bit happier now.

Then, suddenly I feel my body starting to heat up again, and me and Bill turn to look at each other at the same time, an instant understanding passing between us as we can't help but grin. We both need to do it again.

"Oh dear," says Trina, watching. "If you're going to go at it again, you'll need to do it outside, this isn't a brothel. Just look at the mess you two made! You two, show them where they'll be staying, then give them some privacy."

Me and Bill barely even hear her as we're both led to the exhibit that will be our home for the next two years. After those two years in captivity, during which we were both *very* cooperative, we both opt to stay permanently on staff as kangaroos and thereafter help lead the frontier in Australian wildlife research, staying in the field and gathering data not only on kangaroos, but on a wide variety of species without disturbance, sometimes going months without any human contact. I, personally, helped spawn our own mob of kangaroos and me and Bill remained the patriarchs for several years until circumstances demanded we leave them. We traveled with varying equipment, usually no heavier than a satellite linked collar that captured video and audio, and lived the rest of our long lives in great happiness, our research becoming famous amongst biologists, even if no one but an elite few ever met us in person. Goodnight, and may fortune smile upon you as it did me!