

A Bear Affair | Act 1

The druid's eyes laid upon them. The next generation, the next cycle, the next group of individuals that one day, would take over for what was entrusted to him during his own education. Some were taller than him, others shorter. A few girls, a few boys, and others who laid in between, all having recently matured into adulthood.

Such individuality was a virtue here in the Druidic Circle of Kyklaos, the forest god of this region. It's most important lesson to teach is that time changes all, and such changes are like the spokes of a wheel. The struts keep everything in control, rigid, and because of the discipline, time keeps moving, lives keep changing, until eventually, it's a simple loop. The same thing, eventually happening, again, and again, and again.

Master Erlen was the youngest of his kind to be on the council, to be considered an expert, and given such a role in leadership. Thirty-five years of age presently, he was accepted as a teen, and had passed so many tests and given so much praise before reaching where these cadets were at now.

Though, the circle did not believe in making *cuts*. In the end, the students would pass, or give up. As long as they never gave in, and quit to join the lives of the peasantry or the mercantile traders, or lightning hit a tree if they joined a military, then they'd get in at some point. Beesting, some of them took up until their deathbeds to make it. A

human like him? Achieving a point some elves took hundreds of years to obtain? Erlen's history spoke for itself, and as such, his reputation was rather... full of rumors.

It was too easy, walking up and down the lineup. He told them to be quiet, and allowed his pupils to stare each of them down. A couple here or there were sweating, some wanted to look tough, or perhaps show that they had resolve. This wasn't a mercenary's camp. There was no need for such theatrics. In fact, the ones who were smiling, mostly the girls, were the recruits who he appreciated the most.

The druid was quite tall, wide as well in frame. A big nose, chiseled biceps, and white teeth. There were little blemishings along his face and skin, battle scars and various other aspects that told the class of how experienced he was.

Erlen took a position by a large, stone slab. A piece of many that created the yard they were all in. The longer his silence, the more the students began to break. A whistle being made by one, just to receive an elbow into his side by another candidate, shutting him up.

"You all have been through so much already," the teacher said, his amber eyes staring at each, brown-blond hair lightly rustling in the winds. "But I am not here to give you what you can find in a book, or where you might be delivered," he coughed, "*new* guidance from our very old Master Sarris."

The crowd gave its giggles, the elderly elf had much to say, but like a college professor in the human cities receiving tenure, a member of the circle stays on until death. They could retire, but none have barely given it a thought. As such... when one has lived as long as Sarris, you might find a lot of his advice could've been more useful in an era where civilization had just discovered fire.

Erlen continued. "No. I'm a practical teacher, but still a learner myself. I'm one to get out of the library, get down and dirty with the animals you might imagine. It's why I teach out here." He gestured to the several beasts and other curiosities in the area, more than a few druids doing light reading or conversating as animals like badgers, bears, dogs, and raccoons idly rested or interacted with the sapients.

Of course, some of these animals were druids in their wild shapes, but at some point, it all begins to blur, and even if there probably should've been more rules to it all. The passivity, the positivity, and the openness that permeated around the gardens, well, words were never said, but a flower or two could often be *fertilized* without one noticing.

Some druids could speak to the animals; it was just a spell that was more or less ironically tightly kept a secret. It allowed one like Erlen to know how intelligent they could be, how... provocative their statements were elegantly spoken. It changes one's perspective of animals in general, from idiotic beasts to something you could almost

have a philosophical conversation with. Maybe it was the animals close to this sanctuary that had this quirk, but it definitely blended the lines of what was acceptable, and what was... *taboo* in less wild societies.

Such thoughts were making it hard to speak. The teacher threw them aside, focusing more on his class. "Plus, I find the sun's summer rays healthier than the mistfires of the inner caves. Gets your skin tested, gets that sweat going! Better out here, than in there don't you all agree?"

A few half-hearted murmurs of agreement could barely be heard over the seldom three or four that made their teacher know they were listening with loud claps and cheers.

"With my practical...ness, I find that sharp usage of your talents in serious scenarios either fabricated, or real, are the best ways to apply yourself. To truly remember what was a fire spell to light a torch, or an incantation for a flameball to kill, to defend yourself," his firmly held hands were behind his back, and he added supportive words as his students' faces went grim. "If... necessary of course. Any questions?"

It lightened the mood, but it was already tense. No questions came, but smiling faces, as if many of the students were not staring at Erlen himself, but something behind him. He gave a quick sniff, his body became stiff. '*Oh no! Not now!*' were his only

thoughts as turning his body, he could see the large frame of a forest bear nearly as tall as the master druid.

“Heh.” He was quick to divert his feelings. He had to remain in control of the class.

“Everyone, if you haven’t met him already, this is Dael! He’s a loveable oaf. Just *another* bear of the sanctuary!”

The students’ faces took on another look, one of interest. While Dael had a similar look as all of the other bears, his brown fur was just that much brighter, and his body was the largest any had seen so far. Paws as big as a shield, able to break the very same object with the power they held. His nose was blacker than charcoal yet glinted in the light, and he had a perpetually lazy look to his face. A fat nub of a tail that swung from side to side. Dael was a happy bear, and... quite the naughty one.

Especially when you could understand them. To everyone else’s ears, they heard mewlings and a gentle growl, actions that their brains recognized as typical animal behaviors. Yet... to Erlen, he only heard -

“LOVEABLE OAF? THAT’S NOT WHAT YOU SAID LAST NIGHT WHEN I WAS EIGHT INCHES INTO YOUR PUSSY.”

The teacher bit his lip. For the first time all session, a bead of sweat dropped from his forehead, the shaft in his crotch stirring from its sleep. It didn't help that the bear's muzzle nudged at his side, the smells Erlen enjoyed both as a human, and... as a *female bear*.

"I think he likes you!" A young woman named Madia said, giving such an innocent smile as her ginger hair rested on and down her shoulders. .

The master druid's hand was already scratching behind the beast's ears, lighting the ambiance of the stone circle, giving more laughs as the bear grumbled. **"OH YEAH. I LOVE IT WHEN YOU SCRATCH RIGHT THERE. KEEP GOING TIRISIAS, KEEP GOING!"**

One of the more competent candidates took a step forward, Fenfir Lothanhall, a man that looked almost like Erlen did in his heyday. Black short hair, hazel eyes, and a good jawline. "You and Dael seem like you know each other."

Just keep petting the bear, just keep petting him. "Well, uh, yes. You could say we've had a history."

The star of the new recruits crossed his arms. "Why don't you tell us? Uh, Master?"

That's right. Authority in rank and seniority was found in all kinds of institutions, and even here at the Circle, none was different. Erlen thought deeply back, to seven years ago when he first found Dael. To when they started their... interesting relationship. As he spoke, he didn't even realize how fondly he was of the bear being shown to the students, one arm around the animal's head, holding it, while the opposite hand passively rubbed at the earthly-scented fur.

"A forest fire if you can believe it. I was one of the druids sent deep inside to douse the flames with a lot of watery magics. Sapped my energy like crazy, but I didn't stop. I wanted to save as many animals as I could. And over by a burnt tree was this old lug. After making sure he was safe, I quite literally fell asleep and used him like a bed. Then I brought him back here." Erlen's face had drifted off to the left, Dael's heavy breaths under him. "People say I adopted him. But he found a place here. I just helped him find it."

A low rumble came from the bear's throat, each green peon reacting in their own ways, almost as if Master Erlen's words were understood in some way. **"HAH! HAHAH! YOU ALWAYS DO WHIP UP A GOOD LIE TIRISIAS. I OWE YOU MY LIFE IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE."**

The teacher moved to the bear's cutesy, flickering ears with a whisper. "That's pretty much what happened. I was tired, so I fell asleep." He tried to speak to the rest of the learning druids, but was cut off.

"HAHAH! YOU TURNED YOURSELF INTO A FEMALE OF MY KIND BECAUSE YOU HAD NO FOOD LEFT, AND YOU WERE *WORRIED*. NEVER DID I IMAGINE I'D DRINK MILK I ONCE HAD AS A CUB."

"You needed something. You were weak."

"AND YOU FELL ASLEEP ON TOP OF ME! A FEMALE IN HEAT!"

The whispering grew to barely heard bickering. "I wasn't *trying* to do that. I couldn't really remember it was the, *season*, at that moment. That's all I could think of without me giving you the rest of my food!"

"STILL THE BEST CUNT I'VE EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF TASTING. NONE OF THE OTHER FEMALES CAN FUCK LIKE YOU, HAVE THE ENERGY AND PASSION LIKE YOU DO. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN COOL MY FIRE TIRISIAS. YOU'RE SO... TIGHT, EVERYTIME."

Erlen tried to shove him off, the mass of students giving him side eyes and brow furrows. The bear was quite literally stealing the show. "Not right now. You have to go now Dael. I'm teaching."

"OH...! I STILL REMEMBER YOUR SCREAMS WHEN I MOUNTED YOU. THE FLAMES HAD KNOCKED ME OUT! HOW ELSE MIGHT I IMAGINE A FEMALE LAYING ON ME? SHE MUST'VE WANTED WHAT I POSSESSED! AND, YOU WERE IN HEAT."

It's how this whole thing started. This whole relationship. Being called Tirisias by the bear. Erlen held more than just an illicit relationship with an animal. It was an identity, nearly a way of life. When given vacations, the Master would take the week off in wild form, being the ursine he once breastfed Dael as, and just enjoying his bear cock all day long. To imagine how coincidental it all could be. A fire, a rescue, the only choice an addled mind could think of, and a simple mistake made from an overwhelming exhaustion. It would be something the male mind would have never contemplated before fighting the fire, but now? It was almost *all* it could imagine.

Especially with how far they'd taken it in the years since their first copulation.

"Really Dael, it's time to leave." The teacher laughed nervously, realizing that nothing was working, as if the commands were going one ear and out the other. He moved in close to the beast. "*Seriously!*"

"YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO TIRISIAS. I'M HERE BECAUSE I DIDN'T GET SATED AS MUCH AS YOU PROMISED LAST NIGHT."

"Alp- I, Dael, I said I'd make up for it another time. Please, not here."

"TWO ORGASMS?! WHEN I DEMANDED THREE, AND THEN YOU PROMISED *FOUR*."

It was very awkward now. He was standing with his back to the students, hearing some of them ask if everything was alright, or if they could go back to their dorms.

"They needed help, there were people attacking our circle."

The bear's growls turned heated. No longer did the other druids think Dael was *that* adorable. **"YOU DON'T BELONG TO YOUR CIRCLE, YOU BELONG TO *ME!*"**

"...I'm sorry."

"GOOD GIRL. I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY. BUT ONLY IF YOU MAKE UP FOR IT RIGHT NOW."

Right now!?!? Erlen's cock was rock hard, partially one of the reasons why he turned around. And the bear's warm breath was not an aid in reducing the erection. "I... I can't, I'm teaching. I- we, we can't do it right in front of them!"

Dael roared in his face. Some of the others not partaking in the lesson were getting worried now, putting aside their activities to stare at the commotion. Was this bear not to be trusted as they first thought? **"WE GO INTO THE WOODS NOW. WE MATE. NOW. THEN YOU CAN GO BACK TO TEACHING. DON'T MAKE ME ASK AGAIN."**

"Yes... Dael."

"NO. DO BETTER."

Erlen tried to whisper it as hard as he could. "Yes Alpha. Let me help you." He pivoted his head, daring not his body. "Sorry everyone. I want you all to form up into groups of two and talk about your experiences, what knowledge you can learn from one another. If you find someone you're comfortable with, try to spar for a bit. I'll be back in just ten minutes! Dael needs some help with a part of his den... in the woods."

A part of the ursine smiled. **"GOOD. GOOD GIRL."** The words made the druid moan, no longer a master with this bear here. It was so hard to breathe around the beast. **"THERE IS NO ERLLEN."**

The human male finished the words, as always. "There is only Tirisias."

His hand was bitten softly by the bear's muzzle, the tongue licking at his fingertips as he was slowly dragged along until he matched the bear's pace. Sweat forming, and his heart accelerating as pre soaked into his brown underwear.

Erlen's face was expansive, the width of his eyes larger than a bear's hug. The blank stare locked in place as he walked, unable to cease this dangerous game. He had the ability to affect the ursine's mind. There was no magic Dael possessed that could make the expert druid enchanted in such a way. It was simply dominance. The feelings of what came before and after that fire, along with a near decade-long relationship taking itself to the extreme. Being conditioned in his female form was having lasting consequences. He could say no. He *wanted* to say no. But he didn't. And his penis grinded against his clothes just at the idea of sinking inwards, and letting the bear's cock pierce him.

Just like a *girl*.

It'd only been a minute and now they were both a few hundred feet or so from the circle where his students were more or less gossiping about what just happened. It never went this far, never going to the point of impacting his human life. Of course it

always did teeter the line, having to pretend to be a random female from the forest just so they could mate near the sanctuary without much suspicion.

But dragging him away from all of this? This was...

Erlen grunted as he was shoved onto the ground, too deep within his own frantic mind to realize Dael had stopped, using his right paw to shove the human downwards. There were millions of things he wanted to say, sarcastic quips, concerned pleas, but they all flushed down the waters of submissiveness. The snort made was feminine, emitted legitimately but subconsciously tempered to make the bear feel powerful. He was on his knees, the mere radiating presence of the beast could be felt. An intrinsic link between the two having formed through hours and hours of rough, yet mutually enjoyable intercourse.

"COME ON TIRISIAS. DON'T ACT LIKE YOU DON'T WANT THIS." Dael said, the smoothest his voice had been since he arrived. There was a constant dominative aura enshrined within his chest. A thick grin with sharp teeth shining as it was hit by the sun through holes of the heavy tree coverage above them. There wasn't a need to be so aggressive now, he had already broken the druid to the point of being on his hands and knees.

Tirisias... an old legend in this forest. An entity made in half-myth and half-truth. It was said on the nights of a middle moon, the spirit of the lake, Tirisias, Tirisias, Tirisias, comes for you, to make you who you were meant to be. Such a spirit does exist, as do some rituals made under a half-moon, but the water spirit, or *spirits*, are just nameless, benign creatures. No different than a nocturnal animal which prowls the border between water and land. Yet, the legend grew. And so, when Dael demanded Erlen give himself a new name while in the form of a ursine sow, the druid chose it.

'Tiriasias, for this body is who I am meant to be, your wife, your mate, the mother of your cubs.' Those were the words the teacher said so long ago in the passionate pit of honeymoon love, their brown furs touching in a post-coitus cuddle. The idyllic days that consecrated this relationship to the point where Erlen was easily twisted from one of the most powerful beings in the area into bending over for a feral animal. How far he had fallen, and how the thought of how far made his painful stiffness throb even more, the buttons of his trousers popping open from the unyielding pressure.

"Yes." Erlen said absentmindedly. "I'm ready. I want this." There was no hesitation. Teaching the class, the defense of the circle, his role as a leading figure, none of them were as important as making sure that the growing dick under Dael was nurtured, either with the lips of the mouth, or the pussy. Craning his head around, the druid had to hold back a nervous smile as the pulverizing rod was only at half-mast. He would've changed by now, but he was to wait until instructed.

The bear nodded his neck and head. **"GOOD GIRL! NOW, MAKE ME BIG."**

And there it was. One simple command and now Erlen's excitement waned, all those insignificant responsibilities trying to barge their way past the druid's rapid libido.

"Uh, Alpha, I should really get back soon. It's import-"

"I WASN'T ASKING."

A body-wide shiver rode up the man's entire body *and* soul. The assertive atmosphere was too much for his loins, little mewls eking from his pursed maw as pre wetted into his linens. Every time his cock drummed and inflated it spurted one more scent that told the bear and all the other beasties in the woods how much of a bitch he was. The idea that nature itself could be so authoritative. Erlen was already twirling his fingers, speaking out in the Old Language to give Dael what he wanted.

There was first an aggressive groan, the eminence of new vigor adding to the already well virile beast. Bones popping not in pain, but a resurgence, a therapeutic wave of strength and purpose. The druid was told never to look, but he couldn't help and peer an eye over, just to see the incantation happen.

It only took roughly ten seconds. The bear's paws inflating comically as the growth traveled up each leg, the chest barreling out, layers of magical mass being packed on, bubble after bubble combining with one another to create a fat pocket that could feed a man for a whole month. With Dael's height before, one could just look over him on their tippy toes.

But now? His body was wider than Erlen's, hell just his head from ear to ear had more girth than the teacher's frame. A muzzle that could almost encase its jaws around the human's head, and a cock that could hilt a person like a sword. The oozing cum creating yellow-white pools on the forest floor as if a flash flood had just occurred over the seed-marked spot.

Their heads would be level with one another were Erlen still on his feet. Except now he was on his back, unable to follow even the most basic order of '*keep your eyes away while I get big.*' In fact, the grovewalker was being quite the naughty man, naughty *girl*, having pulled his pants down to hold his throbbing five incher as he brought the hand up and down, precum lubing up the meat as he couldn't stop himself, almost like an animal deep within a behavior it *must* perform.

Dael was a little disappointed, an order was never meant to be ignored, but... it did bless his position in their relationship. A man who has killed bandit, basilisk, and banshee so engulfed in his current feelings that by a simple word from the bear he could

do nothing but imagine himself as the one being mounted. The female, the bitch, the second out of the pair, *his* mate.

Yet, the method Erlen used was an improper technique. The brown ursine took heavy steps forward, his four feet creating massive spots in the mud that even the most novice of hunters could track. **“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”** the bear said.

“I’m... I’m sorry Alpha, I... I can’t stop.” The druid looked up to the sky, too flustered to stare at *his* master in the face, too powerless at restraining himself.

Dael’s muzzle was right above the man’s penis, examining it with puffs nearly as hot as a blacksmith’s oven. **“I NEVER DID SAY YOU COULDN’T TOUCH YOURSELF, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU’RE THINKING ABOUT ME.”** He moved his giant paw to rest just on top of Erlen’s phallic tip, tenderly and gently rubbing it with his rough paw pad. **“BUT YOU AREN’T FOLLOWING HOW I TOLD YOU TO DO IT.”**

The teacher whined, letting go of his shaft as the bear pushed it back, the rear side now up against Erlen’s fuzzy pubes, posing his hand as he stuck up two fingers, placing them along the center of his meaty rod. Like a girl, imagining himself with a vulva instead of his dick, he pressed down again and again onto his cock’s center. Experiencing a plethora of pleasure with minimal pain as with every thrust against the skin, the entire limb pulsed up, his erection getting that much more intense.

“MOAN. MOAN MORE.”

He made his voice higher, heaving out feminine groans just as he was told, the pendant of his forest patron Kyklaos bouncing as he gyrated all parts of his body like a trapped animal. Dael was not one to watch all the work be done, greedy and happy to help apply more force with his paw on the druid's whole crotch.

Erlen was doing his best to not only enjoy himself, to make sure his alpha was satisfied too, but the most important part, to keep his concentration. To keep Dael large, to make his esteemed male feel so strong, the human would have to keep the spell constantly running in his mind. Thinking of her form as a big bear bitch, to be fucked, to do everything he was doing outside of his head, *and* keep the magic alive of the male's altered size. It was tough, and only a master druid could keep it all together. In an ironic sense, this kind of bond was truly unique, only able to be established and nurtured for they were the perfect beings to keep it going.

“DO IT. GIVE YOURSELF A CUNT. A NICE, SMELLY, SOW CUNT! LEAK YOUR JUICES ONTO MY TONGUE! TAKE MY *CUBS*.”

In reality, this whole performance, as much as Erlen relished in it, was just the foreplay he engaged with in the hopes that the eventual command to shapeshift would

be given. There had been times before he worked up both him and Dael just for the bear to blueball the pair of them, to show that Tirisias would need to *prove* that she was the bear they both believed, or else none of them would have sex. Of course, the male animal would go find some female in the forest, and Erlen would struggle in the druidic barracks, knowing that his orgasms and sometimes even playful touching wouldn't be permitted without his master's approval.

As such, one could call it a performance, yet it was one of the most convincing bluffs any actor had achieved, almost like... it wasn't an act at all.

Erlen's words whispered under his breath, the first changes to his wildshape taking form. He whimpered, feeling his cock wilt as Dael, with a smile, slowly pushed down on the druid's penis, the erection still full of blood, yet shrinking in size by the second. The testes recoiling upwards to bloom like a flower, splitting to create the labia, and the entirety of the teacher's dick becoming as small as a tear-shaped stone packed full of tantalizing, electrical energies — a clitoris.

Already the man was moaning out uncontrollably, feeling the pads of the bear grind against his crotch. Dael and him had seven years of interactions just like this, the latter hoped at this point the former knew how to please his feminine organ. And please he did, the granularity creating crackles along the human's body, the rough, coarseness like a cat's tongue, scratching at the bead of ecstasy.

“NOW. REVEAL YOUR TRUE FORM TIRISIAS!”

FINALLY! Erlen roared in his head, snapping fingers and screaming out the enchantments one right after the other. In a flash of yellow-pearl light, all clothing disappeared, traveling to some unknown plane of existence as the physical transformation to come was almost as good as the sex itself.

Little strands of brown fur grew first around the druid's pussy lips, the subtle pinks on the edges of the cunt left as around them were rich chocolate colored hairs that sprawled out like a glistening wave of woody grassfields over blissful hills. The druid's ass inflated as he laid on his back, fluttering his eyes back to Dael, who watched eagerly, taking a few steps back to get the best view of it all. Erlen knew what to do, taking that pose that made him seem weak, that made him... vulnerable.

Pounds of flesh and fat practically filled out from nowhere, similar to his mate's own enlarging. Though, why was Erlen still viewing himself that way? Even that name wasn't right. *She* wouldn't be hearing that name for some time. *Tirisias* would be the only title she'd respond to now. In this very moment, she was not a master druid, teaching students and newcomers to the fold of using nature to your advantage. No, rather now she was simply a feral, female bear, a bitch to take in a bear's seed. This bear, right in front of her. This was right!

She looked down to her hands, the things becoming large and ineffective at whatever tasks she had before. More dirt hued furs, nails becoming long claws, the digits and palm black and rugged. The thumbs pushing upwards to join with the other four, creating four paws with five dagger-sized talons each. Yes, even the feet were burgeoning into the very same Dael had. Well, just not as large.

Tirisias's stomach bloated, six nipples now very apparent as the bottom two journeyed down near her groin, filling up like fat udder-like clusters already dripping with milk. The arms and legs piling up with fat and flesh, the accumulating mass chugging; one hundred pounds; two hundred; three hundred.

Dael's face had dropped its dominative aspects, eyebrows raised as if he were genuinely happy, like an infant excited for its bottle. Behind his drooping gut, a spear-like penis was curving under it, and sticking out to the maximum length it could reach, a lasso of creamy cum twirling around the tip and drizzling to the floor.

From Tirisias's blackening nose, she could smell the *instinct* of it all. As her muzzle plunged forth, stretching the skull, it called her. She tried explaining it once to a squirrely confidant, the lure of the male organ whilst having the brain of a female. The best way she could put it into words were like, the world, or maybe, *your* world was

going to die, and it would be all your fault. A person held a sword that you must either walk into, or let come to pierce into you.

And by doing so, you let the world continue being as it was. It was her biological alarm to create offspring, and to not partake, would be impossible to consider. There was no decision to be made, no choice. The body compelled, and only because Tirisias had a human component to her spirit was she allowed a decision at all.

But once that decision has been made, it would be nearly **impossible** to change it. As her head shifted to adjust into the mind of a girl, of a bear, all those compulsions were back. Already she wanted to stand up and take it *all* in. Patience, is what the duo required, for with the pounds coming in, the breasts starting to reverberate with the slightest shift in motion. It would be difficult to fuck if your muscles couldn't withstand the weight of a large boulder on your back.

Her haunches were in, all other human-like functions disappearing in a wave of ursinity. Cute ears with wooly edges and a fuzzy, rounded brim. A tail that wagged left and right in so much excitement it could flatline someone with a human heart. It was good that all the insides rearranged themselves, a womb up and running, ready to receive the seed of the opposite sex.

Scaling upwards, Tirisias was just barely the proportions of Dael before his expansion. The female bear imagined it, examining their bodies. Once he'd mount up, her snout would end where his would begin, and to the untrained eye, she might be completely dwarfed under him, their furs to align and shag up against each other.

"YES! YES! YES!" the same word was repeated again, and again. **"YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL MY DEAR. JUST AS I LAST REMEMBERED YOU."**

The female smirked. "Last night you mean?" Even if other people saw it as roars, Tirisias still noticed her words were coated in soft honey. Easy to listen to, and wonderful on the ears. It was so euphoric, the simple idea that her very tone made Dael all the more pleased.

"I NEED... MORE REMINDERS."

There was a set of bearish giggles they both shared. She took in the motions as she stood up on all fours, spreading her body as bones popped, doing the usual calisthenics to really feel out the large form she had. It was important to keep the concentration on Dael's enlargement, but that kind of anxiety wiped away, the stresses of this relationship dying out. As of now, even if someone was walking by, they'd just look like two furry machines engaging with the cycle of life.

In a way, it was *better* to be noticed. Fucking just like an animal that wouldn't care. All the while, a slime trail of ooze marked the ground she walked on made from all the exciting scenarios she imagined, forgetting entirely that a class was still wondering on when she'd be back.

Whether Dael was truly caring for the curriculum, or if he was just as eager as her, this wouldn't be one of their longer, all-night sessions. A snort of hot air pushed from his nose like a bull, a paw slapping the dirt with a crack. It was all for show, but it added to the vibrancy of the occasion.

Tirisias rotated, her large ass in Dael's face. She took deep and steady breaths as her loins buzzed like a fire out of control. The female never knew why she did that to herself, transforming her cunt into one full of heat and estrus even when out of mating season. The sow fancied it in a way, for even though she still had all of her former human sensibilities, it would be terribly difficult to deny an order or what her current body *desired*.

Her heart beat faster than any other time in recent memory, even with her trial in becoming a member of the masters did it not ring as fast. Dael was so beautiful, so majestic, so powerful. The bear had already convinced herself that it was not her talents that provided his might, but rather the capabilities he had in taking what he wanted, and his influence over her.

Her skeleton buckled as the female's paws indented intensely into the dirt from the weight they endured. There was a dim whine made with the exhale of her stamina being tested, more than a thousand pounds of force along her back as Dael clamored up. The subtle slit of her pussy, the lips slicking as their eager patience was soon to be rewarded. The thick, girthy cock of the male pressed its tip slowly inside Tirisias.

Pleasure. Simply, pleasure. Blood vessels in the wildshaped bear's brain opening up, warming, the entire nervous system pummeled into new heights. Almost immediately, the spell that made both Dael himself feel so proud, and the one responsible for the bulk of her mate's cock to be the scale it is, was tested. The concentration needed, there was a breakage in the flow, the muscles of the male waning only for a second before pulsing back to the cluster of fat it was once.

The druid's front legs went half-limp, her eyelids falling down as she opened her mouth from the pressure exerted into her cunt, a large bear tongue nearly falling to the floor. They both growled, Dael's much louder, which was his right, just as it was her privilege that Tirisias could enjoy this provocative encounter with an animal that wanted her.

"JUST... LIKE... USUAL," said the male on her back, the beginning of his jaw right above her peripheral. Every every word said, one more inch was inserted, flight or fight instincts

reverberating all throughout Tirisias's mind as she roared out. Red flashes slammed into her psyche as the stretching was so invigorating, a euphoria no human form could ever experience, that her cortex would rather believe the bliss to be a danger than the greedy glee it gave her.

Both of their teeth clenched, ropes of pre popping out of Dael's dick one after the other, creating a ravine of sexual fluids both made from him and his mate, the tight seal made at her now circular entrance keeping everything trapped. "F-fuck Dael! Fuck!" Her head was feralizing, the subconscious of whatever humanity was left in this bestial spot of the woods trying its best to keep the spell going, to keep her mate as big as the two wanted. Yet, all other parts were evacuating, the next slab to fall being the mere grammar of her words.

"Fuck! **FUCK! FUCK ME FUCK ME!**" she said, over and over again, the curse word shifting from a term of endearment to the excitement she couldn't hold back into the pseudo-command to blast hot bear seed into her cub-chamber. It was something Dael enjoyed just as much as the sex, seeing his good girl lose so much of her human side.

Tirisias's focus on the spell changed gears, the entire beast that was now fully hiltling her could feel it too. The female's crevice expanded to such a size that even her anal cavity could feel the berth of its walls closing. The enchantment that enlarged him was being given more natural energies, and now a new ability altogether. With as easy

as a mental snap in her mind, the bears could feel the slotted cock throb in size, gaining inches, a heaviness, a rate the male's pleasure-flesh had never experienced until now. It pulsed just like his penis did normally, but now with balls dangling further, looking like watermelons as the tool within expanded in all directions.

Dael and Tirisias both had minds on the verge of insanity. The female believing in the false fact that she had cubs in her den, memories fabricated of her life up until this point, using all of the sexy times her and her mate had before helpful the in manifestations. Class? What class? And for Dael, well his mind had stepped well beyond the veil, the female under him losing that familiarity as his hips gyrated, slapping his thighs against her back legs. Just as in the moment she forgot herself, her original form, the thrusting ursine, in his tumultuous joy, did not see his mate as anything other than what she was. A very, good girl.

It was perfectly timed. Dael's dick entering, the lips parting, a pulse of pleasure to them both. Once he was in, the size increase spell would thump, the penis growing outwards both from a burst of pre-seed excitedly making its way through the urethra, and the magics inflating it for a few cosmic seconds of ultimate ecstasy from them both.

Then its swelling would reduce, but not back to its original size, something slightly larger each time. Yet, once it shrunk enough, Dael would bring it out, just to

shove it right back in and repeat the process. The pair's genitals were red and irritated to the absolute threshold between hellish pain and heavenly elation.

Back near the grove and the stone circle, Fenfir Lothanhall was harmlessly clacking a fined-down quarterstaff against the weapon of an equally uninterested opponent. Each of the new students having to do as Master Erlen last instructed while they wordlessly spar or sat in silence as beyond the wood the roars of two ursines mid-coitus can be heard from mountaintop to mountaintop. Their thoughts could only drift as one and one put together made two, but none had a dirty enough mind to believe their teacher was a part of that equation. Though, his absence had been upwards of twenty minutes now.

It was this, in this very position, in this very moment, that made Tirisias the slut she was today. How Dael meant this much to her, how his words swayed her so. Every sexual encounter was just like the first, but... almost *better*? Still, every great thing must eventually come to its natural conclusion, its end. The finale.

The timing of when to spasm her mate's cock was getting difficult now, finding herself screaming even louder when a mistake led her cunt to get catastrophically wide. It was a good thing that the wildshape could make any lasting changes to the rabid fucking not so apparent.

Dael bit down hard on her neck, his front paws pressing down hard as his legs were brought together to keep Tirisias in a tight hold, his thrusts going faster and faster. His huffs and puffs increasingly manic and feral and they both bellowed in a boom that made them feel both light headed, nearly catatonic as they felt their pleasures and almost their consciousnesses merge from the climaxes that were timed perfectly. Well, Tirisias had been holding herself back for the past three minutes, but she was a good girl, the flushes of her broken dam combining with the slurry of semenic ropes that Dael pumped into her womb.

That manufactured heat which came with the form subsided, the female falling onto her milky tits, collapsing to the ground from the exhaustion. Dael fell too but he stopped himself from throwing all of his weight onto his mate. His muscles shrank as his body diminished from its enhanced form, the concentration of the spell finally broken. Despite her submissiveness, only a master druid befitting that title could've kept the enlargement alive for so long.

"ARE YOU ALRIGHT TIRISIAS?" Dael said, his penis still wistfully sputtering as he began to pull his mast out from her cunt with a meaty sound, and a pop of suction breaking as an ocean of white plunged to the floor.

Her ears were being nuzzled, and Tirisias could do nothing but stare forward and breathe, the bombs of ecstasy around her body still erupting from any kind of touch or

sensation. Even the faint wind brushing against her frame was enough to make her groan out as the joys of her cunt slowly turned into the aches she'd feel from the damage inflicted. "Yes... yes Dael... I think."

Carefully, the mass of her male mate was lowered onto her, more grooms coming from his fat tongue as she cooed, her throat rumbling like a gnomish engine. Tirisias craned her neck around, and the pair's tongues played with one another, the male ursine's pink appendage flying into the back of the female's throat, playfully keeping it there as no air could come in or out.

It was her concern for her students that broke the kiss. "I should... really get back Dael. It's been too long."

"WHY HAVEN'T YOU ACCEPTED YOUR ROLE? YOUR LIFE? WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU CHANGED FOR GOOD?" The words were said in earnest, without that commanding presence. It was a genuine question.

Tirisias hummed as her thick fur was given more wet drags across the tufts. "Because I wasn't born a bear, Dael, I'm a human. I have so many connections, and... yes you're my strongest for sure. I can't even imagine myself having a wife, or some life partner. I feel that spot belongs to you."

A happy growl was made right next to her ear, the male giving her a good hump that allowed him to position and push himself harder on her, almost trying to make sure she couldn't leave without fighting him. **"I KNOW YOU LIKE THIS. I KNOW YOU WANT THIS. YOU DON'T NEED TO BE IN THAT CIRCLE. YOU CAN JUST BE... WITH ME."**

They had this conversation before, sometimes a passing comment, others a more in depth discussion. It always came to the same conclusion, but every time it was brought up, it was harder to deny how the inside of her chest past her tits felt in the moment. She wanted this. The cum that was inside her would just disappear, that man made heat would come back with the next wildshape in a day or two. Any cubs that might've been destined for this world were washed away in the biological goop of flesh, fur, and nature magic. Although, there were phantom feelings, her stomach feeling bloated when a man. Thoughts drifting to the wellbeing of young that no longer existed. It hurt. It really did.

"Maybe Dael, maybe when I am old and on my way out is when I'll agree to that." She said it with sarcasm, a bearish laugh seeping from her maw as she looked forward, away from her mate, and into the distant, forested horizon.

Yet her words had triggered something in the male, a sentence coming forth that she did not expect. **"AND WHAT ABOUT ME? WILL I NOT BE OLD? MORE OLD THAN YOU? BY TIME YOU HAVE GRAY FUR ON YOUR HEAD, I WILL BE IN THE DIRT."** Tirisias's

muzzle was pointed at him again. In both minds, the words 'say yes' were being said endlessly. **"DON'T YOU THINK I'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR YOU, AND YOU SO MUCH FOR ME? I DON'T WANT TO BE A HUMAN, BUT *YOU* WANT TO BE A BEAR. PLEASE? TIRISIAS?"**

The female used a hand and her back legs to gently push him off of her, her brow faltering as she stood up on all four paws, looking at the male who was now laying on the grass. "I'll... need to think about it more."

Dael watched as his beautiful sow was basked in a white-gold light, muscles rearranging, limbs changing, fat evaporating. Within seconds, the love of his life was in a body neither wanted *him* to have. **"THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID THE LAST TIME I ASKED."**

Erlen in his human form was now walking away, shifting briefly to look at the bear, speaking the words – "I will, I will think about it harder this time, okay?"

A wilting on the bear's entire body could be seen as he huffed in a sigh, his chin hitting the floor. This was always the worst part, the druid leaving. Nothing was truly real, and it all was an act. His power, his authority; if it were real, she'd accept her fate right here, right now. But... away he went, back towards humanly pursuits. And he was not the kind of bear to keep her, him, her, whatever against their will. He was alone, with the birds, and the bees, and himself. No other bears of his kind were able to stimulate

him sexually nor socially. And so he would have to hope and wait that Tirisias would visit him soon.

The master druid was rushing through sharp ivy and pointed vines, getting nicked in various places as his nature-themed clothing protected everything else from his recklessness. There was a point to be made. Who says he couldn't take some kind of sabbatical just to spend the remaining years Dael had left to enjoy what they did together. Would that be such a bad thing? To be... just an animal?

That sentence. It was weird to hear, to think, to imagine. Thankfully, his class was in front of him, the young adults all lining up as they noticed him, ready to continue the lesson. Erlen clapped his hands, ignoring their gazes as he went right back into it all, ready to entertain and to train those who were under his guidance. "Alright everyone! Where was I?"

For Erlen, he was where he thought he should be, at least, the way he always thought it. For Dael, he wanted to be where Tirisias was.

But where was Tirisias? How could he make sure she'd stay with him, always, and forever?

That day, would come sooner, rather than later.