

I sighed audibly, the ache in my muscles starting to get to me from hours being poised in the same position. How did hunters do this all day? Sitting around, still as death, waiting with the slim hope that their prey would just happen to wander by, that they'd caught a whiff of whatever pheromone or bait that had been left for them. I only liked the wilderness in small doses, like a nice campout with the prospect of a warm shower less than a day away. But this time was worth it.

It was as clear from the data I'd been given that this time I'd find my prize. Sasquatch. Bigfoot. Whatever the hell you wanted to call him. I was sure I'd get the naming rights if I was successful. Whatever it was, the sample wasn't anything indigenous in the forest. Or anywhere in the world. It was humanoid, that had been abundantly clear. I ran every test I could think of, against every species my university could get samples on. No match. It was legit, it was unique, and it was recent. Everything I could have ever hoped to see.

It was my third day out in the wilds of British Columbia. I'd given out my travel plan to a local ranger station, just in case, but I needed to be remote and alone if I had any chance of finding the creature. I was a bit of a fanatic, or at least that's how my colleagues saw me. My position at the university was secure enough that I could take the time to go on my little "expectations".

So far, all the sightings I'd investigated were never credible enough to warrant further investigation. Usually, someone was hoaxing me or mistaking a bear or wolf for something worth my while. On rare occasions, I'd been given samples but all had turned out fruitless. So you can understand why anything resembling the chance of achieving my life's dream would bring me out to the wilderness by myself.

I started to gather my stuff and head back to my tent for the day when the sound of heavy footfalls caught my attention. I froze, not wanting whatever it was to hear me, though I doubted any animal would miss the raging sounds of my tense beating heart. Whatever it was, it was big, bigger than even a deer or moose. The footfalls were far too heavy, too cumbersome. I feared a bear, the only thing large enough to account for the loud crashing. Well, unless it was something else....

I waited for what seemed like an eternity. The crashing was getting closer and closer. I was sure I'd be able to see the thing from my vantage point in the tree. But no. I waited with bated breath, the seconds ticking by like hours as the sounds got steadily further away. I breathed a sigh of relief. It had passed me by, but that left the question as to what it had been. If it was a bear, I didn't exactly want to go chasing after it. What if it was a female with cubs? Still, curiosity began to get the better of me. If I waited long enough, I could at least look for physical signs, hairs, and footprints, without worrying about being chased down by an angry bear.

Sure enough, the tracks in the soft mud a few meters from my hiding spot were a dead giveaway. I let my breaths in slow, staring in childlike glee at the sight of the very sasquatch-looking tracks caked into the mud. Four rounded toes clearly visible, one raised and deeper, like a primate's big toe. It was pulled back a bit longer than a human's, expected given most apes could use their feet to grip. The tracks were massive, over a meter long, and relatively deep in the mud, a sign of a heavy creature. I caught a whiff of thick rank odor, like something left in a men's locker room for several days unattended. I breathed through my mouth and got out my camera. I'd take some samples too, in case anything else had been left. Then, of course, I had casts to make.

I was so excited by my findings, I guess I hadn't been paying attention to the surrounding area. I didn't even hear the sounds of the thing behind me until it was too late. I hardly had time to turn around as I felt an impact on the back of my head like a cement block. My vision whited out and I fell headfirst into the footprint I'd been taking a picture of. Had it set a trap for me? Those were my last thoughts as I passed out from the pain.

I woke up, head raging, to a rank stench filling my nostrils. It was dark out, though not the dark of nightfall as there were no stars. I seemed to be in a cave of some kind, with hard rock, and dirt and damp. There was some light; the exit couldn't have been that far off, but the cave interior was barely visible.

Then the stench *really* hit me. For a moment I felt excited. I recalled rumors of a "skunk ape", a beast that stank so bad to those unfortunate enough to be close. It was impossible to mistake for anything else. But quickly it became clear that this was not a desirable place to be. The putrid stench was nasty, and I felt like vomiting.

I retched, the bile in my mouth disgusting as I tried to breathe with my mouth to get some relief from the fetid odor. But that was a mistake. I nearly threw up right there. I could *taste* the thing, a rank odor of musk and unwashed skin and rank sweaty creature. I backed up as much as I could, trying to put as much distance as I could between myself and the smell. But it was all around me, enveloping me. I was dizzy from the stink.

I slowly realized I wasn't alone. The...*thing* was only a few feet away from me, standing motionless as a statue. It regarded me with curious eyes, shining in the dark while my own tried in vain to adjust to my new surroundings. The eyes were yellow, staring at me an intensity that I wouldn't have expected in a simple beast. They didn't simply look through me, but *into* me, staring at me with something I could only describe as...eagerness?

I stared at the beast of legend, of myth, looking nothing as I expected. The thing stood about 8 feet tall; I couldn't exactly be sure without knowing the dimensions of the lair. It had massive rounded ears, reminding me of a chimp. And it was hairy with thick black matted fur that covered the monster from head to toe. It was massive, thick, and ripped, muscle writhing underneath its dark hair and tough-looking skin. It had a stubby tail, one that beat in eagerness at the sight of me stirring.

But its face was anything but primate. It had two massive tusks protruding from its leathery muzzle and pursed lips. Its nose was thick and bulbous, sniffing the air with curiosity. It was massive, hairless, looking relatively smooth against the rough fur over the creature's skin. I wondered how such a massive, bulbous thing could tolerate such a stench. I chuckled nervously, realizing the beast would be long since immune to its own stink.

There was a light from behind the beast and I quickly realized it was blocking the entrance of the cave. I couldn't get away. Even if I hadn't been in pain there was no way I could fight it off. I was completely at its mercy. What did it intend to do with me?

Its powerful stink washed over me, filling my nostrils. My thoughts were starting to cloud over. It was getting hard to think. I knew I needed to escape but... maybe if I just rested here a while...

A slight ache enveloped my muscles as the creature continued to regard me. I could have sworn I saw a grin cross over the creature's face as it sat down on a rock, staring into me all the while. It grunted a thick, deep, masculine sound. I couldn't stop staring, the creature's rank stench drawing all my attention. It rubbed its crotch, and in shock, I noticed that something was moving within the hair. It-*he*-grunted and I could see what looked like a... oh God was he...?

I stared in horror as the thing's...cock...started getting hard, a thick pinkish knob looking far too much like a human male's member for my liking. It was more massive than anything I'd ever seen in a locker room, its size looking more fit for a farm animal than a man. It was as thick as a beer can, 10 inches and still growing, uncut with a leaking pointed tip.

I should have been disgusted. I should have run. But instead...

I found myself staring in fascination and desire. This was disgusting, depraved! I couldn't be turned on by this! But whatever powerful pheromones this thing was extruding had begun to cloud my instincts and force their way into my thoughts. The beast was horny, *needy*, and I wanted nothing more than to crawl over and suck on that delicious offering.

I shook my head a few times, trying to get the pervasive thoughts from my head. But my body had other ideas. I felt my own cock getting harder in my pants, the tip leaking against the fabric of my underwear, causing me to shudder. I tried to tell myself it had just been a while since I'd gotten off, that it had nothing to do with the creature, but I was deluded. Maybe it was just the powerful stench of his male musk and sweaty body, but I couldn't help but get hard at the sight of his erection.

I found myself crawling forward against my will, my body betraying me as I got closer and closer to that leaking member. The beast was at full mast now, thick gnarled fingers stroking over that tantalizing rod. The scent was stronger than even the creature's hide, and I longed to taste it, to feel that massive rod in my mouth.

I reached out experimentally with my tongue, the salty savory flavor sending shudders through my body. I almost backed up; the creature's thick pre was so powerfully offensive, but after a few moments the aftertaste left me wanting more. I couldn't help but touch my lips to that aching member, the creature's grunts of approval all I needed as I dived on his knob with gusto. I'd never taken cock before, certainly nothing so massive and girthy, but I couldn't get enough as I struggled to pull my lips over it and taste his tip with my explorative tongue. Being this close to the beast made his potent musk even more appealing, and I found I was starting to enjoy breathing it in as the flavor of the beast's cock accented it well.

His girth was massive, and I had to suppress my gag reflex as I worked my inexperienced mouth over the tip. His cock was so rich and sweaty with flavor, and I craved to have it as far down as it would go. All thoughts of morality or heterosexuality were washed away as I continued to drink down the monster's copious pre. The flavor was indescribable, warm and thick and filling me up as I wondered what the creature's load itself would taste like. I was enamored, focused only on sexually pleasuring this magnificent musky beast.

As I sucked away at the delicious offering, my muscles began to twitch and writhe under my skin. The feeling was strange, as though my muscles were growing, bulging, and rippling fast enough for me to notice. The sensations ran through my entire body, tingling as they coursed through my arms and down my chest and legs, raising the hairs along my arms as my flesh began to itch. I could feel similar sensations on my chest, my legs, and my groin as what felt like a forest of hair grew up all over me. I smiled, enjoying the mental image of myself as a bear of a man, or even better, resembling the beautiful creature whose cock I continued to greedily suck.

My bones were beginning to throb, and I sucked harder, the taste of the monster's cock alleviating the annoying aches and stimulating the pleasurable sensations of growth. It was as though I were growing thicker, stronger, *more*. I couldn't get enough!

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I screamed that it was doing something to me, changing me, but the creature's musky stench reassured me that I was OK, that I was safe. A newer, stronger scent entered my senses and I nearly choked on this new pungent odor, before realizing it was my own, sweaty stink from my activities with the beast. But like with the smell of the creature this stink, too, became normal. It was my own brand of potent musk, and the thought of how powerful, how *male* I was becoming made me leak over my increasingly hairy body.

The best was getting close. I could feel his massive cock flaring in my mouth and at my touch. My clothes were getting painfully tight at this point, my muscular, hairy frame stretching them further and further. I was growing so fast, getting so big, but I wasn't nearly as large as my captor. If I kept sucking would I look like him? The thought excited me, spurred me onwards. I stroked faster and faster, eager to drink down the sweet fluid that would change me into a sexy visage of masculinity.

I pulled back as my face was hit with several powerful spurts of rank, musky seed, coating my hairy face and chest, soaking into my shirt and covering me in more of that wonderful male stink. I lapped up as much as I could, saving the salty, milky fluid, craving the continuation of the changes that were flowing over me. I was desperately hoping that the more I consumed, the more I would become like this powerful, sexy beast. My cock bounced furiously in my briefs, growing bigger, thicker. It soon seemed to match the mast of the still rock-hard creature, who was rubbing his hairy balls with a massive furry hand, grunting in post-orgasmic contentment.

I stared at my own hands in wonder, seeing the muscles and tendons writhing underneath the skin. They were expanding, enlarging before my very eyes. The nails thickened, a deep muddy brown as a forest of black hairs erupted from my pores like a bed of snakes. I could feel the same sensations from under my tightening sleeves, working under my smelly armpits and across my thickening chest and bulging stomach. My fingers were thickening, sausage-sized by now and still growing, surging with power. I was not quite as big as my captor, not yet. But from the tingling sensations, I could tell that this was only the beginning.

I realized my clothes were getting more than a little tight at this point. I could feel my arms bulging in my sleeves, growing larger than the tight garments were meant to hold. Bigger than those jocks walking shirtless on campus! Bigger still than anything I could have imagined, save for the massive arms of the beast before me.

I shuddered, my movements restricted as my chest widened and my stomach bulged further and further, my shirt riding up to expose my hairy gut. My pants were painfully tight, something expanding against my ass on one end and my throbbing cock on the other. My feet ached in my shoes, most likely becoming thick, massive digits capable of leaving a deep imprint on the forest floor. I tried to move my toes, the increased dexterity tantalizing to my increasingly-sensitive body.

The creature moved lower, sniffing my face a little as he reached out with an exploratory lick. The tip of his tongue touched the pointy bridge of my nose and I shuddered, the moist flesh teasing the tip and raising my anticipation. The beast lapped at the bridge of my nose, savoring the tender flesh, pulling the rank stench of his spunk off my nose. He was cleaning me, worshipping the flesh with his skilled tongue. Each lap of his tongue felt electric, made me gasp as the pleasurable sensation flowed from my bulging nose through my head and neck. His ministrations were almost accelerating the feelings of growth that were steadily overtaking my once-lanky frame. Each touch, each lap made my nose grow bigger, thicker, matching his own as I became larger, more whole. I longed to look like him, to be that powerful.

The beast backed up and I reached up with my own tongue to explore the exquisite flesh of his bare nose, the warmth and texture tantalizing to my senses. The creature grunted in approval, and I continued to run my tongue over his nose as he had mine, mimicking his movements. The touch of his own tongue on my own was fresh in my memory as I longed to give him the same sensations. I pulled my tongue back to admire my work as I moved my nose closer, our massive dark nostrils nearly touching. I brushed my own nose against his, the sensations feeling even more intimate than kissing. It felt right to touch him this way, an appropriate way to thank him for the gift of change he had bestowed upon me.

The sensations were wonderful. My cock leaked more and more as my tightening pants stretched increasingly taut. My powerful muscles were ripping my frail clothes away at the seams, the growth above my ass ripping out into the thick, musky air of the cave. I was growing faster now, my bulging shoes tearing apart, my shirt tight over my back as it ripped away, exposing my hairy body and my rippling muscles. I would be so strong, so powerful, a muscular visage of masculinity!

An insistent aching in my own balls broke me from my reverie. I needed to cum, to release my potent seed just as my former captor had. I tore away at the already ripped garments sloughing off me in clumps to reveal the beautiful muscle within. I bent over, the force of my movements ripping apart the seams of my jeans and underwear, allowing my growing tail to expose my stretched undies and throbbing hole. A stray human thought made me shiver; I'd never taken

anything inside me like this before, but my ass and balls screamed with the desire to be filled with the magnificent rod I'd so skillfully sucked.

I gasped as I felt the creature skillfully play along my hole with his thick, moist tongue. I shuddered, the stench of his musk having long since invaded my brain, rewriting my thoughts to become a copy of the creature and loving every moment of it. I felt the thing push inside me, opening me up in a way that I had never experienced as a heterosexual human being. It hurt a little, but it was a good pain, forcing my cock to stretch even more to tear away the useless fragments of my stained briefs. I thrust my hips back into the beast, wanting to take as much of his cock as I could, loving the feeling of him opening me up fully.

The sensations of his cock inside me seemed to accelerate the changes. Most of all I felt my face contort, the final area mostly untouched, save for my matching nose. I didn't have a mirror, but I could feel the changes rippling across me. My teeth stretching, filling my mouth, the beginnings of a pair of tusks that hung out of my lower jaw. My lips pursing, the skin taut and black and thick as leather. The hair on my face growing blacker, the hair on my head becoming full and wiry and thick. Most of all my nose grew wider, longer, drinking in the savory offering of our combined musky stench, making me leak all over my hairy crotch and balls.

I moaned as the creature's rough hand played over my mostly human cock. At his touch, I spurted out a thick blob of pre, the pressure in my balls building towards a crescendo. I was getting so close now, the need to cum for the magnificent beast in my ass was all-consuming. I was getting bigger, my massive, thick cock the envy of any man. It was so much larger than I could have even imagined, and still growing even as my orgasm drew near.

I clamped hard on his massive cock, wanting him to blow inside me, filling me with the stink of his virile cum while I came all over his massive hand. I was getting ever bigger under him, growing closer and closer towards his size.

I growled and grunted, no longer making human sounds as the sensation of orgasm began to overtake me. I played over my massive hairy pecs and nipples, feeling my ass clamp down on the creature as my balls churred and my first orgasm as a reborn monster washed over me. My cock spurted out load after load of thick, sticky seed that blew all over the beast's hand and the cave floor. My asshole clenched uncontrollably, and my rectal squeeze drew in the beast's own orgasm, thick torrents of hot spunk filling me up and relaxing me along with my own release.

For what felt like hours, I stood there, tied to the mighty beast, the stench of our lust rolling off me in waves. My thoughts began to clear. I realized what I was, what I'd become, but I didn't

fear it. The scent was too strong, too right, and I felt more content from our breeding than any human experience had ever given me.

After a time the beast pulled out, his excess seed spilling from my rump and onto the cave floor. He began walking towards the back of the cave, motioning for me to follow. I looked up, a bizarre shimmer reawakening the scientific portion of my mind. I could see something inside, as though looking through a portal. I couldn't make out any details but from the view, the space within looked massive, as large as the world we were currently in. An entire world beyond my understanding, and my new mate was leading the way. No scientist could pass up this chance!

I understood now that he had been human once like me. It was the only way to explain the intelligence, the somewhat-human form, the rags of torn clothes I could now see in the gloom of the cave that looked just as mine had. And he was not alone. Other hikers, scientists, researchers, missing persons. Given the gift of strength and vitality.

I looked him in the eyes before slowly leaning forward, just enough so the tips of our bulbous noses were touching. I left the sensation lingering for a moment, building his anticipation before moving closer, worshiping that thick beautiful nose with my own, an act nearly as intimate as the coupling we'd just undergone. He nuzzled my nose for a few more moments in return and beckoned me to follow him into the void. There was no recourse to follow him eagerly, knowing that with him, I was home.