

I don't know how much time I have left. As a human, anyway. Probably not much, if David's current state is any indication. This will be the last time I can write or even think like a human, most likely.

David's already given in. He seems... happy. And needy... Fuck, I can smell him... smell that bear cock... fuck, I need it...

OK, just a few more words... that's all I need... all I need to say... just so people know... it's not so bad. I... I kinda feel happy about the whole thing, when all is said and done.

David is sexy as fuck. Well, he's mostly a grizzly bear now, but still. He's one God damn sexy bear. And, soon, I will be. Soon, I'll be joining him... but not quite yet. Not yet... Just gotta do this one thing... while I still have hands... can still think...

I think one more fuck will do me in... I've already changed so much... and I'm OK with that... I'm OK to let go... it feels... fuck... my cock's so hard... and David's already sniffing at my ass...

OK... he's done... we came... he's sleeping... I can still hold the pen... just barely... it's the last thing to go... my hands... and my mind... at least that's still here... for now... fuck that was good...

I guess... the only reason I held off letting go... giving in to the bear inside me... is that I wanted to write some of this down... maybe the doc will wanna show future patients this... so they know it's not so bad...

I wouldn't have chosen this but... being a bear isn't so bad... taking cock isn't so bad... especially David's... he's so fucking thick... damn... hard to think...

OK... OK... I'm good now... I can get this down... last thing I do... with my human thoughts... how I got here... what happened... why I... why it isn't so bad... in case anyone misses me... or needs to know... it's not so bad... OK... here I go...

I barely knew David when we started the job. We both had some labor experience and had just been hired by a private company out in the middle of nowhere. It was supposed to be a two-week gig, all amenities paid for, decent money, and nice perks. The only downside was the seclusion, but I needed the money.

My savings were running out and I didn't have many other options. No income, no family support, no government assistance, no nothing. If I didn't take this job, I'd be out of my apartment by the end of the month. I planned to work hard, maybe use Mr. Jonathan Barr as a reference if things went smoothly. From the extensive interview process, it seemed he was very picky about the guys he hired, so there must have been something about me he liked if he gave me the job!

I met David outside the building before our first day. David was a fairly buff dude, mid to late twenties like me. We shot the shit for a few minutes outside the doc's building, past jobs, girlfriends, shit like that. He seemed like a nice enough guy. Same situation as me. No money, no family, needed quick cash. I didn't think much of it at first. Maybe I should have. Then maybe we wouldn't have ended up where we did. Then again, the more I've thought about it the past few days, the more I'm wondering if this wasn't exactly what I've always wanted. I think David thinks so, now. Fuck, I know he does.

We met Dr. Jonathan Barr soon after, a tall kinda off-putting man, clad in lab gear and reeking of chemicals. He introduced himself as an entrepreneur of sorts. He seemed a bit full of himself, but he had money, lots of it from what I gathered about his plans for the place. And he was giving us work, so I decided it best to keep my mouth shut on that front. Wouldn't be the first time my mouth got me in trouble.

He was building a wildlife sanctuary of sorts, a self-sustaining place where he could house and study several species in private. He had several interviewees coming in the next few days to work in the various positions he needed in finalizing the habitats. Told us not to worry though. We'd be guaranteed the work he promised, assuming we wanted the jobs of course. He told us that there might be something permanent for us if things worked well. Both David and I were ecstatic! It was everything we'd hoped for!

The grand tour of his facilities was impressive. The nearly finished habitats were only in need of some minor alterations to get them ready for their inhabitants. I didn't really care for animals much but I had to admit the place was impressive. There was a massive skylight over the whole structure, able to open should he wish to give the animals more sunlight or fresh air. He already had a massive saltwater tank ready to go, as well as nineteen individual large spaces for medium to large-sized animals to live comfortably. Some were generalized for temporary animal housing while some would be specially set up for long-term care. David and I would be working labor in the eventual habitat for a pair of grizzlies, the doc had told us.

There wasn't a whole lot to do, really. Most of the construction had been done already by a private contractor, but the doc had told us he couldn't quite get them to finish. Something about a financial dispute or some shit. Mostly it was aesthetic things, planting trees, moving rocks, finishing paint jobs. Easy stuff. The food and lodgings weren't too bad, all things considered. It turned out to be a great gig! I wasn't sure how he was gonna get two or three weeks of work out of us. But fuck, for what he was offering, in cash no less, I wasn't gonna scoff at whatever he asked us to do!

We had been working a couple of days, getting things in order in our one habitat. We'd seen a few other groups of guys working on various other habitats, each assigned their own section in pairs like us. Nice enough guys, from what I got to know of them. A lot of them were loners, recluses who didn't say too much. But they all seemed hard-working enough. Again, like David and I, most of them needed quick cash and had few complaints working here for the few weeks that had been offered.

It had been so nice and peaceful working here those past couple of days. I was able to let my guard down and relax. I suppose that was why I didn't think much about the odd taste of my coffee that morning. David and I went to work, as usual, this time doing some landscaping within the habitat itself. It looked nearly finished, to me, but the doc promised us he had more work for us.

Even though we hadn't really done much work that morning, I felt myself starting to get really tired all of a sudden. I went to ask David if he needed a break too when I saw him collapse right before my eyes. I went to ask him what was wrong, but I soon fell to my knees as well, blacking out before I even knew what happened.

I woke up with a monster headache, not to mention aches, cramps, and itching the likes of which I'd never felt before. The first thing I noticed was that the exit gates to the habitat were closed. And I didn't mean closed like the door was shut. These things had an automated system, three separate doors that allowed a handler to enter, wheel in food, or dart the inhabitants from a safe distance. It looked like all three gates were closed, the green light on each panel indicating that they were indeed locked and operational. They hadn't been before today!

The second thing I noticed was that I was stark fucking naked. My clothes, my pants, my shirt, fuck, even my watch were missing! When had that pervert stripped me down? What the hell was he planning to do to me?!

I heard a moan coming from close by that I had to assume was David. I didn't wanna see him nude but I had to know. Looking over, and sure enough, he was in a similar state. What the hell had been done to us?! This was an outrage! Some sick fuck's idea of pleasure, no doubt!

I started yelling at the top of my lungs, wanting at least some of the other workers to hear me. I somehow suspected the good doctor was behind this, but surely someone else would be available to help us! But as the minutes ticked by, no one came. David was fully awake by now, yelling along with me. We stopped after some time, realizing our efforts were fruitless.

We gazed at each other briefly and quickly turned away, embarrassed by our nudity. I wanted to keep looking away. I really did. But the more I thought about it, the more curious I felt myself becoming about David's naked form. I'd only caught a few glimpses of it, in the showers and such. Nothing gay or anything. The more I thought about it, the more I realized he looked... not that bad.

A sickening realization hit me as I looked down at my exposed cock, embarrassed by the massive boner I quickly started to sport. What the fuck was wrong with me?! I'd never had a gay thought in my life! Why the fuck was the first naked man I'd seen since my college locker room days turning me on like a striptease at a gentleman's club?

I tried with every ounce of willpower to force my cock down, trying to get the image of his decently built chest and similarly erect cock out of my mind. Yet no matter how much I tried I couldn't deny how fucking boned I was! My mind hardly even took in the fact that David was just as hard as I was at the moment.

It wasn't just the thought of seeing my work buddy naked. There was a pungent smell in the air, one that stank like a man working for days without a shower. But fuck if it wasn't making my hard-on worse! I felt my nostrils expanding, drinking in the sweet perfume of sweaty dude as though my life depended on it!

As I did so, I realized something wasn't right about my nose. I'd never been able to detect odors like this before. It was more than just sweaty BO and musk. The trees, the shrubs, hell, even some of the other workers that hadn't been here in days were slowly being made known to me! That should have been impossible, right?

I looked crossed eyed at something strange appearing in my field of view. The more I stared, the more I realized that something wasn't right. I could see my fucking nose in front of my face, but it was more than that. The color was all wrong! It looked darker, bigger, hell, even wider than it should have been. Fuck, I wished for a mirror! People didn't have noses like that,

not ones that were thick and moist and brown. I'd seen the shape before, I was certain. If I didn't know any better I'd say I was sprouting the nose of some kind of animal!

I finally allowed myself to look in the direction of my coworker. A quick glance at David was all I needed to realize that he was looking very much the same as me, black nose, stiff cock and all! What the fuck was happening with us?

The brief glance was enough to make me more than a little nervous. There was something different about his member. It had only been a quick look, but it seemed darker than a cock should, more bulbous in the wrong places.

I hadn't let myself look at my own cock until now, but after seeing the changes to his, I had to.

With some trepidation, I regarded the bulbous, red, inhuman-looking thing pounding erect from where my own junk used to be. The tip was all fucked up, flatter, and the whole fucking thing was a good few inches longer than I'd ever seen it! As a white guy, I hated to admit, my own pride was only a modest 5 inches, but this cock was massive! Thicker too. A lot thicker.

I reached down to touch it but stopped myself before my fingers brushed the tip. I couldn't touch myself, not here, not in front of another dude! That was fucking gay! Yet the more I tried to resist, the more my flattened cock tip leaked that sweet-smelling fluid and craved the physical contact.

I finally decided to move towards a cave that had been set up off to the side of the habitat, obviously a place where the bears could go to hibernate or just avoid prying eyes. It was pretty deep; we'd checked it out a few times, just to see how far it was dug into the wall and the earth. I figured it was as good as any place to get some much-needed privacy now.

I had to try to at least get David's scent out of my nose and remove the temptation to look at his junk. It was so absurd that I could actually smell a guy so deeply, let alone be turned on by it. It was more than the scents of sweat that came to my attention. I could detect nuances that took me a few minutes to really place. His fear, for one. And the arousal. He was healthy as a horse, virile, and as hard and eager to fuck as I was!

It was too bad the isolation or the self-reflection didn't reduce the temptation to look at my own eager prick. I decided to take a closer examination to see if I could figure out what was actually going on. Or at least that's the lie I told myself. At the moment, I would have honestly taken any excuse.

It certainly didn't look human. I couldn't help but notice a peppering of wiry brown hairs down there, not as long as my untended pubes, but still present. They were so thick I could barely see the skin as they covered my ball sack and groin. I rubbed them a little when the sensation of just barely brushing my cock stimulated the hyper-arousal I was feeling. My member throbbed, feeling like it was begging to be touched!

God help me, I couldn't resist. No man could. Not with such a needy cock. I wrapped my human fingers around my sizable meat, giving a few long careful strokes that sent rivulets of precum running down the flattened cock head and onto my hand. Instantly, my balls itched with what I assumed was more hair growth. It was as though my simple touch was causing it to sprout faster. But I didn't care. At least, not at the moment.

My cock was expanding under my caress, growing longer and bulging with girth. I could feel the heat coming off of it as it continued to expand under my slightest touch. In fascination rather than fear, I watched as the color started to deepen before my eyes. It was subtle, but it was happening in real-time as I gently stroked my member. But the needs screaming from my cock demanded that I touch myself regardless of the consequences!

As I kept up my frantic pace I could feel my cock twitching as a familiar pressure built up from the base and my testicles. Fuck, I wasn't gonna last long. I hadn't touched myself or had a good fuck in ages, and all that pent-up lust was about to come out now!

"Ahhh fuck!" I yelled despite myself as I shot several thick loads all over the ground. Waves and waves of cum jettisoned from my cock, more sperm than I recalled ever producing. But I hardly had cognizance to contemplate how much of a nut I was busting. The waves of pleasure wracked my body and I nearly fell over. I couldn't remember the last time I'd ever had an orgasm that good!

I was hardly aware of the tingling from my ears as I lay there in post-orgasmic bliss. In a bit of a daze, I reached up to touch them, shocked that my fingers reported the same wiry texture as had been on my balls. A similar itching on my groin and legs gave me pause as well. I groaned a little, a strange pain in my back making me struggle forward. I knew my cock had changed, but there was more?

I then heard a similar shout from David outside the cave, heavily implying that he had not been able to resist either. I felt a little more relaxed from that notion, knowing it wasn't just me being a freak and touching myself. On a reflex, I walked out to greet him, part of me intent on checking if similar changes had overcome him as well.

The moment I saw him I regretted my decision. The cock that hung limply from his crotch wasn't human anymore. It had the same wry brown fur as mine did, and a foreskin to match. I blushed intently, hiding my own cock with my hands as best I could. But I could tell, as much as he could, that the naked sight of him gave me a half-chub once more. As it did David, much to my embarrassment. I didn't know what was worse. The fact that I was getting gay for my buddy or that he was also getting gay for me in kind!

It was around that time the good Dr. Barr showed up. I heard him calling to us from up where I knew the guard rails to be. Fuck. It hadn't really occurred to me, so caught up in the changes and the lust, that he was the cause of this. What the fuck was he doing to us!? I was gonna find out, and demand he let us go! This wasn't right! It was a violation of at least a dozen workers' rights! Not to mention our rights as human fucking beings!

I looked up to see him leaning casually against the rails of the pen above us. For his part, the Doc made our situations pretty clear. He didn't bother talking about the science of it all. It was simple, the way he described it. We were in a pen, turning into fucking grizzly bears over the next several days. He had completed the process on many other humans, assuring us that it was safe. In fact, he told us, everyone working here over the past couple of days was currently waking up in their own cages, on their way to becoming various animals themselves. Though he told us not to worry about them. They would soon be happy in their new lives, as he assured us we would be. What was it he said? 'No one could complain about the changes once they were completed, nor would he expect them to if they could!'

I shouted at him then, told him he was fucked in the head, that these things weren't possible. He was a fucking mad man who had us drugged and naked and horny on some kinda aphrodisiac. We were clearly tripping balls to think our cocks were changing and that we were growing hair.

The doctor apologized at that, saying he had no transforming humans in his pens to show off his work. He'd needed to change us all at once, apparently. He simply assured us the changes were real and we would have the proof we needed in the next few hours.

That same phrase was repeated that there was no need for us to worry about being lonely in our new bodies. We were paired up together so that we could have each other as mates. It was that statement that worried me. I didn't want to fuck a dude, no matter how horny I was!

Worse, if the Doc's words did hold a ring of truth, did that mean one of us was to be a female? No, that couldn't be right. How could I even think that this was real, changes to my

cock or no? And even if my nose looked like an animal's... I was starting to have my doubts, despite my angry demeanor.

It was as though the crazy scientist could read my thoughts. He told us that he'd needed us for a special experiment. His past subjects had been changed into males and females, rare species that zoos and other programs could use to facilitate captive breeding. But there had been a curious side effect from the transformations. Mating pairs tended not to go as expected. He had a theory that same-sex couples would be the norm from the process he'd been using. He had hoped to test this theory with a multitude of species, hence why he'd hired us and placed us in working pairs of the same sex. Worse, he was not shy about telling us that this was his personal preference, as well. What a fucking freak!

I shook my head at that. I wasn't some fag! He couldn't make me... fuck another dude. No fucking way. Yet even now David's scent hung heavily in my nose and I craved more. I couldn't deny how horny it was making me.

I tried to channel that lust into anger, calling the doctor every name under the sun. I knew it didn't matter. He had us trapped. In some ways, this was far worse than anything my mind could have made up. This was beyond a sex cult, human trafficking, or organ harvesting. Assuming it was true that I was turning into a faggot animal. We'd find out soon enough if it was indeed the case.

Eventually, Dr. Barr left us to our fates, telling us someone would be by soon with our food for the day. I shouted a few more choice words but I didn't even know if he could still hear me. David joined in with the same heavy anger in his voice, but I could tell he was nervous. So was I, to be fair.

We sat there for a while, trying not to touch ourselves as best we could. It was a massive act of willpower, given the state we were in. No matter how horny I felt, I had no intention of giving that fucker the satisfaction of giving in. I bet he was watching us through some camera of something, waiting to jerk off whenever we started fucking. His own personal porn show.

I tried my best to keep my thoughts off my cock, with meditation and chanting. Fuck, I even tried reciting some old prayers from church, as if that would help keep my chastity in check. Yet I couldn't ignore the aching in my cock. It didn't help that there was so little else to focus on in this animal cage, other than the musky scents we each gave off. Fuck, what else were we supposed to do in this situation?

With little else to do, I tried to imagine what it would actually be like, to turn into a bear. I don't know why I entertained the thought, but I couldn't help it. My mother always said I had a vivid imagination. But even this was beyond my ability to conceptualize. Being nearly a thousand pounds, covered in thick fur. Having massive claws with no fingers. Walking around on all fours, with a thick heavy body and massive jaws. Being a dumb animal, eating, sleeping, fucking. Shitting in the woods, as it were. I chuckled at that thought. I had noticed a distinct lack of a toilet in here. I mean, the pen was for animals, right?

What would it be like to be completely an animal? Would I remember that I was human? Would I have any ideas of what I'd been, what I'd lost? Or would I be a mindless beast, happy to wallow around in my own instincts without a care in the world? And if that psycho doc was right, a gay animal.

I couldn't even imagine... doing it with another guy. I'd never had anything up my ass before, that was gay! Yet I was already starting to think of the idea as desirable. What the fuck was wrong with me?!

I was distracted from my inner musings when I heard a pained cry coming from my cage mate. I looked over at David and saw his eyes closed in orgasmic pleasure as several thick ropes of cum shot out over his hand and onto the ground. Fuck, the smell alone just made it worse for me. I needed to touch myself so fucking bad that I could hardly stand it! And seeing David cum like that... fuck that was hot! I couldn't help but notice that he had distinct brown hairs on the backs of his hands after the act. And it seemed as though they were getting thicker as I watched. His nails seemed a little sharper, darker. And his cock hardly looked human anymore! Was he really changing?

I couldn't stay here. Not if I didn't want to jump my buddy right then and there. I made my way back to the cave, trying to get that thick musk out of my nose. I heard David call out to me as I walked away and I felt a note of guilt that nearly broke my heart. But I couldn't stay there and let it happen. It wasn't his fault or mine. But I didn't have time to reassure him. I had to get away, had to think. We had to get out of here and find some way to stop this!

It was so hard, that first while. I could still smell the stink of his cum, could still see his inhuman cock shoot load after load in my mind's eye. How good it must have felt, how relieving. Fuck, I needed it so bad. I couldn't think straight. But I had seen the changes before my eyes as I watched David finish. His hands were changing, and his cock was more altered than mine after he'd cum. Were our changes being sped up as we hit orgasm? That would be the most ironic way to have them happen, I figured. Make us horny as fuck till we had to cum,

transform us faster as we did, and have that transformation make us hornier. Sick and fucking depraved. But efficient. Exactly what a sick fuck like the doctor would conceive of.

I tried everything I could think of to get my mind off the scent of spunk and the thoughts of the bear that David would soon be. But it was no use. My cock was solid as stone, waiting for the slightest touch to send me into orgasm. I couldn't hold it back, no matter how much I told myself I didn't want it. No one could. Eventually, I had to let it out.

I took my cock in my hand, feeling how massive I was. This was nothing like the cock the 16-year-old me had gotten off with at the sight of bare titties for the first time. It was thick, red, the tip flared and flattened. The base was thick, a furry sheath starting to pull back from the head as though eventually meant to protect my length when not in use. I had been circumcised before this. Yet it was evident I wouldn't be for long!

God did the sight of it ever make me horny. I wrapped my hand around my thick meat, stroking and leaking as I felt my fuzzy balls change and grow. It was as though the testicles inside were swelling with seed to match the demands of my mind.

The itching in my groin was back in spades and it took everything I had to resist scratching, lest I set myself off prematurely. My legs were getting itchy as well, the hairs spreading down them as my cock grew harder and bigger. It was getting difficult to see the skin in some places as new hairs sprang forth between the present follicles. And the hairs already there were lengthening as though programmed to be something other than human. I had always been a bit hairy but now I looked like a bear of a man! Appropriate, I thought grimly.

Yet even that delay from my stray thoughts was not enough to keep me from the release I so desperately craved. The instant my fingers brushed my cock my fate was sealed. I started playing over the tip, rubbing my hand down the thickening base and speeding up my thrusts. I was too close, too aroused to realize how fast my balls were churning and my orgasm was nearing. I was gonna cum!

“AAAHHHH FFUUUCCCKK!” I yelled as my cock shot spurt after spurt of jism onto the cave floor. This orgasm was even better than the first. My load was somehow thicker and smellier than the first time as I emptied my balls of their spunk. Yet it had a good scent this time. It stank of release, of virile masculinity. I collapsed onto the ground from the intense release, the nagging pressure in my balls finally abating somewhat.

It took me a few moments to come out of my drunken stupor. I scratched at the itchiness on my leg and realized that I had sizable patches of fur, even more than I'd seen growing just

minutes ago. Shit, what had I been thinking?! I shouldn't have been giving in to the fucker's crazy sexual fantasies! I should have been thinking about ways to get out of here, to call for help, not standing in a cave touching myself and growing bear fur!

I felt tears falling down my face for the first time in years. I had not cried since the year I'd been dumped by my high school sweetheart, and my parent's dog had passed away. Around the last time, I'd spoken to my parents, too. I sighed, the tears coming harder as I tried not to think of all the things I'd be denied as a fucking bear, living in a cage and fucking another man's asshole.

That was the reason that fucker was changing me. I was someone who wouldn't be missed in the human world. If I had just tried a little harder to hold onto those bonds then I wouldn't be here, jerking off to the thought of fucking a bear-man like myself! I had to get out of here. I couldn't let my life end like this!

A nearby cry of release made me realize that David had cum a third time. Fuck, I'll say one thing for the doc's work, the stamina was unreal! Even from the cave I could hear him and smell him, and the signs of his presence were enough to make my cock twinge with arousal a little more. Fuck!

We stayed apart for as long as we could, the urges for each other surely a catalyst for change. I didn't go out, and he didn't come in here. We knew touching ourselves was making it worse. What would touching each other do to us? That was a line I was not prepared to cross.

I suddenly realized I was exhausted, a wave of fatigue washing over me, similar to what happened to me when we'd been drugged. I laid down on the cold ground, figuring there was no way I could sleep in this situation, but needing to rest my head all the same. I did, in fact, pass out after that, somehow. It was late in the afternoon and the excitement of all that had happened, plus the two concurrent orgasms was enough to put me out. I was thankful for that. I couldn't cum while I was dreaming, or so I thought.

My dreams were vivid. They reflected my need, I was sure. I normally didn't recall my dreams, but I remembered every detail of these. Of men, thick hairy muscular bodies with thick flattened cock heads. Men kissing, hugging, and most importantly rutting. Getting bigger, more masculine, and hairy with each fuck. I'm sure my balls churned over and over with each orgasm I experienced in my dream. They served as an outlet for the desires of my changing body and I relished in them.

I was awoken by something nuzzling me in the backside, licking at my ass. I sat up to see David, a lust in his eyes that scared me to the core. His face wasn't fully human anymore. His ears had rounded a little, his nose was thick and black and his cheeks were puffy. It looked like his jawline was blown out somewhat, adorned with a bestial nose. His teeth looked a bit sharper as well. Larger, like they didn't quite fit in his mouth anymore.

To complete the look, his beard had thickened more than I'd ever seen it, like something a wildman would grow after weeks in the bush. The hair was starting to resemble the fur I was growing on my legs and groin. Like bear's fur! It had even spread up his face like the start of mutton chops. I couldn't believe how different he looked. Had he cum again while I'd been sleeping?

He wasn't the only one that had changed. My back felt sore as fuck, and reaching back I could feel more of that thick bear fur, coarse and dirty and as thick as the patch on my legs and groin. And my back... there was a massive bump of thick muscle or fat that hadn't been there before. I wanted a mirror to look at, but I knew that wasn't possible. The fucking doctor couldn't even give us that it seemed!

I was distracted from my thoughts by an insistent licking at my backside, near my cock. Oh fuck, was he...? The stretch of sweaty bear-man was driving me wild, much more so than I'd felt already. I wanted to push him off, needed to, but... I couldn't. His scent was making my cock leak so much, making it an easy target for his long tongue and seeking lips.

I knew we had to resist, had to fight. But it was all I could do to stay still, not beg him to suck my cock like I knew we both craved. My flattened cock twitched in need as he sniffed it, his tongue drawing slowly, painfully close. It was the biggest tease I'd ever experienced.

"H-Henry..." he moaned, his voice sounding much deeper, more guttural than the voice I'd gotten used to working with over these past few days. The words dripped with need, the anguish and lust in his tone nearly palpable. It was all I could do to stop myself from cumming right then and there!

He was on me before I could reply to give my consent. But we both knew my silence spoke volumes. He could smell my need, see my dripping, reddened bear cock before his face. And the sight and stench of his were driving me mad. I needed to cum, more than I'd ever needed anything in my life. And I wanted him to help me, this man, this friend, more than I wanted any past girlfriends. As much as I didn't want to be gay, I needed him to help me.

David wrapped his thicker, more pliable lips around my cock head, teasing the flattened tip and making me growl before extending his tongue down my length. The pleasure was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I'd never gotten head this good before in my life. My stiff prick was far more sensitive than it had ever been, eliciting a weak moan from my changed lips. I wasn't sure if it was the changes to his mouth that were advancing his technique, or if it was the sight and scent of our changes that were driving my arousal to new heights. But fuck it was good!

I wasn't gonna last long. I didn't want to. David greedily sucked and lapped at my cock, eager to drink down my ursine seed. And my balls were throbbing, more than eager enough to give it. I could feel the tension in my cock building and building as every inch he touched brought me closer and closer to release. Every lick was a lightning rod, charging me with sexual energy the likes of which I'd never experienced!

"Fuck David, don't stop!" I yelled, feeling the pressure build up. I was going to cum!

All control left my body as I went into orgasm, and I relished every second of it. I nearly roared as my cock shot load after load of thick salty cum down into David's eager gullet. More jism than I could possibly produce guzzled out of my cock like a fire hose, hitting David on the nose and cheeks as he was forced to pull back from the sheer quantity. I laughed a little at that. He was a funny-looking bear-man, cum splattered on his black nose as he sniffed and snorted. He raised his long tongue to try to lick it off while I laid back and panted.

After a few moments of catching my breath, I noticed David reaching down to stroke his own member. It looked absolutely delicious. It was changed, a near mirror image of my own. It looked like the bestial cock of some forest beast, and I guessed it was. The entire length was deep red, the tip pointed and sticking out of a hairy sheath. The base was thick, knotted in a way reminiscent of a canine's penis. But the shaft was too wide, too bulbous for that. This must have been what a bear's penis looked like, though I had no level of reference for it.

I found myself curious about the flavor, why David had enjoyed it so much. Was it because his head had metamorphosed or was it the change that was making us gay, helping us to enjoy the taste of cock? I'd never tasted a penis before, of course, being a straight guy. A couple of my girlfriends had and they hadn't complained. But the one time I went down on a chick... yuck! Needless to say, my reaction to the taste didn't get me another date. If I hated going down on a woman, how was I craving the taste of cock so badly now?

Even in my self-reflections, I noticed that David's hands seemed a little stiffer than before. His grip on his cock wasn't as good as it had been earlier. His thumbs were reduced,

climbing upward with his stretching wrists even as I watched. His fingers looked thicker and fat as more soft brown hair covered them. And his nails had thickened significantly, forcing him to be warier of his fingers as he stroked himself, lest he harm his penis. The surface of his fingertips seemed off the more I looked as well. They were dark and brown and thick like the start of some sort of paw pads.

Yet my sights and my thoughts kept drifting towards his ursine cock. I had to return the favor. I got up, taking his hand in mine and smiling. "Don't worry bud. I got this," I said as I looked hungrily at the red offering before me.

Feeling nervous, I tentatively reached out my tongue and teased the tip. The taste was powerful, though not nearly as offensive as I'd feared it would be. I played my tongue over the tip a little, trying to get used to the flavor and work up the courage to go further. It was massive compared to the tiny human mouth I still had. But I needed more.

Reaching out, I carefully wrapped my lips around it, taking as much into my mouth as I possibly could. It wasn't much. I didn't wanna gag myself from the sheer size. But my buddy's grunts of approval were all I needed to know that my ministrations were more than welcome.

I eagerly sucked down his leaking pre, of which he seemed to have plenty. His cock throbbed and rocked from my presence, like a living thing in my mouth. Feeling more adventurous, I reached out with a quivering hand to seek for his massive fuzzy balls. He growled audibly from the slightest contact. I was so lost in the sensations of pleasuring my buddy that I even reached back to rub along his taint, moving my fingers back to tease around the rim of his asshole. It was so fucking gay, but at the moment, I just couldn't help myself!

That was all the stimulation David needed. He roared, really roared as his thick bear cock shot load after load of salty cum into my gullet. I nearly choked on the quantity. I couldn't take it all!

Pulling back, I was rewarded by getting a face full of bear cum as David shot load after load into my face. "Careful with that thing!" I laughed, catching another few mouthfuls of cum. I didn't mind the taste so much now. It was musky and heavy, but the flavor had grown on me and I swallowed as much as I could, rubbing the rest away with my hand.

It was only then, after coming down from the amazing sexual high, that we began to realize what we'd done to each other. I noticed David's hands had changed somewhat, that his nails were thicker, the fingers stubbier than they had been. His thumbs were the worst; they

looked like they had dislocated and moved an inch up his wrist, which themselves had extended compared with his arms. They were very nearly paws!

Afraid of what I would find, I looked at David's face, now noticing his eyes were different. His pupils were amber, hardly any white left in there at all. I noticed him squinting a few times as if having a hard time focusing. Didn't bears have worse vision than humans?

That wasn't the only alteration. His jaw was a bit thicker, more ursine, while his lips were curled and black like they were a bit too big for his jaw. That was probably why he'd gone down on me so well. The hair of his beard was thicker now, and starting to spread up towards his nose, covering his blunt muzzle. His ears had moved up further on his head as well, and I couldn't help but notice him twitching them in ways no human could manage. Oh, Fuck. What had I done to him? What had we done to each other?

I stared into his eyes, seeing the same concern reflected there as well. I reached up to touch my face, wondering what had happened. It was then I realized that my jaw ached, and not just from the massive cock I had tried to deep throat. My cheeks were puffy, and I had a semblance of a bear-fur beard like David's. I reached for my ears, realizing they were further up my head than I recalled. And my back still ached, like I had a few hundred pounds of flesh sitting on it before all the muscle and bulk had time to set in.

I sighed. I didn't want to be a fucking bear! Why had I given in so easily? At the time, I needed it too badly. So had David. Why had he woken me up? If he hadn't, we'd still at least be a little more human!

The click of the locking mechanism broke me from my trance. I looked over to see a tray of food being wheeled into our space, pushed by a bigger guy wearing sunglasses. The doctor had said he'd have someone come to feed us, and so he was, pushing in a tray of assorted meats and fruits. I was ravenously hungry, as was David. I could see him out of the corner of my eye, salivating from his darkened lips.

The guy was tall, athletic, and had a scent about him that made me wonder if he was entirely human. Of course, he wasn't. No sane human would work here when the doctor could change them into animals at any time. It was the only way to ensure their silence, I figured. The guy looked kinda... happy as he watched us. Was he enjoying watching us fuck? I couldn't believe that anyone would willingly work for the Doc, viewing lives being ruined just to get his jolly's. Or worse, cause he wanted to be a gay, horny animal himself!

David and I ate together in silence. We were both famished and took to the various fruits, berries, and meats like a pair of starved animals. I suppose that's what we were now. I wasn't a biologist, but I figured bears ate a lot in the wild, and we needed some help packing on those extra pounds. The shame at having fucked, having given in was slowly fading as I ate my fill, David beside me.

I felt somewhat better, having his scent in my nose. Despite the horrific circumstances it felt nice to have him close. Part of me figured it was our raging bear hormones and hyper-arousal but either way I couldn't deny that his presence relaxed me.

We were able to polish off the entire cart down to the last crumb in little time at all. Soon afterward we were both overcome with heavy fatigue. Again, I couldn't be sure if it was an effect of the transformation or simply a bear thing. David was feeling it too, I could tell. We tried to move away from each other to get some distance so that we wouldn't make up and immediately fuck. As good as it had felt, we had to at least try to resist, on the slim chance that help was coming. But we were both so exhausted that we simply ended up collapsing in furry heaps only meters apart.

My dreams were even more vivid this time. Images of males fucking, cock deep in asses, getting more and more ursine the more the night went on. I was sure I was churning loads and loads of cum onto the ground, changing me more, but I had no control over it. I could smell it a little each time I was roused from sleep, both David's scents and my own. But the fatigue quickly hit me and I ended up passing out soon after once more.

I woke up feeling empty, a strange ache emanating from my ass. I twitched a few times but the emptiness would not abate. The sun was starting to come up over the horizon, meaning we'd slept well through the night. I'd spent so much time sleeping, it was hard to believe that we'd been here so long already!

My back was stiff and sore, making me groan in a baritone that unnerved me. As I looked down, I realized my belly was distended somewhat as if I'd packed on a hundred pounds from all the food I ate yesterday. I lamented the loss of muscle tone I'd been working on, any progress lost in a layer of fat that made up my body now. I was likely to be stronger, but not without heavy bear fat to hide all those muscles. Bears didn't exactly go on diets, especially in captivity.

But it wasn't enough to obscure the sight of my very erect bear cock. I was boned, and it was harder to reach my member with my massive stomach in the way. But I didn't want that. I

didn't even want David to suck my cock, as he'd done yesterday. God help me, I wanted to be fucked. I needed to be fucked.

I found myself slowly shambling towards David's waking form, on my hands and knees to alleviate that aching in my back. It didn't take David much convincing. His dark eyes rolled open and his massive black nose sniffed the air at my scent. I licked his blackened lips with my own longer tongue, savoring his stale breath and the remnants of food and my own seed on his lips. I could swear he was smiling a bit as I did so. Despite our reluctance to change, to become homosexual, it just felt right to connect with him in a way that I'd never felt before. I wanted to shake my head free of these feelings but the need in my cock and my ass screamed out to me. I slowly turned around my massive body until my rump was in front of David's nose.

I'd never taken anything up the ass before and I was more than a little nervous at the prospect. But my need was too great and I couldn't imagine not trying it now that the idea had been so firmly implanted in my head. I lowered my legs a little, not wanting to hit David in the nose with my dangling balls, though I somewhat doubted that would bother him in the state we were in. I couldn't see from the angle I was at, but I could smell how hard he was and how much fluid he was leaking at my offering.

"RRRR you surre?" David asked his voice a deeper baritone than even yesterday. It was so strange, hearing such a different sound coming out of my work buddy.

I didn't even bother to respond. I simply shoved my ass lower, nearly poking his nose with my clenching pucker. I could feel his nose goose my asshole and I shivered, the feelings running all the way down to my heavy balls.

Then I felt something warm and moist licking about the area, something that felt amazing. Was David rimming me? I thrust back against his tongue as he coated my rump in saliva, teasing around the edges of my pucker. Soon his tongue started seeking my opening and exploring inside a little, entering me and making me moan. My God, I'd never felt anything like this in my entire life!

I grunted as I felt his tongue withdraw, feeling a little naked and empty without it there. But I knew what was coming. I wanted it so desperately, and so did David. I felt the pain of his claws on my back, though it was dulled significantly by my hair and thicker skin. He began scrambling up my broader back, felt his moist leaking cock tip against the drying saliva he'd left all over my ass. I waited for a painful eternity as he struggled to find my waiting pucker. He even tried to reach down with his changing hand to try and guide it. Yet his fingers didn't work that way anymore, and only served to slow his advances. Fuck, he was making me wait forever!

I found myself wondering how easy male-male sex was for animals in the wild. The hole they were seeking was smaller, lacked lubrication, and was higher up than their usual target. I knew it was a relatively common occurrence. Perhaps they simply rubbed their cocks on each other's ass cheeks until ejaculation? I wondered if David could even do it successfully, feeling admittedly disappointed. My anus needed penetration so badly that it was maddening!

But I was not to be let down. Soon, I felt his thick cock tip on my asshole, opening me up. I squeezed outward with my muscles, similar to the sensation of taking a dump. But the wider opening allowed his penis to catch on my clenching pucker. David wasted no time shoving forwards inside of me, both of us grunting from the exertion. Yet, soon, with some doing, he was inside of me!

The sensations of being fucked were like nothing I'd felt before. It hurt a lot, and I struggled with the pressure as David forcefully opened me up. I growled and grunted, slowly noticing something underneath the pain, a sensation of being filled. I did my best to work through the brief agony, knowing that it was soon to pass. The closer his cock got to my prostate, the better the sensations began to feel. I could feel my own cock drooling as the stimulation began putting pressure on my needy rod. I wanted to touch myself, but I needed both hands firmly on the ground to support David's massive weight! The desire to stroke off to being anally fucked was maddening!

David started to thrust in earnest, gently rocking back and forth on my prostate. I moaned from the glorious feeling of his seeking cock pounding back and forth on my needy prostate. My eager cock leaked onto the ground with each thrust, my precum getting thicker and thicker as my orgasm neared. I had no idea it was possible to cum without touching myself but I was so close already. Was this what prostate stimulation felt for animals in the wild? Did it really matter, when I was feeling it so intently now?

The feeling of his balls slapping against my own was enough to push me over the waterfall into my orgasmic release. I didn't want it to stop, but I needed it so desperately. Oh God, I couldn't hold it!

I roared as I came, my massive cock throbbing at the feelings of my prostate being stretched and pounded. The intense pressure sent my balls churning and my cum splattering on the ground. It was like nothing I'd ever felt before, like an entirely new area of sensory input. If this was what being fucked in the ass could do for me, I would gladly raise my ass in offering as much as David could fuck me!

My rectal walls spasmed and locked onto David's eager cock, sucking it in as far as I could. The shaking of his member made it clear to me that he was about to unload himself. Soon after, I felt his cum filling my bowels, a comfortable warmth that made me smile and relax. I'd never had sex like this before, never felt anything this amazing. Lost in the moment, I could scarcely fathom feeling anything better, not with any woman that I'd ever been with.

I collapsed with the massive bear man on top of me, feeling him go limp from his release. We laid there for a while, relaxing after what felt like an intense workout. Eventually, he crawled off my back, his softening cock feeling weird as it slithered out of me. It left me feeling somewhat empty as my dirty ass started leaking cum onto the ground.

But David, kind soul as he was, evidently wasn't intending on leaving it that way. I felt David take a few cautious sniffs before lapping at my pucker, causing me to shiver in pleasure. It was kind of him to clean me up. I had a hard time reaching back there with the new bulk I'd put on and I was appreciative of the gesture. After that, he lumbered away to the large trough of water and slurped it up with his thick tongue.

I watched him for a while, the level of changes to his bulk and body surprising from just the one mating. His fingers were so short now while his claws were massive and long. I could see how his shoulders had begun to rotate forward like the blades within were merging at a perpendicular angle to his ribcage. They were far wider than his human ones had been.

Yet that was far less disturbing than how distended his gut was. It looked like he had two basketballs stuffed inside his belly, covered with darkening skin and thick bear-man fur. His own human hair had turned muddied brown and had thickened along the line of his treasure trail. The ursine fur was steadily encroaching over his changing skin. Although it looked like only fat, I knew from feeling him on my back that there was hard-packed muscle there as well.

I looked down to see my own gut was rather distended as well, either from the meal or the mating act we'd completed. Had David left me so full of cum that I had expanded somewhat? No, that wasn't possible. I rubbed it with my hand, feeling how warm it was. The hair was coarse and rough and the sensation of feeling it suddenly began to disturb me. Was this what a bear hide felt like? I recalled I had touched a bear-skin rug as a child but I couldn't recall the texture. I shuddered a little, picturing myself covered with that same fur. I wouldn't need my imagination long if the changes kept up at this pace.

Unsure what else to do at the moment, I continued rubbing my chest and stomach. My focus was intently on how large my body was and how strange it felt to perceive myself so far from my previous human form. In my self-exploration, I suddenly became aware of something

strange behind me, sticking out of my spine and laying over the top of my ass. I tried to reach down but with the fat and muscle I had packed on I couldn't quite extend my arms. I wriggled my ass, feeling something at the back of it move and tuck down over my asshole. Did I have a fucking bear's tail?

It wasn't till that first mating that the reality of our situation settled in. We had changed so much already, already more than a quarter of the way to our eventual transformation into grizzly bears. It had been a little over a day and no one had come to help us. It was looking more and more like we'd never be getting out of here, that we'd spend the rest of our lives as animals.

I retreated back into the cave to contemplate that fate by myself. I could hear David shuffling around outside but I didn't bother him. I knew he must have been having thoughts about his future as well, even though he seemed to be taking to it a little better than I was. I needed some time to think and I figured he did, too, though he didn't say anything.

The next few hours were a repeat of that first day. Soon after our last fuck, we were brought another massive tray of food, this time larger than the first. I devoured it side by side with David again, our lusts abated for the moment. I never realized I could eat so much until then, but I found I was famished beyond reason. A passing recollection reminded me that bears ate massive amounts in the fall for their winter torpor. Even when I was full and bloated, I found myself tempted to eat more. And why not? I was turning into a bear, after all. Weight didn't really matter to my health as a human anymore.

Not caring that I was packing on pounds and pounds of fat from my meal, I continued gorging myself without a care in the world. I almost smiled, seeing David give me a confused look even through his ursine features. I wouldn't have to worry about dieting or weight training anymore! I already had more muscle than even the biggest bodybuilders, and I'd need my fat for a nice winter's sleep, assuming I was inclined to do so in captivity.

I felt a bit tired after that, lumbering off to get a drink from the pool of water that I recalled helping to install on our first day. It was a little ironic, not realizing at the time that I had been helping to make my own new home more habitable. If I had known, maybe I would have worked a little harder, assuming I was OK with the idea of being a grizzly bear for the rest of my life!

Yet, I was soon drawn from such thoughts. I was massively thirsty. All my tears and the energy from fucking and eating had taken their toll. I had to drink for about five minutes straight to quench my thirst, cupping my hands under the pool and downing the slightly dirty water from

David's cum-covered tongue. Yet to me it tasted like the world's finest wine. It reminded me of sucking his cock and the slightly tangy flavor made me smile.

It was shortly after that I realized I had to use the bathroom for the first time since we'd gotten here. And I don't mean taking a piss, which I had done a few times behind the cave wall without worrying too much. Admittedly, I was kinda embarrassed about it. We didn't have a latrine or even fucking toilet paper. Animals didn't care about things like that, after all. But I wasn't an animal. At least, not yet.

I made my way to a corner of the habitat quickly as the rumblings of my bowels were quite insistent. There wasn't much time but I managed to locate somewhere out of the way that suited my needs and I squatted over the spot I'd picked and did my business. The quantity was quite substantial, having been my first shit in over two days. But at least it didn't stick to my ass. I was thankful for that.

Shortly after I'd finished, David lumbered over and proceeded to do the same thing on the spot over top of my own shit. I had no idea how he could stand the smell with his nose so much more sensitive than mine but I supposed it was something we'd have to get used to. It could be worse, I supposed. Other animals lived in more squalor than bears did, I imagined. We could have been horses or cattle!

Back over towards the cave, the scent of our sweaty hides and cum burrowed back into my nostrils and my cock began slithering out of the sheath I'd been steadily growing. I made my way back to the cave and closed my eyes to try and sleep off the needs in my cock. But the aching in my balls was rather insistent and I couldn't fall asleep. I could hear David pacing around outside the cave, likely as horny as I was. After about half an hour of it, I said fuck it and called him in.

He seemed to want me to try fucking him this time but I declined. Animals though we were becoming, I still wasn't comfortable with how dirty it would be to fuck him like that. Not yet, anyway. Instead, I opted to suck his aching bear cock. Our bodies were a bit large for a 69 so I went first, my able fingers making short work of his ursine phallus and rewarding me with a muzzle full of grizzly cum. I couldn't get over how big his cock was, even in relation to his body. David was hung, even for a bear!

Face full of bear jism, I looked at my friend and smiled, giggling as he started lapping his cum off my mouth and face. Yet, no words escaped his lips. He only grunted his approval leaving me to wonder how much he was able to speak with his mouth changed as much as it was. I was afraid to ask.

Instead, he took his turn with my cock in his muzzle, forcing an ursine growl from my lips as the tingling of change started to envelop my head. I was almost distracted from the blow job of my life by the sight of my own nose stretched further in front of my face. Yet, it felt too good to be sucked off as he used his massive tongue like a glove over my cock.

I could see my already bulbous nose growing longer as the nostrils flared, allowing me to better take in his scent. It hurt a little, feeling my jaw crack with the growth. But soon all the aches were erased from the sensory overlord of being given such expert head. The ache in my skull, the itching of my beard, and the dull throbbing of my teeth extending were all a distant second to the sublime sensation of such a marvelous blow job.

I noticed he wasn't using his hands as I had, instead taking my length solely in his muzzle. I quickly realized that he didn't have enough of his fingers left for such a delicate task. But he more than made up for it with his tongue as it stretched and flattened and took more of my cock inside. I could almost feel his muzzle growing around me as it encompassed my cock, warping around it and stimulating every inch. He was even careful of his teeth as they shifted to a more ursine form. Fresh off pleasing my mate I quickly came in his muzzle, and he greedily gulped it all down.

We grinned at each other with cum soaked muzzles, for once not caring that we were gay or turning into bears. It felt too damn good. I collapsed in a heap in the cave as I had the previous night. Instead of leaving, David fell down on top of me. I was about to protest, realizing that when we woke up we'd want to fuck again, but I knew that was pointless. He'd just wind up wandering in here when he was horny. There was nowhere else to go, and no way to pleasure himself without his hands. And besides, his big furry body felt really warm and nice, and resting my head on his as he was on mine was far better than just sleeping on the ground. We soon passed out after that.

We awoke together, huddled in our warm pile as the assistant wheeled in our next meal. The doctor watched us this time as we ate, making the odd comment here and there. He said we were making excellent progress, seemed more content as bears, that sort of thing. He ended by stating his excitement that we had officially "welcomed" ourselves to our new lives and left it at that. I didn't bother yelling at him, engrossed with my breakfast as I was. Besides, my own voice was too deep and guttural and it would have been embarrassing to prove his point. I muttered something under my breath, that if the doctor liked faggots so much he should be the one down here. I was expecting to at least get a chuckle out of David. It didn't.

We fucked again shortly after that. This time David requested that I mount him, by shoving his massive ass in my growing muzzle. There were no words, just a forced insistence of someone who needed desperately to rut like a beast. It was then that I realized that the changes to David's face made it almost impossible for him to speak. His muzzle was massive, pushed out several inches from where his human jaw had once been, even more than the last time I looked. His forehead was sloped a little, sliding into his muzzle and much longer than a primate head. His ears were rounded on top of his head. His eyes were brown and relatively small, situated behind his massive brown nose. The beard he once had was now a thick coat of fur, having spread up the sides of his face and merged with the former human hair atop his head. He opened his mouth to show a maw of sharpened flattened teeth, suited for an omnivorous bear diet. I had to admit, that long dexterous tongue made me shiver from the memory of what it could do for me.

It was amazing that he managed to get any words out at all with his mouth looking like it did. I think it was important to him that he did, that last time. He struggled for a moment, and the words were extremely guttural, a mix of his human voice and the heavy baritone of a bear. He told me it was OK. That he wanted it. From the sensations of my own changes, I believed him. It took him a while to formulate the sentences. It seemed like it was difficult for him to think and word things properly as well.

His cock was drooling at that point. He really needed me to fuck him. His words should have stopped me, made me contemplate what continuing would do to our futures. Yet I fucked him anyway, knowing that would solidify the changes to his vocal cords and perhaps even his mind. But I couldn't resist. There was no point. It still scared me a little to end up like that eventually but at the time I was too horny to care.

It was hard to get up on his back and mount him as I wanted. I didn't wanna prep his asshole, knowing it wasn't clean. Maybe I wouldn't give a shit, pun intended, once I was a bear, but that wasn't quite yet. Still, my cock was leaking like a faucet, and in my awkward attempts to mount and hump my friend, I slathered his backside with plenty of sticky pre. It took some work, but once my flattened tip found his pucker he seemed to suck me in, gripping me like a vice as he pulled me as deep as he could inside him. It was better than any fuck I'd had by far. He was so much tighter than my past girlfriends. His thrusts back against my cock matched my own, and his grunts and growls of eagerness spurred me on till I couldn't hold back and came inside of him. I couldn't believe how much cum was leaking out of his ass when I finally dismounted. My balls were getting bigger still, it seemed, able to produce more virile seed.

David didn't try to speak after that. His vocal cords seemed only capable of grunts and bellows. The haunting thought that it would soon be me unable to talk frightened me. But as far

as I noticed, it didn't seem to bother David. His scent and body language told me all I needed to know, and he seemed content to communicate in an ursine way. I could tell from his body language when he was hungry, when he was tired, and most importantly, when he needed a fuck.

Our routine continued like that over the next day. We would sleep, wake up, fuck, eat, shit, fuck again, and then sleep. Each fuck triggered more and more changes within us, advancing the slow progression to the ursine bodies we would wear for the rest of our lives. Patches of thick body hair turned into fur as it covered our blackening skin. Hundreds of pounds of fat and muscle sagged under our flesh as our internal anatomies rearranged to compensate. Our bellies were thick and rounded, yet soon with our flattening hips and rotating shoulder's it didn't look so out of place. I tried feeling the pudge where my belly once was more than once, loving the texture and warmth. I couldn't imagine I'd love being so big, so fat, but it was suitable for the form I was getting. Our skeletons were thickening, able to support our massive fat and muscle even as they changed us towards a more quadrupedal stance.

The more the transfiguration occurred, the easier it became to fall into the routine. I wasn't sure if that was due to the slow changes to our minds or just the repetitive motions of daily life as a bear, but either way, it was becoming more... tolerable. For David, mostly, as it seemed he had accepted his new lot in life. But even I was starting to become complacent in my new life. We even ignored the assistant when he came in to clean the cages, though it was usually while we slept. We were often so tired from all the fucking, we didn't even try to escape, though the gates in place would have prevented it even if we'd made the attempt. We didn't even seem to want to. The place reeked of our musk, and it made me feel content to know David was as much a part of this place as I was.

The changes were accelerating, I was certain of that. David's hands were completely gone by that point, and he had the signature hump of the grizzly bear on his back that he'd wear all his life. Most of his skin was covered with fur and his head was nearly entirely ursine as well. He couldn't speak anymore. He didn't even try. He would bellow when we fucked, grunt and snort as he foraged the roughage that had been left by us as humans in the habitat. He could still stand erect, however. In fact, his hindquarters were largely untouched, save for the size they'd added to support his frame. His feet, though larger, remained largely human. He didn't even have his tail yet!

My changes were very much the opposite. My back and hips had changed so much it made standing difficult. I could still raise up on my hind legs, but not really walk like a human. I recalled that bears in the wild could do such a thing and I figured that my own ability wasn't much better at this point. My head was massive, though my eyesight hadn't changed too much

which was a small blessing. I was somewhat thankful I had retained flexibility in my fingers. They just had some bear fur on the backs and were a bit bigger as well.

I was a bit smaller than David, though I wasn't sure if that was because I wasn't quite as changed or because I would be a smaller bear in the long run. Either way, it seemed easier for David to fuck me, as he often did after that last time. I didn't complain. The pain of getting mounted had gone after the first couple of times, and I found myself often craving bear dick inside me. I wasn't sure if my ass had loosened from the constant fuck sessions or if I simply had grown accustomed to the sexual activity. I couldn't even remember being heterosexual anymore. The sight and scent of cock were too powerfully arousing and I found myself leaking every time David's cock slid out of its sheath and he approached me for fucking. No matter how much we'd changed, it was still little trouble for David to enter me and fuck my asshole. It was one of many blessings of the new form and I found myself thinking that even if I were to be human again I would still crave cock.

Yet not everything felt comfortable in those following days. The scariest thing was how I was steadily losing my voice. I think I spoke often just so I could hear my voice while I still had one, but it wasn't going to be for much longer. From the way my voice often cracked and from how guttural the noises were, I wouldn't be able to articulate like a human much longer. I'd crack jokes about the doc getting off on us fucking, about the lousy accommodations, and about the various smells of our new lives, the good ones and bad. I didn't complain or talk about human things. There didn't seem to be much point.

It was worse for David. He didn't even respond anymore. I knew he couldn't speak, but he hardly even grunted in response to my human noises. After a time he didn't even do that. It was as though human things held no interest for him. Human words, in particular, had no meaning. He was only interested in bear things, mainly sleeping, sex, and food. At first, I thought I heard the doctor mention something along those lines to one of his assistants, how some subjects might take to the mental changes differently. How some might embrace the animal instincts more fully while others would try to resist. It was one of the benefits of ursine ears, at least. It was somewhat lonely in a way, to still be thinking human thoughts while my buddy steadily became more and more ursine in his thinking.

The doctor watched us sometimes from above the habitat. He never spoke to us anymore, but I did enjoy listening to what he had to say to his assistants about us and the other residents. It was somewhat of a reprieve from the fear of losing my humanity. He mainly talked about the progression of the other animals. There were a pair of stags, wolves, and bulls in other pens, each taking to the changes differently. The doc was a sick fuck but he certainly had lots of work going on in here. He'd talk about us as well, wondering how long it would take for my

mind to give in fully, while David's seemed to already have. I felt a twinge of anger at that. It made me want to hold on and resist as long as I could, just to spite him. But it did seem as though I was just hurting myself in the long run. The more I focused on human things the more anxious and depressed I became.

The changed mentality seemed to accelerate David's transformation ahead of my own. It was subtle at first, but as the days advanced I noticed he was getting bigger, putting on more weight. We were already fat fucks but David was easily a few hundred pounds more than I was. He preferred to walk on all fours now, and given the hunch in his hips, it seemed more comfortable for him to do so. I went to fuck him one day after he'd offered his rump, and I finally saw the beginnings of his stubby tail. His feet were large and flattened, not fully paws like his hands, but not that far off.

As the days wore on, David's ursine actions served to motivate me to give in as well. I think seeing David in the state he was, how content he was to simply exist, made the prospect more tempting for me. And the sex was so good! No matter how much he'd changed, David never seemed to lose interest in sex. It was more than just the physical act. He was never far from me. We ate together, slept together, and he often followed me around the habitat unless there was a particularly interesting smell that caught his ursine attention. He'd rub against me on those days when I was feeling particularly low about my lost humanity. It felt slowly that he was more than a friend or a workmate or a cage mate being forced through the same things I was. Slowly, it felt more like we were becoming...

I have no idea how many days it had been since we had been changed. It was hard to keep track, to remember everything that had happened. But after a time, maybe six or seven days, I'd noticed our evening meal was left with a pen and some paper. I stared at the offering in confusion. Why the fuck had I been given this?

The answer came with the Doc's next visit. "Henry, my friend, the pen and paper are for you! I cannot force you to use them, nor do I plan to! I simply wish to allow you to write down what you wish to. You are one of the few of my subjects that have held on to your human experiences for so long, and one of fewer still with the hands to do so! I would be most fascinated by learning about your personal experiences as you grow closer to an ursine experience. Perhaps you are interested in helping me pursue my research further, or perhaps the opportunity will allow you to journal and relive some of those stray thoughts and help give you closure. Either way, I'd be fascinated to read whatever it is you write! Take care, and do decide quickly, as you may not have the ability to do so for much longer!"

I thought long and hard about it while David napped. He couldn't say anything of course, and he didn't seem to care about the human stuff. I didn't wanna help the doctor, not really, after what he'd done to us. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized the activity might give me some needed closure before my mind went totally bear. I finally decided that if I awoke in the morning with opposable thumbs still that I'd give it a shot.

I indeed woke the next morning with my ability to write intact. I walked over to the bathroom corner to do my business, bringing the pen and paper with me. My fingers already felt a little stiffer and I was sure my thumb was further up on my hands than I remembered. It was amazing that I'd kept my hands this long! I wanted to get as much written down as possible before David woke. I knew he always woke up horny as well and I had to admit I wasn't complaining! Any further mating would likely expedite our changes, and I wondered how much I would still want to write after I'd fucked a few more times.

I wrote as quickly as I could, getting down as much of my perspective on the thoughts and feelings I had during the changes. I chronicled the physical changes as well, but mostly how they made me feel and what I thought about my future with them. As I wrote, I realized that the changes seemed to be taking a more positive spin the further I got along. Was I really into the idea of being a bear that much? It didn't seem possible that I could learn to like this, but in many respects I already had. It took writing it down for the human me to see the positives in the changes.

David woke soon to the smell of breakfast, and I paused my narrative, lumbering over to join him. He was all bear in his feeding, and I found a strong desire to emulate him, coupled with the instincts that had been welling up inside me for the past several days, made the experience more enjoyable. It felt... right... being a bear... eating with my mate... it felt... it was...

We rutted after that, his cock so big... nice bear cock... so warm... so good... so sleepy... smelly bear... soft...

My thoughts started drifting away after that... it was hard not to just pass out like the fully satisfied bear I was. And it was so good... so tempting to let go. I could feel the instincts welling up inside me, and I didn't want to fight them. I could feel the changes crawling over my skin, my nails getting longer, body adding even more bulk, my fingers getting shorter. I started welcoming them, if it meant I would feel like David did, so content and happy.

Only one thing nagged at my mind as I continued to drift off. The paper I'd been writing. It wasn't quite done where I wanted it to be. I still had a little more to write... just a little... then these nagging thoughts could go away... then I could be bear... just bear...

There... that's... that's it... that all... of my humanity... fuck I don't... I want this so bad... David is starting to wake up... his scent... making me... impossibly horny... I just... need him inside me... again... and again... fuck I'm so hard...

This is it... I... hands... already stiff... changing... can't hold... don't want to... just bear now...

Just David... just bear... only bear...