

Trial by Hardship

Morrin's heart matched the ferocity of a horse's hooves during a charge against a superior enemy. Twenty-one sunmoons had passed since his birth, and today, he would be given his coming-of-age test. The elders of his tribe were in front of him, men of centuries old with their pointed wood elf ears still as straight as when they endured this challenge.

They matured like humans, but lived as old as gods. Eighteen is when they were considered adults, but it was not until they completed this challenge that they would be referred to as men instead of boys, women instead of girls, or warriors instead of laborers. The Old Clan Assembly would examine the skills of an individual ready for the test, to determine the candidates to be voted on. If someone had a weaker body, or clumsy hands that barely could work a bow, they could be given an easier task.

The councilors would each throw a slip of reedpaper into a jar with the ashes of their ancestors inside. A gentler elder might give a thinner girl a frog to hunt, as to save her from a harder quarry. While that of a traditionalist, one who secretly wanted all to succeed but to have growth, might give her a deer. However, that of more stanch heritage, would throw in a wolf to hunt. For that would either bloom the girl into a proper member of society through a trial by hardship, the term referred to as *Sabasqa* in their language, or she would be culled like chaff on mosswheat. A pathetic excuse that would

only hold the tribe back from dealing with human conquerors and dwarven loggers who trespass into their forest.

There were two reasons a wood elf was given the Sabasqa. Either because they were to die, or because they were believed to be at such a level of skill that the highest prey would be as easy as gathering worms after a monsoon. Morrin had no clue what he'd be given.

His yellow eyes quivered as he stared at them all, and they looked back at him. He was on his knees, his tan skin sweating underneath the mammoth tarp as the winds of Spring flowed and hit his form. Everyone who had ever trusted him, from a neighbor who gave him a secret that he kept, to his best friend, and even his rivals and family were here to influence what they could. But this Assembly had many of the controversial old guard, and the foreign excursions they dealt with were getting worse and worse everyday.

The jar ceremony was done with everyone but the elders closing their eyes. Finally, the one in charge, Chief Biron Taruki, Lord Protector of the Gladewilds, spoke in a hearty tone. His face confessed what decision had been made. "Morrin Ukumari, that of which your fate has been chosen. You are to seek... a Grimbear."

No... he thought. Immediately his mother's wailing voice was heard, her own father and grandfather hushing her with kind words and hands that rubbed her back. A Grimbear was a beast as big as a communal longhouse. The sequoias of the forest, ones as tall as paradise, were often seen with the claw markings of these terrible ursines. Some fallen over from how terrifyingly strong they could be. Arrows could barely pierce their skin, and that's only if they were shot with enough force to breach both fur and fat. Twelve feet tall on all fours, twenty four feet on two legs. Thousands of pounds, and rather smart as well.

The Chieftain continued. "You, as all participants do, must bring its body. However, with the size of the animal involved, we have decided to be lenient." *Lenient?!* "Its head is required, and then other members of the tribe will help bring its body back as food."

Morrin raised three fingers, as was his right to ask questions. His voice was shaken, and he stumbled over the first word until he finally got it right. "H-how am I supposed to bring back its head if the head is the weight of four men?"

Another elder, this one with bushy eyebrows and an unimpressed look responded out of turn. "It is a test of your ingenuity as well as your martial capabilities. The forest provides for all, and it will reward you if you happen to win in your most important battle."

Biron looked at the interloper, blinking once as he turned back to Morrin. "As what Uiler said. We test more than your ability to kill."

They all continued to gaze at him, waiting for further questions. When none came, he nodded his head. He did not have to agree to the task, many years one might train to become better, but they would not be seen as true members until they completed their assigned duty. And once a council had chosen the animal, it was final.

"I accept. I will set out and face my challenge as soon as I can." There were more groans from people who cared about him. He was signing a death sentence.

He went home to gather his belongings. Another privilege they were provided was of the 'hold of emotions.' The testee was allowed to keep all distractions, such as a mother who might beg him not to go, back at the council area. Morrin could leave to focus on his task, which he needed all things for.

A skinning dagger, a spear with its tip made from obsidian, and a greatbow with twenty arrows in a quiver above his rear. It's all he had. Morrin's ears were not as tall and pointed as Caldran the Great, muscles not as toned as Farala the Stout, nor his brain as witted as Maritha Yantqu, but his confidence saved him from desolate tidings. He'd have to be strong, and firm, to save his tribe, and those he loved.

Morrin was walking towards the outskirts of the camp when a good friend, one who had snuck out from the assembly, approached him. A sneer came to his face, for he needed *less* distractions, not *more*.

But a bright smile and a cordial face was not one to be rejected. "Morrin?" he said, "how are you feeling?"

"Berd." The one word sentence set the tone of the conversation. "I thought you were supposed to be with the elders?"

Berd shook his head, giving a laugh that was not made from joy, but from nerves of sympathetic nerves being tested. "Your great-great-grandfather set me. He's furious with the Assembly. But he wanted me to tell you that a Grimbear's heart is, luckily for you, one of the weaker parts of its body. The way to it I mean. An bow pulled back to its strongest curve could sink an arrow deep in, and once that arrowhead makes contact with it, the damage means it can't support its large body."

"Why are you telling me this?" Morrin blurted out, shaking his head. "Helping me on my trial like this means I could be exiled. You as well."

The taller Bern grabbed his arm, the other's lips close to his straight ears. "The Sabasqa is unfair. I agree with your greater grandfather, you need all the help you'll get."

There was a sigh. "I appreciate the support. What's the best way to hit the heart?"

"Uh, he had mentioned that it'll stand on its hind legs to make prey run, and that's when it chases. He went on a long tirade about how it enjoys the hunt almost as much as we do. You should hold your ground, it'll confuse it, and then roar, leaning its head close. The eyes would be too small for you to hit; you didn't do too well on your accuracy training. But its right breast will be exposed in how the arm is moved during the scream. *That* is your best chance. If you failed to kill it then... have it fall on your spear?"

The words confused him. Repeating them in his head again and again until he could better understand their meaning. "It's a lot to remember in the moment, but I will try my best." Berd was to be trusted, after all, he completed his coming-of-age the prior year. It would be a dishonor to him if the advice was ignored.

"It's... simple, when you talk it out loud."

"Yes. Simple. Bring the bear's head back, or it'll bring my head to its mate. Now I feel *much* better."

Another uncomfortable chuckle. "I should get going. They're going to be wondering where I went. I'll have to come up with something."

"You're smart Berd, you'll think of something."

"As will you friend. You'll become a hero, defender of our great wood, a legend of grand proportions!"

Both elves hugged, tightly, needily. It was hard to think that this might be the last time they'll see each other. But life had a way of continuing even after the hardest of experiences. Where one life ends, another begins anew.

Morrin was an even six feet tall, thin, but not lacking in mass. His sandaled feet, leather shorts, and sleeveless brown tunic were all that he had on. It was best to be dexterous rather than bulky like a human knight might be.

Days and nights took their turns. One might think the tracks of a Grimbear could be easy to find, but the beasts had been dwindling in number for reasons unknown. He felt bad about killing one, but the elders would not give him a task to bring extinction to a species. By Limbo's brimstone, it might even be easier to increase the Grimbear's numbers than to kill one. He could try to tame a couple and breed them like elven

horses. Wouldn't that have helped more than just killing them to prove you were worth something?

When a person was alone, a mountain of a task before them, their thoughts often turned to loopier concepts. Foraging and hunting rabbits gave him his nourishment, but Morrin's social needs were not fulfilled, and wood elves were extroverted in nature. Stereotypes of non-elves and bigots would joke about how wood elves could speak to the trees. He actually tried that, going up to a fallen log to discuss the best way to prepare a raven for supper. It did not respond.

A week into his journey, the sunmoon was barely visible through the woodland canopy when the elf looked down, noticing that his feet had stopped in a very interesting spot. The more he stared, the more he noted. A gigantic paw print was marked in the dirt, so large even his feet did not leave the large wedge pad ursines had below their coarse, black cushions. By the look of the print, the thing was near.

With a swift hand, he took out his bow, nocking an arrow as he crouched low to the ground, examining the area with his elfish sight, trying to see if its fur blended in the distant background.

The tracks would be easy to follow, this beast made its presence known and knew its only real competition were wood elves like himself. And even then, it would be an easier battle than it could expect.

But what of Morrin's expectations? Would today be his last living day? The sapient psyche of higher races could never fully grasp the idea that it might one day not exist. And so with false assurance, the man being tested had to believe he would do it, that he would succeed.

His face went taut, hopping with grace behind a tree as he could see its large, fuzzy rear in the distance. It really was larger than he was expecting, entire pockets of fat being able to feed the tribe for a month jiggling as it walked. Morrin connected dots on his chest, forming a tree in the design of a prayer to the Gods of this World and the Next. With this battle, he'd get ahead. His tribe would see worth in him. He'd finally be a man, a warrior, alive.

Morrin jumped from tree to tree, finding cover until he was finally a good distance away from his target. With a leap, he took his aim at the ass of the animal, letting it fly as the projective bounced against it, falling to the ground with a *plunk*. The wood elf hid back behind the bark, waiting to hear the Grimbear growl that danger was near.

Seconds passed, then a minute, then the adrenaline pumping into Morrin's veins slowed. There was no noise made at all. He peered from behind concealed position, recognizing the beast hadn't even noticed it struck.

What in Limbo? he said in his head. Would this thing even care if he was trying to kill it? The arrogance! The elf brought up another arrow, this time wanting to get the bear good. "Hey!" he yelled out. "You big oaf! Over here!"

The thing's giant head slowly craned around, staring at him mindlessly as it devoured whole bushes full of pinkberries. As if almost shrugging, it ignored him.

It.. *ignored him*? He took pause, analyzing where it'd look if he called to it again. That's where he'd direct his shot. Morrin yelled a second time. "Oy! I bet you can't even please your mate with how *fat* you are."

With that, the Grimbear twitched its neck, giving a death glare as its head took the position that Morrin predicted perfectly. If only his precision could be as perfect. The beast roared, the arrow missing its eye by inches as it curved around, charging down a distance that was near incomprehensible to the hunter's mind. The humongous body betrayed an accurate perception of its speed.

It stopped within twenty yards of him, which was half its body length. The ground shook with every stomp, making Morrin's tested nerves even more frail as the vibrations messed up his next shot. Just as Berd had foretold, the bear lifted itself high, casting a great shadow over the elf. He angled his bow up.

One breath in, one breath out. His bicep stung with pain as it was tested as far as the string of the bow could be brought. He released, the arrow on the correct path just as calculated. The muzzle as long as his leg was right in front of him, spittle shooting out and hitting Morrin in the face. Yet, the arm was open, and with that, the heart behind the breast.

It was going, going, going. Time stood still, and...

The Grimbear swung its paw, from the very same arm that was supposed to cause its death, nailing the arrow mid-flight like an elven fist-master. Morrin tried to grasp another missile, but the other paw connected with his chest, and he went flying into a nearby tree.

There was a pop in his back that took the wind out of him. He struggled for air as he hyperventilated in the dirt, the bear's pants loud like thunder during a storm, the volume so high the elf could not tell how close it was, for his rigid, tall ears heard nothing but breaths.

He tried to crawl, to find a burrow deep in the forest floor to hide with the groundpigs below. But there was no such luck. As a last resort, he curled up, trying his best to believe that a Grimbear's instincts were similar to a brown bear's, and that if he looked dead, *maybe* the creature would not kill him.

With nostrils you could stick your fist through, the beast inspected his form with its nose, drool that could fill a tankard leaking all over him as snorts were made repeatedly. There were annoyed huffs and a growl as if the bear did **not** like what it was smelling.

A paw that could scoop him up played with the elf's body, pressing against it from the side before it tried to push him into the dirt, applying pressure that made Morrin freak out. Was it *testing* to see if he was truly dead!?

He panicked in pain, screaming for the bear to stop as it roared in alarm of his true condition. The elf scrambled, trying to crawl on hands and sandal-less feet as the soreness of his back was too much to endure. Something was wrong back there, terribly wrong. He had to get back home, to his parents, his friends, the elders so he could *wring* their necks!

It was an open clearing, a perfect size for the bear. If Morrin could see its face, he'd hallucinate a sly smile as it took a peculiar position. A darkness enveloped the hunter as a low gut was swinging near him, his elfish hand able to reach up and touch the fur there. It was a marvel, one that could almost be enjoyed if it meant his end would not soon be approaching.

But the Grimbear walked forward more, to the point where that fat belly was right above Morrin. He wanted to move, but fear held him still. Behind him, he could hear something slimy, a slick appendage leaving scabbard. The sounds of sludge was immense, flesh riding flesh. The elf closed his eyes, turning around as he had an idea of what it was.

The red pucker of a near erect bear cock staring back at his face, the urethra wide enough to dig his tongue inside of. The elf wheezed, the pain in his back getting worse as he tried to ignore everything, all that could exist just to think for one moment. But he was not even afforded that.

The ursine thrust forward, Morrin's shorts pierced as his ass split wide, the lower apparel sinking into his very undersized hole along with the monster's penis as his lungs shot out, screams more feminine than a woman in labor as birds rushed for the sky. There was pain, how could there not be, but with mercy, it lasted for a single moment as his whole rear went numb.

Morrin spoke gibberish, his tongue trying its hardest to roar for help, but it stuck to the bottom of his mouth, feeling the two pink fleshies fuse together as he mumbled for his words. The cock went further in, effortlessly smoothing away the walls of the elf's anus, morphing it as it pushed behind the barrier. It reached the intestines, not caring for the structure of his body as the meaty links deformed and attached themselves to the bear's phallus.

He could feel it, making a mess of his insides as the tip was now inside his stomach. There was no pain, nothing, not even an ache. Even his flexing back which he thought might be broken no longer hurt, just numbness, and... *pleasure*.

To his north were the grunts of a rutting bear, enjoying the stimulation it was being provided. It was... something he had never felt before, but with every snort and grumble that the ursine gave out made Morrin's mouth twist into a dumb, open smile that he had to fix himself. The satisfaction he was feeling was also one the bear felt too. He... just knew this somehow.

The arms and legs of the hunter were no longer on the floor as he'd been pierced enough to be lifted into the air, the musk of what the Grimbear trudged on all day perfuming the underbelly of this beast. With every pulse, Morrin was swung upwards, the back of his head smacking against its stomach. He'd never heard of such an

encounter in all of his life, to be hilted this badly by a simple animal. What was the meaning of all this?

The feeling of its tip in his gut was gone, almost like it had been swallowed up or melded together with other parts of the elf's body. Yet, he recognized why the thing was throbbing, a male's intuition... but *why* was he so certain of that function? As if just innately, he **knew** that was the reason.

He found that his mouth was secreting something globby in nature, a very strong, pungent smell caking at the entrance to his nostrils, sticky fluids bubbling up and making it that much harder to even think of how to resist such a scenario as this.

Another thump occurred in his core, his head once again hitting the bear's belly, but this time, a piece of white shot from his mouth, gags and nail-crunching chokes forcing out a rope as it soaked into the earth. Morrin's eyes went wide as he tried to lift a tongue that wasn't there anymore, completely fused away to create a smooth, tubular cavity that started where the bear's bladder began, and where the elf's mouth ended. A urethra.

Inside his mind, he was squealing in horror. Their nerves were attaching, every part of gratification the bear felt on his cock, Morrin experienced with his whole body. The skin of said body changing from a tanned hide to a flared red, a thick vein pumping

blood into the changing elf. Every injection of claret gave the dissolving sapient another burst of every chemical a dick needed. No more dopamine, no more serotonin, just simple, pure, raw testosterone. And it made the elf feel as if he was ablaze in simultaneously the hottest of hells yet the warmest of blankets. It seared him alive, but it killed any other kind of sensation other than flawless euphoria.

Cum churned into his brain as his legs fused into the base of the shaft he was now, neck becoming cockflesh that folded over itself, with his short hair falling out to make the way for a bullet-shaped tip. A tip that his head was polishing itself into. In the chamber where his cerebrum resided, globby pearl colored ejaculate with a yellowish hue plunged deep within, showering the brain like it was merely the ingredient to a biological stew. Random flashes smacked Morrin's identity, the imagination turning towards the manifestations of female Grimbear genitalia. Their enormously slick cunts just waiting for someone, no, *something* like him.

His mouth tasted only of salt, the buds on what was once his tongue evaporating into nothing but more pleasure meat, its only purpose to guide sperm out from the "mouth" and penetrate the womb. A tool for bear insemination, to drive the genetic slurry forth to impregnate a sow, and give her cubs. He wasn't the cum, nor the balls, nor a person. The cock. A simple, much needed instrument.

The elf body beat like a heart, most of the organs he once had gone, erased to become more pounds for the Grimbear. His anus had consolidated with the rest of the animal's phallus. Even Morrin's asscheeks had faded away to create a more uniform cylindrical rod that easily probed whatever willing female was in front of them both.

The new cock couldn't tell if he had shrunk or kept his shape, his tunic having popped off, leaving him naked as his own minuscule cock eagerly shot out tiny drops of seed. With the transformation pausing for now, he tried his best to move, only finding that his smaller hands and arms worked, the rest of him pretty much calcified, reordered to be what he mostly looked like now.

But just because the changes had stopped did not mean the bear was finished. Into the air he thrust, again and again, his stiffness still at maximum magnitude. A rising feeling was in the back of Morrin's mind, the remnants of his voice he still had left moaning out with his owner, a term that couldn't stop repeating over and over in the deepest recesses of his consciousness. Morrin felt his head and neck pop forward, unable to do anything as his brain shut off, arms dangling as he, and the Grimbear, wailed as one.

He felt it. Like the swiftness of a coursing river, and all the force of a great typhoon. The tube of the urethra he was attached to was slotted, and along it chugged and charged, Morrin's neck bloating as it anticipated the surge. Out from his mouth, he

came, whiteness filling his vision for a brief moment as he watched his upchuck fly in all directions. It felt like he was being forcibly shoved into a hollowed out tree that was many times smaller than his current body. Never in his life had the wood elf felt more *pointed*, straining against the tide as semen coated the belly of the Grimbear, hitting the ground, and flowing down the cock's chin to soak where foreskin was.

The sensation was like vomiting, the burning feeling that wasn't so acrid or acidic. An overload of sodium along with a warm, almost pleasant heat, as if bundles of heated coals were plopping from his lips. With every pulse, every throb, more and more shot out, balls the size of boulders emptying wherever his lips happened to angle. Lips and head that couldn't be controlled in the moment unless the bear's blood dictated where he'd aim.

Finally, the storm was over, but the pulsations were not, each thump like a body-wide hiccup that hammered ecstasy into every part of his body. Morrin couldn't tell if he was still breathing, if he still had lungs, or if the air shuffling out was merely from the whole process. It wouldn't matter, for the answer was soon found. For every time he saw the bear's chest rise and fall, was when his own oxygenated lifeblood received such ventilations. In all matters now, the bear's life was his own. A life stripped from him, just to give life to others.

His brain restarted, finally grasping what had happened, but still unable to do much other than think and panic, anxiety rising as he was being shrunk, more flaccid, and *pulled* back into the musky, unwashed sheath that he'd soon come to see as his new home, stored inside for much of the day. He put his hands up, trying his best to keep his "body" from sliding in, but there were no muscles to whatever his biceps were categorized now. And it's not like any kind of strength could stop a Grimbear. The fuzzy brown rim compacted to grip tightly around his neck, still giving him the ability to see around him, but nothing could fix the fact that he wasn't sure if he'd ever get used to the entire of this mucus membrane slimily sliding against the tactile flesh of his new figure.

Morrin was strong enough to at least pop out an arm, bringing a finger to his mouth and nose to wipe off what cum there was in and around his mouth. Inadvertently... giving him the taste of what the inside of a bear sheath is like. It scared him, for the only way to describe it was like... home. That train of thought gave whatever brain cells that weren't merged into the pleasure shaft's flesh tantalizing shocks. As if that was the proper mentality to take.

NO! the wood elf roared out in whatever was left of his mind. There had to be something he could do! Although, to shake... as the beast walked, it was mind-numbing. Was this magic really that powerful, that resistance of his form could revert the changes?

But that'd be easier, wouldn't it? Morrin had heard that some who are polymorphed could fight their new instincts and change back, but this was different, what kind of spell would let a person change into the cock of something different? It didn't help that when the moment became quiet, and it was just him swinging and the Grimbear taking its giant steps, steps that he once followed to kill the damn thing, it was serene, tranquil. The slick, mushy sounds of his pleasure flesh grinding up against the tissue of the meaty, inner scabbard. Everything felt so... *nice*.

Too nice, *too nice!* ***TOO NICE!***

Morrin slapped his face, air forced from his lips as he looked around, the Spring sunmoon setting as pink rays bloomed over a heavenly field of lavender. In seconds, the vibrations had caused relaxation, and the relaxation so joyous to experience, that time became nothing.

Or... it could be because blood was filling his body. That because the wooden cock had given in *until* the next time he was used? In that sense... how long has it really been? Just a few hours? Days? Or even worse? Pissing and not even *realizing* it!

Nonetheless, his addled mind hadn't thought of a more obvious curiosity. *Why* was he getting hard?

His eyes had gotten worse, almost like he was getting blind. It was only from his new balance that he realized the bear was lifting up on his hind legs, heaving the cock with him like swinging from one tree to another with how Morrin felt inside. He got a brief glimpse of what the thing below the Grimbear was before the male landed on top of... what could only be... *sensed* by the cock's head as a female. One deep in heat.

The arms undertook an action the wood elf did not think they'd make, trying to grasp at the fuzzy blanket that was the start of the sheath, failing to do so as his slimy hands merely slipped out, collecting fur on the way to their destination.

Morrin tried to plead in the best way he could, by using the abnormal growth that was once his tongue on the lower part of his "mouth" by moaning out in a way that every creature in the known world would take as encouragement to keep going. Waving his arms in horror would have them switch to excitedly shaking, unable to wait for how heavenly it'd be to finally fill in a Grimbear's cunt.

He was nearly as thick as a tree log, and his whines only got worse as the closer he was to the lips, the more he squealed, almost like a female cat yelping for a mate. All anticipation died like a prodigy taken before their time. The lips from farther away looked inviting, while the closer Morrin got, the more terrifying they looked in reality. The gates to his new life. A life he still hadn't fully accepted! *Not that it would matter.*

The wood elf began to rhythmically shout in defiance as best as he could in his mind. Yelp after yelp, shriek after shriek, groaning with his maw at a pitch that was quickly rising as the heat of her cunt could be detected. Morrin placed up his hands, and locked his arms in one last stand.

A stand that made nothing. The labia knew he was there, his hands hitting the surface of nothing as with a combined action of her vulva widening and the Grimbear male thrusting, Morrin went in. His arms were prehensile as they wriggled like worms and merged into his arms, forming into more pulsing veins as everything about him throbbed. Like how a tree frog neck flap inflates, the cock-elf's frame bulged and receded, only to bulge again as vaginal slime coated his eyes. The orbs disintegrated as the walls pressed into them, the cock now blind as sound and touch were his only two senses. Well, was he really a *him*? More of an it now if anything. Yet, whatever ear holes were left sealed too, the cochlea and whatever other organs becoming more mass for the Grimbear's rod.

The heart was shaved away into another miniscule blood vessel. The pockets of fat now uniform all along its body. The baculum, what causes such spearing girth in the penis, was made from the former wood elf's spine. What was once an integral part of the sapient's frame as it connected the brain to the rest of the body, all it did now was connect the base to the tip, of one, big Grimbear cock.

All that was left was touch, and pulse, and throb. No sounds, no sights, no tastes, no smells, just feeling. Pangs of flashes hit Morrin's decaying mind as memories, concepts, general thoughts, and consciousness were leaving. The identity being absorbed away as whatever simple synapses the cock's mind still had were echoes of a deteriorating soul. Using its own sentience on the lines of the Grimbear's nervous system, nodes that pinged of great pleasures as the male ursine mated with the female, told that the cock was still someone, if not something.

But it wouldn't matter, all the soul was doing was slowly using up itself as energy to create meaningless resistance. Morrin as his body was, no longer existed, not even to himself, or, itself. The closest things to thoughts were of the brain sending signals to 'harden' again and again and what was not exactly memories of the past, but rather the cock remembering what something felt like, and the only way it could do that was remember what happened before. As such, the new penis remembers life all of the to he conception of itself, of the Grimbear. A body part of the beast, nothing for itself.

The male roared as his shaft let forth a white surge. His gushing rod sending ropes into the womb, to fertilize the eggs inside. Bunches of the semen surprised to find that the female had already been inseminated. But that didn't matter, for the beautiful Grimbear female often took the seed of multiple males, to create cubs of technically different fathers.

The cock throbbed in happiness mainly borrowed from the climax. Happy to know that with every fertilization, it was doing its job every time it was used. Another strip of sperm blasted at the thought, just for good measure.

Soon, the top bear would take its place with all four paws on the ground, its tool shrinking back down into its more *normal* flaccid state. Its new life was starting, whether it really knew it or not.

A part of Morrin was still there, unsure how to even put the letters of his name together. It was shocked as it “watched” fabrications of the sunmoon rise and fall in the span of seconds. A formulation of what the bear was doing, how it was doing it, and why, as if the imagination of the beast walking around the forest from place to place was the only thing the phallus could project. It hadn’t even realized it stopped protesting years ago.

Many years ago.

It had been a decade, the older Grimbear sniffing for roots on the ground, an arrow that had struck its butt many moons ago ignored as the animal wanted nourishment for winter. Ten years, its cock’s only baths being the swims of a nearby river when it needed to cross it. Sometimes females would groom it, or he’d groom it himself.

Another female, another act of bestial matrimony, and another tiger-salmon heading down the Grimbear's gullet. This was the cock's life now. Full of pleasure, no worries, and quite simply, nothingness itself. Time was both quick and endless, which mimicked the pleasure it received in being used. In a way, its perception of its own existence were in sparks, spams, just like when its body pulsates in elation.

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The tall, slim human foreman wandered past ropes blocking off piles of refined lumber, the dirty, muddy roads made worse from the intense heat. A problem was in their lumber colony, one that he had intended to bring to the dwarvish mercenaries.

He opened the blue-gold tent flap, a three and a half foot man staring back at him with double the gall, and twice the gonads. "What *you* want?" he spoke harshly. They were here for business, nothing more.

"We've had a problem with security. Our scouts can't mark the trees needed to expand our operations. That's a failure of your contract isn't it?"

The dwarf grumbled. "Ay', there's too many fucking bears eh?"

"What?" The foreman blinked once.

"You 'eard me." The shorter sapient put his arms out like a hug, describing with his hands of a huge beast. "Grimbears! Within the last few years, there's been like an explosion of them!"

"Not, my, *problem!* I want it fixed, and I want it fixed now. There's three men on their way home back to very disappointed families, and if you want your gold, you need to do your job."

"My group don't got the numbers for this many 'rimbears. You best hire more men, or... *reduce* operations. I'm not risking the lives of dwarves who have served in greater conflicts 'ver the last few centuries to a goddamn animal, for facking *wood* of all things. Why don't you just seed them and wait... *like the rest of us?*"

The human huffed and puffed. Giving one last word before he left the tent, angrily so. "I'll talk to those in the upper parts of our organization. Maybe we can... find other trees I guess." He still didn't enjoy that fate, but it was better than the alternative with how dangerous things were getting. Yet, it still made him furious as he trudged away from the mercenary leader.

He was so angered in fact, that he did not realize until now of gigantic beasts in the horizon, the screams of men and war cries of dwarves as a horde of Grimbeards were approaching, an attack on the camp unseen until now. The human tried to run, but within a minute, a cock was up his ass, in his ass, then... was a part of him.

As orange fireflies buzzed around the camp, blue auras and turquoise pixies flying and lighting up the area, dozens of dire ursines were ejaculating all over the place. Cum flying into all orifices, as the entire camp joined in the phallus of the males, and the impregnation of the females.

And the rest was history. The forgotten wood elf whose name was... well, it had a name, did not pass its *Sabasqa*, the Trial by Hardship. Yet, even with the failure, came the successes the forest needed, the people of the wood needed.

In terms of power and difficulty to defeat, the Grimbeard was unmatched. Any who sought to oppose one, would soon understand why they were just so *hard*.