

## Bears in the Woods

You and I would've just been having a little hike on some random trail. Never to know why it happened. Perhaps we came across some field of magic, some abnormality of reality. A place that nobody had somehow ever visited.

But either way, *it* starts. You feel your body getting so thick, so shaggy, your clothes ripping with ease as if the strongest man in the world were tearing them apart thread by thread. Your fingernails becoming so sharp and ferocious, something that could destroy the hide of an elk like it were nothing.

Your nose smells a million more scents, your C-shaped ears hear a million more sounds. Your tongue grows fat and heavy, and it can almost taste the perspiration in the air. There's a million things buzzing around in your mind as your skull expands yet your brain seems to shrink. A nearby muddy puddle just clear enough to show you your new visage reveals a stout black nose, a masculine muzzle of Apex proportions, and a body that has to be around two-thousand pounds of pure fat, pure muscle, pure ursineness.

But after everything, after noting the several camps of humans from all around, from five miles away, ten, twenty, the only scent that brings your mind to heel is of the virile sow that's directly behind you.



A sow that was once me, my eyes staring at yours as we both are there, still somewhat human. Two humans trapped in these lumbering forms. These frames of fur and flab and **fertility**.

Fertility... that's what you smell. We could've transformed into bears at any other time. During the winter even, but in fact... it's mating season. Your mind **GRIPS** your instincts tightly. You're still human on the inside, you still have the scraps of clothing over your body. You still smell somewhat like yourself, as if you were just a zoo bear that had been given a bath by your handlers.

But nothing stops your nose from noticing just how prevalent my heat is, and even though I'm trying to hide my hind from you by bringing it against a tree, it only serves to damn me as I begin to grind my ass against the log, feeling my new wild and feral cunt getting stimulation as my eyes lurch for the heavens. Already you can spot several trails of girlcum sliding down the bark behind me, your own cock responding by leaving its sheath, and its meaty aroma being carried by the wind and into my own nose.

I don't want this, not because I don't think I wouldn't fucking love it in a heartbeat, but because I still have to think of myself as a man, as a human, as an intelligent being. But I do not have the body of an intelligent being anymore. I have the body of a bear sow, of a bitch in heat. And before I can even realize it, I turn around to show you my



inflamed and reddening cunt, a bit of bark harmlessly stuck to the red flesh and within my furry rump already coated in something reminiscent of sweat.

You thrust yourself forward like an intrigued gorilla, already putting your nose between my cunt lips like a dog says hello. I give out a feminine moan that still has the low tone that our new species was blessed with. Your own sounds come back as a way of telling me that I'm being good, that I'm indulging in what we are now, that we shouldn't be afraid to make me pregnant.

Your tongue, now ample and plump, laps against my dripping pussy, careful to not let any more estrus rush to the forest floor, no doubt causing other animals to come by to sniff later. I taste sweet, yet savory, it's not like honey or rosewater or something delightfully feminine, but it's real. It's bearish, it's my cunt. It tastes like something you can't explain, nothing a human mind can comprehend. It's something only bears do, and there're words a bear can't create to explain it. It just is... and it just tastes amazing. Your paws reach up to hold my ass and carefully steady me as you explore my vagina like an anteater devours the insides of an anthill.

My vocal chords get great use as the birds resting above us, thinking they could enjoy the sunset, fly for terror as my roars trigger a flight-or-fight response for many animals within the region. My fur is like various ocean waves, shagging left to right as I try my best to somehow keep my sanity in check, somehow telling myself that all I have



to do is not lose myself and maybe I'll be able to change back. Maybe I'll be able to convince you to let us be like people, like before... not like... mates...

But your tongue seals the deal as you feel my first orgasm shower your maw, a flood of femininity and former manhoodness splashing against your gums, against your sharp teeth, making your eyes lower in pleasure as it feels like you're getting all of my heat all at once. Whatever was left in my testicles as they became ovaries and transitioned into seminal liquids is now being greedily gulped by you, falling into your stomach acids, taking all of my former maleness that remains as sound becomes muffled for you.

Thankfully, it means you don't have to hear how loud I am screaming in abstract euphoria.

My body is leaning against the tree I was once using to briefly stimulate myself, and now I feel my shoulder press into it for support as you climb up on top of me, wanting to use the remnants of my orgasm as lube for your own grand finale. You're so much heavier than me, even if I look fatter. Fortunately, my motherly muscles are just right in order to not collapse onto the ground. The tip of your cock kisses my clitoris, making me groan like a real bear now. I'm no longer thinking of how I'm going to get out of this, how I may go back to being human, but rather how I'd take care of my cubs, how many you'd give me... and whether or not my six teats will have enough milk for them.



You give a good *tug*, pressing right in as it feels like your brain is being massaged by pleasure, kneaded by the overstimulation. It feels like the environment is swirling, like the world is buckling. You don't even realize that your own hips are already bucking, thrusting in and out like a real animal. With bodies like ours, and with sex drives like ours, it's not going to be the best for me, but that doesn't really matter. Even if there's pain, there's still too much pleasure for me to care, and besides, we are *feral* animals. Sometimes you miss and press against my asscheek, sometimes I feel like you could press in so far you'd poke a hole through me, but we're built tough. Your cock is a concrete slab of power, and my cunt is the foundation in which it is filled by it. My womb? A chamber waiting for your batter, waiting for your sperm in order to fully craft your progeny.

Your progeny... your offspring... your *cubs*...

You imagine them bloating my belly now as you lean over, bringing your fat paws under me as you fully get into it like a real bear. If a photographer were watching us, this would win them incredible praise. We'd look exactly like how bears are supposed to, and we're fucking like ones too. My mind is crumpling, yours is being remolded. Names don't matter, neither do our past lives. All that matters now is that you hit right, and you hit true.



And you very much do. In goes your cock as I feel it smother the entrance to my womb, what feels like gallons pumping into me as we both give hallowed and deep and thunderous booms, your cock twitching and throbbing as your thick balls dispense more and more cum into me. A single part of my humanity almost wants to thrash, to buck, to somehow get you off of me but it's already too late. As my womb fills and my vagina fills next, the rest comes pouring out of my lips and all over the ground between your rear paws. We're bonded now, mated, and soon to be... parents too.

With my energy spent and you using the daily caloric intake of several small animals to fuck me, the sun finally sets as I fall to the ground, you using the literal last bits of energy to spoon right behind me. There are no predators in these woods other than us, we'll be safe here, sleeping, and hopefully the same magic that changed us will accelerate these cubs within me. So that when the next morning comes, my belly will already be very, very pregnant.

But even if not, there'll be many more opportunities to cum, for you to balloon my womb, and make more of your offspring. Your glorious brood...

