

“Fuuuck...” Emma sighed, looking into the distance and seeing nothing but forest all around. She had been out for a hike in the French countryside, making her way over a series of well-labeled trails. Though she had been out by herself, broad daylight and warm weather were on her side, and she figured there was no risk of getting lost.

Yet, after coming to the end of several dead-end trails, Emma found herself hopelessly stuck. It was as though every path that she took led to a dead end. Even backtracking and laying out trail mix to determine where she had come from did little to aid in finding the proper path. The pervertible bread crumbs went missing at once, as though a squirrel or bird had come to immediately eat them. Yet, the sounds of animals did not persist in the bush, as best as her ears could tell.

Worse, the warm September sun seemed to have waned far too early than it should have. With it came a sudden autumn chill the likes of which felt like a cold winter’s day. Hell, there was even some frost on the ground, giving way to snow the more she found herself turning in circles.

Not being dressed for the weather, Emma was quickly becoming tired, frozen, and frustrated. It was more and more likely that she would be lost out here, at night with the cold too much for her without protection. Yet, the more that she wandered under the setting sun and the oncoming moon, the more it seemed that was to be her fate.

It was the shape of a spire in the distance, the moon coming over its distant towering form, that gave Emma a glimmer of hope. She hadn’t seen anything like it on the map, or in the distance before now as she wandered aimlessly through the forest. It seemed impossible that she could miss something so imposing. But, given her circumstances, she didn’t want to look a gift horse in the mouth.

As Emma made her way towards her potential salvation, the trails seemed to open up to her, paths that she was sure she should have seen before but somehow hadn’t. But, again, Emma paid it little mind. After all, if there was some sort of castle or home in the distance, surely there would have to be trails leading to it, right? She may have simply just missed them in her haste and the waning light, her tired mind reasoned.

Soon, the tall tower came into view, attached to an equally massive castle. It looked somehow familiar, but Emma couldn’t place it even as she struggled. It must have been on one of the town maps or something similar she had viewed before heading out on her hike. Still, she was in no position to question whatever shelter she could find, making her way to the door and banging on the heavy knocker.

Emma felt her hope waning as she knocked on the door several times to no avail. Was this perhaps some sort of tourist destination, one that was either out of season or closed altogether? That certainly made the chance of her salvation almost moot if the building was locked up!

Figuring what the hell, Emma decided to try the door, knowing it would be locked but attempting it anyway. To her surprise, the massive door swung inward with a loud creaking that denoted its age. It opened into a massive room, akin to a ballroom, dimly lit from a series of lamps along the walls.

Frozen and tired, Emma walked into the main room, closing the door behind her to keep out the cold. Expecting the room to be rather chilly, Emma was surprised to find that the inside was relatively warm, as though a fire had been lit in the otherwise empty castle. Though, given the alternative of being outside and freezing, Emma had to admit she wasn't in a position to question what was happening.

Giving the room a wide scope of view, Emma realized that she was in a ballroom of sorts, a wide-open space with a series of integrated designs on the floor. The sight of it gave Emma the mental image of a dance floor. Though, it shouldn't have been used in many years, or, not at all if the lack of scuff marks or indents on the floor were of any indication.

The longer she stared, the more confused Emma became. It was clear that this place wasn't used, the floor not having so much as a shoe print. That, and given its distance from town and the difficulty she'd had in finding it brought about the assumption that it shouldn't have gotten many visitors. But the floor didn't carry as much as a hint of dust, as though it was cleaned just today. There was no way that it should appear in such a state, looking as though recently even stripped and waxed.

Yet, the floor wasn't entirely bare, to Emma's surprise. A closer examination revealed the presence of a single rose petal, one sitting there looking red and vibrant. Emma went to examine it, when the sight of another caught her eye, some distance off. A few more seemed to pave the way towards the spiral staircase, prompting Emma to walk towards it. It almost appeared to be a path of sorts, perhaps leading her somewhere that had her more curious than the state of the place that she found herself in.

Emma walked up to the staircase, noting that there were several more petals along the steps, a clear sign that she was heading in the right direction. The petals went past the landing at the top, through an opening, and down across the hallway of what she perceived was the west tower. There was a closed-door at the end, though when Emma tried it, it creaked open, revealing a large bedroom with a canopy bed, several dressers, and a large window that lead to what

appeared to be a balcony. The rose petals trailed towards the bed, where a spread of them lay over the sheets. A sweet, floral scent wafted into her nose, making Emma smile as though she was being romanced by some sort of invisible force.

The whole scenario had a certain familiarity that was, by now, driving her crazy. She was sure it was in a movie that she had seen, a book she had read. Something. Yet, for the life of her, she could not recall what it was. Maybe something from her childhood? It was on the tip of her tongue, Emma was sure...

It was the sight of something glistening in the moonlight over the balcony that had her most curious as she walked over to investigate. The moon was full and up over the castle now, more beautiful than anything Emma could recall seeing. It almost seemed like she could reach out and touch it like she was in some sort of fairy tale. She walked towards it, enraptured, mind fuzzy as she let herself get into the moment.

At the base of the balcony was a glass case, within a rose like the one that had to be shedding its petals. There was no way that that single rose could have produced all of the petals that had led her here, especially not one that looked so pristine. Though there was no source of water or soil or anything that should have kept it alive, it appeared more vibrant than any flower that she had ever seen.

Something about the sight of the rose had all of Emma's attention, drawing her to the case as she lifted it gently. She had to touch it, to smell it, to try and determine how it was existing in its current state. To her shock, it continued floating there even without the help of the glass case. Yet, the moment that her finger brushed against the rose, a tingle ran through her, as though she had pricked a thorn and its poison had immediately circulated through her system.

Pulling back, she noticed that there was a red spot of blood where she had apparently been pricked. Yet, as soon as she noticed the blood and licked it up, the wound seemed to disappear, as though she had not been pricked at all. The tingling sensation that circulated through her did not abate, however. It seemed to grow worse as the seconds passed, an intense heat that made her feel flushed and overwhelmed, dizzy. Emma stumbled towards the bed, needing to sit down to try and get her bearings.

The heat getting worse, Emma pulled off her jacket and pants, leaving her only in her shirt and underwear on as she struggled with the foreign sensations. The heat seemed to center in her loins, as though being channeled there from the rest of her body. To her surprise, there came with it a flush of arousal, one that raced through her faster than she ever recalled.

Without really thinking about it, Emma's hand was running down into her panties, feeling the damp sensation of her sex through the thin fabric. Peeling them down, Emma was hit with the scent of her sex, making her moan a little, despite herself. Yet, any worries she might have held about shame or embarrassment were soon gone, realizing that she was alone in the massive castle, as best as she could tell. And she was so aroused, so horny. It had been some time since she'd allowed herself the pleasures of the flesh like this. So, why not indulge...?

Pulling down her panties, Emma allowed one hand to start rubbing her clitoris, teasing the fringes of her sex with her fingers as she gripped the bedsheets with the other hand. She *needed* this, the ache in her loins demanding she played with herself lest the heat grew more intense. Never had she felt the need to masturbate so vigorously before, but in the heat of the moment, she had no reprieve but to give in to the urges!

Two skilled fingers rubbed the nub in her sex, teasing the precious pearl between her folds and sending ripples of pleasure through her body. Though the thought of penetration was on the fringes of her thoughts, it was the clitoral stimulation that really did it for her. She would often use both her toy and her fingers to give herself the maximum level of release, making her long to have a toy of her own just now. What she wouldn't give for something to...

Deciding to look up around the room, while not giving up the stimulation to her sex, Emma's eyes settled on something surprising. Atop one of the drawers, sat aside a full-length mirror, was a long, phallus-shaped object. It was akin to wish fulfillment, the object of her desire appearing before her. There was no chance it was a coincidence, Emma was sure. Yet, there was no denying that there was a dildo there, silicone and clean and looking a little too large for her. More interesting to her was the fact that the dildo was shaped more like something an animal might wear, rather than a human's cock. Still, a dildo was a dildo, and Emma grabbed it, playing its pointed tip over her lips and making her moan aloud.

Back on the bed, Emma allowed herself to lean back, feeling the item inside of her and thrusting against her insides while her fingers teased her clit. Such stimulation was almost enough to send her into orgasm right there, starved as she was for self-pleasure. The fringes of an orgasm started to play over her insides, running up through her body as a series of familiar electrical tingles that made her more aroused than she had ever recalled in the past. She allowed the waves of ecstasy to wash over her, making her entire body moan and shake as she came hard, insides clenching on the toy while her fingers stroked her clit madly for every ounce of pleasure that it could provide.

Coming down from such an intense release, Emma was remiss for not noticing the strange, new tingling that was now coming from her clit, making her moan a little and shake in the bed. Her fingers wanted to go at it again, though she felt she needed a brief bit of refraction

before she was up for such an intense sensory overload again. So, she laid there, enjoyed the pleasant tingling as her clit rubbed against the fringes of its home, as though flaring and flopping outward.

Little did Emma know, that was exactly what was happening, as her clitoris began extending outward from her sex. It seemed to stiffen, veins forming across its surface to supply the developing erectile tissue. It was soon an inch long, and growing still, the entire surface more sensitive than anything Emma had felt in her life.

Yet, it was the queasiness from her uterus that had Emma's attention, almost making her want to reach inside and rub the flesh to try and alleviate it. It felt like something was descending from deep inside her, orbs lowering from fallopian tubes and preparing to plop out into her uterus and vagina. Though, Emma couldn't fathom what was happening to her body, only that it was strangely arousing and sent her body aflame once more.

Her clit was growing all the while, thickened from the base and now larger than its former home had been. At two inches now, it was starting to hang from her crotch, a hole opening at the tip and starting to leak a clear, sticky fluid. It was as though the inner walls of the new growth had connected with some other part of her internal plumbing, one that was altering the purpose of her organ into something clearly distinct.

Prompted to reach down to rub at the area, Emma was surprised to discover that the flesh around the rim of her sex wasn't as sensitive as it was before. Dildo still inserted, it didn't seem to have the same effect of stimulating her insides. If anything, it was being pushed out, as though something swelling in her uterus was being forced against it.

The tension building up to her vagina came to a head as a flash of damp skin appeared to crown the surface. She wanted to rub at it, though the window to do so was becoming narrower the more that the new growth pushed outward. It was as though the presence of the pulsating flesh was sealing her vaginal lips, leaving no space where her former sex left. Soon, a sack with two visible orbs within seemed to fall from her opening, the fringes sealing around it as though it had always been part of her anatomy.

All that remained of her former sex was the clitoris head that was easily several times its former diameter and swelling still. Its slit was still leaking, thicker fluids now as the tip started to fatten slightly, forming a cleft that soon appeared to be a head of sorts. With the throbbing of veins and expanding erectile tissues, it was soon clear that Emma possessed a penis, balls and all, closing her former sex towards newer, male anatomy.

Yet, despite the grotesque nature of the change, Emma couldn't help but be enamored by the sight of the penis that now sat on her crotch. She had to wonder what it would feel like to play with those new assets. They seemed to cry out to her, forcing her body into higher arousal than Emma had ever felt in her life.

Feeling unabashed, Emma started to stroke herself, coaxing more viscous fluids from her newly formed rod. Never before had a masturbatory experience been so centered, so forced on one area. Though the entire shaft was sensitive, it was the head that took her focus, almost too much to touch it as she stroked with the excitement of a teen first experimenting. The more she stroked, the greater the tension build in her balls. Though part of her mind wanted to hold back, relishing the experience, there was no need to, knowing that she was alone. And with the electric tingle coursing through her shaft, there was little hope of resisting as she felt the tension flow to a crescendo.

"Oh...ooohhh!" Emma moaned, ignoring the deeper tone of her voice as her cock started to spasm uncontrolled and her newly-formed shaft blew a sticky wad of semen through the tip, running down over her hand and coating it and the shaft with the warm fluid. Though the entire process only took about seven seconds, Emma was in heaven, feeling her mind float away from the all-encompassing release. Never before was her orgasm so *powerful* before. All notions of why she had a penis were thrown out the window with the prospect of pleasure that her new rod could give her. Emma's only regret was that there seemed to be a wider refractory period after her release; her cock head was extremely sensitive, disallowing a single touch to her shaft without a modicum of agony.

It was only the itching coming from her crotch that brought Emma out of her post-orgasmic reverie. Reaching down to scratch, her fingers were met with the surprising texture of soft hairs, a contrast to the coarse, sparse texture that she felt those few times she had gone without shaving. Her previously clean-shaven crotch was growing what seemed like a forest of hair, making it harder to see what skin was still visible under its surface.

It did not take Emma long to realize that it was not just her crotch that was growing a wild coating of fur. The irritating itch was spreading back along her groin, coating her hips and even ass with the brown covering. Seeking hands met a similar coat of hair to that of her groin, though it was the crotch fur that seemed longer, predominate. Though the moniker of fur seemed not to sit well with her mind, there was no other possibility for its rapid spread or increasing thickness.

As the hair thickened along her ass, a strange ache started to protrude from her tailbone, ending with the sensation of it poking out through the skin. Seeking fingers played over what felt like an ever-expanding bump, rapidly doubling and tripling in size and requiring her entire hand

to feel its contours. Swelling with muscle and fat, the tip seemed pointed, itching intently as the same hairs soon covered its surface. A strange twitch almost made Emma jump before she realized that she was now in possession of some sort of a bestial tail!

The brief shock of its development brought Emma out of her stupor for a few moments, enough to contemplate what was going on. The cock, though pleasurable, wasn't something that could be explained away. But the excess body hair and the tail seemed to really take the cake. Was she becoming some sort of monster or werewolf? Such things shouldn't be possible, but there was no denying what was happening before her very eyes.

The itching from her groin seemed to run up her relatively skinny belly now, prompting her to look down to view the spreading of hair. It seemed to coalesce in the space just above her groin and was slowly rising, itching fiercely as it moved up her navel and even started to collect under her breasts. Rubbing the hair instinctively to remove the itch, Emma was more stunned to realize that she was now in possession of a masculine treasure trail, one that she admired on the guys she had dated prior. Yet, it was far more pleasant to feel it on her own person, more so than she could have ever imagined!

The realization seemed to accelerate the changes across her belly and chest, the skin writhing from the swelling of muscle underneath. What looked like the contours of a six-pack was forming from stretching stomach muscles. Though her body was relatively lean before today, her chest and torso seemed to thicken, making her shirt ride higher on her frame and exposing more of the brown-furred skin and bulging muscles.

It was not just her belly changing. Swelling in her chest seemed to pull her shirt tight at either end. Her bra started to strain from the thickening of the muscle, making the straps precariously taut. Shoulders and upper arms started to expand from the tearing and reformation of muscles that were far beyond what her feminine frame could ever support.

The one determinant to her unexpected transformation was an unexpected dullness in her breasts, as though the areolas were dissolving into the fatty tissues. The remaining flesh seemed to deflate like air from a balloon, the fat shrinking up and mutating into additional muscles to fuel her expanding pecs. The flattened flesh seemed to protrude far further than her shirt was ready to support, pulling it up and exposing a thickening treasure trail that made her cock bob and harden on her groin once more.

The swelling was not just confined to her chest now, arms expanding two to three times larger than anything that her frame could support. Her shirt was starting to tear from the force of growth, the seams splitting and exposing more skin that was quickly obscured by the spreading

bestial pelt. Veins spread from her skin as the muscles tore and bulged before eventually settling into a form that was far more than her own frame could support.

The same sensation seemed to assail in her calves and thighs, pulling at her pants and leaving them to tear. There was no chance of pulling them up over her crotch now, especially not with her tail in the way. Calves tugged at the edges of her cuffs, exposing more of that lovely hair. Realizing that her pants would be worthless now, she tore them away, using the building strength in her arms to render them useless and expose ever-increasingly hairy legs.

A strange prick against the skin of her legs almost made her yelp as though she had cut herself with something sharp. Looking down she became aware that her nails were thicker, points forming into what appeared to be claws. Turning them over in response to an odd tingling, Emma soon realized that she was forming pads of coarse skin on the tips and her palms, the skin swelling out to match the expanding contours of her hands. To Emma's surprise, they appeared to be more akin to some sort of pseudo paws than her former hands.

An insistent ache in her feet gave rise to the same sensation of growing claws that started to pierce against the sturdy material of her boots. But it was the stretching in her heels that seemed to pain her the most, making her hiking boots painfully tight. Emma reached down to grab them, pulling them off before her feet were pained too much. The sensation of hair rubbing against the inside was annoying, though she was delighted when the digits were allowed to breathe. Though her ankles and heels were stretching beyond the length of her calves now, and her toes had shortened and fattened with claws at the end, Emma was still delighted with the bestial paws that now adorned her feet. Walking on them would be a chore but one she would be happy to learn if she was to be blessed with more of this wonderful body!

Hair was thickening all over her body now, incredibly itchy under the areas where clothing still covered it. But with her ever-expanding muscles, those spaces were becoming less and less as the beast that she was tore out of them. The pain and aches against her skin diminished the more she grew, the muscles underneath clearly made of sterner stuff.

Seeing how powerful her body was becoming now, Emma was remiss for getting hard again, wanting to find as much pleasure in the male form as possible. Though her body was that of a beast, her cock remained what she figured was relatively human-shaped, though proportionate to the dimensions her beast now occupied. A thick, paw-like hand started stroking with purpose, her new pads gripping exquisitely over her member and coaxing fluids to leak from it.

A quick glance around the room had her settle on the mirror, seeing her eyes starting to shift, turning from their normal brown towards a golden, bestial yellow. They seemed alien on

her features, though not as much out of place from the changes that had already taken over her visage. Blinking a few times, Emma realized that she was able to see better in the dark than a few moments ago, pleasing her as she allowed herself to drink in the masculine form her body was steadily acquiring.

An ache in her temples drew her hands up to rub her shifting forehead, feeling bony growths that obviously had not been there before. They soon expanded to make up the space of an ever-widening forehead, extending and curling up over her features. It was clear in the reflected visage that she was growing a pair of horns, making her question as to the form that her body was taking on. It seemed to spark a familiar image in her mind, something akin to how the entire castle made her feel. But, lost in lust as she was, it was an impossible task to try and place the mental picture.

Her facial hair was already growing in by this juncture, creating the stubble of a beard of sorts before thickening down into a goatee and up into ample sideburns. The layers of rippling muscles that were playing over her neck and back thickened into a forest of fur beyond anything that a human could support.

Several cracks rippled through his neck, layers upon layers of muscle swelling over a back that had hunched to accommodate it. The positioning raised Emma's neck slightly, though gave him a lovely view of the penis that his bestial hand was stroking. More fluids leaked at the sight of such a manly member, making him hornier than he had ever been as a woman. Even the fact that his mind no longer thought of himself as female was lost under the sea of ripples that played over his body.

Only his face remained human, at least at the moment. Though a tingling in his ears seemed to change that as they stretched through the ever-expanding ruff of mane. They soon towered over it, twitching this way and that as though trying to detect the slightest of sounds. Yet, he heard only bestial grunts escape his lips, amplified by the swelling of muscles in his throat, forming a masculine Adam's apple and deepening his voice even further.

A light crack echoed in his head as his jaw started to stretch forward, jutting outward rapidly and pulling his nose out in front of him. Emma sneezed a little, nostrils expanding faster than his body was ready for. Breathing in once more, he was suddenly aware of how *pungent* everything was, far more so than anything he had previously scented. The smells were enough for him to growl, truly bestial now as his cock leaked and throbbed with the need to spill his seed.

Emma was hornier than at any point in his life now, his ass and cock craving release. Despite never using his backdoor for anything sexual, Emma spied the dildo with intent,

wondering how easily it would penetrate his backside. A beast of pleasure now, Emma figured what the hell and leaned forward, raising his tail and parting his cheeks while spearing for his tight pucker with the toy. The already-moist tip found entrance and easily slid in, prompting a beastly growl to escape his lips as Emma started to rock the toy in and out in tandem with the strokes to his penis.

It was getting harder for him to think of anything other than the member swaying from his groin and his tight, throbbing pucker, requiring all his attention and focus as he stroked with bestial intent. Not even the final alterations to his face, the stretching of a muzzle, and the sharpening of beastly fangs inside his ever-expanding maw could deter the need to rut and cum. His only regret was that he lacked access to a moist, hot tunnel to spill his seed into. Or, better yet, a thick, meaty pucker like the one that he now possessed. Emma's sexuality had not shifted, though the rest of his mentality had. He still desired males, their thick cocks and tight assholes...

Given the mental images of men, especially ones shifting to match his own bestial visage, there was little chance of Emma holding back the torrent of jism that his bulbous testicles were straining to hold onto. His hand stroked the engorged cock, feeling each vein and ridge of the reddened skin. Thick paw pads kept his grip steady on the firm flesh as fluid flowed freely from the tip, a prelude to the eruption that was soon to come. His other hand pulled the dildo in and out, teasing every inch of his rectal walls and pounding his prostate with exquisite pleasure.

Thoughts and concerns were waning from his mind, mentality focused only on the release to come. Not his humanity, nor his gender mattered to the beast he was and the lust his muscled new body could provide. Just a few more tugs and pulls would be all it would take...

A series of bestial grunts were preceded by the spasming of hips as Emma thrust forth with the intensity of an animal. Thick, gooey jets of jism flowed from the tip, spraying into the air in a couple of thick shots that soon coated the treasure trail and fuzzy groin of the beast Emma had become. The scent stuck firmly in his nostrils, so much so that a few more ounces of cum were excreted with eagerness. This orgasm far surpassed the previous or anything that his former female self had experienced in one single go. Each ounce of pleasure was only accentuated by the dildo that was forced out of his rear with a wet smack as his clenching rectal muscles removed it from his hole.

Such a release was not without consequence, however, something that soon weighted heavily on Emma's body. Be it strain from the change or fatigue from such an orgasm, there was little chance of Emma keeping his eyes open and remaining conscious. Even the sticky semen drying over his new fur was not enough of a deterrent to keep him awake as Emma lay back, eyes fluttering shut. The mental image of his body from seeing his reflection played annoyingly at the fringes of his mind, as though it was trying to remember where he had seen it before. But,

before the thoughts could settle in his mind, Emma passed out, more concerned with the release and the stench of masculinity that rolled off him in waves than the bizarre yet familiar body...

Sometime later, Emma awoke in the bed, the musk of his stench heavy in bestial nostrils. Memories of the past day were flooding into his mind, though the heavy fog in his brain still persisted. It was as though there were two conflicting schools in his mind. On the one hand, he recalled he had been a human female, that he had come across this castle after...what? It was harder to think about what had happened before he had come here, what his life had been before being the masculine beast that he had quickly come to love as much as any body he might have had in the past.

The other, more pertinent memories came from the castle he found himself in. It was as though he was a Prince of some sort. That he lived in this castle full of servants to tend to his every bestial need, even the ones in his loins. No, not a Prince. The concubine of a Prince, perhaps. A male Prince...

The sound of the door opening jarred him aware as a presence stood in the doorway, the dark shadow settling over his form. It almost resembled his own, like he was the beast that Emma had become. But it was the scent, not the sight of the beast that had Emma enraptured. The male's thick musk entered his nostrils, making his cock grow from his cum-stained crotch. The stench was familiar, as though one that he had sampled before. One of a partner. One of a mate...