

Quaking for Bears

He flicked the switch, a slow, sensual buzz vibrating across his hand, an eager smile on his face. With a flick in the other direction the shake intensified, and Henry laughed maniacally.

The male human was naked on his bed, resting on a Super Deluxe XLL towel to soak any messes while the soft fibers gently bristled along his back. The man had an open laptop to his right as the cordless vibrating wand quivered with inanimate anticipation, *wanting* to be used.

Henry had private, eclectic tastes. He'd never look at pictures of the real things, but art, drawn images of just... animals going at it, especially bears. Feral art. It didn't hurt any actual animals, and he had no intention to do so! In fact, he wanted to be the furthest from power. Henry desired to be stripped of all control, to be taken advantage of and bred ruthlessly.

Which was hard, because he was a man... and human. But that was where his vivid imagination sparked. Always a male bear on top of a female, he'd see himself in her eyes, opening up his mouth like she would. Sometimes he'd even put a heavy amount of weight onto his back just to replicate the experience. The man wasn't transgender or anything, he liked his masculinity just as much as the next guy.



Yet...

If he had the chance...

Henry would be a bear sow in a flash! How could he not accept the fate of such a deep, dark desire? It all started with a carnal curiosity, then he resisted it, believing the fetish as a curse, only to relent to his kink as one of the most satisfying things in his life. Screw movies, shows, games; after a day of hard work, it was this. Laying down, toys or his hand ready, and the variety of bear on bear art he cherished beyond a healthy degree. But he didn't care! It was **so** good!

The fluttering wand was new to Henry, a tip given to him by online forums that it was the best toy to imagine yourself as a girl with. Place it against the tip of your dick, and voila! You stimulate it just like a clitoris, just like how a female ursine might undergo when her labia stretches to hold the thick cock of her mate. Each inch of his red hued shaft throbbing and grinding upon her pleasure nub, roaring out with uncontrollable ecstasy.

It was time. Enough thinking about how his life led to this moment. He knew how it came to be, from his actions, his ambitions, all culminating to the now. Giving a quick lookover, the wand toy had a padded pearl top that swiveled around in circles, blue lining and white plastic forming up the rest of its design. Phallic in nature and it made Henry



quite the horny boy. Without wanting to go full force, he applied the buzz lightly to the side of his half-hard cock.

Henry grit his teeth as the ends of his lips curved happily, the man falling from his raised position thanks to his elbows buckling as his back touched the towel. It wasn't as *extremely* pleasurable as his mind exaggerated, but it was something *very* good. It was a heated, cushioned endpoint of a rod jolting at quite a high pressure even at the lowest setting. His legs gyrated up a few times from the mark of titillation as while there was a kind of joy in the matter, the... *pressure*, or overwhelming feeling of sensitivity caused him to relent. The human male took in a heavy gasp of air, bringing back the wand.

"Holy fuck," he whispered. "Even better than I thought." Bear cocks didn't naturally reverberate like a wand might, but the heat of it when combined with the heat of his own penis, created a burning sensation that Henry imagined could be replicated during the animalistic copulation. "Now what if... I do this?"

He angled the vibrator to the tip of his cock, a blinding light of buzzing activity overtaking his eyes as he closed them. Henry couldn't help but give out a whooping moan that could be compared to a verbal stone skipping across water. The man pushed it against the head hard, then drawing it back as his rational brain screamed to take it off from the overloaded nervous system.



Carefully putting it under the tip made him audibly groan noises and words he'd never made before during any sexual encounters before. Almost wanting to call out for someone, anything to take him and just... fuck him senselessly. Tonight was going to be *fantastic*.

His horny eyes drifted over to the brightly lit laptop monitor as Henry's bedroom was nearly pitch black. The hyper realistic drawn image of a male bear mounting a female, the two roaring out with agape mouths, drool flying everywhere. He was the female. That's right. The man's voice billowed as the shaking rod rubbed and vibrated his dick, making the shaft inflate and throb, allowing more of the meaty surface area to feel even *more* of the intense quakes.

"F-f-fuck..." Henry moaned in sync with his toy. "I'm a good girl! I'm a good bear bitch! I'd fucking be the best mother!" The words were said in absolute earnest. The human laughed as he groaned once more, antsy and full of jitters as his feet at the end of the bed convulsed. There was a brief second between near flaccidness and full erection, the stage of being a half-chub blown by instantly. He was edging himself now as Henry flipped through differing images. One had a large sow of an ursine getting her pussy eaten out by the thickest of tongues. The man wanted to cum so badly but he didn't want to give up this elation so quickly! To burst his load all over his legs would mean to lose precious, vibrating seconds of incredible jubilation.



Another image, another buzz, and another stir of his eight inch schlong cracking up and down with the treatment it was given. Even at the lowest of the two settings this wand was strong. It was too much in a way and Henry would occasionally bring it out as his dick bobbed in the air, panting for a break as he gulped down whole breaths before sticking back down there, making his whole body freeze up and shudder.

The next picture he looked at was a special one. It was like the eyes of the female were staring right into his own. Henry... *pushed* hard against his cock, the wand digging deep, deeper, so much deeper than it ever had during his session. His whole dick tingled with a ripe, crisp sprinkle of delight, like a blanket covering the entirety of his crotch. There was no stopping his new, gruff moans, but there was also nothing stopping his hand from plunging the whirring stick further into him. The male never once took his eyes off of the art, the sow getting fucked and impregnated. His mind shouted out how that was him. How that was *her!* That bear, and himself, herself, however he viewed his own identity, were one in the same.

And that's when a splash of delirium slammed against his body, fluids from his groin flying out all over his hand. It wasn't an orgasm, but something else, something so different from his usual touch and go. Like hot oil sputtering from an exposed engine, his palm, the wand, the skin across his thighs and legs felt the slick glob of heavy pre battering along his nethers and below. Henry shook his head left and right, his entire frame convulsing at the constant vibration, his nose darkening to a shiny charcoal, the



scents he smelled all full of bright wonders that had never been perceived until now. His body expanded outwards in all directions, the tip of the wand throbbing as it sunk into the cavern, twisting the male genitalia around and around into putty that included the testes, both bollocks turned into a vaguely skin-colored goo that split down the middle, aiding furthering the creation of a pussy once the labia formed.

Henry's mind flatlined. His vision pulsated along with the sopping, ursine cunt he, or she, or they now had. Black paw pads puffed up at the ends of the changing human's toes, his thumbs losing contact with what they gripped, including the wand. The man's penis shrank and reformed itself as a tiny nub that inflated similarly to a cock in total pleasure. The clitoral hood protected it, and the urethra from within shot out girl cum like a fountain.

As his arms could not reach with the angle of his bloating belly, the transforming human gradually, and reluctantly, allowed his new cunt to swallow the end point of the toy. But to her surprise... the switch was caught by her clitoris, her moist snatch just the perfect size to hold the whole top. It didn't matter though, for it wanted to go in further, and further it did go, not before her wet pleasure bead flicked the switch to the highest setting, wracking her core as the spinning, padded prong pirouetted around her pussy lips. Stretching them out, and soothing them with the tweaking, almost painful glee of someone nearing a caffeinated climax.



In real time, she roared, her blackening lips becoming droopy, flailing with her howl as instantly, her muzzle formed. From a human expression of ecstaticism, to a feral manner of euphoric insanity. Brown bear fur grew from her skin like rising grass yearning for the sun, yet her hide yearned for the mind-pulverizing rapture that was right around the corner.

Henry had no clue of her gender, her surroundings, her anything. The image of the mated female looking into her eyes burned into her vision. A still picture that replaced all perceptions. She could smell the scene, the sex, hear the growls of the bears plapping against each other. The shifting bear's paws went up as her posture changed from a human on a flat back to an ursine with a curved spine, falling onto her right side, destroying the monitor in the tidal heft of rapidly gaining flesh and flab.

Her bed buckled as the entire thing came crashing down, giving another few inches of the wand to slide deeper into the new female, the toy in a very worrying state of being sucked in completely. Claws grew on both feet and... well, the hands that had just become another pair of useless paws to a human, but very efficient to that of the fuzzy beast she was becoming. Uncovered skin was quickly an endangered minority. Six breasts erected like the grandest monuments of her world, spewing milk from all, and there was so much lubricant on the wand that one could mistake it for a metallic paint job. The reflectiveness both profound and outstanding.



While she outsized her bed by nearly double of her old scale, Henry's new form *and* identity were not allowed with such randomness. A world where an angry landlord discovers a bear the size of the carpet she's hibernating on, fridge destroyed and all possible food sources devoured, could not be allowed to happen. No matter... how enjoyable it could be to see the owner flushed with fear at the beast's annoyed awakening, one accompanied with a ravenous hunger.

No, unfortunately for irony but fortunately for Henry, the she-bear would open her eyes and see the trees above. Cicadas blaring during the summer seasons, and the heat of the sun marking on her already warm fur. Between her loins, the familiar buzz was still there, and as the wind hit her nose like a finger flicking it with the support of a thumb, her cunt gave way to a climax brought and encouraged greedily by the shaking *still* inside her.

She screamed into blood-curdling senselessness, the relics of human vocals replaced and merging with the gutturalness of a female bear in such a severe heat. Blue-balled to the point up until now that during her orgasm she moaned like a bitch in the process of being thrust into might. She came, and came, and came, and the electronic earthquakes made Henry stuck in the imagined scenario that this wand within was a cock that just wouldn't stop.



Absurdly, it was her fluids flushing out that shortwaved the device, giving a mild but felt shock as she whipped up to her feet, looking around, giving quick sniffs to the forest she found herself in. The sow's snout turned low to her crotch, little mewls made as she couldn't reach the device, to tear it out of her.

A breath made itself known on the back of Henry's neck. The scent of a male right on top of her. He moved forward, noting her cries, her whines. His body was enormous compared to hers, making her short, tubby tail bend in submission as the other bear opened his mouth near her cunt. He licked at it, an uncontrollable groan elicited from her maw. One growl was heard, and with a burst, the sparking wand was pulled out, thrown into a bush to be forgotten about.

Their upright bodies rubbed up against one another. Finding solace in each other. Henry was long gone, now with the form she secretly wanted, one she denied for so long, and now had in the flesh.

While she walked forward, wondering what to do next, her body buckled, eyes wide. The male had climbed up top, and wanted a reward for his efforts. After all, she was a female in heat, and he was a male in a rut.



Henry's teeth clenched, and she looked at a spot that was so familiar to her as intercourse began with rapid, rhythmic humping. It was as if she were looking right into the eyes of someone so far away. A person that wanted what she had now.

But none of that mattered. The sow's cunt jolted with the warm seed of the male on top flowing into her. Henry's life was sealed, just as the male ursine's sperm entering her womb sealed the entrance with massive amounts of virile cum. From one fake phallus to the real thing, the bear was happy, even if she didn't know why.

