

Some Like it Ripe

Written by Leo_Todrius

Supported by my Patrons

The air rippled above the hot asphalt, distorting and blurring the city buildings beyond. It was hot enough that the roads glistened, almost as if they were rivers of black slime. The parched cement seemed dusty by comparison, though equally hot. Even the red bricks that made up the bus depot and its artfully constructed crosswalks sizzled with the heat, practically turned into kilns. The only souls that would venture out during the third historic heat wave of twenty-thirty-one were the insane and the desperate. Cole was probably a bit of both.

The twenty nine year old had found the shadiest part of the bus depot and planted himself on the bench, finding it tolerable despite being warm. The ceiling of the bus depot had been made out of a special milky plexiglass resistant to baking whatever was beneath, but three sides were open air, giving Cole a view of the sun-saturated city. There were no cars driving, no people out walking. Everyone had listened to the heat advisory and stayed indoors except for him. Even the busses were on reduced schedule, but the sad truth of the matter was, Cole didn't have anywhere to be... at least nowhere he wanted to be. He was one of the last people in the city without an Augmented Climate system to keep it cool.

Cole kept gazing out of the bus depot as if he was studying the ruins of a civilization. He thought about the refrigerators working overtime at the florist, the desolate mall with few surviving stores and fewer customers. Somewhere in the midst of the abandoned city was the growing growl of one of the city's few remaining methods of public transit; the autobus. Cole spotted the reflection on the windows across the street before he saw the bus itself. The vehicle rumbled down the street, slowing as it approached the depot. Its rectangular chassis had sweeping angles and lines in an attempt to make it more futuristic. It chirped and droned as it approached the sidewalk, orange lights flashing from numerous panels along its body. Even the solar panels on the roof retracted as it pulled into one of the lanes of the depot, the engine cycling down with a subtle decreasing hum.

The bus finally came to a complete stop, the doors perfectly aligned in front of Cole. The windows were faintly tinted, enough that Cole was staring at himself. His dark brown hair was soaked with sweat and just long enough to start getting a few curls and waves. A faint dusting of blackish-brown stubble hugged his cheeks, though it was darkest along his lantern-like jaw. His strong, broad shoulders stuck out of a teal tank top. Exposed skin seemed like an even more insane idea during the heatwave, but his flesh had taken on an almost charming fusion between a natural tan and a darkening of his freckles to a galaxy of constellations. Cargo shorts left enough room for air flow and his legs were dusted with a respectable coating of hair.

Cole seemed like the sort of man you'd run into at a hardware store or an electronics store, practically anywhere an unassuming man would be. He felt like an extra in the lives of those around him. He'd made it through high school and college with ease, done well at his first job for seven years, started another... but nothing left him feeling fulfilled. He'd worked hard because of family duty, honor, work ethic. He'd just never really found what made him feel like himself.

The faint hiss of the bus doors shook Cole from his thoughts and his reflection, revealing the steps up into the interior. Cole heaved himself to his rather large feet and reached out to

grab the handrail, pulling himself up. The design of busses hadn't changed much in the last hundred years. They were still big metal rectangles with bench seats and four wheels that conveyed the public around for a modest charge. The one big difference was that when Cole had been in high school, they still had human drivers. The driver seat was now occupied by a faintly glassy quartz column full of sensors, processors and decision engines. A metallic podium scanned the near field transmitter on Cole's phone as he climbed, charging his bank account touchlessly.

Cole wandered down the aisle between row after row of seats before electing to take up his favorite position. While most of the seats faced forward, there were a few just above the rear wheel well that were sideways. Cole sat down, spreading his arms out across the back of the bench, looking out of the window at the city beyond. While Cole felt extremely underwhelmed with his own life, he did like people watching. There was something about the infinite diversity of humanity that appealed to him. He doubted anyone else would be out in weather like this, but his favorite seat was still his favorite seat.

"Please remain seated while the Autobus is in motion. Do not enter the driver well. Graffiti is strictly forbidden. Vaping is only allowed on green line bus routes." the automated voice yammered through worn out speakers. Cole was starting to realize that the more primitive air conditioning on the bus was not managing to bring it much down past ninety. He was still sweating. At least the bus was empty and no one was going to object to his own particular aroma.

Cole started to reach for his phone when he heard the bus reaching the end of its instructions when a shadow fell across the steps. The soft pitter pat of feet came and Cole's jaw dropped as he saw the tall, crisp, white crest of a mohawk rise up into view well ahead of its owner. When the rest of the young man appeared, Cole felt his heart skip several beats. While the twenty nine year old liked to look at all kinds of people, the fact that he was both gay and bored with himself drew his eye to men that stood out. While the punk aesthetic had waxed and waned over the years, it was still rare for anyone to go quite that out there.

The punk stopped for a moment, standing next to the podium. He reached into the pocket of his spiked black vest, then another pocket before pulling out a gray card with a near field chip and held it up to the reader. It took a few tries before eventually the podium flashed green. The punk turned, his mohawk shifting from profile to front on. The punk had to be eighteen or nineteen. His white mohawk was flanked by short black hair on either side that crept into long sideburns and a small tuft of bleached white hair hanging down from his chin. Long glass spikes trailed back from his ears, tracing across his neck. His black jeans had more holes than swiss cheese and his boots were scuffed, worn and heavy.

It was in that moment that Cole realized that all the action on the bus ride would be inside the bus, not outside. He regretted sitting sideways, but maybe he'd be able to change direction to watch the punk without him noticing or thinking the older man a creeper. Cole was trying to decide how to covertly change positions when he realized that the punk was not taking a seat near the front or even the middle of the bus. Cole tried to wipe the surprise from his face before realizing that, like most rebels, he'd prefer the back. The punk passed the rear door of the bus and, to Cole's extreme shock, stopped, turning to face him.

“Mind if I sit next to you?” he asked with a shy smile. Cole was so shocked and dumbfounded that several seconds passed as he played and replayed the question in his mind before realizing, eventually, that he had not answered yet.

“Sure, yeah, that’d be cool.” Cole managed finally. Before Cole could analyse if his response had made any sense, the punk grinned and plopped himself down on the bench next to him. Cole started to pull his arm back out of the younger man’s personal space, but he leaned his head back and used it as a pillow. Cole froze, although his groin stirred a bit from its slumber at the surprise. Cole didn’t understand what was going on or why, out of all the empty spaces on the bus, the punk had wanted to sit next to him.

“Sure is nice to be out of that heat, right?” the younger man asked, turning his head without unpinning Cole’s arm. They were impossibly close. This was like one of Cole’s deepest, darkest fantasies. Had he passed out? Was this a heat stroke? Did people have sexy heatstroke dreams? Cole swallowed.

“Still pretty hot in here.” Cole murmured. The punk grinned, revealing his unusually sharp teeth.

“Oh yeah, plenty hot in here. But I don’t mind the heat. I’m pretty low maintenance and very easy to please.” the punk replied, “What about you?” he asked. Cole blinked again before he smiled awkwardly.

“I think I’m getting there.” he answered, “I’m Cole by the way.” he introduced.

“Ajay.” the punk replied with a smile. For a moment they were left there looking into each other’s eyes. Cole wanted to sink into the moment, to live in it, but his mind kept churning with more questions. What was going on? Why was this kid being so friendly? Weren’t they like ten years apart in age? Cole finally broke their gaze and actually snuggled in closer until they were hip to hip. Cole blushed softly.

“I probably smell pretty ripe. I’ve been sweating all day and I, uh, forgot deodorant this morning.” he apologized. Cole’s grin only grew.

“Would it surprise you that some people like it ripe and rank?” Ajay asked. Cole’s brow furrowed a little.

“What do you mean, like it?” he asked. Ajay exhaled in a bit of a half-laugh.

“I mean that to some people, that smell is good, not bad.” he said, sitting upright and turning to face Cole. He sized him up from his tank top to his shorts, looking at all that exposed skin before he narrowed his focus on Cole’s underarm, “In fact, I find it really hot. I could show you what I mean, if you like...” he whispered. Cole’s eyes went wide once more.

“S-Show me?” he asked, although Ajay apparently took it as a statement rather than a question. The punk turned more towards Cole, their knees pressed as he leaned in. That tall white mohawk exaggerated the slightest movement the punk made, signalling his approach. Cole turned to watch as the punk nuzzled his face down into Cole’s underarm, snuggling and nudging in deeper. At first it was a strange, unexpected sensation, but as Ajay opened his mouth and a thick, slick tongue emerged, the feeling started to short out Cole’s abilities to think.

As if to punctuate the life changing moment, the bus lurched and began to pull away from the curb. It rumbled under the arched roof of the bus depot before slipping back into the street, navigating its way easily along without any other traffic. Cole’s eyes were half lidded, his brain short circuiting. Ajay was tender and gentle for a few moments, but it seemed his hunger was getting the best of him. His tongue worked like a tool, savoring the manly flavor of sweat

and musk that Cole had produced without any artificial tinges of deodorant or shampoo. It was delectable. Ajay pressed deeper, rooting around as if it was for food, slurping and sucking. His hand slipped out, braced on Cole's stomach, pressing against it and rubbing it.

Cole's back arched and he nearly jumped up in his seat. It would have been a vast understatement to say that he'd never had any attention paid to his underarm. He'd never even thought it might be something he was into, and now his pit was tingling and stinging and throbbing with activity. Could someone get a hickey under their arm? He groaned, feeling as if Cole was latching onto his pit hair. He'd never had much, in fact it had been fairly sparse. He'd even shaved it once or twice in college given how little there was and yet how it seemed to anchor his pit aroma, but now? Maybe it had grown when he wasn't paying attention... and now it was exactly what Ajay had wanted.

The sun poured across the tinted windows, turning them a hazy brown with a vague after-image of the city beyond. What light did come through brought out the reddish hues of Cole's stubble and his freckles. He looked down at the young punk in his pit and his brain started to finally function again. This was exactly what he wanted, what he'd wanted for years. It was just... more than he thought he'd ever get. He'd been drawn to the unique, the fascinating, the weird. He'd gotten older and thought he'd have to age up his interests to match, but here was an eighteen or nineteen year old punk who thought his ripe pit was the best thing ever.

Cole started to grin, imagining what would happen as time went on... He'd watch the punk mature and grow, pack on some muscle, get bigger, get hairier... but of course so would he. Cole murmured softly, imagining taking the punk under his wing as much as his arm. He murmured, fantasies swirling with realities, murmuring. After several blocks, Ajay reluctantly pulled back, panting for breath. The white tuft of hair hanging down his chin was soaked with excess saliva. He looked down at the thick forest of dark hair from under Cole's right arm.

"That was amazing." Cole whispered. Ajay nodded eagerly.

"Delicious... But I better get the other side, keep them even." he whispered before he moved to straddle Cole. Cole inhaled sharply as the punk's rather ample groin came to rest on his. Ajay leaned down toward Cole's other pit, relieved the older man wore such a flexible tank top. Cole, however, paused.

"Are you sure?" Cole asked, "What if-"

"What if someone else gets on the bus? What if the bus is being monitored more than usual? I doubt either one would happen, but even if it does, let them watch what real men do." Ajay said, giving Cole a hump to make him more pliant before he leaned down, starting to slurp and suck and nuzzle at the other side. While Cole's mind was content enough to accept that he'd somehow gotten hairier recently, he had no idea how recent. His left pit was just as sparsely covered as it had been in college, but every lick and nibble Ajay applied was coaxing more out of it. New soft hairs sprouted, longer ones thickened. They pushed out centimeter after centimeter, spreading from the center to the periphery.

Ajay felt Cole's warm body, tasted his scent, felt his heart beating. The connection was real. It was exactly what he had been hoping for. He'd hoped to savor more of Cole's scent, but at least he had more pit hair for it to take root in. Now all that was left was for everything to start taking its natural course. He pulled his face back from the older man's pit and looked at his face before leaning in, bringing their lips together. The embrace surprised Cole but he melted into it, parting his lips to allow the furtive, curious tongue inside. They remained there for a long

moment, Ajay pressing ever so tightly against his groin before at last the punk leaned back and reached up, giving a tug to the sensor cord hanging above the seats. The bus lurched before slowing, adjusting its trajectory towards the sidewalk up ahead.

“This is my stop...” Ajay murmured, “Will I see you tomorrow?” he asked.

“Hell yes...” Cole whispered. Ajay gave him a grin and leaned in, giving the stubble on his chin a playful lick before he climbed up, turned and sauntered to the front of the bus. The doors squeaked open and the air rippled as the hot air infiltrated the bus, shimmering as the sunlight passed through it. Ajay gave Cole one last flirting smile before he slipped off the bus and moved down the side street. Cole thought about following him, seeing where everything led, but they would see each other the next day. For the first time in his life, Cole had a date.

Not every part of the human body had nerve endings, and yet Cole was surprised by just how much he could feel when it came to his hair. He'd noticed since he was a kid that his hair clumped differently when it got wet from rain water versus shower water, but when it wasn't cleaned at all? That felt worlds different. It was oily, greasy, laying differently on his head. It felt filthy and yet... exhilarating. There was the nip of wetness from the hair brushing the back of his neck, matching the moisture around the collar of his tank top. Even his skin felt different despite the sweat. It felt sacrilegious and yet so perfect at the same time. After all, like Ajay had said, some liked it ripe.

Just like the previous day, Cole had hung out at the bus depot and surveyed the empty streets. The bus had come, he'd boarded and he'd taken up his customary position. Even more than the previous day he felt as though he should have taken a front facing seat, but the sideways seat had given them plenty of room to maneuver around. The moments ticked by and while Cole was relieved to be in the bus given that the temperature outside was even hotter, he had started to worry that he was going to be stood up. The fears evaporated like a puddle on the hot pavement as that white mohawk bobbed its way up into the bus.

Ajay was dressed much like the previous day, although the dark black stubble on his cheeks seemed thicker and his low hanging pants were adorned with what appeared to be a plush skunk tail. The black fur with the white crest suddenly made sense. Cole's cock quivered a bit as he put the pieces together and realized that Ajay seemed to have fully embraced his spirit animal. He grinned wide as the young man approached, hastily scanning his bus card before he moved over to sit down on Cole's lap, placing one knee squarely in the seats on either side of him. Cole moaned and pressed up, forcing Ajay to grind against him just to stay on. Ajay moaned softly, leaning in to give Cole a sniff.

“You smell amazing.” he said, looking up at Cole's face with a hungry smile.

“I saved it all for you.” Cole replied. Ajay shivered a bit happily at that.

“It's even hotter today.” Ajay said, reaching up, playing with the edge of Cole's tank top sleeve hole.

“It is, I'm even dirtier today.” Cole said. Ajay let out a soft squeak.

“You really know how to speak my language.” he whispered before leaning down. Cole assumed that he had braced himself, but instead of going for his pit, Ajay had peeled back the tanktop and brought his lips down around Cole's nipple. The older man arched his back, almost

yelping in surprise. Ajay, however, had latched on hard and was already sucking and tugging on the sensitive nub of flesh, coaxing it to erection before his teeth latched on, nibbling and tugging harder. Cole's eyes squeezed shut in surprise as he grunted and moaned, hands digging into the sparse bus seat cushions on either side. He couldn't have imagined how people had fun on public transit back when human drivers were employed.

Ajay rooted around the other man's pec, nuzzling, turning to one side and then the other. His rough stubble was playing havoc on Cole's pec, teasing the flesh and making it tingle before new hairs began to sprout and grow around the nipple, spreading outward. It was such slow, tedious work but Ajay loved it. He kept suckling, feeling the nub grow longer and thicker and wider in his mouth, his lips brushing against the fleshy rim that expanded from dime size to quarter, growing thicker and heavier as well.

Cole writhed and rolled in his seat before he reached up with a large, firm hand and grabbed the nape of Ajay's neck right below the fin of his mohawk. He held the younger man to his chest, panting hard. Ajay reached up under Cole's tank top, raking his surprisingly sharp nails across his stomach. The flesh stung from the assault but the sting became a tingle as more soft dark hairs began to blossom and sprout beneath his hand. Ajay raked his hand up and down, back and forth, grooming the new crop of hair as it filled in.

Wet, lewd sounds smacked and echoed through the cabin of the bus Cole's moans only intensified at just how naughty they were being. His entire chest was throbbing. Ajay had suckled for a few blocks already before he finally popped free of the embrace. Cole looked down, seeing at least half an inch of nipple poking out from a darkened, wider nipple on top of a pec that was clearly thicker than he recalled. He was perplexed by it, wondering if the mere attention was enough to coax that much more out of what assets he had to offer, but Ajay was already moving onto the other side. Cole shuddered and melted into it, holding the punk to his chest again.

Ajay savored the faint hints of sweat and musk, of manliness, of grime and the ripe hot residue of the heat wave. So few people were willing to endure the weather, even fewer were willing to endure him, but Cole? This handsome, strapping, beefcake of a man had not only let him close, but he'd taken to their play so quickly. Ajay was certain. Cole was the one he needed, the one he longed for, and he was going to do everything in his power to make him enjoy it. The punk's hand slipped up, fingernails slowly lengthening into dark black claws as he massaged and rubbed at the forest of pit hair that had grown in after his first affections. It was coming along well, but it could be so much thicker.

The city shimmered as it passed by outside the bus. The brick and plaster facades were memories of a society slipping from prominence, everyone shifting to staying inside during the summer months and surviving thanks to Augmented Climate systems, remote employment and robotic delivery drones to bring everything they needed. The streets were empty, but in that way they belonged to Cole and Ajay. The wet, soft sounds came both from Ajay's mouth as well as the moans and groans Cole added. The two ground and humped, pressing against one another until, at long last, Ajay lifted up, looking at the older man with a smile.

Cole was sprawled out on the bus bench. His legs were spread and his arms were spread wider, taking up the whole bench. His face looked almost drunk. Ajay grinned with satisfaction and leaned in, giving Cole a kiss, then a second kiss, then a third one with a hint of

tongue. He reached into his vest and pulled out a long cylindrical object wrapped in clear plastic, offering it over to Cole. Cole reached up and took it, his brow arching a bit in surprise.

“A cigar?” he asked.

“I thought you could appreciate it, being such a manly man. Maybe it can be a parting gift for today and you can tell me how it went tomorrow?” he asked hopefully. Cole looked around, realizing where they were.

“Didn’t we miss your stop?” he asked.

“I wanted to go a little further today. But will I see you tomorrow?” he asked again hopefully. Cole closed his fingers around the cigar and nodded.

“Hell yes. I’ll see you tomorrow, kid.” he grinned. Ajay grinned back brightly at that, giving Cole’s lips one last quick kiss, then his chin before he climbed off of his lap, gave him a wave and headed for the door. Cole hesitated, his mind focusing on just how long the punk’s painted black fingernails were. Had they always been that long? Even the plush tail hanging down from the back of his pants seemed longer and fuller. Maybe it was just his imagination or the heat.

Cole watched the punk disembark from the bus and move down the side street, disappearing from view behind a series of dumpsters in a graffiti coated alley. The bus shuddered as it pulled back into traffic, passing another empty automated bus and a trio of motorcycle shaped delivery drones. It was a city inhabited by artificial animals and Cole almost felt like some sort of parasite... but it didn’t matter. He felt alive, more alive than he ever had been before. He lifted the cigar up and took a long whiff, shuddering. Even with the plastic coating, it seemed quite potent. Apparently Ajay wanted him to collect all the smells. He wasn’t about to disappoint his new boyfriend.

The door to Cole’s apartment opened with a pop and a bit of a creak. The temperature fluctuations had warped it over the years and it didn’t quite fit right. The main lights were off, leaving the kitchen dim but the right wall of the living space was made up of a shoji-like grid of paper held in place by a wood lattice backlit by an ever changing melange of colors. At the moment it simulated the sunset outside, casting a soft warm aura across the living room. That was, as far as Cole could tell, the extent of any interest in his living space. The rest was utilitarian, modest, boring, and entirely uninhabitable when it got hot. After all, Cole was one of the unlucky ones to live without an Augmented Climate system. Retro air conditioners just couldn’t keep up anymore. It had led Cole to his current lifestyle, exploring outwards when his living space got hotter than the exterior. It had led to his fortune of meeting Ajay.

Cole reached into his pocket and withdrew the cigar, looking at it. The brown wrapping seemed a little uneven but it was packed solidly enough. In fact, it was pretty robust - bigger than most of the cigars Cole had seen before. His lips curled into a faint smile as he grinned, thinking about Ajay, about how it felt to have him suckling on his pec or his pit. He was a bundle of horniness and just thinking about satisfying him made Cole hard again. His shorts tented as he moved around his apartment. The cigar was a symbol of that affection, of that attraction and manliness. Who was he to turn away from it?

Despite all the advancement mankind had achieved over the last century, it hadn’t been able to shake the love affair with smoking. Even electronic and vape alternatives hadn’t curbed

the habit. While Cole hadn't partaken much himself, he'd had plenty of friends that had and they had left behind lighters at various parties and social gatherings. All that detritus had made it to Cole's junk drawer. He moved into the kitchen, lit only by ambient light. The drawer slid open and he pulled out a black and white zebra striped lighter, setting it on the counter before turning his attention to the cigar itself.

The plastic peeled away with just a bit of tension, obviously designed to keep it fresh without posing an inconvenience. Once more Cole lifted it up to take a sniff, though his eyes immediately started watering and he backed away. It was pungent and profound, emitting an aroma that nearly defied Cole's vocabulary. It was earthy and spicy like cigars were supposed to be, but it was overly musky as well with a fair share of swampiness and a few shades of smells that Cole couldn't even begin to identify. It was a perplexing situation. Perhaps it was best that he was trying it out of Ajay's eyeshot. If he couldn't man up to it, at least he could hide his shame. Still, it was worth a try. After all, what was the alternative? He lived a life of repetition bordering on attrition.

Cole brought the cigar to his lips, making sure to get good leverage and hold it steady. His hand hoisted the lighter up from the counter, flicking it a few times before the flame erupted from it. With an unskilled hand he drew the flame back and forth across the tip of the cigar, puffing a bit. He was starting to remember something about clipping the end of it and felt like an idiot when the flame took despite his missed step. He puffed away, drawing air through the cigar to coax the flame. A wisp of grayish white smoke lifted up as the casing burned away before gradually turning to an odd, almost bluish green as the leafy contents began burning inside. Cole only had a moment to ponder the strange color before the concentrated form of all that musky, earthy, swampiness hit his mouth.

In an instant Cole felt as if he had imbibed the essence of a late summer, early fall... He felt warm yet cozy, energetic with a tinge of contentment, and more than a fair share of dirty. The cigar was on the edge of being foul, but after all, Ajay had said he did like it ripe... and that sickly sweet paradox was strangely alluring. After a life of following the rules, the idea of being a bit disgusting was amazing - and more than just a little arousing. Cole had already had an erection but his cock soon hardened, stretching to full mast. Even his tank top was poking out as his swollen nipples elongated, bigger than they'd ever been before.

Having been swept away by the first impact of the smoke, Cole's brain eventually returned to the fact that he would have to manage it. He held the smoke in his lips for a long moment, letting his cheeks bloat out as he took in more and more. As his cheeks extended, tiny bristles of new stubble began pushing out across his cheeks, climbing up from the darkened line along his jaw. The cheeks tingled inside and out, both from the smoke and the change. The tingling spread down to his lungs even though the smoke hadn't quite reached there. The effervescence bloomed outward from his chest as more and more hairs began to emerge, pushing out to join the ones Ajay had coaxed on their bus ride.

Almost as if it was a matter of pride, Cole had taken in as much smoke as he could manage before he ultimately had to exhale. A plume of blue smoke spilled out over his lips as they swelled and thickened. Even with the smoke expelled, the rancid flavor clung to his thickening tongue and sharpening teeth. The smoke spilled and swirled around his head, tendrils dancing across the hundreds of new hairs and coating the older, longer ones. Cole's

eyes were half lidded, though the color was darkening from his iris, making the pupils appear larger and fuller.

One puff... It had only been one puff and Cole felt better than he had in years. Even without the smoke filling his cheeks, his stubble continued to grow and spread, filling out across his cheeks more than it ever had before. He brought the cigar back to his lips and drew in again. The tip of the cigar burned a bright, odd silver as the blue smoke billowed into his mouth. His eyes slipped shut as the feelings swept over him again. Each heart beat was like an electric jolt to his nipples, his cock, his muscles. Sensation, memory, and emotion all pooled together. Cole knew he should have just held the smoke in his mouth, but he couldn't help but draw it in a bit deeper, to let it seep into his very soul.

What had been a simmer became a boil. The sizzling feeling spread from his face and chest to other extremities. Cole felt the biting nip of perspiration as he sweat into his thick forests of pit hair. His firm, full pecs began to swell, pushing outward against his loose tank top. Cole wandered out of the kitchen slowly, tipping his head back. He held the cigar with one side of his mouth before releasing the smoke from the other. The blue cloud spilled out in a volcanic plume, filtering through wisps of mustache that had not been there before. The stubble had sprouted and blossomed, stretching out like sweet, dark summer grass.

Having achieved more confidence with his cigar skills, it had left him hands free. One had drifted over his chest, brushing his fat, long nipple while the other hand had sunk into his pants. His fingers coiled around his shaft, giving it a squeeze, a tug, then shifting back and forth. With just a little more effort he brought out his bloated, larger than ever manhood. He made his way over to his couch, dropping down onto the cushions with a soft thud. His legs spread out and he leaned back, giving his arms ample room to maneuver.

In and out. Back and forth. Round and round. It was a self indulgent display of multitasking far more advanced than patting one's head and rubbing one's tummy. For someone with so little practice, Cole had taken to the cigar like a fish to water. He was practically breathing the smoke now. The haze filled the apartment, allowing the colored lights of the Shoji wall to carry outward and dance across the space. The smoke tickled at Cole's thickening beard, sweeping across his growing chest and hairy legs. It seeped into the couch, saturated the paper divider and coated the surfaces of the appliances. It was the smell of manliness, of musk, of pushing things too far. It was Cole's smell now.

Cole's hand slipped up and down his aching hard shaft with a fervent urgency. His lust addled mind could not calculate how much his cock was growing because his hand was growing as well. His fingers lengthened and thickened, his palm broadened and his wrist widened. New hairs poked out from behind his knuckles, then the back of his hand, connecting into the darkening forest that wrapped around his arm. Cole was older than Ajay without doubt, but that gulf almost seemed to be widening by the second. Cole was growing months worth of hair in seconds. The amount of skin visible on his chest shrank back more and more until it was obscured entirely by the forest of hair above.

While Cole had felt lost in a euphoria free from time, the cigar had marked the passage by growing shorter. The potent mix inside had burned away, a quarter of the length reduced to stubborn ash. The cigar stretched out perpendicular to Cole's face, but that right angle was countered by an unexpected curve. Cole had been growing in height, width and mass with every puff of the cigar, but aside from his manhood, the only other part growing quite so fast was his

beard. Modest unkempt stubble had become a short beard in moments. As the cigar depleted, it seemed the word short would never again be in Cole's vocabulary.

Hair seeped and spread outward in pleasant surges. A dark mustache had curved down over Cole's upper lip, framing the cigar that dominated his focus. His cheeks had turned dark black, wisps creeping up above his nostrils on either side. His new facial hair had fanned outward into a crested mane that descended from his cheeks, but the most impressive mass came from under his bottom lip. The hair had grown straight out for an inch, then two, then almost three before gradually curving down. That immense outgrowth had fostered incredible volume beneath it.

Every puff, every toke, every breath pushed Cole further. The room was lost in a fog of cigar smoke and that high concentration only pushed the changes further. Cole's otherwise maintained nails darkened from ivory to gray and then black. Their blunt tips began to edge outward, honing into points. Cole's handsome ears began to perk and twitch as they took on points, growing taller. The tank top that had been loose for so long was now growing tight across twin pectorals that were each the size of a honey baked ham. Even his stomach had grown taut, firm and rounded as it ballooned outward into a muscle gut.

While Cole's biceps and triceps had grown, it made even more foundation for his impossibly thick pits to grow hairier still. Even his cargo shorts strained and stretched tight around massive tree trunk like legs. Cole was swept away in the haze and ecstasy of the smoke as he drew in again and again and again. His balls bloated, his feet widened and lengthened, his back broadened. The ash grew and the cigar shrank, more than three quarters gone.

As much as he had been invested in his own pleasure, Cole found his mind swinging back to Ajay. That ripe little punk had changed his life for the better. Cole's beard rimmed, cigar filled mouth twisted into a predatory grin full of sharp fangs. He grunted, a spurt of precum launching from his cock before being followed by several runny eruptions. He imagined pinning that punk to a brick wall to fuck him stupid, or maybe even use the bus to his benefit and give him a ride while they were taking a ride.

The ash glowed brighter on the cigar, the smoke getting darker. Cole drew in deep, holding it until his whole body burned. He growled out as the smoke spilled again. His body shimmered with sweat and the pigment began to blanch out down the center of his beard, creating a white stripe that ran down his long, full, thick mane. Silver began to bleach its way into his chest hair as well, lightening the forest across his torso while leaving his arm and leg hair dark.

With a triumphant muffled roar, Cole began to cum hard. A few jolts of pearly white cum arched out over the apartment's worn carpeting before his fat club of a member began to unleash thicker, stickier, riper seed. It darkened and yellowed, becoming more potent. The hair covering his balls thickened enough to be considered fur, ringing his cock with a pelt. Every inch of flesh from his navel to his collarbone vanished beneath silver fur and even his eyebrows seemed to be trying to grow together to complete the circuit of hair. His ears were no longer quite human, his fangs unsettling as well, but as his eyes opened, they were the final evidence that Cole was different. His eyes had darkened to a deep glassy brownish-black. He blinked a few times before reaching up with the hand that had been teasing his nipple, drawing away the stub of the cigar from his lips.

“Now that was some good shit...” Cole murmured, his voice a few octaves lower than it had been before.

The air rippled and waved like an unseen ocean, affected by the heat rising up from the surface. More signs and indicators warned that the heat wave had reached new levels, that even more services had been shuttered as a result. If the streets had seemed abandoned before, they were absolutely barren now... and yet Cole felt fine. In fact, he felt far more than fine. Even though the temperature had climbed up higher, he felt more comfortable. It was as if he had finally shrugged out of an uncomfortable outfit and pulled on something well worn, broken in and a bit dirty. Everything just... fit.

What little breeze there was billowed through the man's beard, the silver stripe down the middle reaching to his collarbone with dark black hair flanking either side. His tank top was tissue paper thin, spread over meaty pectorals trying to pop free from the stretched out collar. The sleeve holes that had been loose and hanging before were nearly completely filled with broad shoulders and thick arms. His muscle gut was so full and tight that it left several inches of curved stomach beneath, and it had become impossible to tell where any of his hair started or ended. Only his forehead, nose and the space around his eyes were spared his new coating. The swirls across his chest were blanched out, showing a distinguished hint of age.

If anyone had been out in the streets, Cole most certainly would have stood out. While his mind had not fully wrapped around the changes, he now possessed fangs, claws, and pointed ears. His shorts had a lewd, obscene bulge in the front and the hair growing under his arms had reached a length granting it the ability to capture a most pungent, musky, swampy aroma of masculinity. Cole had become a beast. More so, he was loving it. A clawed hand reached down, kneading and rubbing at his bulge as his solid black eyes swept back and forth across the bus depot.

“Attention: Due to inclement weather, the public transit system will be unable to function. We apologize for the convenience... Atención: debido a las inclemencias del tiempo, el sistema de transporte público no podrá funcionar. Pedimos disculpas por la conveniencia.” the automated voice echoed from a variety of embedded speakers built into the curved ceiling. The placards indicating bus routes all turned from blue to yellow out of service markers. Cole looked up at the signs, standing there in the searing heat, feeling the profound sense that while the world around him was shutting down, he was feeling more capable than he ever had. The question was if Ajay felt the same way.

Without a watch, especially without the automated precision of the bus routes, it was impossible for Cole to tell how much time had passed. Had it been moments, minutes, or more? He could smell his sweat and musk and funk radiating from his body and it was only turning him on more. How had Ajay awoken his nipples, coaxing them to swell and grow like miniature manhoods of their own? And why was his cock so jealous of their attention, swelling and surging like an eel hunting for prey. He growled and murmured to himself, feeling his urges nearly boiling over until his nostrils flared, he inhaled, and a grin crossed his lips. Ajay was nearly there...

The arrival of the younger punk had been spoiled by a ripe, musky scent. It was similar to Cole's aroma, though a bit different. It had a milky edge to it, something wholesome to counteract the rancid. It was young and virile and supple and perfect and his. Cole murmured, looking up as he saw the dark figure round the corner. Cole had always been drawn to the unique and rebellious, to those that defied social norms, to the brave young men that didn't want to stick in. For so many years he'd wanted to be like them, and now he was. He looked at Ajay's tall, proud white mohawk and his dark scruffy sideburns, at the long tuft of white hair hanging down from his chin and his sharp piercings. He looked at his clothes and claws and tail and-

Despite all the testosterone surging through his system, it finally clicked into place. Cole looked at Ajay approaching, a huge fluffy black and white tail bobbing behind him. It rose up like a shell to protect his back before curving and tilting back. It was striped, matching his mohawk and clothes. His jeans sagged down to make enough room for the root of it, and it just seemed to compliment those fuzzy pointed ears that stuck out from the side of his head... How had Cole not seen it before, how had he not realized? Cole looked down at his own hand, seeing his nails sharpened to points, thick and curved. Calluses were swollen on his fingertips and palms. He looked at it and then at Ajay.

"Don't be mad, please, I just was so tired of being alone and you seemed so happy to see me. I couldn't help myself. I didn't expect it to take so easily." Ajay said softly. Cole said nothing at first, moving to peer around behind Ajay, looking at his tail. It wasn't a prosthetic, it wasn't a fake. It was surely a part of him... and the punk's eyes were solid black, the tip of his nose darkened, his sideburns unruly and pointed into little crests. Cole looked down at his boots where claws poked through well worn gaps in the tips.

"What is this?" Cole asked in a low voice, his lips curling as he looked at Ajay's ass and had to fight off every urge to claim it instantly as his own territory.

"It's..." Ajay hesitated, considering, "Remember when they first brought out the Augmented Climate systems? How the scientists said we'd passed a point of no return and this was the only way? Not everyone could weatherproof their home, let alone afford a system like that." Ajay said. Cole grimaced.

"I know, I was one of them." he said softly. Ajay nodded.

"While everyone else closed themselves up to hide away from the weather when it got too much, some of the rest of us started to change ourselves. You could call it a mutation or maybe nature was trying to augment us." Ajay explained. Cole inhaled and exhaled.

"And the cigar?" he asked. Ajay licked his lips.

"Did you like it? You look amazing... Like a big strong skunk daddy should." Ajay said, slipping up, running a hand across Cole's belly. Cole growled and grabbed the back of the punk's head, pulling him into a feverish kiss. His tongue plunged into the younger man's mouth, sliding over those fangs, wrestling that tongue. Ajay's clawed, fingerless gloved hands undid Cole's fly and was rewarded with the biggest, fattest meat log he'd ever held. He started to slide his hand up and down at once, but Cole suddenly broke the kiss, pulling back, panting.

"Skunk... We're skunks..." he murmured.

"Almost. I think you're just about ready." Ajay grinned.

"How did you look human before?" he asked. Ajay's lips tightened a little.

"I'm not sure... Some of this comes and goes, but I also think some people just don't want to see? They can't admit our world is changing, so they block it out? I can't explain it. I

guess I was a bit better at it than my brothers. Not all of us come this far downtown. They stick around Desert Bluff.” he said. Cole’s expression shifted a little.

“That part of the city got cordoned off, unlivable conditions and not suitable for repurposing.” he said softly. Ajay grinned.

“It’s a bit beat up, sure, but it’s got one hell of a view of the sunset.” Ajay shrugged, “And the garbage dump...” he added, reaching up to run his clawed fingers through Cole’s thick, dark skunk beard, “Such a sexy skunk daddy.” he whispered. Cole growled, his cock starting to dribble precum.

“You said brothers?” Cole murmured, panting softly.

“Well, of a sort. More augments like me, three skunks and a racoon. We have similar interests, but we’ve all needed a strong, manly father figure to show us the ropes.” Cole whispered, “Think you’re up to it, stud?” he asked.

“You tell me. You got any more of those cigars?” Cole growled. Ajay smirked.

“Enough for a lifetime.” he replied.

“Good.” Cole said before he grabbed Ajay and pushed him against the wall, promptly yanking his jeans down. Ajay squeaked out with surprise, and then, as skunks were likely to do when startled or threatened, he bore down. The glands on either side of his tailhole were compressed and a must of greenish blue liquid erupted outward. The smell was pungent; ammonia, melted rubber, rotten plant life. It was designed to scare away attackers, but for Cole it felt like something else. It felt like the last piece of his awakening. He embraced it, basked in it, and then moved in on his target.

“Fuck!” Ajay yelled as his ass was invaded by the huge meat. Cole grinned, thrusting in deep, sliding with ease. Ajay’s clawed hands spread across the rough brick wall as he braced himself, his smaller body jerking up with the power of his partner’s thrust. Cole started sliding back and forth, picking up the pace, wasting no time. Ajay wasn’t in a position to complain. They’d had two days of foreplay and now they were together. He’d found his partner, his equal - no, his superior. He murmured, squeezing his ass around that cock, riding it as they went faster and deeper and harder.

Every thrust got Cole’s heart pumping harder, but it was more than that; the spray had coaxed the last bit of change from him. The hair crept up around his eyes and across his forehead, slipping over the bridge of his nose as his nostrils flared, darkened and moistened. His body had already been pretty well coated with hair but what was there softened and thickened until skin could no longer be seen. As Cole inhaled the aroma into his lungs, his face popped and snapped as bone and cartilage and tissue reshaped to give him a blunt muzzle. The hair turned to fur, the fur connected to his skunk ears, his feet grew once more. It was exhilarating.

Despite the heat and his new fur coating, Cole felt perfect. He shuddered, murmuring as his shorts rumbled and shifted, pushing down over his meaty ass, making way for the last piece of the puzzle. At first it was an uncomfortable pressure like he’d sat on a hard seat too long, but soon it started to wriggle and push out, extruding inch by inch. His tailbone worked free of his pelvis, the fleshy nub expanding outward. Downy fuzz sprouted to cover it before the strands grew longer and thicker. Muscle slipped up inside the tube, lifting it upward, letting it climb like vines on a trellis.

In and out, back and forth. The rhythm of love making was the same whether it was with one's self or a partner, though Cole vastly preferred to have it with a partner. He grunted, his beard brushing the nape of the punk's neck. Cole sniffed at his mohawk then licked the shorter hair on the side. He peeked around to see Ajay's muzzle had come out as well, the younger skunk fully shifted. This was the way it was meant to be, this was the way it had to be. Maybe the planet really was changing them. Maybe this was how they would survive as a species, or maybe this was nature claiming life before it disappeared. Whatever it was, Cole embraced it. This was his life, this was his future.

"Fuck, yes, oh yes!" Ajay moaned, his clawed feet scraping at the ground a little as he was lifted up off his feet. He held himself upright by bracing against the wall still, but Cole was fucking him so hard and so deep that he'd been lifted into the air. Cole rammed his skunk cock deep and hard as his tail continued to rise behind him like a sail, the faint breeze rippling through the fur. He smelled rancid, but he smelled like skunk. He'd embraced it and he knew Ajay loved it. He fucked him hard and deep, pushing to the point that Ajay was writhing and squirming until he screamed out, unleashing torrents of his cum across the brick wall. It splattered audibly before dribbling down, sizzling a little as it hit the hot cement. Even Ajay's cum had an aroma Cole loved.

"That's it, that's my sexy skunk..." Cole growled before his face tightened, his thrust went deep and he held himself there. For a moment he shuddered before tipping his head back and roaring out. His huge furry balls tugged up, his cock spasmed and the biggest orgasm of his life swept through him. His body shook and his tail surged, broadening out wider and taller, fur unspooling from the central architecture until his tail was at full mast. He was a skunk and he'd filled Ajay full of his seed. Ajay moaned and went limp, falling back into Cole's capable grasp. Cole merely held him close, hugging the skunk punk, breathing in and out slowly.

There was no denying that they both stunk. They were skunks and one of them had let loose their spray. On top of that were a few days of sweat and grime... but Ajay had been right. There were a strange, brave few that liked it ripe, and Cole knew he was one of them. It was like he'd finally woken up from a long boring dream and the future ahead of him wasn't just bright, it was going to be paradise. Cole said nothing, holding his partner, his tail bristling in the soft breeze. Desert Bluff was too far away without the bus, at least for the moment. There would be time to meet Ajay's brothers, but for now he wanted to enjoy the fruits of his overly ripe labors. This moment was for the augmented, for those that would inherit the future.