

On the other side of the Ancient Forest, another hunter wandered. Unlike the first, he seemed to know where he was going, metal boots stepping confidently on uneven earth as he found himself pushing through dense underbrush.

He hummed under his breath, Aknosom armor swaying gently as he walked, the orange-red cape-like fringes swaying along with his footsteps. Pulling a journal from his hip, he flicked through the pages, expertly switching between sheets of parchment as he flipped to the latest blank page.

Truth be told, he was more of an archivist and less of a hunter. He often preferred to take notes about the environment and monsters within rather than traverse and slay them. Maybe he was a different shade of hunter, more of a researcher really.

Too bad they didn't get to go this deep on their own.

Jose pulled out a pen, the ink zipping across the page as he finally stepped through the underbrush and out onto a worn path. "Mmm..." he mumbled under his breath, biting at the back end of the pen, his hazel eyes shifting from the pages to the faint footprints he had been tracking.

Some tufts of snow-white fur stuck out from nearby branches, the hunter moving close to inspect. He hummed under his breath thoughtfully as he reached back into his pouch, producing a phial. Expertly with his hunting knife, he scraped some of the stray hairs into the bottle, corking it shut before putting it back with his things.

Evidence for further study.

His quarry was a peculiar one. This wasn't the normal habitat that a Zinogre would stalk—and the rest of the guild was just as confused about it as Jose. While it hadn't managed to make a nuisance of itself yet, there was no doubt that its invasive presence would soon start to disrupt the forest's natural order.

Jose peeked up, looking further down the Monster-trodden path. More footsteps—yet they weren't exactly like the ones that came before. They were uneven; awkwardly staggered. The hunter squinted, slapping his journal shut as he continued to follow the steps. Claws dug into the earth, leaving gashes behind. Even a few trees seemed to have suffered the wrath of the barreling monster, the smaller ones splintered with larger missing more than a fair chunk of bark.

His brow knitted as his pace slowed, boots stepping around footprints, becoming slowly aware of a startling fact:

They were getting bigger.

He popped out his journal, quickly scribbling down his findings as he continued. He mentally mapped by how much they were increasing, quickly ticking down the results in his journal, nearly tripping over the lip of one of those cratered pawprints.

“Jeez!” he exclaimed, wobbling, nearly losing his journal and pen in the process. He let out a soft sigh, closing his eyes for a moment to recollect himself. This was apparently more than just a random Zinogre on the loose. He had heard of other monsters being able to enlarge themselves when enraged, but this was the first time he had ever witnessed evidence of it occurring in a Zinogre.

He scribbled furiously into his journal, focusing almost entirely on it. So much so, that he didn’t even notice the brown beetle that was clinging to one of the nearby branches. Electrical sparks jumped from its carapace, wings twitching as it watched the hunter down below. It hopped off, wings spreading as it buzzed around, swirling around the hunter, nearly making Jose jump out of his armor.

“Oh! Hello,” he said bashfully - more for himself on account of being startled than for the bug. It circled around him, hovering for just a moment before landing on one of his outstretched hands. Jose bit at his lower lip, desperately wanting to sketch out the thing in his journal. Alas, with his hand occupied, it was just a pipedream.

Instead, he settled with this rare close-encounter.

“Hey there lil guy,” he whispered under his breath, like he was addressing a child or a pet. “Where’s your Zino at? Did you get lost?”

The bug fluttered its wings, twitching over the end of Jose’s finger. It otherwise didn’t respond to his questions, seemingly content with mindlessly sitting on its new perch. It buzzed softly, Jose simply too captivated to shoo the thing away, watching those electrified wings flutter.

It was incredibly rare to get this close to a Fulgurbug, let alone have one just drop onto your fingertip. Usually catching one was a tricky process - one that only happened if you attempted to fire a net at a Zinogre during a fight, managing to wrangle one of the several bugs that often accompanied the beast.

“Ow-!”

The bug zapped him, a discharge arcing off of those dark-brown wings and straight into his fingers. He waved his hand on instinct, the bug buzzing as it took off into the air. It swirled around above before vanishing out of sight, slipping through the forested treetops.

Even though the shock had stung, Jose couldn’t find himself to be angry. If anything, he was fascinated by the experience, already pulling his journal back out to scribble into it. His pen worked around, scratching against parchment as he drew a rough sketch of what the bug looked like over his finger.

He hummed under his breath, sounding pleased with himself as he finished his notes, scribbling a few details here and there about the bug’s composition.

Still...

His scribbling slowed as he let out a sigh. He wasn't exactly supposed to be tracking a stray Zinogre—at least, not yet. His hunting partner would no doubt be waiting for him at camp by now, Jose feeling a small pang of guilt about allowing scientific distractions to get in the way of his trek.

Another sigh passed over his lips as he clapped his journal shut, opting to holster it onto his belt instead of tossing it back into his bag. He continued on his way, moving away from the trail that had captivated him. Jose reasoned with himself that it would be better if they were together; Arc wasn't one for taking field notes, but the added protection of another hunter would be ideal if they stumbled upon one of their targets.

Jose flexed his fingers under his glove. They were starting to feel strangely sore - more so than what a little shock should have done. It felt like they were starting to swell in his gauntlets, the squeezing leather feeling a little tight around his digits.

Maybe it did more damage than he initially thought. The prospect was a little worrying considering how deep in the wilds he was. Best to take it off and check how bad it might be underneath.

"Hmn...?" Jose blinked as he looked down at his glove. It was refusing to come off; a yank from his other hand failed to remove it, the armored mitt refusing to dislodge. He could feel his fingers getting pinched, the human hissing under his breath, brows knitting together in confusion.

"Nnnh...!" He whined, hand twitching, fingers splaying. The fingers of his gloves looked bloated, the end of it starting to push out in a point—before it tore open dramatically. Jose stared at the end of a gleaming claw that stuck out, sunlight pouring in from a hole in the canopy above.

His hand shook in place, the seemingly sudden transformation aggressively taking hold. The rest of his glove swelled, digits popping out of their leathery prisons as they pushed out into the open. The skin had turned leathery, Jose staring in utter fascination—and a little apprehension—at the manifesting changes.

The skin over his fingers grew thick, crackling and toughening up as it changed hue to muted yellows and subtle blue. Jose gripped at his wrist as his hand twitched, swelling up even larger, shredding the last of his tattered gauntlet off.

Rather than screaming in a panic or firing a signal flare, Jose's free hand dropped straight to his notebook, pulling it off of his hip. He balanced the book on his transforming hand, the digits far too thick and clawed to be used to wield such a delicate instrument. The pen zipped across the page, Jose panting as he tried to rapidly write down the changes as they happened.

His forearm swelled, filling up the confines of his armor before following suit on their fate. The metal plating snapped off, smacking into the nearby tree before clattering to the forest floor below. The same leathery flesh crept up his forearm, spiking up, forming a tough armor-like hide over the outside of his forearm. Underneath, muscle could be spotted swelling up, bands of sinew bugling as they stretched and engorged, the corruption seeming to spread from where he had been shocked.

“A-Ah...!” Jose gasped as a bicep swelled, shoving out, tearing his shirt open. Triceps followed suit, once toned muscles engorging to absurd size, his limb growing thicker than his own head as the rest of the sleeve burst open. Just like below, his skin was changing, growing leathery as it crawled up his engorging limb. Along the back of those arms his body hair seemed to grow thicker, flowing longer, the color purging from the jet black hairs until they were pure white.

His journal bounced over his engorged, padded palm, unable to keep it steady, his notes turning from elegant and refined to nigh-unreadable chicken scratch. He whined under his breath, seemingly more upset about the loss of being able to take detailed notes rather than the rapid transformation that was overtaking him.

His left limb was comically out of proportion with the rest of his body, his other arm looking like a twig in comparison. He groaned and gasped, gritting his jaw as his shoulder expanded, massive delts blooming to life as the growth spread into his upper chest. The leathery flesh continued its climb, pushing under Jose’s chestplate before suddenly causing his chest to balloon. Bulging pectorals soon bloomed, swelling up with every quick breath he took, the transforming human’s journal dropping to the ground - slipping from those dense, brutish fingers.

The side of his shirt tore open, a lat swelling out, muscle forming a wing-like protrusion that quickly webbed with spreading veins. As fascinating as this entire spectacle was, it was rather taxing on Jose; the human panted, sweat beading over his forehead as he spread his stance to hold up the heavy weight threatening to throw him onto his ass.

A few moans pushed past Jose’s lips as he felt the beginnings of his body grinding against itself, his engorged bicep pressing against his newly formed lat and rounded, boulder-like pectoral. He gave his limb an experimental flex, finding that the muscle jumped eagerly at his command, slamming together as he brought his curled fist in.

“Th-This...” he stammered under his breath, his neck starting to swell, a trap humping up against it along the left side. “Feels so *good*...” His voice dropping in pitch as he spoke, the leathery flesh scaling up his engorging neck, replacing fair-skinned tones. He was honestly shocked that the transformation gripping him didn’t hurt more; the bone-like protrusions that came along with the leathery flesh felt more like relief when they pushed to the surface, pressure finally letting loose.

Jose hunched forward, his back spreading rapidly as it humped up with heavy muscle. Thick rolls of muscle pushed the back of his armor to the limit before the undersuit tore open. The plating buckled, pieces of it tumbling to the ground, accidentally getting kicked away by his stumbling feet as he tripped, falling backwards into the nearby tree.

A swollen wall of muscle crashed into the old wood, the weight causing the bark to splinter from the impact. It was getting difficult to stand on two legs, the sheer heft of his upper body tugging him down, causing Jose to subtly hunch even as he leaned back against the creaking, protesting tree.

He got a front row seat to his chest expanding, watching as both pecs surged forward, rounded mounds defying the straining, tearing clothing that tried to contain them. Bands snapped as

leather ripped open along their seams, flying open to reveal hirsute globes that hung away from the rest of Jose's engorging torso. He moaned softly, reaching in, feeling over his chest with his unchanged hand.

Thin fingers pushed through dense fur that adorned it, swirls of white musky forest parted between his digits. He gave it a testing tug, feeling that it was very much attached to him. Further exploration found a pair of nipples underneath his pecs, nearly hidden in the dense hirsute carpeting. He gave an experimental squeeze, finding a shot of pleasure traveling straight through his body.

He let out a gasp of a moan, throwing his head back. A literal spark of pleasure traveled up Jose's spine, subtle arcs of electricity traveling across the spreading snow-white fur.

He didn't have much time to dwell on it, however. His right side surged, shoulder blasting out of his side, delts clefting into massive, split-head cannonballs. His lat similarly swelled out, shoving into the open air like a musky, sweat-dripping wing as he lifted his arm up over his head.

Almost like the reverse of its counterpart, Jose's fingers were the last to change. His arm swelled, bicep bursting to life as the last of his top disintegrated. Webbing, throbbing veins raced along that limb, quickly being chased by leather-like flesh. His hand cracked, swelling up, nails growing sharp as they pierced the ends of his gloves, the handwear quickly tearing off as his palms grew monstrously meaty.

His legs wobbled, Jose panting, knees buckling under the increased weight of his transformed upper body. As luck would have it, the changes finally started turning its attention southward.

Abdominals bloomed into existence, azure-flesh stretching downwards, widening his midsection to match his absurdly girthy shoulders. Jose shifted, the tree starting to groan with the extra weight that was pressed against it, his clawed fingers digging into bark, tearing through it like tissue paper. His rear flexed, pressure building up behind them until it finally burst.

Blasting out of his lower spine was a tail, the newly formed appendage snaking outwards, slapping the side of the tree as it quickly ballooned to full size. Armored spikes adorned the sides while that same white carpeting trailed down his back and over the top of that girthy appendage, the tail smacking against the nearby tree once more, sending several leaves dropping from above.

Glutes swelled up, fighting with each other for space as they unevenly grew. Deep dimples formed, growing from dents to deep craters as those globes humped up with serrated muscle. Jose gasped, gulping in air to his swelling lungs, his pecs pushing up under his chin as his body continued to change.

His legs quaked, shaking as they began to throb. Teardrop shaped quads split the insides of his pants open as webs of veins crept along the burgeoning muscle. The changes seemed to be accelerating, the lower limbs growing faster than the upper ones. Hamstrings bulged, helping hold up the additional weight as the growth passed down into his calves.

Jose bit at his lower lip, looking distinctly more monster than human now. It was almost like someone put his head on an awkwardly bipedal Zinogre's body, the sheer muscular bulk making it difficult to move - especially with how jam-packed his limbs were. Arms were held at far angles while he had to adopt a wide stance for his engorging pillars for thighs.

He moaned as his boots began to swell to the limit, the leather creaking around his lower legs as it began to split open. He lifted one foot, barely able to see past his swollen set of pectorals. The front of his footwear bulged, toes fighting and stretching the material around them as they visibly swelled up to unhuman sizes.

The sides of his armored footwear burst open, the sides cracking open as powerful clawed paws burst their way past. Nails pierced the ends of the leather, metal squealing as it was deformed and eventually cast off. With a few errant stomps, Jose managed to step out of his mangled footwear, toes flexing and curling, digging into the dirt as they swelled up, dense padding pushing out of his once soft flesh that constituted his soles.

"MMGguuhh.. UUh... Hhnngg..!"

Jose moaned deeply, his entire body having changed save for his head. It was the last remnants of his human self that was still attached to this strange, semi-bipedal form of a hyper muscled Zinogre. The growth pushed up into his neck, as if to claim the last vestiges of his humanity. His jawline cracked, swelling out, causing his helmet to rattle over his head. A surge of growth caused the lower half of his headgear to snap off, breaking away as the metal revealed rapidly changing features.

Another sharp groan came from him, his voice rapidly deepening as his neck thickened, Adam's apple growing larger as it pushed predominantly from the rest of his throat. His words slurred, turning to bestial grunts that made the nearby foliage shiver. He twitched, brows furrowing as that same pressure he felt above his ass returned - this time building up just behind his nose. He twitched, his nostrils flaring as they started padding over, growing thick and leathery.

Almost without warning his face barreled forward, like someone releasing a loaded spring. A fully-formed muzzle stretched out, drool spattering to the ground below as several fangs sprouted to life inside of Jose's now-terrifying maw.

"HURRgghh...! HUUrRuUUH-!" He tried to speak, but the only thing that came out were unwieldy growls and grunts, his thickened tongue swirling and slapping the roof of his new muzzle awkwardly. His eyes rolled back in his head, the hunched over behemoth groaning, huffing, breathing heavily as those swollen pecs bobbed up and down against his spiked chin.

He could feel his mind starting to drain, like someone pulling a plug somewhere deep within. Complicated notions were quickly escaping him - even the language of his inner monologue starting to fail him, being replaced with raw emotions and observations of his new form instead.

A whine came from the beast, a lamenting sound - Jose knowing that he would never be able to write down his experience, or anything else for that matter.

However, he couldn't focus on that for long. Like a toppling tower, his body finally pulled away from the nearly crushed tree. His front hands slammed into the ground, sending shockwaves of dirt flying as he adopted a more feral stance. He huffed and panted, drool dribbling from his maw as the last of his humanity fled.

His hair turned snow white, merging with the rest of the flowing mane that cascaded down his back. The beast's ears grew pointed while a pair of horns burst to life - the same rigid looking armor that adorned his shins and forearms.

"*Huuugrrrh... HHRrrrh...*" He growled, panting, licking over his lips, glowing azure eyes rolling around in their sockets. The beast shifted, moving on his back paws as he eventually got back up, pushing himself onto his feet. He was monstrous, top-heavy, massive, clawed hands hanging down nearly to his knees. It was as if he was a hybrid between a human form and that of a Zinogre; able to stand mostly upright, yet retaining a monstrous, hunched over gait.

He threw his head back, banging it against burgeoning traps that flanked either side. A deep, instinctual howl blasted out of him, the trees shaking, limbs shuddering as leaves shivered from the sound. He gasped, tongue hanging out the side of his maw as he nearly dropped back onto all fours once more.

There was another feeling that was tickling Jose's muddled mind. A primal urge—a feeling down below between his thighs that was starting to catch his attention.

The last pieces of his former human-self began to change, the remains of his tattered undergarments straining, the front bulging as a dense member pushed out of it. Vivid pink along with white-furred balls dropping out, tearing the fabric to shreds. Veins crept from his crotch, climbing up his shaft like roots on a tree. Thick dollops of precum dripped from the head, dribbling to the forest floor below.

He was absurdly hung - large even in comparison to the rest of his newly hulked out body. His new dribbling member was larger than he was only minutes ago, his endowment radiating with heady musk as precum continued to drip.

Reaching down, Jose experimentally felt over himself, using those dense digits awkwardly - the new appendages clearly not made with fine motor control in mind. "*RRRfff-!*" he snarled, clenching his jaw, making the muscled, armored plate flex and bulge. A surge of pleasure shot through him as his padded fingertips made contact with his excited shaft, a hard jet of precum shooting through the open clearing, splattering into the nearby bushes.

The beast huffed under his breath, tongue slathering over his lips as his eyes rolled shut. He gripped his cock, bicep banging against his hefty chest, making those fat pectorals shake and bounce. Fat fingers squeezed, padded beans brushing over engorged veins as he shamelessly jerked himself. He groaned and huffed in pleasure, his hips bucking, thrusting them forward as his slicked member slid through his brutish mitt. Like the beast he had become, he shamelessly rutted into his own paw. His heavy tail thumped, swinging, smacking into the ground with enough force to displace the earth below it.

“Ggnn... MBb...Bbuugghh...” He tried forming words, but his mouth just wasn’t made for it. What tumbled out instead was slurring, growling sounds that gurgled up from deep within his throat.

Jose swung his hips harder, thrusting even faster, adding a second hand to the mix. His biceps slammed into pectorals, squeezing them tight together. The muscled globes squished as they were pushed further forward, bunching up under the pressure of those flexing split-peaked mounds adorning his mammoth limbs.

His eyes rolled around in his head as his entire body heated up. Several jolts of electricity arced down his back, jumping between chitinous spikes that stuck out from his spine. His body seized up, the Zinogre leaning back, spreading his feet wide as he huffed and grunted, teetering on the absolute edge.

Without warning, his urethra bulged, jets of concentrated cum blasting out, spraying into the treetops above, sending a few stray birds squawking as they flew from the branches. His balls jumped, swaying like heavy pendulums between those massive thighs, grazing his knees as they swung, churning and pumping out several gallons worth of corrupted seed into the air.

Jose dropped onto a knee, the beast panting as he braced himself with an outstretched paw. His eyes rolled around in his head, already simplified mind overloaded with unbridled ecstasy - not just from the orgasm, but from the feeling of his own sweaty body grinding against itself. His nose jumped, picking up on the tangy scent of his own musk.

The canine-like creature raised his right arm, twitching snout moving right in, sniffing into that white-furred abyss that was tucked underneath. He let out a primal ‘ruff’ of a sound, nearly falling onto his side as he leaned into the nearby tree. The old growth creaked ominously as he pushed his nose further in. He grew frustrated with the swollen curvature of his own chest, mammoth mounds attempting to block access to the epicenter of that musk-infused fragrance.

His tongue unfurled, lapping at what he could get, the whining growing louder as he pressed more of his weight against the tree. Wood splintered as it started to crack, decades worth of growth starting to shatter under the heavy weight the top-heavy behemoth was forcing it to endure. He didn’t even notice as it fell over, toppling into another nearby growth, sending it tumbling as well - far too absorbed in his own body, sniffing and snuffling whatever he could find.

He hiked his arms up, hitting a double bicep pose, watching as those peaks pushed nearly as high as his own curled fists, veins rising under his toughened flesh. The Zinogre whined softly as he leaned over, nuzzling one of those peaks, giving them a few shameless licks, his cock already throbbing back to life from the erotic stimulation.

Several minutes flew by of shameless worshiping on the part of the oversized dog-like beast. He kept smelling over himself, dropping onto his rear before hiking both hands up, clasping them above his head as he switched from pit to pit in a snuffling frenzy.

The nearby brush snapped, the ground shaking as if there was a subtle earthquake going off. Blasting through the trees was an oversized Nargacuga, the beast sliding to a stop into the open clearing where the Zinogre-fied Jose was sitting. The latter didn't even notice the intrusion, still sitting, happily sniffing at his own scent, his tail wagging back and forth, scraping and tearing up the grass behind him.

The heavily muscled Narga cuga growled, hackles up. It was clear that it wasn't an ordinary one, seeming to prefer standing on two legs when it wasn't galloping through the forest undergrowth. He snarled, snapping his jaws at the opposing monster that was ignoring him - as if offended that the Zinogre wasn't immediately threatened by his presence.

Jose pulled his nose out from under his arm, glowing eyes peeking at the glaring crimson orbs that locked with his. His head tilted to the side, decidedly, and almost comically canine as he stared at the intruder.

The opposing Nargacuga hissed, a very cat-like sound as his back arched, slamming his hands into the ground in front of him. Claws raked through the earth as he snarled threateningly, barbed tail thrashing angrily back and forth.

Almost as if something clicked into place, Jose's eyes lit up, his ears flipping straight up. He hopped up, the heavy weight causing the ground to shake, trees vibrating with branches swaying above. Jose was nearly twice as large as this intruder, the difference between them becoming painfully apparent now that he was on his feet.

The ground thundered as Jose slammed his front paws into the earth, mirroring the other monster. He shifted left and right, bobbing subtly, making the Nargacuga in front of him hiss and snarl, hunkering defensively down.

The dark-furred monster stared, blinking in confusion. The bobbling was only getting more animated from his opponent, Jose going so far as to even bounce up and down. His rump was up in the air, and his tail was wagging back and forth excitedly, small gusts of wind blowing back and forth from the heavy appendage. It was obvious that he didn't want to fight.

...He wanted to play.

Even the primal brain of the Nargacuga picked up on this, the feline-like monster balking as it took stock of the larger Zinogre that was bouncing around like a puppy. Taking a few moments to decide that he was personally offended, the Narga dropped even lower, letting out a ferocious snarl - one that sent an unspoken message that he wasn't playing around.

However, it seemed it wasn't properly received, the oversized puppy-like monster dropping all the way down onto his chest in response, tail beating up a storm above him as he watched with wide eyes.

The Narga got up onto his hind legs, flexing hard - as if trying to intimidate his opponent. Mimicking his pose, Jose got up onto his back feet as well, flexing just as hard, those monstrous

arms rippling as split biceps pushed up against his clawed hands. The Narga below let out a sharp hiss of a sound, striking a few more intimidating poses—trying to edge out his opponent.

To no avail.

Having had just about enough of the 'playful' insult, the lumbering Nargacuga charged forward, diving straight at the larger monster ahead. At the last second, Jose lifted up, the darker-furred beast crashing into his large chest, pectorals slamming together. He let out a playful whine of a sound, pouncing back, tossing the smaller monster onto his back.

The Narga let out a surprised snarl as he found himself being summarily pinned underneath the larger bulk. His legs kicked, heavily muscled form squirming - to no avail. Even with his underdeveloped mind, he knew that his opponent was still playing with him; heavy panting and tail wagging more than giving it away.

He let out another roar as the Zinogre lowered down, snuffing along his neck and blocky jawline. That jaw snapped as he snarled, flashing the monster above an angry glare. It didn't seem to deter Jose, however, his nose seemed to lock on the particular scent coming from this Nargacuga. His padded appendage jumped, obsessed with the odor it was picking up.

Snapping in surprise and a little confusion, the Narga found his arms being tugged up over his head, pinned to the ground. That nose went straight under one of his limbs, sniffing deep, nuzzling in. Despite himself, the feeling was rather erotic, feeling his oversized junk down below starting to twitch and swell.

"RRRK?!" The Narga let out a muffled sound as he was suddenly sat upon, Jose having shifted his position to sit right on his chest. Round, beastly balls dropped right over his muzzle, intense musk flooding straight into the feline's sinuses. He flailed and kicked, trying to claw at that unyielding leather hide. After a few breaths, his frantic flailing started to slow, pawing at the bigger beast's torso instead.

There was something familiar about that smell—something that he was able to make a connection to. It seemed that Jose was of a similar mind, his tail wagging around, bonking back and forth against his mate's boner down below.

Arc grunted, shifting underneath his transformed lover, eyes lidding as he nuzzled up into those musky orbs, taking deep and shameless drags through that snow-white fuzz. His clawed hands raked gently down Jose's chest, feeling over it slowly, the anger he had been harboring dissipating - or, rather, shifting to something that was just as passionate.

A soft huff passed over Jose's lips as he felt a warm, wet, rough tongue slathering over the base of his shaft. He was already sporting a semi to begin with, the passionate attention causing it to stiffen up to the point where it ached. Rocking his hips, he slid the underside of his pillar along Arc's beak-like muzzle, rumbling deeply in pleasure.

He blinked in confusion as the Zinogre hopped off of him - just enough to scoot a little further back. He let out a squawk of a sound as he watched the behemoth topple down like a felled

tree, landing so their chests smashed together. The air knocked out of him, the Nargacuga squirming around as he wheezed. Above, Jose's tail wagged, practically spinning like a propeller as he ground and slid their twin endowments together.

Despite himself, Arc found a deep purr starting to rumble up from his throat. His heavily muscled arms reached around his mate, gripping onto his absurdly broad back, biceps squeezing against those wing-like lats. Something akin to a growling giggle came out of Jose, his heavy chest shaking as his tail continued to swing. It seemed he was content just to cling to the smaller monster, keeping him pressed up against his chest possessively under him.

"RRPphhh...?" Arc's eyes widened as he felt his muzzle locked with his mate's, his mouth being forced open by a thick, probing tongue. They rolled shut, the beast leaning up to the passionate kiss he was being given. It was sloppy, the two unused to their respective muzzles, yet somehow they made it work.

Hips bucked, endowments grinding together with Jose's predictably being the larger between the pair. Arc didn't seem to be upset about the size difference anymore; if anything, he was bucking his hips harder, bracing his wide, clawed feet into the ground as he ground back with just as much passion. Their kiss broke, several strings connecting their muzzles together. They snapped like rubber bands as Jose leaned in, nuzzling and nosing at his mate's neck, taking in a few breaths before licking along the rippling, muscled pillar.

Arc let out a noise of surprise as he felt his cock being squeezed - massaged by softer flesh. Jose had shifted overtop of him, adjusting his rear and hiking his tail up before pressing himself down over that pulsating pillar. Arc whined softly, eyes screwing shut as he panted. He felt himself sinking deeper into his lover, the sensitive head of his shaft getting swallowed between those hirsute glutes.

The plush donut between those dimpled mounds flexed, pulling at the head of his cock, letting it slip into him easily. A whine of his own came from Jose's throat as he started to bob himself up and down, taking more and more of that length with every drop of his hips. He kept his lover pinned to the ground, those meaty, clawed hands of his pressing down over the Nargacuga's shoulders.

He grunted and panted, both of them sweating, their natural musk only ramping up as they got into it. Hips lifted, slapping into a bubbled rear as Jose only picked up his bouncing pace. He braced himself on his feet, spreading himself wide as he squatted on Arc's pillar for a cock. His elbows went up, hands folding behind his head as the beast balanced himself as best as he could.

Not one to miss an opportunity, Arc reached up, greedily squeezing over his mate's shaft, giving it a few teasing pumps as precum dribbled from the hooded head. His other hand slid up those armored abdominals, squeezing into them before grabbing a handful of pec. Fingers subtly sank into the flesh as he squeezed, massaging and kneading it, a thumb brushing a nipple that resided along the underside of that bulbous boulder.

The sound of their lovemaking filled the forest, lewd slaps echoing through the air as they both roared and snarled in pleasure. Jose eventually dropped back down to his knees, clawed hands finding his mates, lacing fingers together tightly - even if the sheer girth of their digits made such a feat difficult.

He could feel his lover teetering on the edge, precum gushing deep inside him, slicking him up, allowing that shaft to glide in and out. Arc let out several needy sounds down below, the back of his head banging against his traps as his tongue lolled out the side of his muzzle. With a gasping, needy roar, he finally blew his load, lifting his hips, thighs bulging under his flesh as he kept himself hilted inside his mate.

A deep, contented rumble shook from Jose's chest as he reached down, feeling over his middle, stroking over it fondly. It expanded, swelling subtly out, those abdominals tenting into a rounded roid gut. He pulled off of that cock with a wet pop, flexing his glutes to keep the rest of that precious load from dropping out of him.

Arc whined in confusion, feeling the world shifting around in his post-orgasm induced stupor. He felt something wet and warm pressing against his rear, a gasp coming from him as he instinctively hiked his tail up. Jose was *big*. Bigger than he had any right to be. It was like someone was stuffing a log into him, his legs hiking up, wrapping around the Zinogre's midsection, clinging tightly to his mate.

Their chests pressed together, Jose seeming to encourage his mate's clinging, reveling in the feel of those strong, dark-furred arms wrapping around his neck. Fingers pressed into his broad back, clinging into the mane of snow-white fur that cascaded down it. He bucked his hips, working them forward and back, his own drooling precum helping slick the way as he inched his way further inside his mate.

Swelling subtly, Arc's middle stretched, warping around the sheer size of that engorged meat. He could feel it twitch - mimicking the same pulsations that shook through his lover's endowment, jumping in time with his thudding heartbeat.

Wood cracked, splintering as the Nargacuga's broad back was slammed against an old growth. Unlike the other trees so far, it managed to hold its ground, helping prop the Nargacuga up as his mate started to power into him, pistoning his hips forward and back into a fucking frenzy.

Sweat dripped like a small rain from both of them, the sounds of their grunting and huffing shaking the forest around them as they rutted like literal beasts in heat. Arc could barely see straight, his eyes rolling around in his head as his brain shorted out from pleasure. It was enough to make him blow all over again, sticky ropes of Narga-seed splattering over his mate's bulging torso - painting it like it was a furry, musclebound canvas.

Leaning down, Jose bit over his lover's neck, squeezing the muscled pillar between his jaw. It muffled the growling moans he made, tongue slathering over the flesh as he unloaded into his lover. Just like what happened to him, Arc's midsection began to swell. Brick-like abdominals fought for space as they ballooned outward, being forced to stretch to fit his lover's load. Even

having blown earlier, it was still a potent amount of seed, Arc whining as his ankles locked tightly over the base of his lover's tail.

He felt like he was going to pop, the Narga's eyes swirling around in his head, threatening to roll completely back. Jose rumbled deeply, clearly pleased with the unfolded events. He pulled his lover off of the half-crushed tree, brushing a few stray chunks of bark from his back with clawed fingers. Thudding along, his heavy steps left behind clearly marked footprints, the Zinogre carrying his mate to a more secluded area in the brush before dropping down with him. He pulled out with a wet pop, sending a shiver up Arc's spine, the worn-out Nargacuga whining softly.

The two curled together, Jose rumbling as he tucked his arms around his mate, legs tangling along with their tails. Jose gave a few licks along Arc's neck, rumbling contentedly as he naturally nestled in as the larger spoon. Exhaustion quickly set in, the pair of beasts dozing off quietly before too long - lulled by the comforting silence in their secluded corner of the wood.

Several weeks had gone by since the incident in the Ancient forest.

The two hunters having failed to return from their mission had caused quite a stir in Astera. Most had given them up for dead, and, to an extent, they would be right. A pair of hyper-sized Zinogre and Nargacuga had been terrorizing the Ancient forest for the last several weeks, several reports being filed about their unnatural bulk and upright nature.

The research committee had scrambled to understand these new variants of monsters, but to little success.

Like the pair that originally vanished, several more had fallen into their footsteps, seemingly having been replaced by a rising population of testosterone-infused bipedal monsters. With tensions mounting and rising anxiety following the disappearance of their best hunters, the Commander found that he had little choice but to offer ever-increasing rewards for the bounties of both the Nargacuga and Zinogre.

However, with a dwindling supply of hunters vanishing forever into the wood, he had to wonder if it was a fruitless effort to begin with.