

Charmed Down to Size

Before today, if I could go back a week from now, I would have never taken this trip. Hell, even after arriving at the airport yesterday, I still wouldn't have taken this trip. But now? As I walk on a green trail surrounded by the glorious Himalayan Mountains? It suddenly felt to me like everything was worth it! The Nepalese people had been so kind to me, offering me tea and housing and what else... which was *much* more hospitality than I ever received in the States.

I don't know if I could go so far as to say that I belong here, or this is where I truly feel most happiest, but I'm just happy that I did all this. Even if it's been a while since I've graduated college, unsure of what to do next, even if I went through that ten hour plane ride and that bustling city full of anxiety, I'm just glad my eyes can witness true beauty. The landscape people would say most resembles heaven. Maybe this truly was... *heaven?*

I laugh at the exaggerated thought in my head as my shoes add to the other footprints on this path to the next village. Yet, something catches my eye as I look up into the more thicker foliage, a orange-red fuzzy blur lazing about on a branch within the few sparse trees of this mountain trail. My mind instantly recognizes what I'm seeing as it stares back at me, something of a smile on its face. But... I know enough that it's just the part of the cuteness that this animal is known for.



"Hey there little guy! I didn't even know red pandas were out here." There was nobody around and it wasn't like I expected him to know any human words, but I figured my sounds were something like his own chitters, a way for him to understand that I was trying to be friendly. In fact, I felt a very *odd* need to make him know I was friendly. He was above me, little strands of his fur falling down to me.

Without thinking, I moved my hand to adjust a straining feeling in my crotch, my nose somehow recognizing that the scent I had been absent-mindedly attributing to the world around me as just a natural funk of the environment was in actuality, this... rather attractive red panda. But... how do I even know he's male? I mean, of course it's his scent, but how do I-

The skin around my cheeks turned into a bright red as the red panda put up a leg into the air, revealing his crotch and the small dark crimson pecker that was pushing out from his black sheath. Immediately a large gust of musk went up my nose and I was suddenly weak in the knees. This animal was only as tall and wide as one of my legs, perhaps even shorter, but the height of where it was currently, how it was looking down upon me, it felt like it somehow had the upper hand. Already my groin was feeling wet, and my face was contorted into a mix of emotions. I didn't know what was the right thing to do, or to say, so I followed my instincts as more of the red panda's fur fell on top of me, getting sucked into my nostrils. I brought my hand to my junk, holding the hard



mass as it twitched in my grasp, squeezing it with my fingers as more fluid stained my underwear.

It was like the red panda enjoyed the sight, it enjoyed watching something thrice its height getting all hot and bothered over it. It spoke no words, but as it got up and walked further into the nearby forest by way of the branch it was resting on, I thought I could hear it telling me to follow it.

And... so I did.

I dropped my bag, I let go of all inhibitions that told me such a forest could be so dangerous, and I followed the critter. It raised its tail as I intently watched it like a fly I was ready to smack, catching a glimpse of his anus that I knew wasn't for me, but it was something I felt like I needed so badly. I wasn't sure how long I jogged for, or when my hand was covered in so much of my own precum, but soon enough I was alone in the seemingly mystical forest with both pants and underwear soaked from my pulsing erection.

I was lost but I didn't care; the draw I had for this animal superseded everything. My thighs couldn't stop squeezing inward, several gasps and moans leaving my mouth in a way that made me seem like a bitch in heat. In such a tantalizing way, the red panda trotted in a sultry manner, eventually being on a branch that was only a few feet above



me. We then locked eyes. It was like we saw into each other's souls. I nodded my head, and to my surprise, he nodded his.

Without warning, he leapt from the branch, his body spread outward like a sugar glider before his crotch, his lovely, fuzzy, musky crotch made contact with my face. All I could see was darkness, and all I could smell was the delicious scent of a red panda wanting to fuck my lips.

I stumbled backwards as my back made contact with a large tree, his smaller penis using the dry, chapped skin of my mouth along with all of the other ridges and meaty parts in order to stimulate himself, making me feel his buzzing throbs. My eyes widened as my lips were forced to open ever so slightly wider with every pulse and twitch of his rod. My body felt like jello as I gave a stifled moan that no one else could hear, other than this fuzzy thing wrapped around my head, gyrating his hips as his knees connected with my neck over and over again.

As much as the tree could offer support, I found myself slowly slinking down, grinding my shirt against the bark before my butt softly hit the ground, an itchiness already spreading that made the skin around my rear tickly and very warm. His chitters were angelic to my ears. The faster his hips rocked, the more noises he made directly above me. I hadn't even realized in the shock of this thing violating my face that my



tongue was not being used as it should have been. To think I could have been so selfish and unhelpful!

Without wasting a second more, I brought my tongue to lap at his tip, his small yet endearing cock head. I had never done something sexual with something so small, but then again, this was my first experience with a male... and... fuck did it feel **good** being the beta, being the little bitch that gets taken advantage of.

I didn't notice my fingers getting shorter as I brought my hands to his silky back and pressed him further into my face, hearing his little whines from how much my tongue was overstimulating his head, how much pre-cum he was using to paint his pungent mark on my gums. The tops of my digits were adopting a similar black furred pattern, the fingerprints becoming paw prints, and my nails, my beautiful nails both shrinking and sharpening at the same time.

My clothing was quickly becoming too big for my body as the sleeves of my shirt descended down my shortening arms, said limbs becoming covered in more of my soon-to-be charcoal hide. It felt so liberating to just be snared like this, caught and made to be in this male's image. My belt did nothing as my pants dropped to the floor around my narrowing ankles, the coat of a red panda covering everything. A bright orange hue of hair fuzzing out my back like a dusting of sugar on the perfect treat, rising up and making me exceedingly fluffy. It felt...



Really...

Difficult...

...to **think**.

I wasn't losing my mind... I was still very much myself. But the constriction of this male filling my mouth with his pre, and the fact that he was quickly getting larger as I shrunk, I didn't feel like I was making conscious choices. Rather... I was doing so like an animal, like a **real** animal! My lips puckered over and over again, trying to suck his cock like a calf to an udder, my teeth now somehow even smaller yet refined enough to crunch right into the juiciest of fruits and hardened bamboo.

As my muzzle grew further across his cock, which felt just right in my mouth, I felt the small trickle of his orgasm coming before he let out a high-pitched screech that made it seem like he shook the sky. Streams and ropes of animalistic cum filled my mouth, sliding into my throat while the rest seeped from the seal made of my maw and his dick.

The taste was surprisingly good as his semen ran down my furry chin to make its white-speckled marks on my shaggy chest. My new whiskers were sensitive and



constantly twitched from my snout still deep between his legs. A tail I hadn't even realized I had until now shook violently behind me, my entire body screaming that it was, for what felt like the first time in my life, **alive**.

With a thick and liquidy pop, I felt his grip finally give up after several minutes of his rut, his form somewhat... imposing to me now thanks to our similar scales. His cock had grown so large in my mouth simply from how much I had reduced in size. I slowly slipped out of whatever clothes were still hanging on, my socks dangling from the ends of the cute black beans I had for paws. I was naked but with fur... it felt so free, so... open.

I let out the cutest of squeaks as the other male threw himself on top of me, knocking me over in a playful way, my first instincts to nip at the back of his legs as I found myself still just... playing! Having fun! I was something so adorable and now I didn't have to worry about anything else! I didn't even notice as I chased him that we'd gone further into the forest, further away from civilization, away from those *dumb* human clothes!

As the one who changed me quickly came to a stop, I was surprised as he turned around and threw himself on top of me, our bodies so warm and so soft as the sun came through on the glade we laid in. He pressed his cute lips against mine, our black noses touching as his tongue played with my own. Admittedly much of his semen was



still caked all throughout my maw. He collected it, swirling our saliva into a lovely combo that tasted salty and savory. Whatever his last meal was now reaching my taste buds.

I could tell a good amount of liquid was in his mouth now, and he gave my thigh a little slap as a way of making me turn over on all fours, my tail naturally lifting up as my body screamed for him to do what I knew was coming. We had to officiate our relationship. I twisted my head as I heard spitting noises, noticing much of our lovingly made mixture go down to his crotch, a slick and slimy lube that would be perfect for little guys like us. He spit again into his hands, rubbing his paws together before taking a single finger down to where my ass was, my head spinning forward as I waited with a clench for what was coming next.

My whole body seized up in stimulation as I felt his finger rub against my sphincter, goo'ing up the area in preparation. There wasn't much role play; I suppose maybe he thought I was being edged long enough. He mounted on top of me, reaching his wet hand down to my fully erect cock that was throbbing outside of my sheath, grasping it tight as his tip kissed my asshole.

I squealed from the shock of him pressing into me, my hole spreading liberally to allow what was once something so small, yet now so large, deeper into me. My claws dug into the dirt as his hand started to jerk me off down below; an energetic reach



around that I wasn't expecting as I felt the burning pleasure of my anus being fucked while the slimy and slick movements of his lubed up paw brought my eyes to half circles in pure euphoria. I don't know if it was simply for the fact that I truly was an animal now, a cute black and orange red panda with white streaks, but the pleasure I felt, the supreme glee of having sex with something just like me, I'd never felt no better elation in all my life. I tried screaming out in English all the things I loved about this, what I loved about him, this nameless critter, but what came out were nothing but chitters of my own.

Every time his front thighs smacked into my glutes was another electrifying impact that reverberated across the entirety of my rear, my asshole feeling so stretched as my elbows collapsed and my jaw literally hit the floor, my pose the downward trend of a bell curve. The rush immediately came as another flick of his hand tugged on my cock. The flow of orgasmic pleasure rushing through me as a shot of my new primal cum flung out in a slurry as it stained the ground.

In my daze of explosive joy and overstimulating rapture, the male on top fiercely grabbed both of my ass cheeks. With a few good ruts of fiery passion, made at a speed that nearly broke me, he quickly roared out in a sweet pitch as he once again ejaculated, filling up my ass with however much was left in those succulent balls of his.



The sensation was ephemeral, my mind completely outside of my body, parts of my brain that I worried were so fried, that I may never get them back. My tongue lolled out, and my body completely collapsed, all my energy spent. If we were not the predators of this calm and serene region, I would have feared for our safety.

The other male joined me and slumped as well, laying all of his weight on top of me as his little breaths and pants were sent right into my ear, my fuzzy, adorable ear. I did not want to think about anything else, I didn't want to think about where I was, or who I really used to be. I'm still me, but I just feel like I'm exactly where I should be.

I soon felt the little licks of his tongue over my fur, my ear, and as well as the back of my head. An instinctual need made me snap to my paw, licking it clean as I was now truly, and completely an animal. My memories I retained, but my purpose utterly different.

This was my home now... and this was my mate and... I would have it absolutely no other way.

